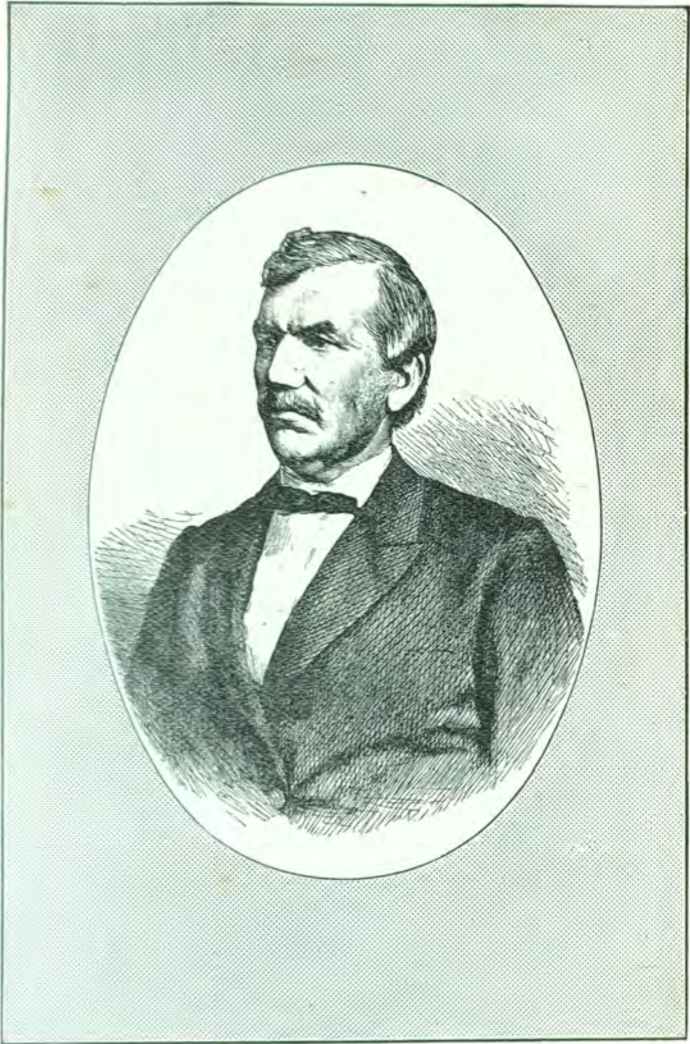

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Frontispiece.

THE STORY

OF

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

WEAVER-BOY, MISSIONARY, EXPLORER

BY B. K. GREGORY

FOURTH EDITION

LONDON:
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
57 AND 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE South Africa of to-day is vastly different from that of thirty years ago. Civilisation has pushed its way far into the regions which Livingstone explored. In a short time the railroad will have reached the banks of the Zambesi, and the great lakes will be within reach of the tourist who requires sight-seeing without the discomforts of "roughing it." But let it never be forgotten that one of the first to penetrate these regions and tell to the world their hidden wonders, was David Livingstone, the missionary explorer.

B. K. G.

1604

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THE STORY

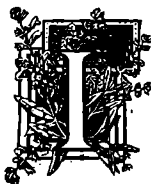
OF

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

Birthplace—Character of ancestors—Home life—Work and study —Thirst for reading—Self-reliance—Decision for mission work.



T was in a humble but happy home at Blantyre, on the Clyde, that David Livingstone, who stands in the front rank of African explorers, was born, on the 19th of March 1813. His name is remembered by his proud countrymen, not only for the splendid service which he rendered to Africa, but for his noble life, which gave such striking testimony to the power of Christianity, and pleaded so successfully for Christian missions.

David Livingstone's family sprang from Ulva on the Island of Mull, Argyllshire; and the Highland

blood which he had inherited from his ancestors influenced the famous explorer's character in a marked degree. It gave him the indomitable courage so characteristic of the man, and sympathy with the clan-like relation of African tribes to their chiefs. Unlike other missionaries, he sought to cement this relationship, while seeking to purify it by Christian influence.

His great-grandfather fell at Culloden, and his maternal grandfather was a staunch Covenanter. David was called after the latter.

Livingstone's parents were poor, but within the home were to be seen evidences of a refinement not often found in cottage life. Neil Livingstone, David's father, was a highly principled but austere man, and a great reader of religious books. His mother seems to have been a very lovable woman, who, in spite of pinching poverty and delicate health, had a wonderful flow of spirits. She had beautiful eyes, which her son David inherited. David was a great favourite at home, and contributed much to its happiness.

The love of books and the fear of God controlled and moulded the lives of all in this happy home. No alcohol was allowed within its doors, nor were novels permitted to be read; the cottage library consisting entirely of works on religion, travel, and missionary journals. David did not care for reading religious books. We have it on his own testimony, that the last time his father thrashed him

was upon his refusal to read Wilberforce's *Practical Christianity.* Works of travel were much more to his taste, and exercised the same fascination on him as they do on most boys.

At nine years of age, Livingstone received a Testament from his Sunday-school teacher, for repeating the 119th Psalm on two successive evenings with only five errors, a fact that proved his perseverance and power of memory. Owing to the poverty of his parents, he was put to work at the age of ten as a piecer in one of the mills on the Clyde, that he might help, if ever so little, in the maintenance of the home. With his first earnings, he bought Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin,* which was his first introduction to that language.

From this time he became a great student, and although he worked in the mill incessantly, from six in the morning till eight in the evening, he attended a night-school from eight till ten. Then he went home, but not to rest; the remainder of the evening was spent poring over his books, until his mother would take away the candle, leaving him to go to bed in the dark.

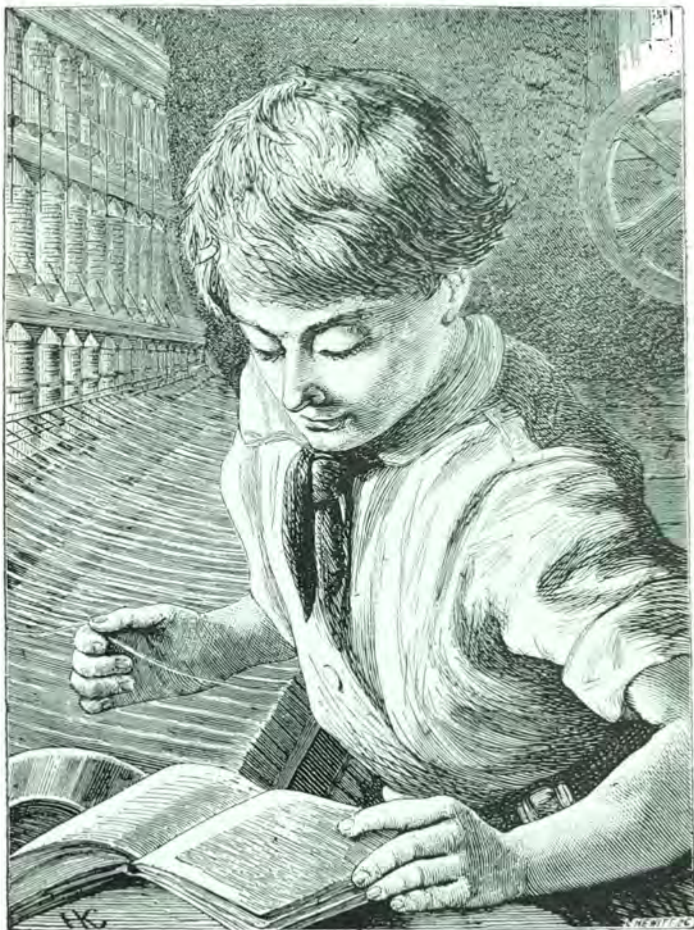
One cannot fail to see in this hard-working lad's desire for self-improvement, the dogged perseverance which was so conspicuous in after years.

Livingstone's thirst for reading, wisely stimulated by his father, was so great, that he used to stick up a book on a convenient part of the spinning-jenny, and read as he went backwards and forwards in his

work; the longest time he ever had to read at once being one minute. In this way David picked up a great deal of knowledge; but whether it was a desirable habit is doubtful. There is a good deal of truth in the adage, "No one can do two things *well* at one time," and probably the weaving work suffered because of Livingstone's thirst for knowledge.

Livingstone seems, from his earliest childhood, to have been calm and self-reliant. His father made a rule that all the children were to be at home at dusk, when he locked the door. One evening David was late, and found on his return that the door was locked. This did not seem to have disconcerted him much, for, managing to secure a piece of bread, he sat down on the doorstep to wait till morning. Thus early he had to learn, what in after years he had often to practise,—to make the best of an uncomfortable situation.

The many-sidedness of Livingstone's character was early shown by his love of scouring the country for botanical, geological, and zoological specimens. Everything in nature interested him, and he was also very fond of fishing. One day while his brother Charles and he were fishing together, they caught a salmon. The idea of its being poaching does not seem to have occurred to their youthful minds, and they determined to carry it home. How this was to be done was at first doubtful, seeing they had only provided for smaller fry. But



WORK AND STUDY.

LIVINGSTONE AS A WEAVER-BOY IN THE CLYDE MILLS.

ingenuity came to their aid, and it ended in Charles carrying the fish home in the leg of his trouser, the swollen appearance of his leg exciting much sympathy as they passed through the village!

Those years of monotonous toil, rigid self-sacrifice, and plain diet proved the very best training David Livingstone could have had for his after life, and he always regarded the experience as of great value. They taught him to bear irksome toil with patience, until it became a pleasure; and the fact of his lot being cast among the humble poor had also its own good influence. His wonderful powers of sympathy, early called forth by his hard surroundings, gave him untold power over the hearts of the oppressed and miserable.

Great pains were taken by Livingstone's parents to instil into his mind the doctrines of Christianity. It was not until his twentieth year, however, that he gave any indication of the love to Christ which made him afterwards devote himself to the alleviation of human misery. This became the supreme object of his life, and the love which moved him to become a missionary inspired and upheld him in all his weary wanderings.

At first Livingstone had no thoughts of becoming a missionary, but only of giving all that he might earn—above a mere subsistence—to foreign missions. It was an earnest appeal for missionaries to go to China that led him to wish to be one; and at the age of twenty-three he went to Glasgow, to study

theology and medicine, so as to combine the ability to deal with the wants of the body as well as of the soul. In order to do this, he had to work harder than ever in the summer months at spinning, for which he was well paid, that he might support himself in the winter in Glasgow, and pay college fees.

From the very first our hero carried his religion into his daily life with all the thoroughness that was natural to him, and quietly but very really he lived the Christian life, without saying much about it. That he was sincere, his life is the best testimony. He always disliked those who professed much and did little, and as years advanced this aversion grew, until he judged men as his Master did before him — only by their lives.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARATIONS FOR HIS LIFE WORK.

College life—Friends—Chipping Ongar—First sermon—Faithfulness of Livingstone's nature.

HEN Livingstone determined to be a missionary, his parents and minister gave him great encouragement. The medical part of his training was costly, and necessitated the most rigid economy in his manner of living. To many it would have been utterly impossible to make the summer earnings pay for the winter's work, but Livingstone practised vigorous self-denial.

Many young men who studied with Livingstone have since occupied brilliant positions in the world of medicine and science; and Mr. Young, whose name became famous for the purification of petroleum and paraffin oil, and whom Livingstone playfully called "Sir Paraffin," has said of him, "He was the best man he ever knew." Theirs

was a friendship which continued through life; and Livingstone called a river in Africa the Young River, out of compliment to his friend.

Science was another branch of study which he took up; and as the first essential of a scientist is accuracy, this training may have helped to give him that dread of exaggeration, which was so strong a trait in his character. In making calculations of heights, sizes, or distances in Africa, he was always rather under than over the mark.

Livingstone always had a dread of narrow religious views, and he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, because of its unsectarian character. The offer was provisionally accepted, and he went with a Mr. Moore, another missionary candidate, to live with Mr. Cecil, a tutor, at Chipping Ongar in Essex, on trial for three months.

One of the future missionary's duties was to prepare sermons, which were submitted to Mr. Cecil, and, when corrected, were committed to memory, and then repeated to village congregations. Livingstone's first experience was not a success, as the following incident will show. A minister being taken ill, he was sent for to preach in the evening. Livingstone gave out his text, read it very deliberately, and then — then — an awful pause! All was a blank, and he abruptly said, "Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say," and hurried out of the chapel. In English his delivery as a preacher was never very good; but in

Sichuana, his addresses were very earnest and to the point.

Between Mr. Moore and Livingstone there existed a very strong affection, and this friend has said of him, "There was an indescribable charm about him, which, with all his rather ungainly ways, and by no means winning face, attracted almost everyone, and which helped him so much in his after wanderings in Africa. He won those who came near him by a kind of spell."

At the end of the three months, neither Moore nor Livingstone were considered quite ready, and their time of probation was extended. When at last Livingstone was fully qualified as a medical missionary, the directors of the London Missionary Society proposed to send him to the West Indies, but he objected, on the ground that there were doctors there already, and that he wished his medical training to be of use. China was closed because of the opium war. Africa was finally chosen as his field of labour, largely owing to the influence of Dr. Moffat, the distinguished African missionary, who was afterwards Livingstone's father-in-law, and was then on a visit home.

Before leaving England, Livingstone promised Professor Owen, under whom he had studied anatomy in the Hunterian Museum, and for whom he had conceived a strong friendship, that if any curiosity fell in his way he would remember his instructor. Years passed, and the professor thought

the promise had been forgotten. But Livingstone, whose nature was singularly faithful and true, on his first return home brought with him, not without great difficulty, an elephant's tusk with a spiral curve, which he had found in the very heart of Africa. He had been very ill on the journey, part of which had to be made on a bullock's back, but he was determined to present his teacher with this proof of his unfailing gratitude.

The parting with his family was naturally a trying one, but in December 1840 he bravely and hopefully set his face towards the Dark Continent.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST YEARS IN AFRICA.

Voyage—Kuruman station—Wonderful cures—Lepelole—Management of natives—Value and fashion of beads—New dishes—Native character—Matabeleland—Native bravery—Mabotsa—Lion-hunting.

IVINGSTONE was twenty-seven years of age when he started for Africa. The voyage took three months in those days. This time was utilised by our hero in studying astronomy with the captain, a branch of knowledge which was to be of great use to him in after days. He landed at Algoa Bay, in the extreme south-east of Cape Colony, and started at once for the Kuruman mission station in the Bechuana country, the seat of Dr. Moffat's labours, seven hundred miles inland to the north.

This station had been established for nearly thirty years when Livingstone arrived there, and he found its external appearance a picture of civilised comfort—a great contrast to the desolate

arid waste which stretched around it. The mission houses and church were built of stone, and the gardens, which were well watered by a rivulet and stocked with finest fruit trees, vines, vegetables, and grain, owed all their beauty to the manual labour of the missionaries. The natives, decently clad, attended church and school regularly, and an air of order and comfort pervaded the station. Here Livingstone found a printing-press, which, worked by Dr. Moffat and those who shared his labours, was the means of gradually diffusing Christianity in the neighbourhood.

From the very first Livingstone's kindness and simple fearless manner won the hearts of the natives. Many quickly learned to trust and love him, though others feared him as a wizard, because of the wonderful cures he performed. His fame as a medicine-man spread abroad throughout all the country, and hundreds flocked to him for aid. To the sufferers who crowded about him he never lost an opportunity of telling the story of the Cross, which he had a wonderful way of weaving into his conversations with them, to suit their comprehension. Of course he could not talk freely with them at first; but, in order to learn the language quickly and thoroughly, and to understand their ways, he went to live for six months at a place called Lepelole, far away from any white man.

Earlier missionaries often lost or weakened their influence over the natives by asking favours of

them, but Livingstone made his presence a favour; if they were impudent he threatened to leave them, and he did so if they did not improve. They were really the greatest cowards in the world, in spite of their fierce appearance; so, when firmness was seen to lie under all his kindness, he had no difficulty in managing them.

Although many of the chiefs hated the gospel, because it condemned polygamy, those in the north were rather glad to have Europeans with them, because one tribe was always making war on the other, and they found the white man helpful in repulsing their enemies. Besides, they liked the guns, beads, and cloths, which traders brought with them instead of money, to barter for food and ivory. Beads were as acceptable as gold is with us; but the natives had their own fashions in colour and shape, and woe betide the trader who thought he was going to make good bargains with red beads, if the natives had a fancy for blue. It was prudent to find out the fashionable colours before starting on a journey.

For many months the directors of the London Missionary Society kept Livingstone waiting to know whether he might penetrate further into the country, to establish a new mission station where no white man lived. While waiting, he made seven journeys into the interior, each of which was at least six hundred miles, covering in all more than four thousand miles of ground. In his travels he visited various tribes who were named after

beasts, such as the Bakhatla, which means "they of the monkey"; Bakuena, "they of the alligator"; Batlápi, "they of the fish." This might indicate that at one time the tribes had worshipped those animals; but the only trace of any such custom that Livingstone found, was their superstitious dread of and aversion to killing or eating the animal that gave them their name. Everywhere he sought to bring the people under the influence of the gospel, but their migratory habits prevented him from seeing the fruit of his efforts.

Some of the tribes were very unfriendly, and would not even give him food; and once, when writing to his friends in England, Livingstone said he had been so hungry that he had had to content himself "with the sumptuous feasts of his imagination." In the course of his stay in Africa he had to make the acquaintance of many new dishes, not indeed so ethereal as that just mentioned. Among these were rhinoceros' flesh, which he found very tough; baked elephant's forefoot, which was like a white jelly; eland steaks; and even, in extremities, the flesh of the giraffe and zebra.

But some of his visits gave him great pleasure. He visited Matabeleland, and travelled four hundred miles on the back of an ox. He did not find this at all a comfortable journey, the skin of the ox being so loose that he could not get his greatcoat, which served as a blanket and saddle, to stick on.

Livingstone found the natives very brave, if he

had to perform any painful operation on them; neither man nor woman would wince even in great pain; but he tells us that sometimes in church they would try to hide themselves under forms, or cover their heads, as a remedy against conviction of sin. If they found that would not do, they would rush out

ON OX-BACK THROUGH MATABELELAND.
(*From an Old Print.*)

of the church and run with all their might, "crying as if the hand of death were on them." But they always reappeared in their places at the next meeting.

At last the London Missionary Society sent word that Livingstone might form a new settle-

ment, and he was also much cheered with money which came from home to support a native agent. From the very first, he had felt that the only way to evangelise Africa was to employ Christianised natives to spread the gospel amongst their countrymen, and to teach in the schools. These native agents were very warm-hearted and affectionate, and were able to speak to their fellow-men in a way which did not make the news seem so strange as when it fell from the lips of an Englishman ; besides, they could go where white men hardly dared.

The new station was situated in the beautiful valley of Mabotsa ; and Livingstone, accompanied by another missionary and his native agent, set out eagerly for the new field of work. They travelled for a fortnight, camping out in romantic fashion, as the following account will show. "When we arrive at a spot where we intend to spend the night, all hands immediately unyoke the oxen. Then one or two of the company collect wood ; one of us strikes up a fire, another gets the water-bucket and fills the kettle ; a piece of meat is thrown on the fire ; and if we have biscuits, we are at our coffee in less than half an hour after arriving."

Mabotsa was infested by lions, which often did a great deal of damage to the herds ; sometimes they even jumped into the pens during the day, and stole a goat or sheep. As lions usually desert a district where one of their number has been killed, Livingstone was most anxious that an

A ROYAL PAIR AT BAY.

attempt should be made to get rid of these fierce marauders. A hunting-party, with Livingstone at its head, accordingly set out with this object. They came upon the lions on a small hill covered with trees, and the hunters stood round it, ready to spear the animals if they attempted to break through. Mebalwe, the native schoolmaster, fired at one, but it got away unhurt, and the rest broke the line, as the people were afraid to attack them. Livingstone fired twice at another lion, and the men called out in great excitement, "He is shot, he is shot! let us go to him!" but he told them to wait until he had reloaded. While in the act of ramming down the bullets, the lion sprang out upon him, bearing him to the ground, biting him in the shoulder, and shaking him like a rat. The schoolmaster managed to divert the lion's attention as it stood with its paw on Livingstone's head, and springing on him it bit him in the thigh. Another man, whose life Livingstone had saved, tried to spear the enraged animal, and in turn was attacked. But Livingstone's first shots now took effect, and the great animal reeled and fell dead. According to the natives, it was the largest lion they had ever seen.

Livingstone was badly injured; his left shoulder had been terribly mangled; and his subsequent labours and adventures were undertaken with a limb so maimed, that it was painful for him to raise a gun, or to place his left arm in any position above the level of his shoulder.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE.

Building a home—Marriage—Home life—Hospitality—Chounane—Sechele—Christian influence—Kolobeng—The Bakwains.

HE first act of a missionary, on arriving at any place where he intends to settle, is to interview the chief, and ask him whether he desires the presence of a missionary. Considering the many useful things he brings with him, in the shape of guns, beads, and cloths, he is usually welcomed. It was so with Livingstone when he arrived at Mabotsa in 1843, and, on receiving the anticipated welcome, he bought a piece of land in full legal form, having a contract drawn up, and insisting on marks and signatures. Then a house had to be built. The natives make their own little huts quite round, and do not in the least understand putting anything straight, so that Livingstone had to construct his house with his own hands. It was built of stone to about the height of three feet, while the rest of it was of wood.

To this house, in 1844, he brought his wife, Dr. Moffat's daughter Mary, who shared his labours and anxieties, and entered heart and soul into all his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the natives. Mrs. Livingstone was peculiarly well adapted to the position of a missionary's wife, for she had been born in Africa, and had lived on a mission station all her life. She therefore understood the natives; and, having a winning manner and ready helping hands, she speedily won their hearts.

The young pair set to work vigorously, and the following description from Livingstone's pen gives a fair idea of a missionary's duties on a station:—

"We rose early, because, however hot the day may have been, the evening, night, and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing; cool is not the word, where you have neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire, and where you can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship, and breakfast between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend; men, women, and children being all invited. School was over at eleven o'clock. While the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labour, as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people; if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden, or at some other employment; skilled labour was thus exchanged for the unskilled.

"After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infant school, which the young, who were left by their parents to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing-school, having classes of girls to learn the art. This, too, was 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 with any one willing to do so; sometimes on general subjects, at other times on religion. On three nights of the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over, and it had become dark, we had a public religious service, 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 tribe they lived with were the Bakhatlas, "they of the monkey," a very poor, degraded, and superstitious race. Their belief in the art of rain-making was a deeply-rooted faith, and, being too impatient to wait for Providence to send them rain in dry weather, they begged Livingstone to make some, and to smelt iron by means of medicine. In the hope of removing some of those absurd notions, he delivered a course of popular lectures on God's creative power and providence; but he also showed the people how they might keep

their crops and cattle alive by a system of irrigation.

Mr. Gordon Cumming tells us, in his book on lion hunting, of a pleasant visit which he paid to Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone at Mabotsa. He received a very warm welcome, and, staying over Sunday, attended divine service in the little church, and writes: "I had considerable difficulty to maintain my gravity, as sundry members of the congregation entered the church clad in the most unique apparel; some of them wore the most extraordinary old hats, ornamented with fragments of women's clothes and ostrich feathers, and these they were very reluctant to take off; indeed, one man sat with his beaver on immediately before the minister until the door-keeper ordered him to remove it. At dinner we had a variety of excellent vegetables, the garden producing almost every sort in great perfection; the potatoes in particular were very fine."

Unfortunately, Livingstone had a rather painful collision with Mr. Edwards, the missionary who had accompanied him to Mabotsa. This colleague showed considerable jealousy of Livingstone, and accused him of acting unfairly, by assuming to himself more than his due; and attempts were made to discredit him both among the missionaries and the directors. Livingstone felt this injustice keenly, and, rather than have let the matter become a scandal before the heathen, determined to give up his home and garden at Mabotsa, with all that they

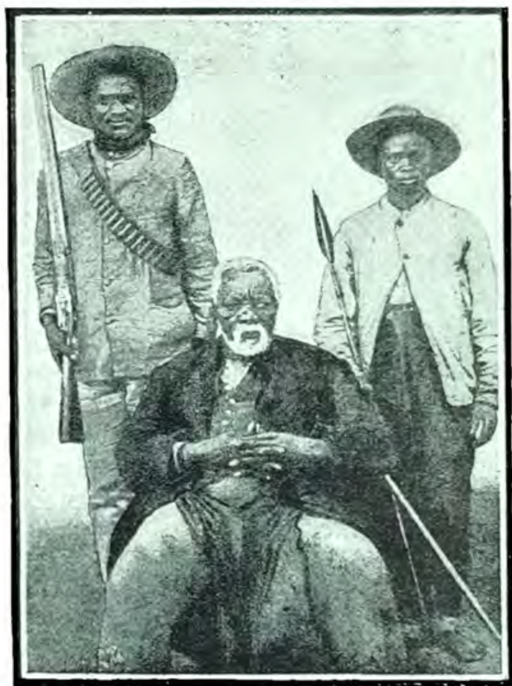
had cost him, and remove to some other place. Pecuniarily, this was a very serious undertaking; and Mr. Edwards was so struck with Livingstone's generosity, that he amply apologised, and requested him to remain. Livingstone, however, stuck to his resolution, and set about his preparations.

The name of the new station was Chounane, about forty miles to the north, and the head-quarters of Sechele, the chief of the Bakuena or Bakwains, "they of the alligator," who was most anxious to have a missionary reside with him. Here Livingstone had to begin the work of building houses and schools all over again; but he bravely set his face to what he thought was right. Sechele was willing to embrace Christianity; but his people were not, and he proposed that they should be thrashed with strips of rhinoceros hide until they consented. Of course Livingstone would not hear of this, and explained to him that the gospel was a message of peace and goodwill, and could not be forced upon anyone.

The chief felt the necessity of giving up his wives a great barrier to his becoming a Christian; but at last he consented to send back all but one to their parents with good pensions, and he and his children were baptized. Livingstone has told us that the wife chosen to remain was the most unlikely of the tribe to become an out-and-out disciple, and again and again he saw Sechele send her out of church to put her gown on, with her

lip shot out in utter disgust at his new-fangled notions!

Sechele became a great lover of the Bible, and



SECHELE, LATE CHIEF OF THE BAKWAINS.

devoted to reading much of the time he had previously given to hunting. The Book of Isaiah

specially was a favourite with him, and he used to exclaim, "He was a fine man that Isaiah; he knew how to speak." He also instituted family worship in his home, and conducted it with great simplicity and dignity.

The putting away of Sechele's wives caused some trouble, as their relations were indignant, and rose in rebellion. They blamed the chief for a long period of dry weather, that had been most disastrous, and they said that Livingstone had cast a spell over him. Owing to this drought, Livingstone proposed that the tribe should go to live at Kolobeng, about forty miles distant, where there was a river; and the wonderful influence he had over them was shown by their at once agreeing to go with him. Building again had to be done, and water from the river had to be conducted by a water-course through the country, thus entailing severe manual labour. A church also had to be built; but this Sechele undertook himself, and employed two hundred of his people in the work.

This constant breaking up of homes and homesteads must have been very trying and disappointing to both Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone, but one never reads a complaining word written by them. When a duty was clearly pointed out to them, they felt so sure of divine guidance that it was performed with unflinching obedience and cheerful promptitude.

Livingstone never expected the Bakwains to

adopt Christianity as their religion; they were a very slow people, and he did not have many converts. He had no desire to have a large church of nominal adherents; what he strove for was to have genuine members, who, by their walk and conversation, would show forth the reality of the Christian life. He had very strong views on purity of communion, and for two years did not allow the Lord's Supper to be dispensed, because he felt that the professing Christians of his flock were not leading consistent lives. Livingstone believed "patient continuance in well doing" to be the strongest agent for good, and his own life was a striking illustration of it.

Residence at Mabotsa and at Chounane were of such short duration that Kolobeng may be said to have been the only permanent home where both Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone had their children with them. Looking back in later years at his career as a missionary, Livingstone's only regret was, that he had not spared one hour a day from all his varied duties and interests to play with his children. When forced to be separated from them, he felt it very keenly, and his heart yearned over them with the tender love which such a man, who had so much to spare for mankind, must have had for his own children. The depth of his affection was the secret of his power.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST GREAT JOURNEY.

Continued drought—The Boers—Sekomi—Journey to 'Ngami—Mirage—New discoveries—Sebituane—Slave trade—Return to Kolobeng—Journey to Cape Town—Departure of Mrs. Livingstone and children for England.

N spite of the irrigation of the land at Kolobeng, another long-continued drought of three years brought much distress; and in the fourth year the river dried up altogether. In consequence of this the people were much scattered, for the men had to hunt, and the women to collect locusts for food. The schools and meetings were very badly attended; even the observance of the Sabbath day broke down. Moreover, the station was constantly harassed by the hostile Boers, whose settlements were at no great distance. It thus became clear to Livingstone that the people would be compelled to leave the place and go elsewhere.

Having heard of a great lake, 'Ngami, far to the

north, which no white man had seen, he was inspired with a great desire to be the first missionary to visit the spot. It occurred to him that if it should prove to be suitable, he might establish the new settlement there. He heard also from Sechele, that the greatest chief of the Makololo, named Sebituane, who lived beyond the lake, was friendly to missionaries. Lechulatebe, chief of the people of the lake, sent Livingstone an urgent invitation to visit him, and as an inducement told him of the large quantity of ivory to be had in the neighbourhood, and of its cheapness. It was so abundant that traders purchased at the rate of ten tusks for a musket worth fifteen shillings.

Sekomi, a neighbouring chief, secretly wished the expedition to fail, lest his monopoly of ivory should be broken up, and used every artifice in his power to prevent Livingstone starting, even to the assurance of certain death. Undaunted, however, the missionary set out for Lake 'Ngami, accompanied by two English huntsmen, Mr. Murray and Mr. Oswell, who had come to Africa for sport. The latter was a very famous hunter; he had once killed four male elephants in one day, yielding ivory to the value of a hundred guineas.

It was a long and dangerous journey that they had undertaken, for the great Kalahari Desert, six hundred miles wide, lay between them and the lake, and no water could be had without digging wells. As they had feared, they were terribly troubled

with thirst, and Mr. Oswell had a strange experience half-way. He was walking a little in advance of the others, when, clearing a belt of trees, he beheld, on looking towards the setting sun, what seemed to be a beautiful lake about twenty miles in circumference. He immediately thought it to be Lake 'Ngami, and, throwing up his cap, shouted

THE OSTRICH AND ITS NEST.

with delight, which made the Bakwains think he had gone mad. But it was only a large salt-pan gleaming in the sun. He had been deceived by that wonder of the desert, the mirage—Lake 'Ngami was still three hundred miles off.

In the desert they saw large numbers of ostriches

and found much amusement in watching their habits. These birds make a roaring noise like a lion, and, at a distance, Livingstone tells us it would be difficult to distinguish the two sounds; only that the lion roars by night, and the ostrich by day.

At last they struck the beautiful river Zouga, which led to Lake 'Ngami. On its banks were gigantic trees, and the travellers beheld crowds of elephants, also antelopes, rhinoceroses, and hippopotami. Travelling onwards they came to the river Tamanak'le. On inquiring, Livingstone found that it flowed from a well-watered country full of large trees, and that the district beyond was not a "large sandy plateau." This roused in his mind enthusiastic feelings, and awakened the idea, which dominated him for some years, the prospect of finding a highway to the sea capable of being traversed by boats, through an entirely unexplored and populous region. This motive prompted him, in his subsequent journey across Africa, with the desire to open up the continent to trade and Christian missions.

Twelve days afterwards they reached the beautiful Lake 'Ngami. It was on the 1st of August 1849 that this fine sheet of water was for the first time gazed upon by Europeans. Livingstone could form no idea of the extent of it except from the reports of the natives, who professed to be able to walk round it in three days; but it was thought

to be about seventy miles in circumference. Subsequent observation showed it to be very shallow, and therefore not of much value as a commercial highway.

When Lechulatebe, the chief who had sent the invitation, heard that Livingstone intended visiting Sebituane, the greater chief, who lived two hundred miles farther north, he refused guides and boats to cross the river. Sebituane was the greatest warrior in the country, and had brought many tribes into subjection. Lechulatebe feared Livingstone might give him guns, and so make him a more dangerous neighbour than ever.

Determined not to be baffled, Livingstone worked for many hours trying to make rafts of rotten wood whereon to cross the river, at great risk of his life, as he afterwards found, for swarms of alligators infested the Zouga. The season was now far advanced, so he resolved to return to Kolobeng, and Mr. Oswell, with characteristic kindness, promised to bring up a boat from the Cape for next year. The discovery of Lake 'Ngami and the River Zouga was communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, which awarded Livingstone a sum of twenty-five guineas in recognition of the fact.

The next year Livingstone started again to visit Sebituane, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone, their children, Sechele, and twenty Bakwains. The journey was very slow and difficult. Mrs. Living-

stone and the children travelled in a waggon drawn by oxen, at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, and on the woody banks of the Zouga trees had occasionally to be hewn down to allow the waggon to pass. Many difficulties had to be faced, and Livingstone felt very severely the loss of forty-three oxen, some by the fatal bite of the tsetse fly, others from falling into pitfalls made for wild animals.

On this journey a more easterly route was taken, through Bamangwato and by Letloche, to avoid Sekomi, who, not wishing them to go to 'Ngami, had caused the wells which Livingstone had dug with much labour the year before to be filled up. When near the lake they heard that fever had prostrated a party of Englishmen who had come in search of ivory. This news gave a fresh spur to their movements, and with all possible haste they travelled sixty miles to render aid. By means of medicines and the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Livingstone, all recovered health and strength.

Lechulatebe was a little more gracious this time, and, taking a great fancy to Livingstone's gun, promised guides to Sebituane if he might have it. This was at once agreed to. All plans were, however, upset by an outbreak of fever among the children and servants, and Livingstone decided to go back to Kolobeng; but not without promising to return in the following year, when he hoped the chief would be as good as his word. On the

way home they met Mr. Oswell coming from the Cape with the promised boat; but they left him to hunt elephants on the banks of the Zouga.

Livingstone found that, from a missionary point of view, the presence of his wife and children was of great benefit in his intercourse with the natives. It inspired confidence, and promoted good relations, and he had intended leaving them with Lechulatebe while he visited Sebituane, until the prevalence of fever made it clear to him that the neighbourhood of the lake was not healthy for Europeans. Nevertheless he felt sure that there must be a more healthy spot farther north, and hoped to reach it next year.

The third and eventually successful effort to visit Sebituane at Linyanti was accomplished in April 1851. Mr. Oswell accompanied Livingstone and his family. They followed the same route, and all went well until near the lake, where they crossed a part of the desert so dry, that for two days no chirp of insect or bird broke the stillness. Shobo their guide, a Bushman, lost his way, and for four days they were absolutely without water. The disconsolate guide "would sit down in the pathway and say, 'No water, all country only—Shobo sleeps—he breaks down—country only.' Upon this he would coolly curl himself up, and was soon wrapped in slumber."

On reaching the banks of the Chobe, Livingstone was told that Sebituane had come to welcome them, and was on an island not far distant. The chief was about forty-five years of age,—tall, wiry, of olive

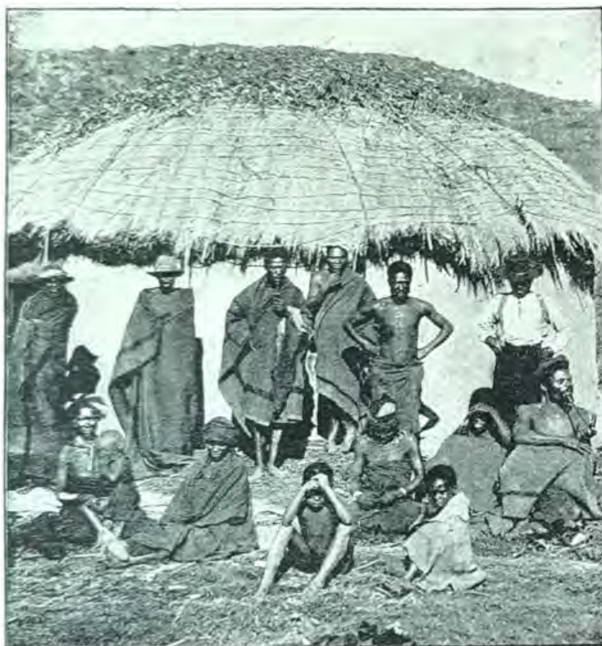
complexion, cool and collected in manner, and more frank than any chief Livingstone had ever met; he was the greatest warrior in Central Africa, and always led his men into battle himself.

Sebituane showed Livingstone and his family every attention, and presented them with food and prepared skins of oxen as soft as cloth to sleep on. He conversed a great deal with them, and showed great interest in all that was new to him. Unfortunately this great chief died of inflammation of the lungs a fortnight after the Livingstones arrived, and was buried in the cattle-pen, after the custom of his tribe. He had been much pleased at the confidence Livingstone had shown by bringing the children to his country; and when Livingstone visited him with his son Robert on the day he died, his last words were—"Take Robert to Maunka"—one of his wives—"and tell her to give him some milk."

Sebituane's death was a great blow to Livingstone, for his influence extended over an immense region, and he had promised to show the land to him. But his daughter Mamochisane who succeeded him proved equally friendly, and permitted Mr. Oswell and Livingstone to travel a hundred and thirty miles in a north-easterly direction. They passed through the town of Linyanti, and came to the beautiful river of Sheseke, which was afterwards found to be the great Zambesi in the centre of the continent, not previously known. They were the first white men ever seen in that district, and were visited by

great numbers of wondering natives, much interested in their personal appearance and their clothes.

Here Livingstone first came in contact with the



GROUP OF KAFFIRS.

slave trade. That infamous traffic commenced through the natives coveting cloths, beads, and guns, for which they gave captives taken in war.

In consequence of this, it occurred to Livingstone that if new channels for enterprise could be opened up to British merchants, they would drive away the slave trade, prepare the way for Christian missions, and improve the spiritual and temporal welfare of the whole continent. The more he dwelt upon the thought, the more strongly it took hold on his heart, and he resolved to carry it out, cost what it might!

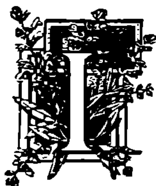
Livingstone felt the hand of Providence leading him onwards, and, being unable to leave his family anywhere in safety in Africa, he decided to send them to England, while he went in search of a suitable district to settle in; he hoped to be able to open up the interior by a path running east or west.

The homeward journey was delayed by the illness of Mrs. Livingstone and children on the way. On reaching Kolobeng, they found the Bakwains had deserted it because of the Boers, who had made an unprovoked assault on Sechele, and robbed him of some of his children to make slaves of them. Thence they proceeded to Kuruman, and enjoyed a short rest. Resuming their long journey, they passed unmolested through the centre of the colony during a Kaffir war, and arrived safely at Cape Town in April 1852. Here Mrs. Livingstone and children embarked for England. Naturally the parting was keenly felt. Their mutual love had grown and strengthened with years of toil and hardship together, and their home had been all the dearer, because it had been of their own making.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM CAPE TOWN TO LINYANTI.

Cape Town—Detentions—The Boers—Kuruman—Sechele—The "Great White Mother"—Journey to Linyanti—Swamps and fevers—Linyanti—The Makalolo—Sekelutu—Barotse country.



IT took Livingstone six weeks to prepare for his expedition into the interior; and, while waiting for his arrangements to be completed, he studied astronomy under Sir Thomas Maclear, who became one of his best friends. This was in order that he might take observations more perfectly, and secure accuracy for his geographical researches. It was a trying time for our hero, for he met with little sympathy, and much opposition. The authorities regarded him with suspicion, and would hardly sell powder and shot to him.

At last a start was made, in June 1852; but as Livingstone had not sufficient means to buy either fine oxen or a good waggon—a heavy, lumbering

vehicle at the best—his progress was very slow. On the way Livingstone had to come to a temporary halt, owing to the breaking of a wheel; he had been too good-natured in consenting to convey packages for other people, and his waggon was overloaded. This delay proved a blessing in disguise, for if it had not happened, Livingstone would have been at Kolobeng during another attack of the Boers, who destroyed his house there, stole his furniture, and scattered valuable papers to the winds.

The Boers hated Livingstone, and would probably have killed him, as they threatened to do, for they were determined to keep the interior closed to the English. Livingstone was just as determined, with God's help, to open it up or perish. Although such an eminently good and patient man, he could feel heartily angry over injustice or cruelty, and felt alike grieved and indignant at this outrage, for which he received no redress from either the Cape or home authorities.

The route chosen to the north lay across a level plain, with few springs and still fewer streams, and the slow pace at which they wound their way made every subject interesting. Coming to the Orange River, they crossed it, and passed into the independent territory inhabited by Griquas and Bechuanas. By Griqua is meant any mixed race springing from natives and Europeans. Livingstone found many of them had become Christians, and were partially civilised through the teaching of English missionaries.

When Kuruman, Dr. Moffat's station in Bechuanaland, was reached, it proved a pleasant haven of rest for our weary traveller, and to visit it was to Livingstone like a return to civilised life. While staying here, Livingstone received a letter telling him of the outrage of the Boers, from Sechele, the chief of the Bakwains, who, it will be remembered, lived at Kolobeng with him. The letter, which began, "Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele," was sent with Masabele, Sechele's wife and baby, who had had a narrow escape with their lives, and had been hidden in a cleft of a rock whilst the bullets whistled over their heads.

The chief was naturally bitterly indignant at his wrongs, and, after leaving Kuruman, Livingstone met him at Motito on his way to tell our Queen, the "Great White Mother," as he called her, of his grievances. He did actually get the length of Cape Town; but, finding himself without money to proceed, he returned, gathered the tribes about him, and became a greater chief than ever. He lived to a great age, and died at the end of the year 1892, after a long and painful illness.

The report of the outrage on the Backwains, coupled with denunciations against Livingstone for having, as it was alleged, taught them to kill the Boers, produced such a panic in the country, that Livingstone could not engage a single servant to accompany him to the north, so he was detained for

months at Kuruman from sheer inability to get waggon-drivers. At last three servants were found willing to risk the journey, so, with them and a Mr. George Fleming, who desired to establish trade with the Makololo, Livingstone left Kuruman on November 20th, and proceeded on his way.

They skirted the Kalahari Desert, sometimes keeping just within its borders, to give the Boers a wide berth. Fortunately for them, there had been a heavy rainfall that year, so thirst was not so much to be dreaded. On 31st December 1852 they reached the town of Sechele, named Litubaruba. Livingstone found the Bakwains lean and haggard through famine. Most of their cattle had been carried off by the Boers, and all their corn, clothing, and furniture had been consumed in the fire with which the Boers had destroyed the town during the night.

Here they remained for a short time, and on the 15th of January 1853 they prepared to depart.

Coming to the wells of Boat-lanama on the 21st, they found them empty, and pushed on to Mashüe, for the sake of its delicious waters. A plain abounding in game was then crossed on the way to Bamang-wato. Passing on to Letloche, about twenty miles beyond, they found a plentiful supply of water. Then came sixty miles of waterless country, with deep, soft sand, very distressing for the oxen. The smaller wells at Motlatsa being dried up, the animals were sent to the deep well of Nkanane,

and half were lost on the way. Livingstone left Motlatsa on 18th February 1853, and passed down the Mokoko, a flowing stream, to Nchokotsa and Koobe. Further on the country became greener, and at Unku Livingstone was specially delighted with the scenery—every spot being covered with grass, and the flowers in full bloom.

Proceeding northwards, they entered the dense Mohonono bush, which required the constant use of axes for two days to clear the way, and finally emerged upon the plains. As frequent change from one place to another is conducive to recovery from fever, they tried to push on, the weakest being placed in the waggon. Incapacity in the man who guided the "leaders," or two front oxen, caused them to get entangled in trees, and the constant labour of felling involved much delay.

To avoid the tsetse fly, it became necessary to cut a new path through a dense forest. They toiled on slowly, and at last were refreshed by the sight of the 'Ngwa Hill. In the deep and picturesque valleys on either side, large herds of animals were found so undisturbed as to be quite free from fear at man's approach. The country to the north was very lovely; grass often higher than the waggons, and trees festooned with vines appearing, and in the hollows were large patches of water.

The Sanshureh River presented an impassable barrier, so Livingstone made search for a ford;

many attempts to cross it proved vain. Leaving the waggon and oxen, he reached the other side in a pontoon, and went twenty miles westward in the hope of striking the Chobe. After hours of toilsome struggling, through reeds and grass laced together, he at last reached it by a passage trampled by a hippopotamus. Proceeding up the Chobe, Livingstone had to spend a night on its banks, which proved far from a peaceful one. Human-like voices and unearthly sounds disturbed his rest, and weird jerks, wriggles, gurgles, and splashes among the reedy morasses made him feel thankful to see daylight.

Unexpectedly Livingstone came on the village of Moremi, one of the Makololo, on the island of Mahonta. He was now among friends; with their aid he started westward towards Linyanti. He found Sebituane's daughter had abdicated her position as chieftainess, in favour of her brother Sekelutu, who was eighteen years of age.

The whole population, between six thousand and seven thousand people, turned out to see Livingstone and his followers, and the chief gave them a warm welcome. This was performed by the women bringing pots of native beer and jars of clotted milk for each of the company, "tasting" before setting them down, to show that there was no poison.

Of the Makololo Livingstone has spoken very highly. He found them a most interesting and intelligent people, and describes them as a fine race

of men, tall, strong, and courageous. Sekelutu became exceedingly attached to Livingstone, and, learning to enjoy the sweet coffee and biscuits, said "he knew Livingstone's heart loved him by finding his own heart warming to his food,"—an entirely new mode of reading character!

Livingstone was treated most hospitably, and received more than enough of various kinds of provisions. He writes: "The people of every village treated us most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, butter, milk, and meal, more than we could stow away in our canoes. They always made their presents gracefully. When an ox was given, the owner would say, 'Here is a little bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox!'"

Livingstone settled down for some time in the country of the Makololo, and worked hard as a missionary and doctor. His great desire was to find a healthy locality in which to found a mission station, but Linyanti proved unsuitable. Repeated attacks of fever showed him, soon after his arrival, how impossible it would be for his wife and children to come to him there.

He therefore travelled into the Barotse country, and this journey was performed under the best auspices, for Sekelutu decided to accompany him, with a hundred and sixty men and thirty-three canoes. They were a motley crew. Some of the

DANCE OF A WITCH DOCTOR.

natives wore English prints, some had red tunics, and others little but feathers on their heads. Altogether the appearance of the party must have been strange and grotesque.

They proceeded rapidly up the River Leeambye, which was magnificent, and had many beautiful islands thickly covered with vegetation. Livingstone enjoyed this part of his journey exceedingly. At each village the natives brought food and skins as tribute to their chief.

At Naliéle, the principal village, Livingstone parted with Sekelutu, and continued the ascent of the river. He found the country infested with the terrible tsetse fly, and far from healthy; but what grieved him more was the sight of heathenism in some of its worst forms. Many times he writes of his weariness and heart-sickness at the noise, excitement, and wild savage dancing; the heartless cruelty, the destruction of children, the drudgery of the old people, and the atrocious murders which he witnessed. The people seemed to be more fiends than human beings, and he longed to bring to them the knowledge of the Christian life.

Livingstone was also distressed at the sight of captured slaves bound together by chains. These chains haunted him, and he felt that opening up the country to civilisation and commerce would be the only way to put a check to the slave trade.

Through all this he patiently pursued his work, and preached twice every Sunday to large and

attentive audiences; but fever was everywhere, and he determined to return to Linyanti and prepare to push his way to St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast.

At first Sekelutu could not be prevailed upon to allow him to leave his country, for he said to Livingstone he had found a new father. But when at last he was brought to consent, he threw himself heartily into Livingstone's plans, and provided all requisites for the journey. He also lent him several strong men, on condition that Livingstone promised to restore them to their own country. At what cost that promise was kept you shall hear shortly.

The probability of losing his life on the way seems to have been very present to Livingstone, and he even wrote home as to the disposal of his personal possessions; but he felt strongly that the love of Christ could carry him where the slave trader could go. He was willing to sacrifice his life, if he could but stamp out the slave trade, and so help to heal what he called "the open sore" of the Dark Continent.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM LINYANTI TO LOANDA.

Up the Chobe River — The Leeambye — A day on the river — Balonda chiefs — Leeba River — Manenko — Obedience of Livingstone — Shinte's welcome — Katema and his finery — Open hostilities—Loanda—Hospitable welcome.

N 11th November 1853, Livingstone started, with twenty-seven followers, on his long and perilous journey to St. Paul de Loanda, capital of Angola, a Portuguese possession on the west coast of Africa. His health was already much impaired by repeated attacks of fever; but the indomitable pluck of this wonderful traveller never forsook him.

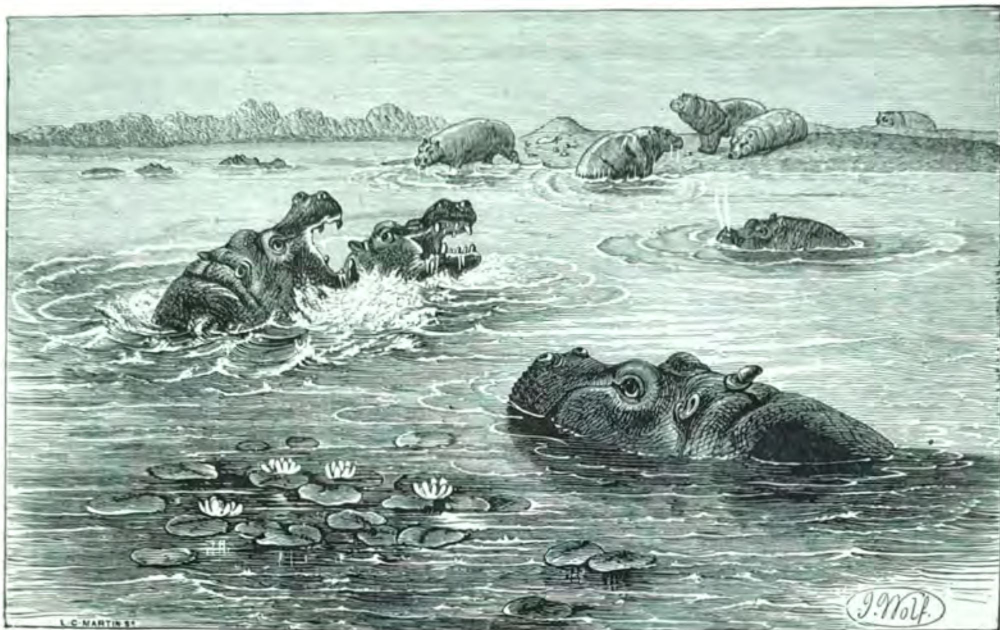
On leaving Linyanti, the party ascended the Chobe in canoes lent by Sekelutu, who came himself to see them embark, and to give final instructions to his servants.

This river had to be navigated with care, owing to the large number of hippopotami which infested it. The outfit provided was rather slender, and

Livingstone had to trust to his guns for procuring food to support his men. The first part of this journey was pursued under favourable circumstances, for so long as they were in the Makololo country, the inhabitants, at the command of their chief, were most generous in the supply of food.

Coming to the confluence of the Leeambye, they proceeded slowly up this fine river to Sheseke. Livingstone was charmed with its scenery. Beautiful overhanging trees and lovely flowers were everywhere. Birds were particularly numerous, and the harsh scream of the ibis mingled with the gentle cooing of turtle-doves. The heat was very great, and at midday all vegetation looked languid and drooping. The great evaporation from the river caused extreme lassitude, and Livingstone suffered much from the oppressive atmosphere.

In his journals he has given the following interesting sketch of a day spent on the river:— "We get up a little before five in the morning; it is then beginning to dawn. While I am dressing, coffee is made; and, having filled my pannikin, the remainder is handed to my companions, who eagerly partake of the refreshing beverage. The servants are busy loading the canoes, while the principal men are sipping the coffee, and that being soon over, we embark. The next two hours are the most pleasant part of the day's sail. The men paddle away most vigorously;



THE RIVER HAD TO BE NAVIGATED WITH CARE, OWING TO THE HIPPOPOTAMI.

the Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, have large, deeply-developed chests and shoulders, with indifferent lower extremities. They often engage in loud scolding of each other, in order to relieve the tedium of their work. About eleven we land and eat any meat which may have remained from the previous evening meal. After an hour's rest, we again embark, and cower under an umbrella. The heat is oppressive, and, being weak from the last attack of fever, I cannot land and keep the camp supplied with flesh. The men, being quite uncovered in the sun, perspire profusely, and in the afternoon begin to stop, as if waiting for the canoes which have been left behind.

"Sometimes we reach a sleeping-place two hours before sunset, and, all being troubled with languor, we gladly remain for the night. Coffee again and a biscuit, or a piece of coarse bread made with maize meal, or that of the native corn, make up the bill of fare for the evening, unless we have been fortunate enough to kill something, when we boil a potful of flesh. This is done by cutting it up into long strips, and pouring in water till it is covered. When that is boiled dry, the meat is considered ready."

At all the villages on their way, Livingstone preached to the people, and used his magic lantern as a means of teaching them. The lantern caused great delight and wonder, and he was often struck with the sensible questions asked by the natives.

Reaching the Gonye Falls, the canoes had to be hauled on shore and carried round. At Nameta and Litofe, Livingstone heard with great regret that the Makololo had made forays to the north, in direct opposition to the policy of Sekelutu, who wished to be at peace with the northern tribes. Afterwards, when passing through that part of the country, he had to exert all his tact and patience to avert a hostile reception.

Heavy rains began to fall at Naliele. Here the canoes were returned to Sekelutu, and the party proceeded to Libonta, the last town of the Makololo, through a country teeming with animals so tame that they could be approached within sixty yards. Livingstone performed a diplomatic piece of business for Sekelutu at this place. He had brought with him many presents for the Balonda chiefs who were unfriendly, also captives taken in war; these he exchanged for others, who were sent safely home. Livingstone proved a peacemaker in his intercourse with many chiefs; smoothed away difficulties and jealousies, and prevented many outbreaks of the petty warfare which caused so much desolation, and which led to the keeping up of slavery.

Passing on, they came to the junction of the Leeba with the Leeambye, which they ascended. This placid river meandered slowly through charming meadows studded by trees covered with a profusion of freshest foliage; the scenery re-

sembled a carefully-tended park. When opposite to a village which belonged to Manenko, a female chief, they sent to acquaint her with their presence before taking the liberty of traversing her country.

Livingstone's picture of this strapping young Amazon and her dictatorial manner is very humorous, but too long to give in detail. Manenko was about twenty years of age, and distinguished by a remarkable profusion of ornaments and medicines which hung about her person, the latter supposed to act as charms. Her body was smeared all over with a mixture of fat and ochre, this being her peculiar idea of elegance in dress.

Livingstone succeeded in cementing a bond of friendship between her and the Makololo, and as she was anxious to accompany him on a visit to her uncle Shinte, a chief some miles away, they discussed arrangements. Livingstone wished to go by canoes; but not so Her Majesty, who preferred *terra firma*. Needless to say, the lady carried her point.

Manenko at first won over Livingstone's men with her rhetoric, which was very forcible; then, seeing that their master was not yet convinced, she put on a motherly look, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." So he was fain to submit without further parley.

Accompanied by her husband, Manenko marched at the head of the little band in the lightest possible attire, at a pace which the rest found

difficult to maintain. Rain coming on, Livingstone asked her why she did not put on something more for protection, as it was chilly; whereupon she explained that it was not considered proper for a chief to appear effeminate, and that she must bear all vicissitudes without flinching.

After a fortnight's march, they came to Shinte's village, and were honoured with a grand reception in true African style. The chief, apparently about fifty-five years of age, of frank and open countenance and middle height, sat under some enormous trees on a throne covered with leopards' skins. He had on a checked jacket, and a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green (!); many strings of large beads hung from his neck, and his limbs were covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets. On his head he wore a helmet made of beads woven neatly together, and crowned with a great bunch of goose-feathers. Behind him stood a hundred wives, and around him his warriors. Music, dancing, and speech-making formed the entertainment.

After serious business was over, Livingstone, on finding "Shinte's mouth was bitter for want of tasting ox-flesh," presented him with an ox. When Manenko heard of this, she came forward with a very injured air, and said, "This white man belongs to me; I have brought him here, and therefore the ox is mine, not Shinte's." She ordered her men to slaughter it, and presented her uncle with one leg only.

Livingstone showed the magic lantern to a large number of natives, who were filled with wonder and awe. When he exhibited Abraham on the point of killing Isaac, the women took flight, rushed helter-skelter out of the building, screaming loudly, and not one could be induced to return. The men, however, remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the thing of wood or clay they worshipped.

Shinte showed great friendship for Livingstone, and the most valuable evidence of it was the providing of guides, with the command that plenty of provisions were to be given him whilst in his territory. These consisted chiefly of manioc roots, fowls, eggs, smoke-dried fish, and maize.

Leaving Shinte on 26th January, Livingstone started off in a northerly direction, and passed many villages picturesquely embowered in bananas and shrubs. On the way he received quantities of food, according to the chief's orders. Striking the Leeba again, they borrowed canoes from the villagers to cross. Here Shinte's power ended.

Unfortunately the weather became exceedingly wet. Rain fell on five days out of every six, and the ground was rendered so heavy that travelling was very slow and uncomfortable. Damp permeated everything. Livingstone became very ill once more, and suffered almost constantly from fever. Nothing discourages the African like rain, and the weather so disagreed with the tempers of

his followers, that often, when hardly strong enough to rise, he had to quell disputes among his own men, or disturbances caused in the various villages they passed through.

The country now presented the aspect of a vast marshy plain, with few trees. Near Lake Dililo was the straggling village of Katema, whom they found an exceedingly jolly sort of man, always laughing, and very well disposed towards them. He received them in state, and his dress was made up in the usual African fashion, of scraps of European finery. His coat was snuff-brown, and embroidered with tinsel, which, as the rest of his costume was little else but beads and feathers, looked rather incongruous. The present of a razor, a shawl, some beads, and some buttons, pleased him highly; and as his coat was getting shabby, he requested Livingstone to bring him another from Loanda.

Through all this long journey Livingstone never ceased to note most carefully the habits of the insects, birds, fishes, and animals that he saw, and to take geographical and astronomical observations. If science and natural history had not been a great solace to him in his weary wanderings, oppressed with sickness and trouble as he was, he must have become a prey to melancholy, for he suffered much from a feeling of loneliness, and a yearning for human sympathy.

Obtaining guides, they pursued a north-westerly

course across another swampy plain to the banks of the Kasai. The natives were fairly friendly, but unwilling to sell food. Livingstone was much in want of it, and on coming into Katende's country they soon learned that there was no hope of getting supplies. There was no animal food to be had but mice and moles! and at Kangenke the people asked exorbitant prices for manioc and meal.

Then the inhospitable territory of the Chiboques was entered. Every pretext was made to oppose Livingstone's progress, but by judicious payments, and quiet, patient obstinacy, he succeeded in pushing on. Some alarming encounters with the natives took place, but his wonderful management averted the calamity of a fight.

At the village of Njambi, one of the chiefs of the Chiboques, an ox was killed, and part of it was sent, according to custom, to the chief. Njambi, instead of accepting the gift, returned it with an impudent message, demanding more valuable presents. His people collected round Livingstone and his men, brandishing their weapons in a threatening manner, and one man all but struck Livingstone's head. It seemed impossible to avoid a fight, yet with cool courage Livingstone sat on a stool in their midst, with his gun across his knees, and with exemplary patience managed to bring the uncomfortable interview to a close without bloodshed. In this country he first came in direct contact with the slave trade, as carried on by the Portuguese.

By this time fever had reduced Livingstone almost to a skeleton; but one cannot wonder at his ill health, for he took little care of himself. Though wet through many times daily, he made no attempt to dry or change his clothes. All of his party suffered terribly from hunger, and guides also frequently deceived and deserted them. Consequently Livingstone's men became more and more disheartened, and he himself from illness less able to cope with his difficulties.

Travelling onwards through the valley of the Quango, under drizzling rain and in sore weakness, Livingstone was fortunate enough to meet on the banks of the river a Portuguese trader, who helped him to cross to the opposite side, the territory of the Benguela, subjects of the Portuguese. Happily all difficulties with border tribes were now at an end.

A few more days brought them to Cassange, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese in Western Africa, and here they met with every kindness and hospitality from the commandant. Livingstone sold the tusks of elephants, which had been brought to test the differences of prices in Makololo and the white man's country. The result was highly satisfactory, and he was able to get all that was necessary for his men, as well as a supply of calico to pay his way to the coast.

The worst of Livingstone's troubles were now over. He passed through some of the most beauti-

ful scenery in Africa, and pushed on through a fine fertile, well-peopled country to Ambaca and Gulungo Alto. Fever still dogged the travellers, and all were frequently very ill; but a few days' rest in this elevated region did much to restore them, and they arrived at Loanda on 31st May 1854, having taken seven months to come from Linyanti.

Mr. Gabriel, the English Commissioner for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, proved the kindest of friends, and, giving Livingstone his own bed, nursed him through a long and tedious illness. Such society did much to cheer the invalid; but his emaciation and weakness were so great as to cause the keenest anxiety to his new friends. Livingstone was offered a free passage home on one of Her Majesty's cruisers, but he would not avail himself of it; for, recollecting his promise to Sekelutu to restore his men safely to their own country, and knowing the inhospitable nature of many of the natives and the difficulties to be encountered, he knew they would never get back except under his leadership.

How sorely tempted Livingstone must have been to go home to rest and honour, one can easily imagine; but his promise, although given to a savage chief, weighed more with him than health and happiness. To break faith with Sekelutu was a thing impossible to a man with such a keen sense of honour as Livingstone, and he determined to turn his back upon civilisation, plunge once more

into the forest, and retrace his toilsome march to the mouth of the Zambesi.

Many friends in England had given up all hope of hearing of him again, as nearly two years had passed since any communication had been received from him, and a thrill of relief passed through the British Empire when the news came that all was well with David Livingstone. He had a great story to tell of his perilous journey, and a mighty contribution to make to the store of geographical knowledge. A brilliant reception by his countrymen was in preparation for him at home, when the news came that such honours were undesired by him, and the Royal Geographical Society could only award him the greatest distinction it had to give—the gold medal—and wait in patience an opportunity to present it.

Livingstone had certainly opened up to Sekelutu a better way for disposing of his elephants' tusks, and thus helped to introduce legitimate trade; but he himself, being disappointed in his search for a healthy mission station and some really satisfactory highway to the sea, resolved to go back to Linyanti, and set out eastward by way of the Zambesi River.

He forwarded all valuable documents and letters home, and then, much refreshed and strengthened by the care and kindness shown, he left Loanda on the 20th of September 1854 for Quilimane, at the mouth of the Zambesi, on the east coast of Africa.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

Leaves for Quilimane—Pungo - Adongo—Loss of letters and despatches—Re-writes them—Hostile Chiboques—Libonta—Linyanti—Victoria Falls—Strange birds—Batoka tribe—The Zambesi Valley—Teté—Senna—Quilimane.

HEN Livingstone quitted Loanda to cross Africa, the acting Governor-General (the Bishop of Angola) directed that he should be furnished with letters of introduction to the Portuguese officials in Eastern Africa. Livingstone was also supplied with twenty carriers to convey his goods, and orders were sent forward to all the commandants of the district through which he was to pass, to render any assistance in their power.

Before starting, our traveller supplied himself with a large stock of trade goods and ammunition, and each man was also given a new musket. Thus well equipped, Livingstone was accompanied to Icollo-i-Bengo by his friend Mr. Gabriel, who by his

unwearied kindness and hospitality had endeared himself to all hearts.

To obtain a greater knowledge of this interesting country, Livingstone proceeded southwards on the Lucalla through groves of orange trees, bananas, and palms, also plantations of maize, manioc, and tobacco, to the town of Massangano. From there he returned to Golungo Alto by Casengo, a district with numerous coffee plantations. While waiting for some of his men to recover from fever, Livingstone had time to observe that the chief diversions of the people of Angola consisted in marriages and funerals; those elaborate ceremonies sometimes lasting many days together. The women did most of the hard work, while the men intoxicated themselves with palm-toddy, a sweet, clear liquid, which the palm-oil tree yields when tapped.

Leaving Golungo Alto on 14th December, Livingstone passed on in bright sunlight through a pastoral country to Pungo-Adongo. This place is celebrated for its enormous columns of rock, which resemble our Stonehenge. Here Livingstone heard that all the despatches, maps, and journals sent from Loanda had gone to the bottom of the sea in the mail-packet *Forerunner*; had he started for home in it, as he had been urged to do, he must have shared the same fate.

On hearing of the disaster, he at once set himself to reproduce the lost papers, which occupied him three months, during which time he was the guest

of a Portuguese officer, Colonel Pires. The labour this entailed must have been very great, for even his ordinary letters covered sheets almost as large as newspapers, and his maps and despatches were produced with extraordinary care.

Livingstone and his party left Pungo-Adongo on 1st January 1855. They proceeded in a north-easterly direction, through open green country to Malange, where they struck their former path, and passed quickly without deviation over the heights of Tala Mungongo to Cassange.

Hence they journeyed with Senhor Pascoal, a Portuguese trader, to the River Quango, and passed into the hostile country of the Chiboques. Here Livingstone had a very severe attack of rheumatic fever, and if it had not been for the nursing of the Portuguese, who applied leeches, he would in all probability have ended his career there and then. Many weary days of convalescence followed. Senhor Pascoal had to go forward for provisions, and when Livingstone was just about to start to join him, a disagreeable incident occurred.

The headman of the village in which Livingstone had lain sick, quarrelled with one of Livingstone's men about a piece of meat, who, losing patience, struck him on the mouth. Livingstone willingly paid five pieces of cloth and a gun as redress; but no sooner had he done this, than the chieftain became outrageous in his demands, and attempted to raise all the countryside to

assist him in attacking and plundering Livingstone's party.

Seeing it was useless to argue any further with this quarrelsome fellow, Livingstone left the village with his men; but soon after he had started he was attacked from behind by a large body of natives, who fired off their guns, and attempted to knock the burdens off his men's shoulders. Livingstone quickly got off his ox, and, although still very weak, rushed up to the chief and pointed a six-barrelled revolver at his stomach. This made a speedy revolution in his martial feelings, and he declared he had only come to speak to Livingstone, and wished peace only.

Soon afterwards they joined Senhor Pascoal, and travelled with him through the gloomy forests of Southern Lunda and Cabango. Passing through Bango and Kawawa, they forded the Kasai, and entered upon the level plain, which they had formerly found flooded. Passing by Lake Dililo, they reached Katema's country. Livingstone and his men now found themselves among kind friends; many presents were exchanged, and Katema became the proud possessor of a scarlet cloak embroidered with tinsel.

On leaving this hospitable chief, they traversed the extended plain on the north bank of the Leeba to Shinte's country, receiving a hearty welcome and an abundant supply of provisions. They parted on the best possible terms, and descended the Leeba.

All the way from Libonta to Linyanti, where they arrived on 11th September 1855, was like a triumphal march. Pitsane, Livingstone's headman, spread abroad wonderful stories of all they had seen and done on their travels, and supplies poured in upon them. When Livingstone apologised for having nothing adequate to give in return, the Makololo would gracefully reply, "It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep." Sekelutu was delighted to see them safely back again; and so careful had Livingstone been of the health of his men, in the sicknesses and dangers they had passed through, that not one was missing.

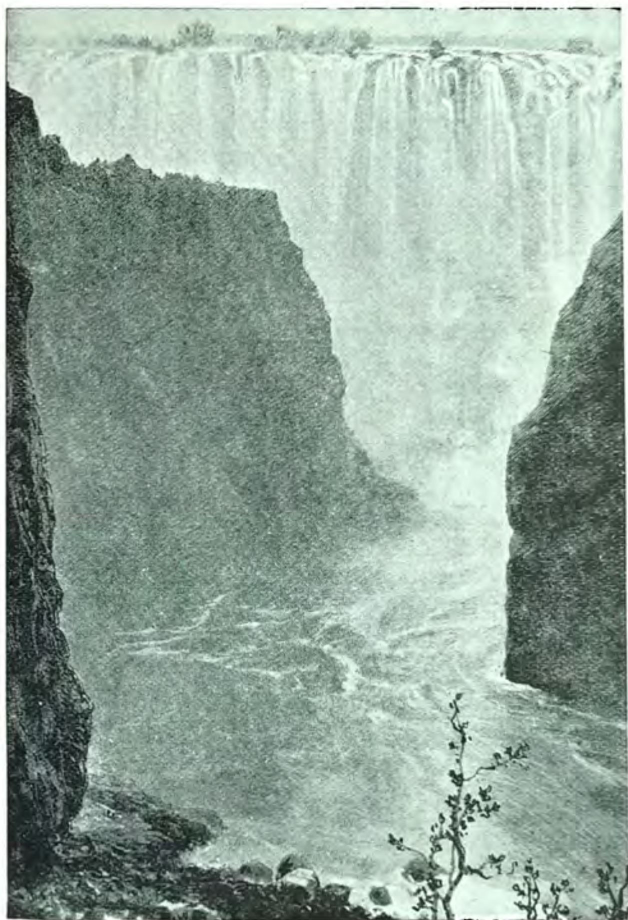
At Linyanti, Livingstone was terribly disappointed to find no letters from home; but Dr. Moffat had sent a large quantity of good things for his use, which had arrived the year before, and the natives, fearing they were bewitched, had placed them in safety on an island and covered them over. Here Livingstone rested for eight weeks.

When he started on his journey eastwards along the Zambesi, he took with him an escort of a hundred and twenty men, stores of food, a dozen oxen, and the right to levy tribute on the tribes subject to Sekelutu. That Livingstone made such journeys as he did is wonderful; but it seemed much more so when we remember that the personal influence he had acquired over the natives was all he had to rely upon for obtaining the necessary supplies.

Livingstone, who was accompanied by Sekelutu part of the way, left Linyanti on 3rd November 1855, descended the Zambesi, and discovered the wonderfully beautiful Victoria Falls, the spray of which could be seen five miles away. The Zambesi, here a thousand yards in breadth, leapt suddenly into a narrow fissure eighty-five feet wide, and this immense column of water, thus suddenly compressed, swirls, eddies, seethes and boils with indescribable violence, causing immense volumes of spray or vapour to rise like smoke, and the air to re-echo with its thunder. Those Falls Livingstone loyally decided to name after his sovereign, Queen Victoria.

Passing through the fertile Batoka Valley, it took all Livingstone's usual tact to remove the suspicions of the natives, who associated the presence of a white man with slave trading. They are a very degraded people, and have the peculiar custom of knocking out the two front teeth, much to their personal disfigurement. The further Livingstone advanced, the more populous the country became, and as he was the first white man who had ever visited the district, he was the object of much inquisitive scrutiny.

All the tribes were more or less in a state of armed neutrality, and on his conveying to them the message of the gospel of peace, it proved very attractive. They were tired of constant warfare, and said, "We are tired of fight; give us rest and sleep"; and to that end promised protection to any white man who should come to live among them.



FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.
(From a recent Photograph.)

Passing through many villages, they pressed forward to the Zambesi, and soon their eyes were gladdened by a view of its broad expanse and numerous islands. They arrived at Zumbo on 15th January 1856.

Two days after leaving Zumbo, Livingstone was advised by a Portuguese subject of Teté to cross to the south bank of the Zambesi, in order to avoid Mpende, an unfriendly chief. Their friendly adviser, however, declined to lend them any canoes to cross, so they had to proceed to Mpende's village. Hostilities were only averted by great care.

They were now among people accustomed to slave dealing, and also to rigidly enforced game laws. So, after killing any animal for food, the visitors had to send to the chief for permission to cut it up, and had to give him the half. The valley of the Zambesi abounded in ostriches, giraffes, hippopotami, and leopards; fishes and crocodiles swarmed in the waters. There were also many large and beautiful birds notably, the Sacred Ibis of the Nile. The Honey Guide, a little bird, proved one of Livingstone's best friends, for many times it flew before his men, chirruping all the way, and guided them to where honey was secreted.

The heavy rains set in, and in order to avoid a great number of new-made streams, and the exactions of chiefs who levied heavy tribute for passing through their country, Livingstone decided to strike south-eastwards through the level tract of Chivoca. The

villages were not numerous, but the natives were friendly. Pursuing their way through the Mopane country of the Banyai people, they reached the Portuguese settlement of Teté on 3rd March 1856, in a very exhausted state from fever and hunger.

The commandant, Major Sicard, showed Livingstone unbounded kindness, and did everything in his power to restore him to health. Livingstone arranged to leave most of his men here whilst he proceeded to England, and this gentleman gave them a large piece of land, on which to build houses and cultivate vegetables and grain.

Livingstone left Teté on the 22nd of March, to sail to Senna, five days' journey. This place he found exceedingly unhealthy, and, after having again received the greatest hospitality, he left, and sailed past the Shiré River between extensive flats to Mazaro, where the Zambesi becomes a magnificent waterway.

Passing on, Livingstone arrived at Quilimane on 20th May, having taken twenty months to cross the continent. Six weeks afterwards he embarked for England by way of the Red Sea, and was once more with his family on 9th December 1856, after having been three and a half years without speaking English, and parted for nearly five from the faces he loved.

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME AGAIN.

The Royal Geographical Society's gold medal — Livingstone's travels and discoveries—Severs from the London Missionary Society—Writes *Missionary Travels*—Success of book and appeal for Missions—Made Consul of Quilimane—The *Ma-Robert*—The Queen and Livingstone—Africa again.

FTER meeting his wife at Southampton, Livingstone at once proceeded to London. On the 15th of December the Royal Geographical Society held a large meeting of distinguished members to welcome him. Sir Roderick Murchison, who had long been a sincere admirer and friend of Livingstone, was in the chair, and presented to him the gold medal, awarded in 1854.

Since it had been earned, Livingstone had crossed the continent of Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and traversed not less than eleven thousand miles of African soil. He had determined, by astronomical observations, the sites of hills, rivers, and lakes, previously unknown, and described the

physical structure and geology of the countries traversed, as well as their natural products and capabilities. Yet surely the most honourable of all his acts was the conducting to their homes of the natives who had stood by him!

Livingstone found it difficult to speak fluently in his native tongue when replying to the many congratulatory speeches made him, not having spoken English for so many years; but he pointed out very clearly that the slave trade would never be abolished until Africa was properly opened up to commerce and Christianity.

Meeting followed meeting; everyone wished to do this great man honour; but as soon as he could tear himself away, Livingstone sought the home of his childhood, where his old mother still lived. His father had died shortly before his arrival, and he felt keenly the unfulfilled hope of sitting by the fireside, and telling him of all he had done, and what he had seen.

Many people blamed Livingstone for being less a missionary than an explorer; but his views on this subject were very broad. He hoped that by the opening up of the country, the light of Christianity might penetrate to its darkest corner. Seeing that his operations had been more costly than the resources of the London Missionary Society could bear, and also feeling that there was a lack of sympathy on the part of that body, he severed his tie with it; but he always declared himself to be a missionary.

LIVINGSTONE LECTURING ON HIS TRAVELS.
(*Portrait engraved in* 1858.)

At the earnest request of his friends, Livingstone set himself to write his *Missionary Travels.* The task proved very irksome to him, and he went so far as to declare that he would rather cross Africa again than write another book. It tried his patience sorely, and the experience, he said, increased his respect for authors and authoresses a hundredfold!

The success of his book was remarkable, and it yielded him a little fortune. In it he tried to interest scientists, philanthropists, and commercial men in Africa, and for a time it became a most popular country. Livingstone showed, in his *Missionary Travels,* that the Africans were not ferocious, intractable creatures, as was the general impression; but that they were companionable, respectful, and affectionate when well treated. He also showed how rich and productive Africa was, and that if opened up to commerce it might be of great benefit to many other countries.

His appeal in the cause of Missions was nobly responded to: the London Missionary Society proposed sending missionaries to Linyanti, and many University men offered themselves for the work. Visits to Oxford and Cambridge afforded Livingstone great pleasure, and his addresses delivered to the students at those Universities resulted in the establishment of the Universities' Mission, some of the members of which met with a sad fate.

In February 1868 the British Government gave

to Livingstone the appointment of H.M. Consul at Quilimane, for the eastern coast, and selected him as commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. He accepted the appointment, and set about at once to organise the expedition. Among those who accompanied him were Commander Bedingfield, R.N., naval officer; his own brother, Mr. Charles Livingstone, general assistant and secretary; Dr. Kirk, botanist and physician; and Mr. George Rae, ship engineer. A light paddle-steamer was procured for the navigation of the Zambesi, and it was called the *Ma-Robert*, the name given to Mrs. Livingstone by the natives at Kolobeng, and signifying the mother of Robert, her eldest child.

Just before Livingstone left England, he had an interview with the Queen. He told her what a great pleasure it would be to him to tell the natives he had seen his "Chief," as they were amazed when he said he had never seen her; and she laughed heartily at their wanting to know how many cows she possessed, as an indication of the extent of her wealth.

Mrs. Livingstone accompanied her husband, along with Oswell their youngest child, and, after many farewell banquets and meetings, they sailed from Liverpool on the 10th of March 1858, in the *Pearl*, taking with them, in sections, their boat the *Ma-Robert*.

CHAPTER X.

EXPLORING THE ZAMBESI.

Cape Town—Zambesi and Kongone Rivers — The *Ma-Robert*—Exploration of the Shiré—Murchison Falls—Lake Shirwa—Lake Nyassa — Decay of Barotse Empire — Universities' Mission — Slave trade — The *Lady Nyassa* — Deaths of Members of Universities' Mission, and of Mrs. Livingstone—Recall of expedition.

HEN Livingstone left England on the 10th of March 1858, his first object was to explore the Zambesi, its mouths and tributaries, with a view to their being used as highways on which commerce and Christianity might pass into the vast interior of Africa. More than ever now he believed in the possibilities of the continent, and he was eager to extend his knowledge of the geography, mineral and agricultural resources of East and Central Africa. He hoped that, by encouraging the natives to develop the resources of their country, the slave trade might be extinguished.

When Livingstone arrived at Cape Town, he

found himself in a position very different from that which he had previously occupied. A grand reception awaited him, and he was presented with eight hundred guineas for his expedition. Mrs. Livingstone left the ship to go to Kuruman, afterwards to join her husband on the Zambesi.

This great river has four mouths, and after examination the Kongone was found to be the best entrance. Passing up, they journeyed through twenty miles of mangrove jungle, teeming with life, and then, steaming up the main Zambesi to Simbo Island, they parted from the *Pearl*, finding its draught too great, and proceeded in the *Ma-Robert* to Teté.

Livingstone's first desire was to secure the services of his Makololo whom he had left there, and he received from them an enthusiastic welcome. From Teté three successive runs were made to the Kebrabasa Rapids, which were proved to be an effectual bar to the continuous navigation of the river. Livingstone could not sail over these whirling waters, and attributed his failure to the weakness of the *Ma-Robert's* machinery; he accordingly wrote home asking Government for a new steamer. The *Ma-Robert* proved a great disappointment in many ways. It burned too much fuel, and made so little progress that canoes could exceed it in speed, and, from the peculiar wheezing noise it made, was nicknamed the *Asthmatic*.

Pending the arrival of the new steamer hoped

for, Livingstone and Kirk explored the Shiré River, and hunted for the great lake which was reported to be its source. The first trip was made in 1859, when they ascended two hundred miles to some magnificent cataracts. To these, in remembrance of his friend, the distinguished geologist, Livingstone gave the name of Murchison Falls. The delight of threading the windings of a hitherto unexplored river, he tells us, must be felt to be appreciated. He found the country rich and fertile, and the natives not unfriendly though suspicious, as they feared he was a man-stealer.

Returning to Teté, to make preparations for an overland journey, Livingstone and Kirk again started for the Shiré in March of the same year. They landed at Chibisa's village, ten miles below the Cataracts, and, leaving the steamer, struck overland to the Great Lake. The result of this journey was the discovery of Lake Shirwa, a salt lake, only about eighty miles in length, at an elevation of eighteen hundred feet. It did not come up to their expectations.

In the middle of August, another effort was made to discover Lake Nyassa. They proceeded as before to Chibisa's village, and started overland, with thirty-six Makololo and two native guides. They ascended through the beautiful Shiré Highlands, passed Mount Zomba and Lake Shirwa, and were rewarded for their perseverance by finding the great Lake Nyassa on 16th September 1859. It was

a very important discovery, as the whole traffic of the regions beyond passed by this route. No long stay was made here, and they hastened back to Chibisa.

The region opened up was in many respects remarkable, as the land was fertile, and the products were most varied. The people were industrious, but too much given to indulgence in a kind of native beer. The climate in those highland regions is very bracing, and Livingstone was convinced that an appropriate place for commercial and mission stations was found. By this highway slaves were conveyed from the north and north-west to Zanzibar; and he felt sure that if a steamer were placed on Lake Nyassa by the British Government, it would do much to prevent this iniquitous traffic on land. Thus the idea of a British colony took possession of his mind.

Livingstone next resolved to explore the Zambesi. On arriving at Sesheke, he found Sekelutu ill with leprosy; but with the help of Dr. Kirk he was able to do him much temporary good. Thinking himself bewitched, this chief had offered human sacrifices. He had secluded himself from the world, and, greatly to Livingstone's regret, he found the great Barotse Empire crumbling to pieces, and the Makololo power passing away.

Leaving Sesheke in canoes to return to Teté on 17th September 1860, they approached the Kebrabasa Rapids; in attempting to navigate them Dr. Kirk nearly lost his life. After this alarming

experience, they landed and walked the rest of the way, arriving on the 23rd of November, having spent rather more than six months on the journey.

The next voyage was to Kongone; but on the way the *Ma-Robert* grounded on a sandbank, and, as she could not be floated off, had to be abandoned, and Livingstone and his party spent Christmas of 1860 on an island. By the kindly assistance of some Portuguese, they escaped from their unhappy position, and in canoes safely reached their destination. On 31st January the long-expected new steamer the *Pioneer* arrived. With her also came the agents of the Universities' Mission, Bishop Mackenzie, Mr. Burrup, and five other missionaries, to evangelise the tribes of the Shiré Valley and Nyassaland.

The missionary party were naturally anxious to proceed to Chibisa; but Livingstone determined to explore the Rovuma River, as the Portuguese were opposed to the free navigation of the Zambesi. By so doing he hoped to find this river navigable to Nyassaland, and not under their control.

Bishop Mackenzie accompanied him; but they could not proceed further than thirty miles, as the water was low, and the *Pioneer's* draught too great. Taking up the other missionaries, they entered the Zambesi, and passed rapidly up the Shiré. At Chibisa they heard of wars and rumours of wars, owing to slave raiding; but Bishop Mackenzie and the missionaries decided to accept the invitation of

a chief to settle at Magomero, among a very hostile people.

Livingstone left them there, carried his boat round the Murchison Cataracts, and passed on to Lake Nyassa. Here he found the slave trade rife to an extent which filled him with righteous indignation. Besides the natives actually captured, thousands were driven from their villages by the slave raiders, and died of wounds or hunger. Hundreds perished in the petty warfare carried on between tribes; and Livingstone writes: "The many skeletons we have seen, amongst rocks and woods, by the little pools, and along the paths of the wilderness, attest the awful sacrifice of human life." Nineteen thousand slaves from this region passed annually through the custom house at Zanzibar.

Feeling more and more assured of the necessity of an armed steamer on the lake, which, by exercising control, and furnishing goods in exchange for ivory and other products, would do much to put a stop to this nefarious traffic, Livingstone wrote home and ordered a vessel to be sent to him at his own expense. This cost £6000, and was sent with fresh supplies.

The *Pioneer* went to the mouth of the Zambesi to meet H.M.S. *Gorgon,* which brought Mrs. Livingstone, Miss Mackenzie, the bishop's sister, and the sections of the new boat.

On returning, they were met with the sad news of the deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup

from fever, which was followed by those of two other members of the mission. This was a terrible shock to all, and the bereaved ladies had to return home alone. Livingstone felt deeply grieved at the personal loss of his friends, but especially at the blow to his aspirations for forming a settlement of British civilisation on the Shiré. He felt in a way responsible for the fatal risks they had run.

Mrs. Livingstone accompanied her husband to Shupūnga, at the mouth of the Shiré; but three months after she too succumbed to fever, on 27th April 1862, and was buried under an immense baobab tree.

This overwhelming sorrow was almost more than Livingstone could bear; but he sought relief from his grief in work. Putting together his vessel, which he named the *Lady Nyassa*, he ascended the Rovuma for a hundred and sixty miles. He found it very narrow and full of rocks. The villages on its banks were desolated by the slave trade, and the waste of human life was so great, that the steamer sometimes could not proceed until the corpses sticking in the paddle-wheels were removed. The natives were hostile and quarrelsome, and Livingstone therefore determined to return to the Zambesi.

Ascending the Shiré, they reached the Murchison Falls, with the intention of walking round them, when all the party fell ill with fever, brought on by *worry, anxiety,* and *want of food.* Dr. Kirk had

to leave for England; but Livingstone, as soon as he felt better, resolved to go to Lake Nyassa.

Now, however, greatly to Livingstone's disappointment, the expedition was recalled, owing to the expense it entailed, and the friction with the Portuguese Government about the slave trade which it encouraged. Being unable to take the *Pioneer* to the sea till the floods of December, he seized the opportunity to go again to Lake Nyassa to obtain information about the various slave routes, and eventually reached Kota-Kota, where he was kindly received by the Arabs who had a settlement there.

To his bitter regret, Livingstone had now to return. He was much troubled because he had not been able to place the *Lady Nyassa* on the lake, and establish a mission station there; and it was with a determination to return in a few months to complete his work, that he turned his face homewards. The mouth of the Zambesi was reached on 13th February 1864, this expedition having taken six years.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Mozambique—Bombay—London—Visit to the Highlands—"The Zambesi and its tributaries"—Portuguese hatred—Death of mother—Last speech in Scotland—Starts for Africa—Sale of *Lady Nyassa* at Bombay—Escort—Death of favourite dog.

N reaching the mouth of the Zambesi, Livingstone found there two of H.M. ships, *Orestes* and *Ariel*. By these the *Pioneer* and *Lady Nyassa* were taken in tow, and brought to Mozambique. The voyage thither was one of the most dangerous Livingstone ever made, as on the way a cyclone raged with terrible fury. The *Pioneer* was delivered over on arrival as being Her Majesty's property; but Livingstone was so delighted with the conduct of his own little vessel during her late experience, that he determined to sail in her to Zanzibar. From thence he started in her to cross the Indian Ocean for Bombay.

This voyage was a most perilous undertaking, for the break of the monsoon occurred at that

time of year. But Livingstone, undeterred by the risk, set out on the 30th of April to sail 2500 miles over an ocean which he had never crossed, hoping to reach India in eighteen days. Through stress of weather they were forty-five days at sea, and very nearly perished from want of food and water.

On his arrival at Bombay, Sir Bartle Frere, the governor, showed him every attention. He visited the mission both there and at Poona. After storing his little vessel, he departed for England, more than ever resolved to return to Africa, to establish a mission station beyond the power of the Portuguese, and to expose the atrocious slave trading carried on by their Government.

Livingstone arrived in London on 23rd July 1864. On the same day he hastened to call on Sir Roderick Murchison, who immediately bore him off to a reception at Lord Palmerston's. Here he met with a not too cordial welcome; but the great British public made him a popular hero, and the lion of the season.

Staying only a week in London, he left for Scotland to see his mother and his children. After a short stay with them, he went to pay a visit to the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray—"the most delightful I ever paid"—and made a tour through the Highlands, not forgetting Ulva, the birthplace of his father. The Highlanders everywhere claimed him as their own; "they cheered me," he writes to a friend, "as a man and a brother."

Wherever he went, he was welcomed with enthusiasm, and pleased all by the modest, deprecating way in which he received the applause which never failed to greet him.

In the autumn Livingstone began to write his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries.* It was written at Newstead Abbey, Byron's old home, and then that of Livingstone's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Webb. At first he had refused their invitation, on the score of having his book to write; but on their including his daughter Agnes in their invitation, promising to set apart the Sussex Tower for his necessary seclusion, he accepted. His stay lasted eight months, and a very happy time it must have been for our hero, after his long and toilsome journeyings of six years.

Livingstone now turned his thoughts to the future. He had delivered a lecture on Africa to the British Association at Bath, in which he had given great offence to the Portuguese. They, in reply, attributed to him many base motives, namely, that under pretext of spreading the gospel, and promoting geography and natural science, his object was to cause the loss of the commerce of the interior to the Portuguese, and, in the end, that of their provinces. He knew that his new book would enrage them still more, and that all his future operations must be carried on outside their territory.

Most of Livingstone's associates in his Zambesi expedition had their services recognised in a sub-

stantial way by Government; but Livingstone himself seems to have been passed over. Mr. Hayward, Q.C., while on a visit to Newstead Abbey, conveyed a vague verbal message from Lord Palmerston, expressing a desire to know what he could do for Livingstone; but nothing came of this. So single-hearted was he, that the idea of a pension or title never entered his mind, and he declined to have anything done on his behalf, unless it were the conclusion of a treaty with Portugal for the opening up of the Zambesi.

Sir Roderick Murchison about this time suggested Livingstone's return to the exploration of Africa. On behalf of the Geographical Society, he was anxious that he should go out purely as an explorer, to determine finally the watershed[1] of Southern Africa, the missing link of the great geographical puzzle. He proposed that he should start from the mouth of the Rovuma, and so get to Lake Tanganyika, and perhaps reach the White Nile to the north. Livingstone willingly assented, but replied,—"I could only feel in the way of duty by working as a missionary."

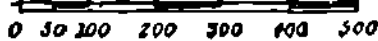
In June, a telegram reached him at Oxford, announcing his mother's death; "so it happened," he writes, "I was not there to pay the last tribute to

[1] The watershed, or water parting, of a continent may be described as a more or less central range of mountains or lofty uplands, from either slope of which the rivers flow down to the sea. A simple illustration is to be seen whenever a rain shower falls on a house roof.

STH. AFRICA,

Illustrating Dr. Livingstone's Early Travels.

Scale of English Miles.



Dr. Livingstone's Route shown thus........

a dear, good mother." A few days later, he addressed the boys at the school which his son Oswald attended, and his last words publicly spoken in Scotland were to them: "Fear God, and work hard."

Livingstone's arrangements with the Government and Geographical Society were completed early in August. Each of them gave him £500, and his friend Mr. James Young, of paraffin fame, £1000, for an expedition, estimated to last two years. The terms were not generous; but, being too proud to complain, he determined to sell the *Lady Nyassa* at Bombay to make up deficiencies. This he did for £2300, though it had cost him £6000. The money was invested in the shares of an Indian bank, which most unfortunately failed a year or two afterwards.

Livingstone reached Bombay on 11th September 1865, and had a cordial welcome from Sir Bartle Frere. After a pleasant stay of four months, during which he lectured on behalf of his enterprise, and made some delightful excursions, he started for Zanzibar, which was reached on 28th January 1866. He brought with him thirteen sepoys and nine boys from the Nassick Mission. These latter he hoped to utilise in the opening up of Africa.

At Zanzibar he was detained for two months, waiting for a vessel to take him to the mouth of the Rovuma. At last the *Penguin* came, and he embarked with his party of followers, to whom had been added ten Johanna men and six others.

Livingstone also took with him camels, tame buffaloes, mules, and donkeys, to see whether they would resist the tsetse fly, and stand the African climate. A faithful poodle completed his stock, and a most engaging little beast it seems to have been; thoroughly alive to the importance of the expedition and its own responsibilities. This pet, whose coat had been burnt brown by the African sun, was drowned in crossing a swollen river in the following year, to the great grief of its master.

CHAPTER XII.

HARDSHIPS AND DISASTERS.

Rovuma River—Troubles by the way—Desertion of Johanna men—Report of death — Search expedition under Mr. Young — His opinion of Livingstone's character — "Dripping forest and oozing bogs" — "Tippoo-Tib" — Lakes Moero and Bangweolo—Cazembe—Kindness of Arabs—Ujiji—Lake Tanganyika — Manyŭema country — Luamo River—Massacre at Nyangwe—Ujiji again—Stanley.

LTHOUGH Livingstone knew so well the difficulties and dangers of exploring, he seems to have started on this fresh journey with unabated eagerness. "The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild unexplored country" to him was very great.

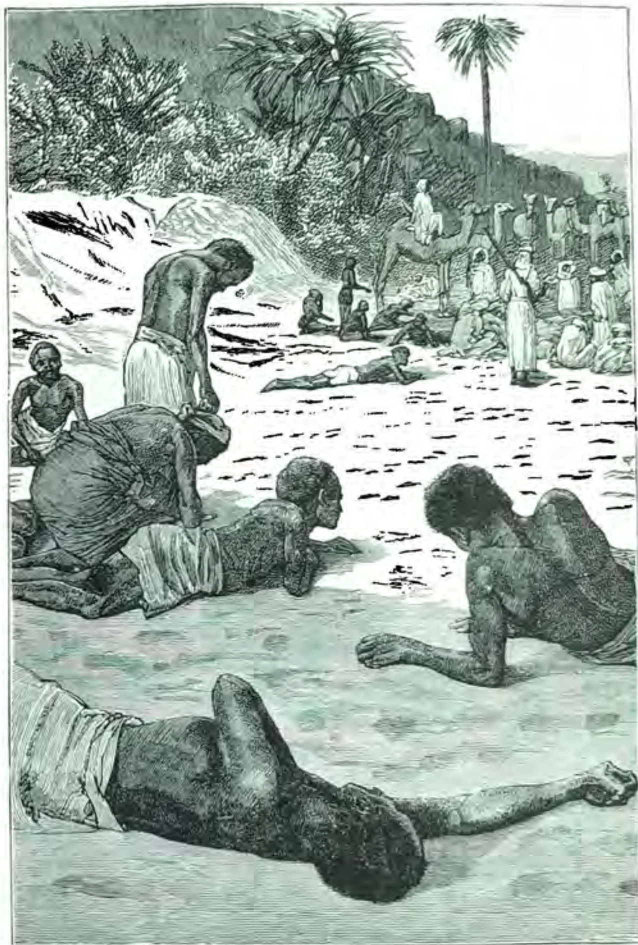
On the 4th of April 1866, he and his party started for the Rovuma, with the intention of penetrating to Lake Nyassa. They marched along its north bank to Mtarika in the Yao country, and thence south-westwards, to avoid marauding Zulus, to Mtaka, the town of an important Yao chief, who dwelt near the south-east coast of Lake Nyassa.

The way was very toilsome, through miles of dense forest and jungle, which had to be cut through at every step; the natives were not unfriendly, but food was scarce.

Livingstone's troubles were not long in beginning. The Johanna men were thieves. The Nassick boys proved most troublesome, and the animals got bitten by the tsetse fly, and died by the way. But what vexed and annoyed Livingstone more than anything was the brutal cruelty of the Sepoys to the camels. Their conduct became so intolerable, that at Mataka Livingstone paid them off and sent them back to the coast.

As they advanced, the horrors of the slave trade presented themselves in their most terrible form. Women were found dead tied to trees, or lying on the path shot or stabbed, and many of those who had been abandoned were found by Livingstone on the road, left to die with the galling forks of the heavy "slave-sticks" still clipping their necks.

Leaving Mataka on 29th July, they reached Lake Nyassa on the 8th of August 1866. The place seemed to Livingstone like an old familiar friend. Here he rested, and wrote up his journal and observations. Being unable to reach the other side, they marched round the southern end of the lake, crossed the Shiré, and passed "into a land full of fear and dread." Now the great geographical question had to be grappled with; it fascinated Livingstone, for he had a strong impres-



HALT OF A SLAVE CARAVAN.

sion that the real sources of the Nile were far higher than any former traveller supposed.

At the settlement of Mponda, a Mohammedanised chief, they rested before travelling over a mountainous district to Marenga, where troubles awaited them. Rumours that the country in front was being raided by Angoni Zulus, so alarmed the Johanna men that they fled; but, nothing daunted, our brave traveller pressed forward.

At Zanzibar the deserters spread a report that Livingstone was dead, which report was forwarded to England; but it was not believed, because of some discrepancies in the story. However, the Geographical Society sent out a search expedition on the 25th of July 1867, under Mr. E. D. Young, formerly gunner of the *Pioneer*, who returned in eight months with the welcome news that Livingstone had passed on towards the north-west in good health and spirits.

Mr. Young writes of Livingstone: "His frank, open-hearted generosity, combined with a constant jocular way in treating with the natives, carries him through all. True, it is nothing but the most iron bravery which enables a man thus to move amongst difficulties and dangers with a smile on his face, instead of a haggard, careworn, or even a suspicious look. Certain it is, also, that wherever he has passed, the natives are only too anxious to see other Englishmen, and in this way we must crown him King of African explorers."

A load was lifted off the public mind; the whole

British nation rejoiced at the good news, and the newspapers fully testified to the nobility of Livingstone's character, and the importance of his work. This was in March 1868, and after that a veil of darkness descended, and nothing more was heard of him for a very long time.

In the meantime, Livingstone, with his greatly reduced party, had crossed the "Kirk Mountains," and pursued a zigzag track north-westwards through the Matshewa country to the Loangwa River, which they reached on 16th December 1866. Meeting with no hindrance on the way, they passed through the Babisa country, which, as the rainy season had commenced, was springing into life and beauty, and proceeded towards Lake Tanganyika. Over the Babisa Mountains they went to the Chambesi River. On the 20th of January 1867, a most serious disaster happened to Livingstone. His men through carelessness lost his medicine chest. This terrible blow "gnawed at his heart," for now he had no safeguard from illness.

Crossing the Chambesi, the land beyond seemed a vast sponge from the incessant rain, and the dense matted vegetation under foot. Livingstone describes this country in the wet season of the year as being "dripping forest and oozing bogs." The Ulungu country was then entered, and on the first of April 1867, Livingstone came within sight of Lake Tanganyika. The scenery was remarkably beautiful and peaceful.

Going westwards to the Lofu, Livingstone met a large party of Arabs, who were friendly. Owing to war, he was forcibly detained at this place for three months, and the rest did much to improve his health, which for some time had been very unsatisfactory. It was in this place that he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Arab, Tippoo-Tib, afterwards known as the friend of other African explorers, and as the great slave raider of the Upper Congo.

Livingstone's object was to find Lake Moero, which might prove a solution to the geographical difficulty; and, the war being over, he passed through Itawa with the Arabs, and reached its shores on 8th November 1867. However, he had heard of another lake to the south, Bangweolo, which must be explored. In vain his men remonstrated with him, and all but five refused to go on. Although without letters from home for two years, and longing to turn northwards to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he would get both letters and supplies, he went forward.

Turning southwards, he entered the land of Cazembe, which proved to be pleasant and fertile. The chief had not a very reassuring appearance, nor did the sight of human skeletons at his gate, and subjects with lopped hands and cropped ears, suggest security. His eyes had an outward squint, and they smiled but once a day, when an uncouth dwarf of the height of three feet nine inches performed antics before him. A shudder must have

run through Livingstone when the executioner came forward to look at him, bearing a broad Lunda sword and a curious scissor-like instrument for cropping ears. He noticed many people of respectability had undergone this barbarous punishment.

Still hankering after Lake Moero, Livingstone retraced his steps in order to explore its shores, and started again in the spring for Lake Bangweolo, which he discovered on 18th July 1868—"a splendid piece of water." He explored its upper part, then rejoined the Arabs and re-entered Itawa. At Kebwabwata he was detained for some time through illness. Reflecting much on the problem of the sources of the Nile, it struck him that possibly the two great lakes which he had found to the west of Lake Tanganyika, and the great river that flows through them, might possibly prove to be the Upper Nile. The Arabs who lived with Livingstone at this time were all kindness and cordiality. He had so endeared himself to them, that out of consideration for his feelings, they even refrained from slave raiding.

At last, after much delay, Livingstone found himself bound for Ujiji on 11th December 1868, under an escort of Arabs, but in very bad health. He laboured on in pain and distressing weakness. Finally he had to consent to being carried on a kind of litter, where, with his face poorly protected from the sun, he was jolted up and down sideways, without medicine or food for an invalid; his constant prayer being, that he might be able to hold

THE GORILLA.

out until he got to Ujiji, where he expected to find medicine, letters, and supplies.

On 14th March 1869 that long-looked-for haven was reached, but he found, to complete his trials, that the goods he expected had been made away with in every direction, and the medicines, wine, and cheese had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days distant. Between the two places a war was raging, so that no communication was possible.

Livingstone immediately wrote to Zanzibar for fresh supplies, and, after resting for a few weeks, set out to explore the Manyŭema country—where the people were supposed to be cannibals—and the River Lualaba, hoping that in a few months the question of the watershed would be answered, and his work accomplished.

Though still very weak, he set out on 12th July 1869, crossed Lake Tanganyika, and joined a party of Arabs bound for Bambarré, the capital of the country. After resting, he went westwards to the Luamo River, and reached to within ten miles of its confluence with the Lualaba, but as he found it impossible to secure canoes for navigation, he had to return to Bambarré.

The country was surpassingly beautiful, with very tall palms and trees, which had climbers as thick as cables, and fruit as large as a child's head. Strange birds and monkeys abounded; and Livingstone made the acquaintance of the Gorilla, called by the natives the Soko, which occasionally manifests

a nasty habit of biting off the fingers and toes of its would-be captor. The people were very industrious, and made cloth of grass, which they dyed bright red. Ivory was so abundant in the country, that huts were erected on ivory stanchions, and were often adorned with pillars of the same. The Arabs had partially revealed to them the value of this commodity, but it was still very cheap. The destruction of elephants must have been prodigious, for it was then calculated that forty-four thousand elephants had to be killed to supply the English market in one year, and large quantities of ivory went to India, China, and America.

The Manyŭemas were a fine handsome race, and commanded a high price in the slave market. A doti, or four yards of calico, was given for a man, three for a woman, and two for a boy or girl.

From Bambarré Livingstone set out in a northerly direction to find the Lualaba; but his health was extremely bad, and the difficulties of the way were terrible. Fallen trees breast high and flooded rivers made progress a perpetual struggle, and, having irritating sores on his feet, he had to limp back to Bambarré, where he was forced to remain in his hut for eighty days to recover. During his forced detentions he made copious and valuable notes of all he saw, and read the Bible through four times. Hearing that letters and supplies were on their way from Zanzibar, he waited still longer till the messengers, who were Banian slaves, arrived. They

brought with them one letter. Forty had been lost. In subsequent marches, as may be supposed, they proved the most trying and inefficient of helpers. With all those delays it was the 16th of February before Livingstone started for the Lualaba, which he reached on 29th March. At Nyangwe, on its banks, he was the horrified witness of a massacre of Manyŭema women in the market-place. Heart-sick with the awful scene, he resolved on 20th July 1871 to return to Ujiji, a distance of six hundred miles. The route led him among some of the most thorough-going cannibals in the world, and the most ghastly scenes of warfare. Harassing attacks by hostile tribes were frequent, and three times in one day Livingstone escaped a violent death. The journey through primeval forests, swamps, jungles, and mud waist-deep, was at last accomplished, and he arrived, after five and a half years' travelling, at Ujiji on 23rd October 1871, a very skeleton, with feet sore and bleeding, to find that his stores had been all sold off, and that not a single yard of calico remained!

In the sorest need and the deepest dejection, glad tidings were brought to him, five days later, that an Englishman was coming, carrying the American flag, and with a fully-equipped caravan.

This was Henry M. Stanley, who had been sent by Mr. J. G. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, "to find Dr. Livingstone, living or dead."

CHAPTER XIII.

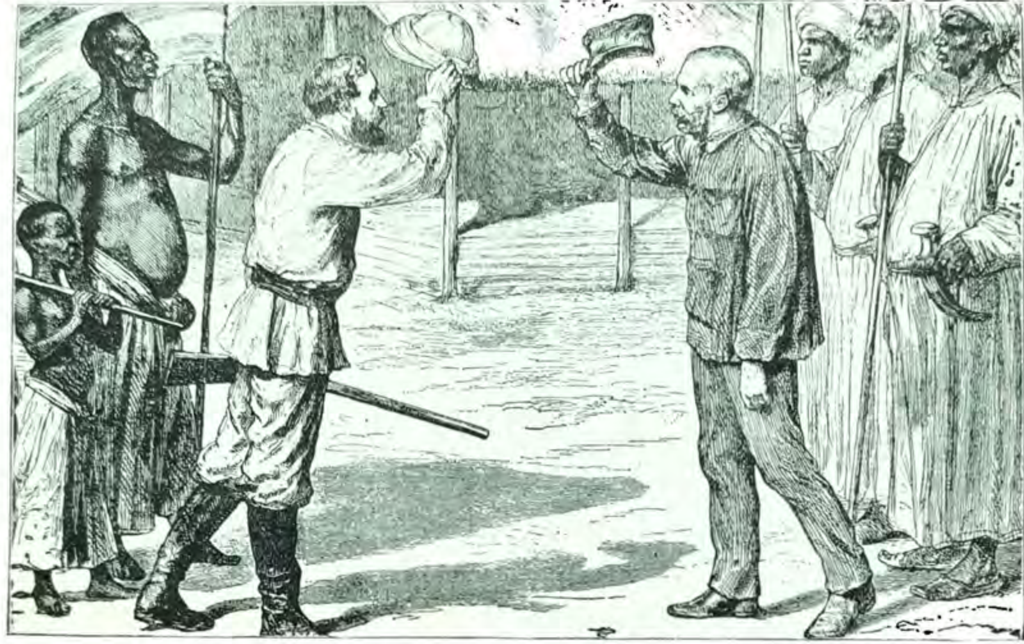
LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

Meeting of Livingstone and Stanley — Livingstone's retentive memory—Sunday morning at Ujiji—Cruise of Lake Tanganyika—Stanley ill with fever—The Rusizi River—Christmas Day at Ujiji—Unyamyembe—Stanley's farewell to Livingstone.

N 28th October 1871, having arrived within a few hundred yards of Ujiji, Stanley caused a volley of nearly fifty guns to be fired, which, re-echoing through that silent country, attracted crowds of natives, who, in the wildest state of excitement, marched with him through the village.

Here, in the very heart of Africa, Livingstone and Stanley met, and as the circumstances of their meeting is memorable in history, I shall describe it in Stanley's words:—

"I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of a semicircle of Arabs, in



THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.

front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; would have embraced him, only he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing — walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said—

"'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

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

"I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud—

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

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

Then the two brave men retired into the doctor's *tembe*, and conversation began, but Stanley could not recollect what it was all about.

"I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he bore, were all imparting intelligence to me — the knowledge I

craved for so much ever since I heard the words, 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.' What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

"Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details—lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into vast proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds."

And Stanley, too, had wonderful things to relate.

"The news," says Livingstone, "which he had to tell me, who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe, made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend; the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting a thousand pounds for

supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had been dormant in Manyŭema."

As Stanley went on, Livingstone kept saying, "You have brought me new life — you have brought me new life."

The Arabs, to show their goodwill, sent in their best dishes of food: curried chicken, stewed goat's flesh and rice, hot-hashed meat, cakes, and pancakes; and the two bronzed travellers dined right royally.

Stanley quickly learned to appreciate and admire Livingstone's character, and, writing of him later on, he says:

"In Livingstone I have seen many amiable traits. His gentleness never forsakes him; his hopefulness never deserts him. No harassing anxieties, distraction of mind, long separation from home or kindred, can make him complain. He thinks 'all will come out right at last,' he has such faith in the goodness of Providence. The sport of adverse circumstances, the plaything of the miserable beings sent to him from Zanzibar—he has been baffled and worried, even almost to the grave, yet he will not desert the charge imposed upon him by his friend Sir Roderick Murchison. To the stern dictates of duty alone he has sacrificed his home and ease, the pleasures, refinements, and luxuries of civilised life. His is the Spartan heroism, the inflexibility of the Roman, the enduring resolution of the Anglo-Saxon — never to

relinquish his work, though his heart yearns for home; never to surrender his obligations until he can write FINIS to his work. There is a good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone which was not lost on me. Whenever he began to laugh, there was a contagion about it that compelled me to imitate him."

Another thing which specially attracted Stanley's attention was Livingstone's wonderfully retentive memory. Deprived of books, through years of travel in Africa, he yet could recite whole poems from Byron, Burns, Tennysou, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell.

Stanley also speaks of Livingstone's religion as neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifesting itself in a quiet practical way, and always at work. In Livingstone, religion exhibited its loveliest features: it governed his conduct towards all who came in contact with him; and through his uniform kindness, and mild, pleasant temper, he won all hearts. Universal was the respect that was paid him.

Every Sunday morning at Ujiji, Livingstone gathered his little flock around him, and read prayers and a chapter from the Bible in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone; and afterwards delivered a short address in the Kisawahili language about the subject read to them, which was listened to with evident interest and attention.

With rest, good food, and cheerful companion-

ship, Livingstone's health was quickly restored, and soon the old traveller was anxious to be up and away; but he had neither supplies nor men. His great desire had been to find out whether the Lualaba was the western source of the Nile, but, when within one hundred miles of solving the difficulty, he had had to retrace his steps through the defection of his men.

Stanley strongly urged Livingstone to return to England for the sake of his health; but he still desired to finish his task, and, after much discussion and careful consideration, it was arranged that Livingstone should accompany Stanley to Unyamyembe. Here the latter would deliver up a large supply of first-class cloth and beads, guns and ammunition, cooking utensils, clothing, boats, tents, etc., to Livingstone, who was to wait there and rest, while Stanley hurried down to the coast to organise a new expedition, composed of fifty or sixty faithful men, well armed, by whom he could send an additional supply of necessaries.

Before carrying out these arrangements, the two friends took a little cruise together on Lake Tanganyika, which Livingstone called "a picnic."

They started with the boats fully manned, and found the lake calm; its waters were of a dark green colour, which reflected the blue sky above. The hills around were beautifully wooded, and clothed with green grass, while countless blossoming trees and shrubs exhaled an indescribably sweet fragrance.

Numbers of fishing settlements nestled at the base of those hills, in groves of palms and plantains, banyans and mimosa, with cassava gardens to the right and left, and patches of luxuriant grain. Fish was abundant, and the busy housewives contributed plenty of dourra, Indian corn, and other grain, besides ground-nuts or pea-nuts and sweet potatoes. The palm trees yielded oil, and the plantains an abundance of delicious fruit.

Nature had abundantly blessed the natives of this garden of Eden, and accordingly their sufferings would be all the keener by contrast, when they were driven across the dreary plain from such homes as these, to be sold by the Arabs, and taken to Zanzibar and slavery!

This journey was keenly enjoyed by the two white men, in spite of troubles which were inevitable in such a country. The natives were several times hostile and inhospitable; they could not keep their thievish fingers off what was to the travellers valuable and indispensable property; and palm toddy was more than once imbibed too freely by the crews. Stanley also suffered from fever at Makamba; but he tells us he did not much regret its occurrence, since he became the recipient of so much tender and fatherly kindness from his new friend, whose heart was "essentially all goodness."

From this village they struck a diagonal course to Mugihawa, at the extreme north of the lake, and discovered that the Rusizi River flowed *into* the

lake, not out of it. Although no outlet had yet been found, Livingstone retained his firm belief in the existence of one.

Returning slowly, they reached Ujiji on 12th December 1871, after a voyage of twenty-eight days, during which they had traversed three hundred miles of water.

Livingstone at once set about writing up his journal and many letters, while Stanley prepared the expedition for its return march to Unyamyembe. They resolved that Christmas Day should be kept as at home, with a good feast. So they interviewed the cook, and tried to instil into his mind something of the importance of the occasion.

Fat broad-tailed sheep, goats, zogga and pombe, eggs, fresh milk, plantains, cornflour, fish, sweet potatoes, etc., etc., were procured from the Ujiji market, but, alas! the roast was spoiled and the custard burned, and the dinner had to be pronounced a failure.

Two days later they started for Unyamyembe, and arrived safely, after a long and toilsome march, on the 18th of February 1872. Stanley used every possible argument, as before, to induce Livingstone to return home with him, but without avail. The latter was determined to finish his work, which he thought would only take about eighteen months, and then—but not till then—return home to rest. The parting was therefore inevitable.

Stanley writes: "At dawn we were up. The bales and baggage were taken outside, and the men prepared themselves for their first march homewards. We had a sad breakfast together."

Livingstone accompanied his friend for a distance, and on the walk he once more told his plans, and it was settled that men should be hired for two years from arrival at Unyamyembe.

"Now, my dear Doctor, the best friends must part. You have come far enough."

"Well, I will say this to you: you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know. And I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell!"

"Farewell!"

"We wrung each other's hands, and I had to tear myself away before I was unmanned."

This was Livingstone's last sight of a white man, and he the only one he had talked to for nearly six years. For four months and four days Stanley had lived in the closest contact with Livingstone, and had proved him a noble, true companion, "and never a fault in him."

Before returning to England, Stanley despatched to Livingstone a carefully-picked body of men, with plenty of supplies.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST JOURNEY—DEATH.

Writing at Unyamyembe—Livingstone starts off again—Illness—Lake Tanganyika—Lake Bangweolo—Constant rain—Plunging through swamps and sponges—Illness of Livingstone—Increasing weakness—Ilala—Death.

LIVINGSTONE found those five months of waiting at Unyamyembe for the men Stanley was to send to him, very trying; but in that time he made many useful notes, mostly delightful jottings of natural history. He also visited the sick, and exerted his good influences on those around him.

About the middle of August 1872 the escort arrived, consisting of fifty-seven men and boys, several of whom had gone with Stanley to Zanzibar; and on the 25th, eager as ever, the brave old traveller started on his last journey, with the best equipped expedition that had ever yet accompanied him. To Jacob Wainwright, a native lad, who was

well educated, we owe the particulars of the last eight months of Livingstone's career.

A few days of marching served to show how utterly unfit Livingstone was for the journey. He was now sixty years of age, and his health permanently shattered. There are constant entries in his diary, from September 15th, of grave dysenteric symptoms, while the pain he suffered at times was frightful. Sometimes for eight days he would not be able to touch solid food, and his consequent weakness was distressing.

We find him in October passing through Fipa and Ulungu, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. The country was gently undulating, with many old gardens and watchhouses; but war was raging over much of the district, adding greatly to the dangers and difficulties of the march, and the people were unwilling to sell them food.

On 11th November Livingstone reached the River Kalambo, and, striking inland, he marched over low sandstone ranges to Zombe's town on the Halochéché River. All the way the villages were strongly stockaded.

He then turned south and west through level, wooded country, and marched to the Kolongosi River, which flows into Lake Moero. Crossing this stream and the mountains beyond, Livingstone and his men descended into the marshy region of Lake Bangweolo. Here the journey became terrible. The rainy season was at its height, and the land

was one vast swamp from four to six feet deep in water. The natives were hostile, and food was so scarce that the people of the country lived on mushrooms, leaves, roots, and grubs. One reads in Livingstone's diary of the grey leaden skies, constant rain, and the oozy spongy soil of the unhealthy villages, with their filthy huts. Sickness was rife among the men, and progress was very slow. Mosquitoes swarmed, as well as poisonous spiders and stinging ants.

"His men speak of the march as one continual plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents, and the necessity for using canoes. The effect of all this on a man reduced in strength, and suffering from dysentery, may be well conceived! It is probable that, had Dr. Livingstone been at the head of a hundred Europeans, every man would have been down within the next fortnight. As it is, we cannot but admire the little band of natives who followed him. They must have been well led, and under the most thorough control, to endure those marches at all, "for nothing cows the African so much as rain." The experiences of 9th January 1873, as extracted from Livingstone's diary, may be taken as a specimen of the hardships every one had to undergo,—hardships which were rapidly breaking down Livingstone's powers of endurance.

"Mosumba of Chungu.—After an hour we

crossed the rivulet and sponge of Nkulumuna, one hundred feet of rivulet and two hundred yards of flood, besides some two hundred yards of sponge, full and running off. We then, after another hour, crossed the large river Lopopozi by a bridge, which was forty-five feet long, and showed the deep water; then one hundred yards of flood thigh-deep, and two hundred or three hundred yards of sponge. After this we crossed two rills called Linkañda and their sponges; the rills in flood ten or twelve feet broad, thigh-deep. After crossing the last, we came near the Mosumba, and received a message to build our sheds in the forest, which we did."

It was through such a country that our sick and suffering hero wended his way round the eastern border of Lake Bangweolo. His old passion for natural history survived through all his difficulties; and we read of aqueous plants, caterpillars that after eating plants ate one another, and were such clumsy swimmers; of fish with hook-shaped lower jaws, that fed on plants as they swam; of the cooing of doves and screaming of eagles, etc. On the 4th of April the Chambesi was crossed, thence he kept along the southern shore, feeling himself to be growing weaker day by day—literally dying on his feet of physical pain and exhaustion.

From the middle of April Livingstone was so ill that a palanquin had to be made to carry him, in agony and excessive weakness. He evidently did not anticipate a fatal end to his illness, for the last

entry in his diary, written on the banks of the Molilamo on 27th April, was: "Knocked up quite, and remain . . . recover. Sent to buy milch goats." Milk was the only sustenance he could take; but the Zulu raiders had swept away all the flocks. Poor Livingstone, as he lay sick, thought he could eat some millet-seed pounded up with ground-nuts. It was the worst possible food for him; but he was unable to take it when brought.

The 29th of April was the last day of Livingstone's travels. When ready to start, not being able to stand, a side of the hut had to be taken down, so that the kitanda could be brought close to the bed. Through swamps and floods they carried him, suffering such agony from the motion that frequent halts had to be made.

On arriving at Chitambo's village, Ilala, his bearers laid him down in drizzling rain, until a hut could be hastily prepared. Inside, the bed was raised from the floor upon a platform of sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut. In the bay were deposited the bales and boxes; one of the latter serving as a table, on which were placed the medicine chest and other articles. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door; while a boy slept just within, to attend to his master's wants.

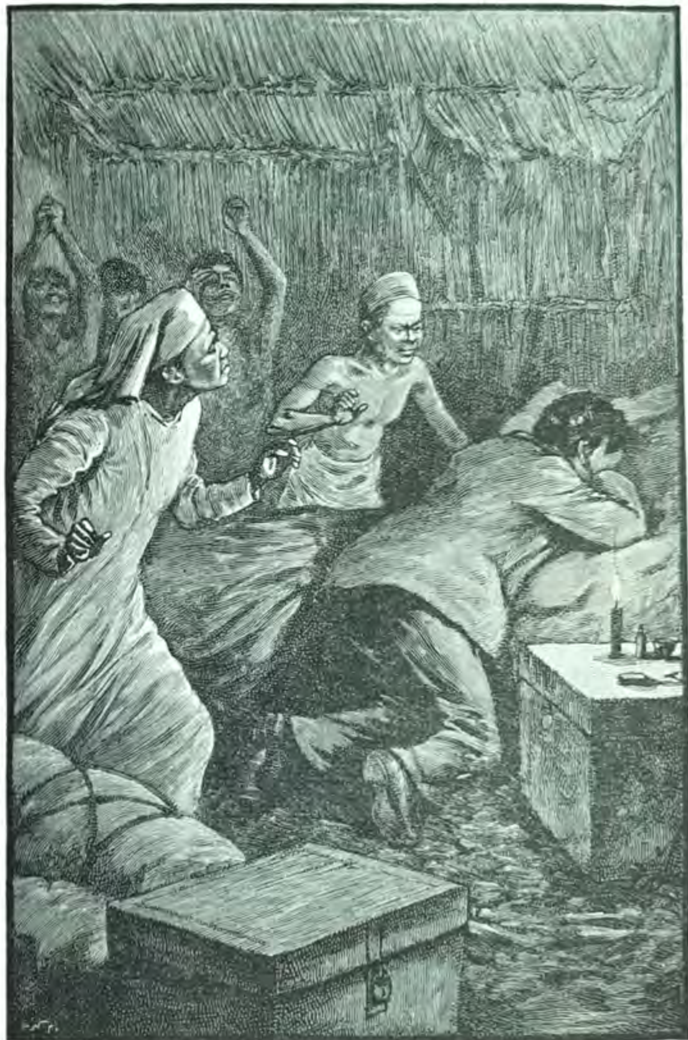
The next day Livingstone lay undisturbed. He asked a few wandering questions about the country,

especially about the Lŭapula. His people realised by this time that he was dying. About midnight of the 30th April, Susi, his faithful attendant, was summoned.

Mr. Waller has told us of Livingstone's death, as recounted by Susi and Chumah in the following words:—"On coming to him, he was told to boil some water; which he did. Calling him close, Livingstone asked him to bring his medicine chest, and to hold the candle near him—for the man noticed his master could hardly see. With great difficulty Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place at his side; then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, 'All right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was heard to speak.

"It must have been about four A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Bwana —I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Manyaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside, they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move, that I fear he is dead.' They asked



THE DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

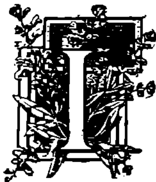
the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure it was some considerable time.

"The men drew nearer. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold: David Livingstone was dead."

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Devotion of servants — The inventory — Native lamentation — Embalming of Livingstone's body—Journey homewards—Search party at Unyamyembe—Strategy of servants—Safe arrival at Zanzibar — Body sent to England — Burial in Westminster Abbey—David Livingstone's life-work.



IT was with sad hearts that his faithful followers laid Livingstone tenderly upon his bed; then, carefully covering him, they withdrew to consult together as to what should be done. Nothing speaks more highly for the devotion and courage of the African, than the conduct of this little band at such a crisis; their leader gone from them without a parting word, and at the farthest point from home. Unanimously they agreed to convey the precious remains to Zanzibar, and deliver them over to the British Consul there. Such a decision, after all they had endured up to this time, was brave beyond praise.

As soon as day dawned, a careful survey of

Livingstone's possessions was taken, and Jacob Wainwright, who could write, took notes to serve as an inventory. All agreed that Chitambo must not know of Livingstone's decease, lest he should impose such a heavy fine that it would leave them insufficient means to reach the coast. The secret leaked out, nevertheless; but the chief behaved with the greatest consideration, and allowed them to build a hut outside the village for the reception of the white man's remains. He also suggested that due honour should be paid to his memory, and the customary mourning was arranged.

Accompanied by his wives, and at the head of his people, Chitambo visited the hut. He was dressed in a broad red cloth, which covered his shoulders, while the wrapping of native cotton cloth round the waist fell down to his ankles. Everybody carried bows, arrows, and spears. Two drummers swelled the loud chorus of lamentation; while Livingstone's servants, according to the custom of the Portuguese and Arabs, discharged volley after volley in the air.

In order to convey the body to Zanzibar, it was necessary first to embalm it, and as one of the men had been in the employment of a doctor, and had gained some knowledge on the subject, it was resolved that the operation should be carried out. The hut was now erected, and so constructed as to be open to the air at the top, but sufficiently strong to defy the attacks of wild beasts. Around

this enclosure the men raised their huts; and, finally, a high palisade was constructed round the entire settlement.

On the following day, the men, provided with a large quantity of salt, which they had bought for sixteen strings of beads, and with some brandy found among Livingstone's stores, performed their task. The body was frightfully emaciated, with hardly a drop of blood in it. The internal parts were placed in a tin box, over which Jacob Wainwright read the burial service; and the heart, which had beat so loyally for Africa, was buried where Livingstone would have liked best—in her soil.

For fourteen days the body was dried in the sun, having its position changed once a day, during which time the men by turns kept vigilant guard. After being wrapped in calico, it was encased in a large piece of bark, in the shape of a cylinder, stripped from the myonga tree. Sail-cloth was sewed over this; and the package was lashed to a pole, so that it could be carried by two men. A cross was erected above the spot where lay that noble heart; and then the homeward march began.

It was a serious undertaking, for the health of all was impaired by recent hardships, and the superstitious dread of the natives for a dead body had to be reckoned with; but the men loyally determined to protect their master's body at all hazards, and see it safely delivered up.

Their intention was, by making a circuit of the

lake, to reach the Luapula, cross it, and gain the south end of Lake Tanganyika; after which their road to the coast would lie through a tolerably well-known country. They met, however, with many difficulties; and at Chawende, in the Wa-Ussi country, to the west of Lake Bangweolo, they had a sharp encounter with the natives.

Reaching the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika, to avoid waste of time, they struck out across the Fipa country near Lake Rukwa. Marching was now much easier, and Wanyamwesi was entered on 20th October 1873.

When friends in England had been apprised of Livingstone's determination to penetrate still further into the interior of Africa, they were greatly concerned, and the Royal Geographical Society sent out a second search-party. His old friend, Mr. James Young, sent another to go to the west coast, start from Loanda, strike the Congo, and move on to Lake Lincoln.

Thus it came about that at the settlement of Kwihara, near Tabora, the brave little band, preceded by the Union Jack and red colours of Zanzibar, found the relief party under Lieutenants Cameron and Murphy and Dr. Dillon. The Englishmen heard the sad news of Livingstone's death with deep regret, and Lieutenant Murphy joined the men on their way to Zanzibar, for they would on no account give up their charge, nor listen to a proposal to bury their master's remains

in Africa. Lieutenant Cameron declared it to be too great a risk to take the body through the Ugogo country.

At Kasekéra their passage was objected to by the natives. On consultation, however, a plan was hit upon to deceive the villagers, by feigning they had given up the attempt to carry the body to Zanzibar, and intended to send it back to Unyamyembe to be buried there.

Unobserved, the men removed the corpse of their master from the package in which it had been conveyed, and buried the case of bark. Susi and Chuma then went into the wood, stripped off a fresh length of bark, in which the remains were placed, and the whole wrapped round with calico in such a manner as to resemble an ordinary bale. This was then deposited with the rest of the goods.

They next gathered a faggot of mapira sticks, cutting them in lengths of six feet or so, and swathing them round with cloth to imitate a dead body about to be buried; and six trustworthy men were told off with the supposed corpse to Unyamyembe.

With due solemnity the men set out — the superstitious villagers only too glad to see the last of them. When beyond all chance of detection, they undid the bundle of sticks, disposed of the wrappings in the thick jungle, and rejoined their companions.

The rest of the journey was safely accomplished.

For nine weary months those devoted men had carried and guarded the precious remains, and on delivering them up to the British Consul at Zanzibar, no time was lost in conveying them to England. At Aden, Livingstone's eldest surviving son, Thomas, met the ship, and at Southampton many of the great traveller's friends and relations went on board—Dr. Moffat, Oswell Livingstone, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Webb, Rev. Horace Waller, Mr. Young, and Colonel Grant, the African traveller. Under their escort the body was brought to London, where it was laid in the rooms of the Geographical Society. Several medical men examined it, and by the fractured arm identified the remains as beyond all doubt those of David Livingstone.

Westminster Abbey was deemed the only fit burial-place for such a man; and on Saturday, 18th April 1874, amid an immense concourse of sorrowing and admiring friends, he was lowered to his last resting-place.

The history of David Livingstone's life was not completed with his death. The desire of his heart was to be permitted to finish his work; but his death, with all its touching circumstances, did more for his beloved Africa than he could have done, had he completed his task and come home.

The enthusiasm of the nation was aroused; and statesmen, merchants, explorers, and missionaries

responded to the silent appeal of their dead countryman, and interested themselves anew in the Dark Continent. In a comparatively short time, the slave trade was declared illegal, and missions have been widely established.

Livingstone himself travelled no less than twenty-nine thousand miles in Africa, and laid open nearly one million square miles of new country, equal to one-fourth of Europe. He discovered Lakes 'Ngami, Shirwa, Nyassa, Moero, and Bangweolo; the Upper Zambesi, and many other rivers, and made known the wonderful Victoria Falls; he also was the first European who traversed the whole length of Lake Tanganyika. Each discovery, moreover, was determined with the utmost precision, although he was often giddy with fever or tormented with pain.

The greatest legacy ever bequeathed to Africa was the spotless name of David Livingstone, whose upright, consistent Christian character, and "patient continuance in well-doing," won the sympathy and confidence of its people. The charm of his name smoothed the paths of those who came after him, for his early and life-long prayer, that he might resemble Christ, had been indeed fulfilled.

THE END

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