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DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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THE SPREADING STAIN
DAVID LIVINGSTONE—EXPLORER AND PROPHET
BUSHRANGERS
HIGHWAYMEN
IN LAWLESS LANDS
ROMANTIC RASCALS
AN OZARK FANTASIA
HAKLUYT FOR BOYS
TALES WORTH TELLING



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Explorer and Prophet

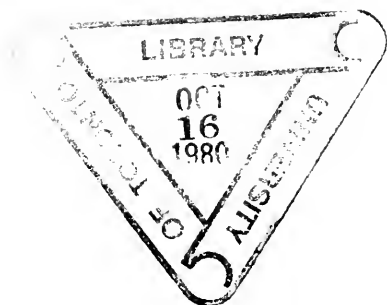
by

CHARLES J. FINGER

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TO
M. M.
AND
CLAUDE MEEKER

PREFACE

In this book, I add nothing to the information about Livingstone, but have tried to tell the story of his life, chiefly as he and others recorded it, in order that more may have the same delight in the man and his history that I have had. I have put down the simple facts as I found them, knowing that imagined detail would be both pale and useless. I have not tried to plunge deep and bring up a mass of interpretive comment, because I think that the surface Livingstone and his deeds will show to any alert mind what he was to the core of him. However, even in his case, some speculation is inevitable, and I have included very briefly the simple explanations that have for me best rounded out the story, but these may be easily distinguished from the story, and skipped by anyone who doesn't agree with them. The narrative alone has profound truth in it, and the man whom it shows is, to me, among the heroes.

I have said that I am a herald. The reply is easy that no truly great man, living or dead a thousand years, has ever needed a herald. Easy, but not exactly true. We do not sing of our heroes as the gleemen did of old, and the mere weight and binding

of a book may kill the knowledge of an adventurous and noble life.

Step into the street and ask the first ten men you meet what they know of Livingstone. The chances are that you will find, even in the cases of good churchmen who might be supposed to know, that Livingstone's reputation is ridiculously less than it should be. You may discover a hazy notion that he was a missionary who did a little exploring on the side and was connected in some way with another explorer named Stanley, and that will be the net result of your quest. Or, if you widen your field of investigation and go to librarians, you will find that there is no loud call for the Journals. For my part, I have found the tale of Livingstone's deeds to be far better known by men who live in out-of-the-way places, where a book is regarded as a rarity, than by men living where books may be had for the asking. And by out-of-the-way places I have in mind such unfrequented spots as the lesser known parts of Mexico, far northern Canada, the Andes country, and that part of Africa near Cape Verde. For in such odd corners of the world there are men who, because of the benefit of experience, understand the grandeur of what Livingstone did, and who cannot regard the man as a mild and rather uninteresting fellow doing nothing more than preaching and "going about with a Bible under his arm," as Livingstone himself, objecting to be taken for that kind of an individual, derisively expressed it.

Your man of restricted life and experience is apt to

pass the tale of a missionary as being dull and unpromising, and so, when on adventure bent, will often turn to the tales of Jesse James, or of Ned Kelly, or of Rob Roy, or of Billy the Kid, perhaps unaware that by so doing he is getting into the domain of fiction and entirely missing the far more exciting magic of the past as it was. But the magic of romantic fact is known by hearsay and much valued by those on border lands and frontiers; it is passed down from mouth to mouth like the old hero tales of every race. In South America while riding, or while smoking by the camp fire, or under the stars while we lay in our capas, we used sometimes to talk of those sterling Jesuits of whom Cunninghame Graham wrote in his *Vanished Arcadia*. And we talked of them, not because of idle interest, but because their work had left its indelible mark on that part of men that is sensitive to heroism. There was one tale of a missionary, a popular one, which I knew to be true, because I was one of the seamen in the schooner in which the man of derring-do went to the place of his work, which was Dawson Island. He was a young priest burning with ambition to tame and teach the natives. When we landed him, he bade us farewell, then went up the beach, alone and unarmed. Suddenly, out of the scrub, a native rushed at him with uplifted club. But the priest stood where he was, his hands thrown apart to show that he had no weapon, and somehow things went without bloodshed. Two years later, because of the man's efforts, there was a measure of order in that place, and an affection had grown be-

tween priest and Indian, much as it grew, as we shall see, between Livingstone and his Zulus and Bushmen. Then there was the oft-told tale of Allen Gardener, the first missionary who ventured among that confusion of islands near Cape Horn. Also, there was the story of Thomas Bridges, my friend, who lived near Ooshaia. We who sailed and dug for gold down there knew how he tramped the country alone, how he canoed in ice-burdened seas for the cause he had at heart. We knew, also, that in his place were warmth and welcome, a book and a meal for us, to say nothing of medical relief when we suffered from toothache or a dozen other little ills. I have said enough to indicate that we, who were far from being inclined to orthodoxy, looked with real respect and admiration upon some of the missionaries, though not all of them, as upstanding men who spent their lives in strenuous defense of their faith; men who were simple in their ways; men who were honest and decent and laborious. It was a mark of esteem when they were sometimes spoken of as "hard cases" and thoroughbreds.

As to dull-appearing books, the neglect of an interesting character, and the glory of discovering him, let me tell briefly the tale of my own discovery, and if the telling of it and the writing of this book will send readers to Livingstone's Journals, I shall count myself fortunate.

In the library of our mountain home there is a fireplace that holds a three-foot log, and on winter evenings it is mighty pleasant to sit about the blaze

playing games, or listening to music, or comparing notes about the events of the day in school and field, or more often listening while one of the circle reads aloud. One night of rain and darkness, after a circus had been to the neighboring town, our talk, because of some piece of spectacular business done in the show tent, chanced to fall on lions. I happened to remember a passage in a book that had interested me tremendously as a boy, and that I had heard discussed time and time again over camp fires. So I took from the shelves Livingstone's *Missionary Travels*, and read aloud the story of that wild day's work when the African explorer, coming so near to death, was injured for life. Now that adventure left him in such shape that thereafter he could not hold a rifle steady with his left arm, and had to have a specially devised telescope stand that, screwed into a tree, enabled him to get a steady sight. Yet, in telling the story, he makes far less fuss than many a man does when he tells of a visit to a dentist. And, let me say, all faces were shining with interest while I read. At the end, because the love of adventure had prompted the greater part of our reading, there were questions and queries as to why so fine and vivid a piece of writing had been overlooked until then. For there was clarity, veracity, and a subtly persuasive humor, too, in what we had read. It was a story stripped stark. There was the word picture of a man in most terrible danger, flat on the ground with a lion standing over him, caught by the shoulder and being "shaken as a terrier dog shakes a rat." In it

all there were no sham heroics; nothing was unreal. "The shock," he writes, "caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no pain . . . no feeling of terror. . . . It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe. . . . The shake annihilated fear and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast." There you have the evidence of a truthful man. Reading the passage, those who have known nearness to death by accident are prepared to accept whatever Livingstone may have to say in the future. I certainly was, for, among some close calls, I remembered being washed ashore after a shipwreck, when, in the midst of a turmoil of waves and thunder and lightning, there came a swift memory of an illustration I had seen long before, of the fight between Guy of Gisborne and Robin Hood; but certainly neither pain nor feeling of terror.

Now there is not one of my family who is not a reader, and the books are on open shelves for anyone to see and to choose from, but because of the unpromising title and the unattractive look of Livingstone's first book (it has some eight hundred pages and is bound like a law volume), they had passed and repassed it when after absorbing narrative. However, after hearing the lion adventure, all in the room changed their manner of thinking. They did not want to stop with the lion incident, and neither did I.

Not to make too long a story of it, because of Livingstone's interest we went through the book,

overstaying the usual bed hour, night after night, to do so. Then, because it was all so vivid, because Livingstone so obviously set down things as they were, and because it was evident that there were other wonders to be revealed, we followed *Missionary Travels with Expedition to the Zambesi*, and that ended, we plunged into the *Last Journals*, not by any means because we felt we ought as a duty to round out the whole, but as a matter of sheer enthusiasm. And when we had done, there we were in the ordinary things of everyday life, when things trivial and annoying were to the fore, somehow helped by a remembrance of Livingstone. Living, as it were, with the man so intimately—for the reading of the three books took some eight weeks—we had come to look upon him and to know him as a lovable and sweet-tempered friend. But we found more than a friend; we found one of those rare figures, thoroughly men, yet touched with a sort of divinity, the memory of whom is a hidden grail, giving food and drink to the spirit.

CHARLES J. FINGER.

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DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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CHAPTER I

THE SCOTTISH BOY

WHAT Livingstone gives us of his early life is contained in the eight pages of introduction to *Missionary Travels*, and those data, I should not be astonished to learn, are an afterthought, written because his publishers insisted upon some personal detail when they discovered that he had said nothing at all about himself. Being a generous soul and big enough to take advice, he did what he could, but put the information in as inconspicuous a form and as small a compass as was decently possible, and then, with a sigh of relief, pushed the whole thing out of sight and mind, to go on with that which he took to be far more important than himself—his life's work. "My own inclination would lead me to say as little as possible about myself" are his opening words, then he falls to talking about his great-grandfather.

Scattered through several pages of honorable and chivalrous descriptions of his early surroundings and friends—of his mother, of his schoolmaster, of an old quarryman and others—we find the structural facts

of his early life. He was born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre Works, in Lanarkshire, near Glasgow, Scotland, the second child of Neil Livingston and Agnes Hunter. That was the spelling of his father's name, and of his own until later in his life. Beginning at the age of ten, he worked for thirteen years in a cotton mill—nine years as a piecer and four as a spinner. Then, for two sessions, he studied medicine and Greek at Anderson's College, Glasgow, and also attended a theological class. In 1838 he was accepted by the London Missionary Society. He continued his studies, and in 1840 received a medical degree from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. He sailed for Africa, as a missionary, on December 8, 1840.

These facts are bare enough and can be found anywhere, but to anyone who knows a bit about boyhood and a bit about Nineteenth Century Scotland and reflects a moment, they will be rich with meaning. Also, we learn something from Livingstone's brief account. We get a hint that he always liked to wander about the country when he was a lad, finding his walks good, wholesome, invigorating, without knowing it. A walk of ten miles in a day was nothing much for a Scotch laddie in those days. But he gives less space to the tale of his boyhood days than he does to a word picture of an old Peninsular soldier who interested him. He gives a hint of pride in his great-grandfather, who fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; he tells pleasantly of his grandfather, who had a mind stuffed full of old tales,

“many of which were wonderfully like those . . . heard while sitting by the African evening fires”; he tells of the old Gaelic songs which his grandmother sang. He quotes an ancestor, some stout old islander, whose last words were held dear as signifying the moral strength of the Livingstone stock, thus: “Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: ‘Be Honest.’” Quoting that, Livingstone adds a hope that should he, in the account of his travels, fall into errors, they must be taken as honest mistakes, and “not as indicating that I have forgotten our ancient motto.” Of his father he gives a hint of a man “too conscientious to become rich as a small tea-dealer,” who, by kindness of manner and winning ways, “made the heartstrings of his children twine around him.” The picture of his mother is that of “the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet.”

There, sketched in the rough, are Livingstone’s background and surroundings as given by himself. But consider the second item of the brief summary—the going to work. It will stand more than the bare mention that Livingstone accords it.

In his middle age, Livingstone records with quiet complacency an event that most men would regard

as an intolerable calamity. "At the age of ten I was put into a factory as a piecer," he says, and adds that it was because the family had much ado in making both ends meet. At the age of ten, let it be noted, an age when most children rightly think of playgrounds as their just due, young David was shouldering the burden that he never afterward dropped. At a time of life when most of us look upon shelter and food and warmth as things to which we are by natural right entitled, there was the lad at work from six in the morning until eight at night, long after the lamplighters had made their rounds, carrying things at a fast trot from floor to floor all day. He was up by candlelight at five, in the gray chill of a Scotch morning. After porridge there was a running over cobblestones in the face of a scowthering wind to be at the factory on time. His only music was the dull murmur of machinery. His workaday world was limited by the four brick walls of an ill-lighted, poorly ventilated, indifferently warmed factory. His companions were simple and narrow beings unconcerned with visions. Yet, with it all, you find no touch of regret, no air of complaint either in boy or in man. Once, in a reminiscent mood, when he was well on in years, he wrote about that period of his life, saying: "it formed a material part of my education, and were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training." No whining about opportunities lacking, you will notice, but, instead, a sort of glow because of the memory of pleasant activity. Indeed, perhaps, in looking back, there

was in him an unexpressed joy because he recognized his own qualities of daring and perseverance. For, hard though the road had been when he set out to travel the highway of life, yet there were flowers by the wayside—marketable berries, too.

To explain: Somehow there was, in the boy, the idea that he was born to grow. Somehow he had grasped the fact that time misspent was lost forever. Somehow he had a purpose, a goal, a direction. So he saw opportunity where many of us would have found blank discouragement.

Those were days when a factory was a manufactory, when endless carriers, and elevators, and labor-saving contrivances had not been dreamed of, consequently, much of the lad's work was running back and forth, and up and down, from one part of the building to another, his arms piled with material. He had come to grips with life, and henceforth the blue sky and the heather and the river had to be memories only. But there was this: His path to and fro took him past a spinning jenny at which sat a friendly man, and the piece of machinery had a flat place, a sort of little shelf on which a book might be set. That was item number one. Item number two, as the boy saw it, was that while the factory owners had bought his body for fourteen hours a day and he was minded to do his full stint in return, yet there were empty hours for the mind, and those empty hours had to be filled, for the mind was fresh and quick and hungry. So, with part of his first week's wages, he bought a second-hand copy of

Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*, for he had figured out a way to turn the track that he trod all day into a path of knowledge. It could be done, he saw, in justice to his employer; for there was that family motto to be kept in mind. Then, the cotton-spinner at the machine making no objection, David set the open book on a ledge of a machine that he passed and repassed all day, and, lo and behold! he had entered the doors of his university. For he read as he ran. One trip meant one sentence seized; another trip the sentence following, and between times and away from his book were the moments of reflection and digestion. "To this part of my education," he wrote, long afterward, "I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to be able to read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children or near the dancing and songs of savages." It reads strangely enough in these days of advanced and generous sympathies.

He read enormously, almost everything but fiction, for in those days, among sober-minded people the reading of fiction was looked upon and roundly condemned, both in kirk and home, as an idle habit and a wasting of good time. Probably he needed no fiction to stimulate his imagination or amuse him. There was geography. The study of that has always fed imagination, and in those days there were vast blank spaces marked "Unexplored" running across Asia, and Australia, and South America, and Africa. Over those he pondered, wondering, speculating, and, like Barthema, always full of a desire to "see

how places are." Geography led to history, to geology, to theoretical navigation. There were incursions into medicine, mathematics, ornithology, theology. He read Virgil and came to love his inimitable music. He came to know and to appreciate that Horace who never frets nor fumes, who inspires to sane and truthful living, who drills away good-humoredly at the fact that happiness is not from without, but from within. From occasional remarks in the Journals we know that he read Pepys, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Burton of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. And always what he read he stored away, memorized, held to so fast that almost it seems as if he foresaw his life of isolation, when memory must serve for library and companionship.

Thus, at the age of ten, the boy started on a life of amazing activity. At ten he was a thoroughbred, keen to the call of a self-imposed duty. At ten he had a sense of responsibility, was self-reliant, independent. For it takes some doing for a lad to be unafraid of being dubbed bookish. We imagine him, somewhat slim but wiry, eyes bright and shining, walking with a springing step, forcefulness and firmness in every inch of him, always hastening—from home to factory, from factory to home. At home, there were little household duties which he was willing to do if no publicity attended them. "Mother, if ye'll close fast the door, I'll scrub the floor," he told her, for he balked a little at the idea of doing woman's work, and, later, recalled his pleasant vanity and atoned for it much as did Dr. Johnson in that Litch-

field affair. But he had little time for housework, for there was a night school where classes were held between nine and ten every evening, and David was a scholar. Nor were his manifold engagements at an end at ten. Books were to be read, lessons to be prepared, new fields of knowledge had to be touched. So, by the light of a tallow candle he read until, very often, his mother came down and carried away the candlestick.

After nine years of heavy work, David Livingstone was promoted to the position of cotton-spinner, and of the new work he has this to say: "While the toil . . . was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad . . . it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow, in the winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlow, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from anyone, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society on account of its unsectarian character."

During those years in the factory, he had become firmly convinced that missionary activity was to be his chief concern in life. But he wanted to be a new kind of missionary, one doing his chosen work without asking favors or taking orders from any man or from any organization. He wanted to be himself complete, from top to toe. He wanted to go to China,

not only educating himself, but paying his own passage to his chosen field, outfitting his own camp, and, at last in the place where he yearned to be, building his own mission station. But China was then aflame with the beginnings of the trouble that grew into the Opium War, so by no effort of the imagination could he see himself doing effective work there for many years to come, even if he could get into the country, which was doubtful. Still, he felt that life was slipping away with unutterable rapidity and that, if he was to do something, he had to do it soon.

Quite surprisingly, the way that he sought seemed to open through the London Missionary Society. To be sure, as a worker in that body, he would have to surrender some of that stiff-necked independence on which he prided himself, but, as an offset to that, there were definite advantages. That organization placed no insistence upon trivial distinctions of sect, and, he hoped, might be induced to leave him with some measure of freedom, perhaps almost as free as he yearned to be. In the end, refusing to allow independence to be merged in obstinacy, Livingstone put aside a little of his distaste for asking favors, and made application for employment by the London Society. He was accepted provisionally, so set off for London, and arrived there September 1, 1838, his age being then twenty-five.

Now, in those days, in London, what with the opening of the new railroad to Birmingham and people objecting to it on the ground that it would tend to lead country lads to the city and demoralize

them; what with the Chartists showing the way to a new Utopia and being denounced as enemies to society; what with Paganini charming the world with his music and being suspected of strange and unearthly powers; what with Charles Kean electrifying his audiences with his Shakespearean portrayals and others denouncing the stage as a potent evil; what with the frivolities of Cremorne and Vauxhall gardens; take it all in all, there were plenty of excitements. But none of these were for David Livingstone. He met another young enthusiast, Joseph Moore, who afterward won a name for himself in Tahiti, and the two of them made a little pilgrimage to St. Paul's Cathedral. They also went to Westminster Abbey, where, thirty-six years later, Livingstone's body was laid in the central nave, England standing in reverence the while, as for some high minister of state, or, indeed, as for her ruler, for David Livingstone was buried with England's kings.

One may very well pause and wonder about this young David Livingstone, come up to London as so many young men, watched by Fate, had done before him. The religious zeal of the young Scot is easy enough to explain, it is also easy to see why long hours in a factory and the reading of geography had given him a yearning to look beyond far mountains; strong independence of a young man of such a boyhood is not surprising. That's one explanation. Another, equally plausible, is that David Livingstone had it in the brain and blood and bone of him to be among the great explorers, and that almost nothing

could have kept him from his inherited destiny. Probably both ideas have truth in them. Then there are certain conversations between the young man and a man who had done things, who had seen beyond the mountains, and who was still eager for the trail. All great urges are a tangle, and who shall dare theorize on what has started them and what is in them? Yet I would hazard a guess that in Livingstone, deeper and stronger than the desire to spread the word of his God, deeper and stronger even than his desire to heal and help the suffering children of the jungle, was, from beginning to end, the great passion to look into the heart of darkness.

And now, the conversations I have mentioned. One day there had come to the house in London where Livingstone was staying, a certain Dr. Robert Moffat, an old lion of an African missionary who had his station some seven hundred miles up country at a place called Kuruman. Now, Livingstone was itching to talk with the Doctor because of a certain reputation for deeds of derring-do that clung to the man. He had gone farther afield than anyone else in the African mission campaign. He lived on the edge of unexplored lands. He had tackled the wild Hottentot outlaw and robber named Afrikaner, and somehow led him into civil ways. It was the same Moffat who had translated the Bible into the Bechuana tongue and then set to work to teach natives to read; preparing goods, as it were, then creating a market and demand for them. It was the Moffat who walked about in new and strange lands as though the

earth had been made for him and he had a clear title to go whithersoever he chose. All that delighted Livingstone, so the young enthusiast sought out the man, told him about his hopes, asked him for a word or two of advice, then pricked his ears while the formidable old lion talked straight from the shoulder. He told Livingstone many things, but not from a standpoint of tradition or authority. He said that a missionary might be a soft-handed loafer and a parasite on society, or he might be something well worth a man's while. It depended upon the man and not on the coat or the office. There were too many, he insisted, who considered all done when they had tagged themselves as missionaries. If Livingstone really meant serious business, if he indulged in no erroneous and fanciful notions, if he had vision and vitality, then tremendous things were possible. "Do not sit down in lazy contentment," he told him. "Do not choose an old station. Push on. Push on to the vast unoccupied and unknown district to the north. In that direction, on a clear morning, I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages. There, no missionary has ever been. There, sir, is your field."

There were other conversations, which Livingstone found astonishingly good, talks about Africa's brief history, and about the deeds both glorious and shameful that had been done. There were tales of ventures that had failed and men who had died, but these did not affect young Livingstone's unquenchable hopefulness. They talked of the sailing

of Captain Stubbs up the Gambia in 1723; of the commencement of Bruce's travels in 1768; of Mungo Park's first attempt in 1795, and his second, from which he did not return, in 1804. There had been other attempts, not very fruitful of knowledge, as when Salt, and Burckhardt, and Campbell, and Hornemann went on expeditions, touching the fringe of things, between 1805 and 1816; but none of them had gone into the blank places shown on the map. Indeed, the only thorough piece of work had been that of the Niger expedition. In that, a reliable survey had been made of the river Niger by Mr. Macgregor Laird of Liverpool, accompanied by his friend Lauder and Lieutenant William Allen—but they had not touched the vast tract, to pierce which became a passion in Livingstone's heart. As for Zululand, through which Livingstone would have to pass, that was a place of disorder and bloodshed. Tradition said it had been peopled by a peaceful pastoral folk. But a chief named Godongwana had arisen, "The Wanderer," men called him. He had formed a celibate army, but had been killed by his ally, Chaka. Chaka in turn had been assassinated by his brother, the treacherous Dingaan, and thenceforth the land had become a war-swept one, Zulu fighting Boer, English fighting Zulu, until both Boer and British suffered reverses.

Whatever had been there before, that talk with Moffat lighted a flame in the young Scot's heart. A new vision grew, which some called a fanatic's dream, and the young man was all a-tingle to push

on. His life's story is how he did that—steadily, continuously, persistently, always with glorious courage.

After a preliminary examination, Livingstone and Moore were sent to the little town of Chipping Ongar, northeast of London and near Epping Forest, where, under a tutor, there were to be three months of intensive study, of discussion, of looking into the real content of religion, of making certain that the young men were ardent enthusiasts and not spineless creatures with passing emotions who would shift from track to track, and, with the first hardship, fall exhausted and despairing.

All went very well, with Livingstone full of exultation, making a brilliant record, marching like a conqueror, until the pathetic little affair at Stanmore, when in his overwrought mind there chanced to come, for an instant, a blank. Livingstone gives no account of it, probably dismissing it as a negligible incident, but Joseph Moore told the tale in all kindness, rejoicing that his friend overrode the difficulty. At the village of Stanmore, which is close to Chipping Ongar, the vicar fell ill and so sent to Livingstone's tutor asking for a substitute minister for a day. Livingstone was sent.

Now part of the tutor's training was to the end that there might be a proper preaching of sermons without notes, the sermons having been written and committed to memory after the tutor's correction and approval. In those days, in all educational circles, immense stress was laid upon the importance of

training the memory. Ministers memorized sermons; schoolboys committed long poems to memory; music students played without notes before them; ordinary, everyday readers learned poems that they found in corners of newspapers. So the task before Livingstone was no exceptional one. At Stanmore something got utterly and inexplicably out of gear. He could not eat. He was nervous and strangely restless. Being asked to conduct a prayer meeting in a private home, he grew confused. On Sunday, in the church, he gave out his text, "reading it very deliberately," says Moore, then stopped, hesitating and distraught. His eloquence, his sermon, his very message had fled. The congregation saw his discomfort, the members were full of intense sympathy, and he was conscious of their solicitude. In his desperation he threw out his hands, saying: "Friends, I have forgotten all that I had to say," and then left the place. It was disastrous, but he met the issue squarely. It seemed to be an end of things. At the test he had failed, and his castle was a tumbled house of cards, for Mr. Cecil, the tutor, reported the failure to headquarters. However, because of the young man's sterling qualities the examiners gave him another opportunity, and then there was no failure.

Indeed, everything went well and smoothly and swiftly, and many a man about to take a commonplace journey in a railroad train is more deliberate by far than was Livingstone when making final preparation to leave his native land, as he thought, forever. On November 16, 1840, he passed his

examination and was given his diploma as Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow; four days later, he passed his examination for missionary service. Two weeks after that, on December 8th, he was a passenger on board the ship *George*, bound for Algoa Bay. You picture him a radiant figure, bright-eyed and cheerful because the world of his chosen activity was before him, and because of a goal never before attempted.

CHAPTER II

HIS AFRICAN APPRENTICESHIP

THE route sailed was a circuitous one, and it was five months before the *George* dropped anchor in Algoa Bay. They touched Rio de Janeiro, and laid up a month at Capetown. But while on board Livingstone studied navigation, learned the use of the quadrant, and, between whiles, when the captain "rigged out the ship for church on Sundays," preached sermons to the sailors. But "no spiritual good was done to anyone on board," he wrote.

During the month at Capetown he had his eyes opened, and he heard much that caused a subtle change in him. I say that because it is hard for an age like ours to understand the silent rage that filled Livingstone when he heard of the horrors of the slave trade and of conditions generally up country. And he did hear much during the month he stayed at Capetown. For there were truthful tongues, and there were tongues that distorted and poisoned truth. We of to-day remember certain things, but only as far-away horrors. We know that the commerce in human beings had brutalized a tract of country some four million square miles in extent. We know that England abolished the slave trade in the year 1807. We know that the United States set

its face against the evil in 1862. But when we think of the slave trade, it is in terms of involuntary servitude, knowing by history and tradition only one phase of it, and that something, at least, like the concrete picture presented by Harriet Beecher Stowe in her book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Of the phase before that, of the traffic in slaves and all that the traffic implied, we have little conception. David Livingstone came to know much he had never even suspected, and it all struck him with so forcible a shock that he had to restrain his emotions. He heard of raids made by Boers and by renegade Englishmen upon native villages. He heard stories of men, women, and children stolen. He heard of a ship at sea packed with slaves, far closer packed than men pack cattle, on which ophthalmia had broken out so that all on board were blind—slaves, officers, slave-drivers, seamen, and steersmen; and the ship went wildly, the sport of the winds and storms. There were fearful tales of inhuman cruelties done by Portuguese and Arab traders; of slaves too weak to walk being beheaded, or having their hands and feet chopped off and thus left in the jungle. It was told, and with truth, that sick slaves were thrown overboard, and that living cargoes were deliberately drowned when a slave ship was chased, just as contraband liquor is thrown away when coast-guard men chase smugglers. There were tales, too, of commissions having been issued by "the Grace of God," with Divine guidance implored for the captains of slavers, who were to barter rum for children; of slave decks no

more than five feet in height so that men were stowed "spoon fashion," lying on their sides. He heard incredible stories and found them to be true, things like the report of a naval officer, who, being put in charge of a captured slaver, wrote: "The slaves filled the waist and gangways in a fearful jam, for there were over seven hundred men, women, boys and young girls. Not even a waist cloth can be permitted among slaves aboard ship, since clothing so slight would breed disease. To ward off death I ordered that at daylight the negroes should be taken in squads of twenty and given a salt bath by the hose pipe . . . and when they were carried below trained slaves received the wretches one by one and laying each creature on his side, packed the next close against him, and so on, . . . till they fitted into one another, a living mass." The more Livingstone heard, the more impatient he was to get to the dim jungle where men were more vicious in their cruelty than beasts.

And at this time, when there was a message of good will to be carried afield, when there was an evil system to be overthrown, at Capetown, he found many of his brother missionaries hanging close to towns and settlements, talking, talking, talking—doing anything but contemplating conflicts away to the north, where trouble was. He found them at cross purposes, some ready to denounce the natives as creatures cumbering the earth, some maintaining that white men should hold in subjection the dark-skinned people who could not or would not utilize the land

for the full benefit of mankind, and still others who denounced the white colonists as being eager for the spoliation of Africa, but no one doing anything to mitigate evil. Some, it almost seemed, were complacent in its presence, or if not that, then were uselessly talking and writing and hiding themselves from it in a tangle of disputation. Wherever Livingstone went, there were men dinning into his ears their opinions, their tales of woe, their advocated methods of settling colonial affairs, the sorry history of their own truncated endeavors, their tales of political and social and moral corruption. There was the young enthusiast giving ear, but privately sorting gold from dross, throwing overboard delusive things, exercising his own competent criticism and arriving at honest convictions.

We see Capetown in those days as a sort of growing colony very much like many of our inland towns, one in which everybody knew everybody. There are no records showing what the population was when Livingstone landed there, but it was probably much less than a hundred thousand, mostly British emigrants. The young missionary came as a novelty to them. And, while it was known that he was on his way to Algoa Bay, there were invitations to him to preach in the church of Dr. Philip, the agent for the Missionary Society. Preach he did, talking straight from the shoulder, thinking aloud with unflinching integrity. As a result, he was accused of heterodoxy by some of the church members. There were others who repudiated him, others again who challenged

him as a dangerous theorist and innovator. For instead of droning platitudes and saying old things he had said that there was too much talking and far too little doing; and that the central core of Christianity was benevolence. That his preaching would cost him something, he knew, but he was prepared to pay the price. His contention was that if, in the face of social and moral ills, Christians lacked cohesion, then they were weakened to a point of uselessness. He took the stand that bland nebulosity and muddled well-meaning arrived nowhere. In short, he was setting forth his whole system of values, arrived at by long travail, so had little patience with hasty and limited theorists, and said so in no hesitating way. As a result, there were petty intrigues and social scorn. Of course, he cared for neither, but, years afterward, as we shall see, when Livingstone had forgotten all those imagined offences of his, some who had not forgotten paraded their animosities and hampered him. But how should mischievous controversy and petty fault-finding affect this man? How should those without imagination and disinterested intellect know of his rich and wonderful dreams? "This church," he wrote to his old tutor, "is a house divided against itself. . . . They don't deserve a good pastor, and I don't see anything for them but dissolution and being remodeled." So he brushed the matter aside, then smiled and went on with his plans.

That little flurry and stir of commonplace jealousy might be left unmentioned, were it not for the fact

that, if we fail to see David Livingstone as a brave man doing things without letting his mind be corrupted and his purpose weakened, as he had when a boy, and doing all without display or heroics, much of the extraordinary work that he did later, in the way of exploration while facing tremendous difficulties, may seem to be more than humanly possible. But his unwavering courage of the mind, conditioning every action, must be fully recognized. It was the central fact of his character.

When, after the month at Capetown, the ship *George* arrived in Algoa Bay, Livingstone was restless until the ox wagon was equipped and ready to start on the seven-hundred-mile journey up country to the Moffat station at Kuruman. So keen was his longing to stand on the hilltop and see for himself the smoke of the thousand villages in unexplored land, that he had already asked permission of his superiors to go forward wheresoever he chose, at the first opportunity. For that permission he had to bide his time.

Once started on the way to Kuruman, he was as high-spirited as an adventurous boy, delighting in the unexpected and the novel every mile of the way. His first book and his letters fairly bubble with his delight. Everything that he saw he found refreshing and sustaining. All was brighter and better than the pictures of his imagination. As the ox wagons lumbered along the valleys, he climbed neighboring hills, and, seeing valley and ridge far as the eye could reach, wrote home that it reminded him of Scotland, but

with a sterner and grander note. He hobnobbed with Hottentots and discovered them to be "superior in attainments" to what he had expected. He rode with them in their wagon for four days, and, watching them, was reminded "of the old Covenanters praising God amongst their native wilds." The vast star-sprinkled heavens, the halting at night, the making of camp when the sun had fallen—these excited him pleasantly. "I like this traveling very much indeed," he wrote, "there is so much freedom in our African manners. We pitch our tent, make our fire, wherever we choose; walk, ride, or shoot at game, as our inclination leads us; but there is a great drawback—we can't study or read as we please. I feel this very much, and have made very little progress in the language."

There are signs aplenty that for the man who had known no fun as a child life had suddenly become a stream of untroubled happiness. Cooped and hedged as he had been until then, there had poured into him suddenly the exaltation of the open, and that exaltation never left him. As in the case of Richard Jefferies, and many another, sudden fullness of physical life caused a hunger of the spirit and a speculation on his chances for the good life. In the end, he knew that he could submit to a severe discipline and go without many things cheerfully if it would make men happier and let him look beyond the hills. Something like that was the effect of the new environment.

He felt that he had touched the fringe of things when the ox train reached Kuruman on the last day of July, 1841. The getting there had been extraor-

dinarily good fun, but it left him bursting with energy, and he felt that it was time to get down to work. There were many problems and many duties, and he chose the duty that lay nearest. He began to practise medicine, and soon his fame ran from hill to hill. His facility for enthusiasm in his work is revealed in a letter that he wrote to his Scotch medical instructor as soon as he got his bearings. "I have an immense practice," he wrote. "Patients walk a hundred and thirty miles for my advice. . . . They have more disease than I expected. They are nearly naked, and endure the scorching heat of the day and the chills at night in that condition. Add to this that they are absolutely omnivorous. Indigestion, rheumatism, ophthalmia are the prevailing diseases. . . . They are excellent patients, too. There is no wincing; everything prescribed is done instanter. Their only failing is that they get tired of a long course, but in any operation even the women sit unmoved." Time and time again, in later writings, he testifies to the fortitude of the natives. "I told him [a boy sick with dysentery, with which Livingstone also suffered at the time] that people moaned only when too ill to be sensible of what they were doing; the groaning ceased, though he became worse." That is only a minor case. There are other passages, many others, in which Livingstone has much to say in praise of the natives' powers of resistance, of their solemn patience under pain and hunger and cold and weariness, of their hearty good will and good humor in trying circumstances.

As soon as Livingstone had a smattering of the language, he swung a wide circle in the Bakwain country in company with some trading agents and another missionary. That trip took three months, and during it he came to learn how little he really knew of the natives and their ways. He also learned how problems which seemed simple, grew complex upon closer inspection. There were natives, with not only one kind of white man to deal with, but several; these white men who held themselves to be members of a superior race all for trading and cheating and stealing; those preaching fair dealing; one group of white men carrying blood and rapine in their trail; another preaching gentleness and non-resistance. What was more, Livingstone found in the natives some who seemed to have all the virtues he thought to instill into them, some who were men of force and ability, others as full of cunning and trickery as the white traders. English traders were selling to the natives those articles the Boers did not wish the natives to have—arms and ammunition. Boers, again, did terrible things; made friends with natives that were planning attacks upon neighboring tribes, then, when the tribe to be attacked was reached, says Livingstone, “the friendly natives are ranged in front, to form, as they say, a shield,” when “the Boers fire over their heads till the devoted people flee and leave cattle, wives, and children to the captors. This was done in nine cases during my residence in the interior, and on no occasion was a drop of Boer’s blood shed.” As for native attacks

on the whites, in spite of all reports to the contrary, Livingstone affirms that "history does not contain a single instance in which the Bechuanas, even those who possess firearms, have attacked either the Boers or the English." During that swing into the country around Kuruman, Livingstone gained more first-hand information than he well knew what to do with. Also, he had his first experience with the slave-trade evil.

Take a typical incident of the trip, as Livingstone records it: "When about 150 miles from home we came to a large village. The chief had sore eyes: I doctored them, and he fed us pretty well, and sent a fine buck after me as a present. When we got ten or twelve miles on the way, a little girl eleven or twelve years old came up, and sat down under my wagon, having run away with the purpose of coming with us to Kuruman, where she had friends. She had lived with a sister lately dead. Another family took possession of her for the purpose of selling her as soon as she was old enough for a wife, but not liking this she determined to run away. With this intention she came, and thought of walking all the way behind my wagon. I was pleased with the determination of the little creature and gave her food, but before long heard her sobbing violently as if her heart would break. On looking round I observed the cause. A man with a gun had been sent after her, and had just arrived. I did not know well what to do, but was not in perplexity long, for Pomare, a native convert who accompanied us,

started up and defended her. He, being the son of a chief, and possessed of some little authority, managed the matter nicely. She had been loaded with beads, to render her more attractive and fetch a higher price. These she stripped off and gave to the man. I afterwards took measures of hiding her, and if fifty men had come they would not have got her."

After that three months' trip, Livingstone found himself possessed of such a wealth of new experience that for the sake of a clearer and wider vision he decided to go into the quiet in order to reflect. And, characteristically, he did his job very thoroughly. A secluded place which the natives called Lepoloh attracted him, and there he went for a half year. He wanted to be quiet to experiment. He wanted to test himself. Above all, he aimed at the establishment of direct and kindly relations and intercourse with the natives. So he made his home among the people he studied. He entered into their ideas and ways of feeling. He did not find them to be creatures of tiger-like ferocity who would plant a spear in any man's back as those who did not know them at all had described. On the contrary, Livingstone came to regard them as creatures of unlimited possibilities, whimsical, light-hearted, ready to accept guidance. For his part, he threw over the commonly accepted belief that there was no intelligence but the white man's. Meanwhile, he was learning the language, a gain that was to stand him in good stead later. He wrote to his English tutor, Mr. Cecil, thus: "I have made some progress in the language. . . . I, such a poor hand at

languages when with you . . . having translated some very good English hymns into Bechuana rhyme, six of them have been adopted and printed by the French missionaries. . . . I can speak it now with ease, but I am yet far from perfection.”

While studying, he was preaching. And here is the place to say that if, in chapters to come, what may seem to some an insufficient mention of his preaching is made, let it be understood that no pressure of circumstances at any time was allowed to interfere with his religious services. It will not be necessary repeatedly to state in bare and precise language that on such a day or at such a time he preached, just as it would not be at all necessary in writing of some world-famous executive to say that he attended this or that meeting of directors. Nor, indeed, does Livingstone sprinkle the pages of his Journals with references to preaching and praying. I think he would have considered doing that an exhibition of a kind of self-righteousness. Yet this must not be allowed to mislead one about his state of mind with regard to these things.

If at this time all went smoothly where the outward Livingstone was concerned, it was not such easy sailing for the inner man. During that period at Lepoloh he was weighing pros and cons. He came to see that any attempt to preach Christianity pure and simple to a people unprepared for it was a waste of time. No matter how beautiful and interesting the story of the redemption, no matter how clear and simple the language, the lesson could not possibly quicken ex-

cept there was a certain way of life behind it, and that way of life was civilization. Judging from his actions, by civilization he did not mean the life of Glasgow and London, but rather a way of life happier than the native way into which these people could naturally grow if shown by Europeans the indisputably good things that science could do for man. (That other-minded Europeans could show them, or that they could discover, other uses of science were possibilities, already being demonstrated, that Livingstone did not, apparently, concern himself with.) He had entered Africa believing that if a vision of a perfect life was presented, those who saw would leap to make the vision real. Civilization clean and perfect would follow close on the heels of an acceptance of Christian doctrines, he thought. Experience taught him otherwise and he came to hold the belief that "neither civilization nor Christianity [could] be promoted alone," but were, indeed, inseparable. Using his medical and other knowledge to bring in this civilization, or in other words, helping the people to be happier without destroying the good elements peculiar to race, tribe, and individual would thus at the same time, better than by precept, bring in by example what he considered Christianity in its highest form. Yet, as I have said, this did not, he thought, make simple preaching, *after* simple helping, useless. Christianity could not, however, be presented to primitive folk as a hard-and-fast doctrine and a matter of ceremonies. It had to be an all-pervading atmosphere. As for the standard-bearer of Chris-

tianity, he would have to be active in well-doing. He would have to be ready to enter into the simplest acts and relations of life with a zest. Never could he be contemptuous of the common things. Social duty, in its largest as well as its narrowest sense, would be an obligation. As for those to be taught and trained, they would have to learn that happiness and fruitful activity were closely allied. They would have to know that an individual sense of duty and an individual sense of right and wrong meant pretty much the same thing. Getting down to bed rock, all that meant entering into common everyday activities such as planting, and trading, and buying, and selling; all the economic relations, in fact. The natives would have to be taught the use of their hands and the way to utilize their lands. Religion would have to be a thing of Do and Be.

Livingstone thought that Africans could be made happier, first, by being simply and naturally civilized from without, gaining only that part of European civilization that would unquestionably help them; and second, by being made simple fundamentalist Christians. There was a less questionable counterpart in his own nature. He found that he could be happiest, first, by giving Africans what he could of that part of European civilization that was indisputably good for them; second, by making Africans simple Christians; and third, and most important of all, by exploring until he came across a people and a country new to the white man's way. In him this systematization of values seems to have been at-

tended by some conflict, as we shall see later, but it was indubitably without serious losses, for Livingstone was one of the profoundly happy men of history.

There is a lively instance of how things went when practice preceded or supplanted instruction. One day he walked over the mountains to where Chief Buhr lived, because he had heard that the people, who cultivated the soil in a primitive way, were in sore straits from drought. The rain-makers had been busy burning their charcoal made of roasted bats and cony dung, their jackals' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, chanting and making incantations the while. (Incidentally, let it be remembered that, less than a hundred and thirty years before, in England, at Huntingdon, a woman and her daughter aged nine were hanged on a charge of witchcraft and rainstorm raising by means of incantations, and that as late as 1895, a twenty-seven-year-old woman was burned as a witch at Baltyvadhew, Tipperary, Ireland. It is poor business to smile too broadly at the African.) "As I did not like to be behind my professional brethren," writes Livingstone, "I declared that I could make rain, too, not, however, by enchantment like them, but by leading out their river for irrigation. The idea took mightily and to work we went. Even the chief's own doctor [conjurer] went at it, laughing heartily at the cunning of the foreigner who could make rain so. We had only one spade, and that without a handle, but yet by sticks sharpened we dug a pretty long canal. The earth was lifted out by

'goupons' and carried to the huge dam built, in karosses, tortoise shells, and wooden boats." Nor will it do to read the story for its passing interest. There is the thing behind it, and that thing the evidence of the executive in the man, the experience and intelligence by which energy could be turned into results. If that factor is missed, all is missed.

Livingstone adds: "This, I believe, is the first instance in which Bechuanas have been got to work without wages." And again, in another place, referring to the same incident he says: "If these people perceive anyone in the least dependent on them, they begin to tyrannize. . . . I make my presence with any of them a favor, and when they show any impudence I threaten to leave them, and if they don't amend, I go. They are in one sense fierce, and in another the greatest cowards in the world. By a bold, free course among them I have not had the least difficulty in managing the most fierce. A kick would, I am persuaded, quell the courage of the bravest of them. Add to this the report, which many of them believe, that I am a great wizard, and you will understand how I can with great ease visit any of them."

David Livingstone went back to Kuruman expecting instructions from headquarters, hoping for permission to venture into new lands as he saw fit; but there was no word. So he settled down to humdrum work, teaching and playing physician. He gives a picture of the daily life at Dr. Moffat's sta-

tion: "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 until 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 invited. School over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labor 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 labor was thus exchanged for unskilled. After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infants' school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely 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 was superintended, and both husband and wife must labor till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse with anyone 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. We tried to gain their affections by attending to the wants of the body. The smallest act of friendship, an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armor. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be uncared for, when politeness may secure it. Their good word in the aggregate forms a reputation which may be well employed in procuring favor for the Gospel. Show kind attention to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness and pain, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love."

Out of that pleasant ease he went one day to walk a hundred miles to visit the chief of the Bechuanas, a man named Sechele. This man was between forty and fifty years of age, and he disputed with Livingstone with the gravity of a judge.

"If it is true," he asked, "that all who die unforgiven are lost forever, why did not your people come to tell us of it before now? My ancestors are all gone, and none of them know anything of what you tell me. How is this?"

There was no use in argument, so Livingstone turned to deeds. For Sechele's daughter, an only child, was sick of a fever, and her cure was easy. That made for Sechele's friendship, and his friendship passed into a sort of spirited partisanship, which

after a while grew into a mild acceptance of Christianity. The chief considered that any attempt to persuade his people to any other way of life except that to which they were accustomed, would be waste of time and effort. But coercion, he decided, would work wonders, and coercion he was ready to adopt.

“Do you believe,” he asked, “that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and, if you like, I shall call my headman and with our litups [whips of rhinoceros hide] we will soon make them believe, altogether.”

Meanwhile, Sechele's own private difficulty lay in the question of polygamy. He had five wives, and to divorce four of them seemed not only unkind but unwise. Unwise, because separation would be followed by the enmity of the woman, her friends, her relatives, and those of the tribe of which she was a member.

As for converting the tribe, there were vast difficulties in the way of that, difficulties which Livingstone could not combat. A drought lay on the land, and, while Livingstone set his face against incantations, his prayers for rain seemed to have no effect. “We like you as well as if you had been born among us,” said Sechele's uncle. “You are the only white man we can become familiar with; but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. . . . You see we never get rain, while those tribes who never pray obtain abundance.” And, says Livingstone in his Journal, this was a fact, adding

that he often saw it raining on the hills ten miles off. "If the Prince of the power of the air had no hand in scorching us up, I fear I often gave him the credit of doing so."

So with one thing and another, there was a tightening of bonds against the missionary's effort to introduce his faith, but also a ready acceptance of him as a man useful to the tribe because of his common sense and his knowledge of medicine. Livingstone made ready to return to Kuruman, hoping to find the awaited permission to go ahead in his own way into the unexplored places.

At parting, he spoke of that desire to Sechele, and the chief's comment was a startling one. Pointing in the direction of the Kalahari desert, he said: "You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary growth of watermelons follows. Even we who know the country would certainly perish without them." The chief was very positive indeed. Yet Sechele himself was eager to go into the unknown land, because somewhere in the north lived a famous chief named Sebituane who had once saved his life. Both Livingstone and Sechele were very near to the time of going into the unexplored land, though neither thought so.

CHAPTER III

SETTLEMENT AT MABOTSA

NOT until June, 1843, did Livingstone get permission from headquarters to choose his own field, and then he was all tense to start. Already he had penetrated farther north than any white man, but he felt that he was on the fringe of things.

When his friends spoke of danger and sacrifice, he expressed himself in much the same way in which others who have been in untrodden lands have expressed themselves: "I don't feel anything we usually call sacrifices at home to be such. There is so much to counterbalance them they really don't deserve the name, and I am in a great deal more danger from levity than from melancholy. . . . It is, therefore, no virtue in me to endure privations, it is only in those who feel them as such. I wish my mind were more deeply affected by the condition of those who are perishing in this heathen land. I am sorry to say I don't feel half as concerned for them as I ought." There spoke the true adventurer, seeming to stay-at-homes to make light of danger in a sort of bravado, but actually telling the truth, and not acting. Compare the passage with another by Darwin, at the end of his *Voyage of the Beagle*, in which he says: "He [the adventurer in new lands]

may feel assured he will meet with no difficulties or dangers, excepting in rare cases, nearly as bad as he beforehand anticipates." And the effect of travel, says the same writer, is "to teach good-natured patience, freedom from selfishness, the habit of acting for oneself, and of making the best of everything." So also says Livingstone. This light-heartedness—what is there in it but incurable boyishness and animal vitality? Like a healthy boy he entered so fully into the joy of life itself that he could not take things ruefully, or heavily, or sorrowfully. Indeed, no one can in whom the sap of life runs strongly. Had he taken things heavily, he could never have accomplished a fraction of the work he stood on the verge of accomplishing. As for his concern at his light-heartedness, does it not fit in with the rough outline I have given of his general state of mind?

The place chosen for the Livingstone mission station was called Mabotsa, and was about two hundred miles to the northeast of Kuruman.

A letter written before leaving Kuruman, to his friend and tutor Mr. Cecil, is characteristic, and also interesting as revealing certain decisions at which he had arrived. In it he said things in a thinking-aloud kind of way. He made it clear that he did not want the natives to value him for his personality or for his medical skill, as they seemed to be doing. He had a paramount message and a paramount duty—the first to preach the gospel, the second to advance

civilization. "I did not at first intend to give up all attention to medicine and the treatment of disease," he wrote, "but now I feel it to be a duty to have as little to do with it as possible. I shall attend to none but severe cases in future, and my reasons for this determination are, I think, good. The spiritual amelioration of the people is the object for which I came, but I cannot expect God to advance this by my instrumentality if much of my time is spent in more temporal amelioration. And I know that if I gave much attention to medicine and medical studies, something like a sort of mania which seized me soon after I began the study of medicine would increase, and I fear would gain so much power over me as to make me perhaps a very good doctor but a useless drone of a missionary. I feel the self-denial this requires, very much, but it is the only real sacrifice I have been called on to make, and I shall try to make it willingly."

So there he was in fierce rebellion against an activity that he loved because of a mysterious something calling him onward and onward. His bounden duty was to carry the standard he had raised up, and carry it he would, otherwise there could be no harmony in his soul. He knew himself to be inspired from within to teach spiritual truths, and all other facts had to be subordinated to that purpose. Some said that he had done much, was getting along very well, ought not to hurry matters, but he felt that everything done had been nothing but the beginning of an apprentice-

ship, and that the master work lay beyond the horizon. Duty and the hidden country called him with loud trumpets.

It appears, too, that some of the older missionary hands who liked the bright-eyed young man, feared for him, or pretended to. The Missionary Society Agent for the district had solemnly warned him that he was "not to think of building a house on a volcano," and assured him that a native chief named Mosilikatse had threatened to "pounce on any white man and spill his blood." Those warnings he followed up with a hint that permission to go into uncharted lands beyond Mabotsa would not be given. To that Livingstone wrote, in the spirit of Nelson at Copenhagen, "I intend to go then without permission."

It seems abundantly clear why Livingstone was considered by his associates something of an enigma.

Two English sportsmen were his companions on the road between Kuruman and Mabotsa, both of them from India, a Mr. Pringle and his friend, Sir Thomas Steele. The journey was made without incident, Livingstone looking upon it as a holiday. The seriousness that he imagined he should be full of was not in him, nor could he ever discover it. Always robust and always energetic, his constant mood was one of serenity and well-being. Because of that high-heartedness, he made friends always and everywhere, as those who never make their companions a receptacle for their own ill-humors must

always do. Though Livingstone parted from the others at Mabotsa, during that journey something had grown that bound the three Englishmen together for a lifetime.

At once he set to, and built his house with his own hands, then went to work to do what he could with the neighboring Bakatla. He found them very pleasant and likable folk, and worked with them, played with them, and lived with them.

When trouble came, he fought for them, even girding himself to attack a troop of lions that attacked the herds and that the natives could not combat very successfully, their only weapons being spears. "We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle, and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring. Mabalwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog bites at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then, leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid to attack him. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and, as it was evident the men could not be prevailed on to face their foes, we bent our footsteps towards

the village. In going round the end of the hill I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took a good aim at him through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, 'He is shot! He is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him.' I saw the lion's tail erected in anger and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming the bullet, I heard a shout, and, looking round, I saw the lion in the act of springing on me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It caused a sense of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe—they see the operation but do not feel the knife. This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivore; and if so, is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death. As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him, and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved

after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabalwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take the charm from him, the Bakatia on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass which was the largest ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm."

Such was the adventure which left him with a false joint in his arm, and from the effects of which he never quite recovered, physically. A curious thing, very characteristic of the man, is that if it had not been for the insistence of his friends, he would have not told the story of the lion adventure, because doing so seemed to him to be too much akin to talking about himself. It was not "the thing in itself," therefore it was unworthy of consideration. Nor would he subtly magnify his own adventure by setting his opponent on a high pedestal. The lion had been called the king of beasts, it had been considered symbolic of bravery, poets had rhapsodized about it, and England had accepted it as a sort of totem; but Livingstone was a man seeing things for himself and with his own eyes, and what he saw he would set down, whether it coincided with popular conceptions or not. So he tells us that the man-eating lion is by no means the vigorous creature in the prime of life, full of courage and daring, that

people suppose him to be, but "invariably an old lion" too old to hunt for livelier game, which, failing to catch tame village goats, or women or children, will fall to the catching of mice and other small rodents, and even to eating grass. Indeed, "the natives observing undigested vegetable matter in his droppings, follow up his trail in the certainty of finding him scarcely able to move under some tree, and dispatch him without difficulty." His bill of charges against what he holds to be a much overrated beast goes further and deeper. The lion will attack man only in rare cases of hunger, as has been said, and stands in wholesome fear of man. Lionesses "driven away by firearms [have] been known to devour their own young." This again: "When encountered in the daytime, the lion stands a second or two, gazing, then turns slowly round, and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder; then begins to trot, and, when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a greyhound. By day there is not, as a rule, the smallest danger of lions which are not molested attacking man, nor even on a clear moonlight" excepting occasionally during the breeding season. Again: "Nothing that I ever heard of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. It possesses none of the nobility of the Newfoundland or St. Bernard dogs."

Naturally, for him South Africa lost much of its reputation for evil as a land in which danger and death leaped from every bush. We have his idea of

conditions in a passage in his first book, in which he writes of the beauty of the country: "I have often thought, in traveling through the land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth, yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness as of a fan. Green, grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping, the groups of herd-boys with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river with watering pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians; and old gray-headed fathers sitting on the ground with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten." You see what love he had come to have for the land he had made his own.

In 1844 he returned to Kuruman, married Mary, the daughter of Dr. Moffat, and took her back with him to Mabotsa.

His idea of South Africa was not such as to keep him from taking a wife into the jungle. The wedding journey, made in an ox cart over new country, was no inconsiderable feat, but Livingstone dismisses it in a word or two. However, it behooves us to con-

sider a few things, especially the distance. Let us suppose a map of South Africa to be superimposed upon one of the United States, both to the same scale, then mark with close approximation the route traveled and compare results. Let us say that Algoa Bay is placed at Galveston, Texas. Then the first journey to Kuruman would be about equal to one to St. Joseph, Missouri, or thereabouts. The cast about the Bakwain lands made by Livingstone would roughly equal a journey to St. Louis, then to Quincy, where we may suppose the oxen to have played out, so necessitating a tramp on foot, carrying the impedimenta, back to St. Joseph. Pushing on to his own station at Mabotsa, Livingstone would have gone a journey equal to one from St. Joseph to Davenport, Iowa; then back to St. Joseph for his bride, with a honeymoon trip back to Davenport—all at a speed averaging, say, three miles an hour. Thus we gain some adequate idea of distances. But there would be no well-marked road (at the best it would be, in some places, a five-foot rutted trail)—a slender line through jungle, up hill and down hill, across doubtful streams and rivers and swampy places, with unexpected detours. There would be pushing and pulling and the shouldering of burdens on occasion, because of the thousand and one obstacles of an unbroken country. A novelist might make a book out of the story of that wedding trip, enlarging upon all the hardships and mental disciplining, but for Livingstone it was only a step toward more vivid things.

There was a year of serenity at Mabotsa.

The chief, Sechele, was his first convert, but no one else in the tribe changed, so the old warrior was both lonely and disappointed. "In former times," he told Livingstone, "if a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting, too. If he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love your word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me." But the chief's loneliness strengthened the bonds binding him to his white friend.

Meanwhile, the drought that affected the land continued, and the tribe, by Livingstone's advice, emigrated to a place forty miles north, the missionary going with them. When the stream at that place failed, there was another migration, and Livingstone built a third house. When the drought continued, the natives complained. Livingstone, by his refusal to permit incantations to bring rain, was obviously ruining the tribe, and when he denounced wizardry as being contrary to the spirit of good sense and true religion, they accused him of ignorance. The white man heard their reasoning with patience, and in his Journal gives a specimen of it. "God," they told him, "made black men first, but did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing and guns and gunpowder, and horses and wagons, and many other things of which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing but the assegai, and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medi-

cines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and add to their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing which you know nothing of—the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things you possess, though we are ignorant of them. You ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.” Yet for all their complainings, “They all continued to treat us with respectful kindness. . . . I am not aware of ever having had an enemy in their tribe.”

But the situation was hard on Sechele, who was chief as well as accredited rain-maker. He had set himself against a belief in the savage mind as overpowering, almost, as is the belief in the civilized mind that two and two make four. For, writes Livingstone: “The belief in the gift or power of rain-making is one of the most deeply rooted articles of faith in the country. The chief Sechele was himself a noted rain-maker, and believed in it implicitly. He has often assured me that he found it more difficult to give up his faith in that than in anything else which Christianity required him to abjure.”

Meanwhile, Mary the wife worked tremendously. She could and did cook, sew, milk, spin, attend to the garden and chickens, knit, bake bread, make clothes, teach the young natives to read, and on occasion play nurse and adviser. Livingstone was blacksmith, carpenter, gardener, doctor, teacher, missionary, gunsmith, shoemaker. Much unselfishness and

much heroism went into making the mission what it was. When there were, very infrequently, conversions, they were very secure ones based on admiration and friendship and observation of character and conduct, but, taking it by and large, the natives were obdurate, in spite of effort and close application.

The slowness of the life was not to Livingstone's taste. He could be a patient, plodding weaver, it is true, when the pattern pleased him, but this pattern was not to his taste. Things were too easy at Mabotsa, and anyone could do the work—his fellow missionary, for instance, who had no taste for real pioneering. Not to put too fine an edge on the matter, Livingstone and his brother missionary disagreed. It is safe to infer that the other was without the sanguine temperament of Livingstone, very probably one somewhat given to look upon things with an "if this were so and that were otherwise." Anyway, there was a difference of opinion about which Livingstone does not concern himself to write or to give particulars. Livingstone was married, it is true, but he was not anchored; and he was as desperately eager to go on and on, into the unknown, as ever. For him, fierce activity, always and always. He was urged by some high and splendid secret in his own soul, and he had to follow his star. When that is said, all is said.

In all, for four years Livingstone lived with Sechele and his tribe, and all that time the drought continued, all that time suspicion grew that the trouble came from the presence of the white man and his mad

ideas. Yet they obeyed the white man, digging their wells deeper, migrating to new lands, fighting against fate. At the end of the fourth year, there was not enough moisture to bring the grain to maturity, and the cattle had diminished until starvation stared the tribe in the face.

An idea of the terrible heat is gained from Livingstone's statement that, at noon, a thermometer buried three inches below the surface registered from 132° to 134° , and beetles exposed to the sunlight died in a few seconds. So dry was the air that "needles lying out of doors for months did not rust."

Naturally, then, with all that trouble upon them, the natives argued against Livingstone, and the arguments were destructive. To be sure, the tribe would continue to shelter him, but to continue to follow his advice would, they thought, be at the cost of tribal suicide. They would trust him, they would sympathize with him, but they could not accept his faith when all nature declared against it. It is a matter for wonder that they endured so patiently; perhaps more wonderful that, in spite of all, he had not an enemy in the tribe who would lift a hand to do him mischief.

But the thought had been growing upon him that it would be well to leave the tribe and fare farther afield, the more because it was forced upon him that the native mind was not turning in any marked manner to his teachings and faith. Another reason operated to send him away from the tribe, and it was that his presence might possibly precipitate an at-

tack upon it by Boers, for he had incurred their enmity. It was this way: To the east there were Boers and renegades from many countries, rascalions and ne'er-do-wells, ready for any mischief and of a sort that are always hanging on the fringe of civilization. Often they swept down upon some outlying village to exact tribute in the form of labor, "demanding twenty or thirty women to weed their gardens," says Livingstone. "I have seen these women proceed to the scene of unrequited toil, carrying their own food on their heads, their children on their backs, and instruments of labor on their shoulders." Now, if I have made it plain, as I hope I have, that with Livingstone the thought always led to the effective deed, it may be imagined how his eyes would glitter and his heart thump with anger at the sight of that kind of thing. What would his great compassion not urge him to attempt to put an end to so sorry a business? Not once, but twice he made a journey of three hundred miles on foot to see Commandant Krieger with an idea of rectifying matters, but to no purpose. He was put off with excuses. At least, there was an attempt made to put him off. He was referred to this one and to that. His sympathy was misunderstood and his motives were questioned. But, at length, it seemed as if he had made headway, and that some mitigation of the evil he denounced was possible, so he followed up a trail that half promised to mend matters if he would promise to do something in return. When he came to the putrid heart of the matter, what was it but a suggestion

that he should act as spy for the Boers over the Bakwains, his friends? Then, somehow, the sort of lie-that-sticks grew. By way of propaganda, it was reported that Livingstone had ulterior motives: that he wanted to be a sort of chief over the natives, that he was stirring them up against the whites, that he had supplied the Africans with cannon.

That last report flew like wildfire, nor did any explanations or denials suffice. Traced down, the myth was found to have had its seed in the loan of an iron pot for cooking, which Livingstone made Sechele. It is the pot that is now, or was until recently, on exhibition in the Capetown Museum. But mark how lying tongues can poison truth, or note how misunderstanding may breed further misunderstanding. A pot is round and made of iron, and so is a cannon. Where sign language is depended upon for information, the one may be taken for the other; and so it was in this case. But explanation was idle. The statement was erroneous, to be sure, but it found ready acceptance in many quarters where people wished to believe and therefore believed. Soon Livingstone was under a cloud of suspicion, which, though it affected him hardly at all so far as he himself was concerned, yet had a different effect where it touched the welfare of the natives. He could meet the accusation with a smile and a shrug, and go his way, but they could not. The suspicion had grown to a murmuring, the murmuring to a threatening, and it was told everywhere that a

raid would be made one night, and the village attacked and burned. So, not only did Livingstone walk among his natives as one who opposed their welfare in that he prevented the coming of rain; but he appeared as one who might bring down upon them blood and fire and death. After Livingstone had left Sechele and his tribe, such a disaster actually befell them at the hands of the Boers, and Livingstone's household effects and little library were destroyed.

The whole affair kindled a fire in Livingstone to see justice done and to oppose the Boers in their enslavement of the natives. Livingstone's summarized account of the raid runs: "The natives, under Sechele, defended themselves against four hundred Boers until the approach of night, when they fled to the mountains; and having in that defence killed a number of the enemy, the very first slain in this country by Bechuanas. I received the credit of having taught the tribe to kill Boers. My house, which had stood perfectly secure for years under the protection of the natives, was plundered in revenge. . . . The books of a good library . . . were not taken away, but handfuls of the leaves were torn out and scattered over the place. My stock of medicines was smashed; and all furniture and clothing carried off and sold at public auction to pay the expense of the foray. I do not mention these things by way of making a pitiful wail over my losses, nor in order to excite commiseration; for, though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, etc., . . . yet,

after all, the plundering only set me free entirely for my expedition to the north, and I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind. The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I am determined to open the country, and we shall see who have been the most successful in resolution, they or I."

I have written that the raid took place after Livingstone had left Sechele. The decision to go to a certain place across the Kalahari desert came to him while he was trying to negotiate with the Boers for the peace of the Bechuanas. For across that desert news drifted, and it was that the warlike chief Sebituane, former friend of Sechele, had gathered together the remnants of many tribes scattered by the Boers, and had welded opposing elements into a whole, over which he ruled. Much that seemed astonishing was said of Sebituane. He was a nation-builder. His people were given to hospitality and truthfulness, and honesty was demanded from all. He had built towns and had constructed wells and roads. What was more interesting to Livingstone was that Sebituane had heard of "The Livingstone," and burned to hear his message. There were other reports: of a desert to cross, of a great lake unknown to white men; of a place of "sounding smoke," of a land of prosperity, with healthy crops and cattle.

As might be expected, Livingstone was not only interested, but keen and eager to go and see. There were those who tried to argue against any such expedition, who attempted to dissuade him; but to

objections he could not and would not listen. It was true that there was a desert to cross, and it was reasonable to remember that he had a wife and children. But he had seen nothing in African travel, thus far, that would prevent a household from going where a man could go. And he had always thought that if once he could meet primitive people, untouched in any way by white men, he could write his message clear where it would have meaning and effect. Besides, there was always in him that passion to know what lay beyond the horizon.

Talking with Sechele about the proposed expedition, he found that stout-hearted warrior all for going with him, in spite of desert dangers, and only prevented because of his duty, which necessitated the staying with his people to protect them from the threatened Boer attacks. But Sechele promised to furnish a trustworthy guide, or guides, to see Livingstone in safety across the desert as soon as the season made a desert journey possible; though at the wrong time, he said, no man, be he black or white, could venture into the heat-dried place.

So Livingstone began preparations. He wrote to his friend, Steele, the Madras officer, telling him of his intentions, and Steele in turn communicated with two of his friends, adventurers and sportsmen, William C. Oswell and Mungo Murray. At once they were fired with the idea of crossing the desert with Livingstone, hunting lions and elephants while doing so, and without delay made their way to Kolobeng. Livingstone was joyful enough at their

coming, for he had all ready that could be got ready, and on June 1, 1849, the whole party, with Mrs. Livingstone and her three children, started into the desert. Twenty men, the same number of horses, ox carts, and eighty oxen, formed the outfit.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH THE DESERT TO THE ZAMBESI

THIRTY-THREE days they were on that most amazing journey. There were times, at the beginning, when they saw the adventure as a high-hearted game; but there were other times when the minds of the men were strained, especially when they ran short of water and the expected water holes were not found; or were found dry. Sometimes they were in vast sandy tracts, silvery gray at night, deceiving because of the mirage by day. There were days of nothing but sand and extreme fatigue, but there were other glorious days when they cheerfully set forth in the mornings across tracts where elands fed, and where ran flocks of tall ostriches; where were water-melons, and gorgeous flowering shrubs, and bushes and trees and lilac flowers. Then, another day, Nature would strike a sterner note, with a country thick with thorny shrub, and tough wire grass, and "wait-a-bit" thorns. Once, in the most unpromising of places, they came upon a Bushwoman, who, for some reason none could discover, had left her tribe. If some Arabian Night genie had wished to dazzle and bewilder them, it could have hit upon no better trick. For they were suffering for want of water, while the woman, though imagining that they in-

tended to capture her, made no attempt to run away. Writes Livingstone in his Journal: "When I explained that we only wanted water, and would pay her if she led us to it, she consented to conduct us to a spring. It was then late in the afternoon, but she walked briskly before our horses for eight miles, and showed us the water of Nohokotas. . . . We wished her to remain. As she believed herself still a captive, we thought she might skip away by night; so, in order that she should not go away with the impression that we were dishonest, we gave her a piece of meat and a good large bunch of beads. . . . She burst into a merry laugh and remained without suspicion."

They were then only a little distance from the edge of the desert, and on July 4th they came upon a river, the Zouga, on the opposite bank of which they saw a native village with the inhabitants showing every sign of friendliness.

The explorers learned from them that the river flowed out of the lake they had heard of, and sought; and that the "broad water" was no more than a moon away. And so it was. For, records Livingstone, "on the first of August, 1849, for the first time, this fine-looking sheet of water, Lake Ngami, was beheld by Europeans."

So we imagine him, grave and courteous and thankful; receiving the congratulations of his friends, but refusing to take any credit or praise whatsoever. That was characteristic of the man—highly and entirely characteristic. He made a brief prayer of

thanks, which was also characteristic, for duty and prayer ordered his life, but for the rest he was merely delighted that the lake had been discovered and thankful for the safe conduct of his party there. Not even in the way of the old Spanish explorers would he give it a name. The natives had called it Ngami, and Ngami it would remain. The name in familiar use, if not impossible to pronounce, was the proper one.*

The lake charted and measured, the other duty remained to be done—a visit to the chief Sebituane, who wanted to see “The Livingstone,” and also hear his message. But the task was not easy, for the chief lived some two hundred miles to the north, and the lake stretched across the route to be followed. True, the natives had canoes of a kind, that is, they had been hollowed out of tree trunks in a rough-and-ready way, so that “if there was a crook in the tree, there was a crook in the canoe.” As for going around the lake to Sebituane, that was not feasible because of a tribe whose chief disliked Sebituane and refused the white people safe conduct or passage.

Thereupon Livingstone, considering argument to be a mere waste of time, addressed himself to the making of a raft, and worked for many hours waist deep in water infested with alligators, though at the time he had no suspicion of that danger. “But I never afterwards thought of that labor in the water without feeling thankful that I escaped their jaws,”

*It was about twenty miles long and ten miles broad, and very shallow. Since 1890 the waters have disappeared, and it is only marshland now, with cornfields where Livingstone and Oswell stood.

he wrote. Yet all his efforts at boat-building were in vain, for the wood was so worm-eaten that a log would not bear the weight of a man. Doubtless, had he been alone, he would have made his way across in some way, but there were others for whose care he was responsible, so for the time his own desires had to be thrust into the background. In the end, he consented to return south, with the idea of making a later attempt to reach Sebituane. And, to insure success, Mr. Oswell offered to go on to Capetown and buy a boat suited for lake work. In the meantime, the Livingstones were to wait at Kolobeng until the season made desert travel possible.

Doubtless, in that arrangement, which, considering Livingstone's pertinacity, seems a sort of compromise, we discern the workings of the fine mind of Oswell, who had come to love Livingstone. For Oswell was a man of gracious and attractive qualities, but one whose mind was not fixed on far horizons as was the mind of the explorer-missionary. As Oswell would see it, while it was well enough for Livingstone to journey onward into unknown lands, it was not so well for a mother with three children. That which was sweetness for the inspired man might well be bitterness for those of his flesh and blood. Indeed, something of Oswell's interest in the welfare of the Livingstone family is to be inferred from a passage we find in the Journals of a later date. For we must picture, not a woman and children dressed trimly and fashionably, as one artist had portrayed the scene at Lake Ngami, but rather with old clothes, rent and

patched; and perhaps more worn out than one can well imagine. Here is the passage: "When, in 1852, we came to the Cape, my black coat eleven years out of fashion, and without a penny of salary to draw, we found that Mr. Oswell had most generously ordered an outfit for the half-naked children . . . and presented it to us, saying that he thought Mrs. Livingstone had a right to the game of her own preserves." It is possible to catch in that something of the spirit of the two men: the giving without arrogance or display, and the receiving without loss of dignity and in perfect simplicity.

But that is getting a little ahead of the story. They turned south then, and in the record we have little glimpses of suffering in the desert, with the children crying for water, and, now and then, more cheerful days when they saw the country at its best. There is mention of lions and hyenas and elephants and zebras, of evenings when they looked at far-flung hills gleaming like gold in the sunset, of happiness and suffering sometimes touching elbows.

At last, they came again to Kolobeng, once the place of glorious prospects, but that no longer. For the drought was still on the land, and the natives had gone far and wide in search of food. Game could not be found, and the natives ate caterpillars, and locusts, and frogs. Nor did Livingstone and his family fare much better, though Sechele always made it a point to send the white people a half of the brisket of any animal killed. Indeed, conditions at Kolobeng were so bad, that, by comparison, ox-

wagon travel in the desert seemed luxurious. "Wagon traveling in Africa . . . is a prolonged system of picnicking, excellent for the health, and agreeable to those who are not over fastidious about trifles, and who delight in being in the open air," is Livingstone's opinion.

That, taken in connection with Livingstone's passion for exploration, and also his tremendous desire to see Chief Sebituane's country and people, makes it oddly unsurprising to read of Livingstone's determination to go north again. The strange persistence of the conqueror was in him—the persistence of Clovis and Alaric and Theodoric—of Columbus and Magellan and Cortes—of Barthema and Saewulf and Gordon. It is a passion not to be accounted for, that passion to see the unseen. It is a thirst not to be assuaged. It is a hunger not to be satisfied. It is a game to be played eagerly, and until play is no longer possible. Nothing can prevent that travel appetite: not cold, not discomfort, nor hardship, nor harsh discipline, nor the fever-burning forehead and the parched tongue.

In a quite matter-of-fact way, Livingstone writes: "I remained there [at Kolobeng] till April, 1850, and then left in company with Mrs. Livingstone, our three children, and the chief Sechele—who had bought a wagon of his own—in order to get across the Zouga at the lower end, with the intention of proceeding up the northern bank till we gained the Tamunak'la, and of then ascending that river to visit Sebituane in the north."

Now, looking at things clear-eyed, as one must, it is hardly a digression to say that, while one is in full sympathy with the gallant knight so led by his star, there persists in the mind a vision of the housewife, perhaps for a time dismayed at what she knows is before her, then doing what she could with things in the store cupboard; preparing and mending clothes that would hardly hold together, and all the while full of fear that they might not go through that desert unscathed; remembering with a tremor a hundred minute details of the last trip, and busying herself with a thousand needful activities. You see her brisk and efficient, her hardened and capable hands never resting, making provision for her brood of young children, for she, no less than her husband, had a duty thrust upon her. You see the man, simple and kind, but with heart and mind very often in another world, seeing everything reasonable and justifiable because his eyes were on far horizons. But she, with different thoughts, different occupations, gave herself willingly to the clearing away of the ten thousand little stumbling blocks in the path so that he might stride on more easily.

They went, then, over that desert route again, and to the place on the river Zouga where was a ford, and there Sechele left them, for he had guided them as he promised to do, and there were businesses of his own calling him.

Their course along the north bank of the Zouga was difficult. The road was a mere native footpath through thick forest, and many trees had to be felled

before the wagon could pass. There were many pits, too, great holes dug by the natives and covered with brush, for the capture of wild animals, and sometimes the oxen fell into them and were lost. Learning that, the natives made haste to uncover the pits so that there would be no more of that trouble. Such decent treatment of foreigners is almost inconceivable, but thus it was. Certainly, there was no lack of manliness among the natives.

The unfavorable piece of news that most impressed Livingstone was that along the banks of the Tamunak'la, which they were approaching, there were swarms of the dreaded tsetse fly, the bite of which was certain death to oxen and horses. "It was a barrier we never expected to meet," records Livingstone. "As it might have brought our wagons to a complete standstill in the wilderness, where no supplies for the children could be obtained, we were reluctantly compelled to recross the Zouga."

That *détour* was the beginning of a new adventure, the middle of which was the meeting of a party of Englishmen who were hunting; and the end of which was the return to Kolobeng. For the Livingstone expedition ran into a party of Bayeiye natives who told them of an encampment of white men said to be on the verge of death, a distance of sixty miles or so away. It was difficult to make any speed with a lumbering ox wagon, but what haste could be made was made, and in less than three days the luckless hunters were found. The sickness was jungle fever, and one of the party, an artist named Rider, had

already died. But Livingstone was physician and had his remedies, and Mrs. Livingstone acted as nurse, so soon matters were mended and in a better way. Livingstone set his face northward again. Indeed, all seemed well and more than well, for not only had the rest done wonders for people and cattle, but Livingstone had interviewed Lechulatebe, the chief, with an ugly disposition, and the native had fallen in love with Livingstone's gun. Now that weapon was the apple of the explorer's eye, being one of the best of its kind, and also a gift from his friend, Lieutenant Arkwright. Still, all things had to give way to the one great thing, so when Lechulatebe asked for the gun, and promised, in return for it, to guide the party to Sebituane, Livingstone parted with his pet weapon.

Then came the unexpected calamity, and Livingstone's castle became as a heap of sand. For "next morning . . . our little boy and girl were seized with fever. On the day following, all our servants were down with the same complaint. . . . We started for the pure air of the desert."

So ended the second attempt, an almost unforgettable disappointment, but one which left Livingstone cheerful and undaunted as ever. Short handed, and hampered with sick people, with double duty devolving upon the explorer and upon his wife, they started back, after leaving the gun with Lechulatebe, for Livingstone had not the heart to grieve or disappoint the native. But the chief promised that he would be there to guide Livingstone on another day,

and said that he would also see to it that the news of Livingstone's attempt was carried to Sebituane. Those promises he kept. And the far-away chief, Sebituane, showed his appreciation by sending presents both to those who had helped the white man, and to those through whose territory he must pass who might be disposed to hinder him. Thus to Sechele went thirteen black cows, to Lechulatebe thirteen brown cows, and to Sekomi, the unfriendly chief who stood in Livingstone's way, thirteen white cows. To Livingstone he sent a detachment of men to help in any way that they could, and these reached Kolobeng soon after the Livingstone party did. There was no mistaking Sebituane's earnestness.

But there was to be no traveling just then. Mary Livingstone had given birth to a daughter who lived only six weeks, and when the mother could travel, they went south to her father's mission, at Kuruman, so that she might rest awhile after all that toil and adventure, in surroundings more ordered than she had known for many years. It is a sad loss that there are no existing documents in the form of letters or journals by which the thoughts and opinions and experiences of Mary Livingstone might be known. One imagines her going on and on, doing dull and prosaic things, looking for the day of entry upon an untroubled life after all those sorrows. With more than a half-fearful heart, she must have heard mention of a third journey across that desert; and with her loyalty and fidelity she must have desperately attempted to appear cheerful.

For there was a third, and this time a successful attempt to reach Sebituane. They started in April, 1851, the hunter Oswell with them. In the desert there had been grim days before, but this time they were grimmer. Often they did not find the chain of water pools they expected to find, and, to make matters more serious, someone wasted the water supply in the wagons. So for four days they suffered, the children especially. We get a vivid view of Livingstone's fine perception and emotion in one place where he writes: "The idea of [the children] perishing before our eyes was terrible. It would have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe; but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by the mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within."

And there you have Mary Livingstone, the woman solicitous of others, guarding her actions and guarding her speech to avoid casting the shadow of grief upon anyone. You have Livingstone, too, passing over his own physical discomfort, doing all that he could do to minimize misery; full of intense sympathy for others at all times. One suspects him of many sacrifices in times of stress, for this man had the gallant spirit of a Sir Philip Sidney. With stout cheerfulness, he endured what most men would quail to think of, and never dare to attempt.

One night their Bushman guide deserted them and went on his way alone to the water holes he expected to find, leaving the caravan to shift as best it could or perish. After harrowing hours, they found the

man seated comfortably by the water hole, acting as if he had done the right and proper thing in leaving them. There was an air about him as of vanished concern, as though, but for his watchful vigilance, the party might have passed the place. When he saw the train, "he walked up boldly and commanded our cavalcade to stop, and to bring forth fire and tobacco, while he coolly sat down and smoked his pipe," runs Livingstone's entry in the Journal. "It was such an inimitable way of showing off, that we all stopped to admire the acting, and, though he had previously left us in the lurch, we all liked Shobo, a fine specimen of that wonderful people, the Bushmen." There again Livingstone reveals himself unconsciously, big-hearted and big-minded, ready and willing at all times to look at the humorous aspect of things; eager to see a bright side and to find delight in any situation; impulsively forgiving the man with a child's mind, although the fellow had come within an ace of bringing the whole expedition to ruin.

And what is the Livingstone attitude in this instance but a living of the religion that he held to be life? What is that but a practical instance of the injunction to forgive the trespasser? Not often, I suspect, is man high enough philosopher to carry on in that fashion.

In some mysterious way in which news flies from mind to mind in the solitudes, the chief Sebituane had heard of the coming of the third expedition. With fine hospitality, he had marched more than a hundred miles to meet the white men, and it must

have given Livingstone infinite pleasure to learn of that courtesy. For it was an act of courtesy, and not of mere curiosity. The Zulu ruler found a camping place, then sent forward messengers or heralds, who paddled twenty miles up stream to a point at which they knew Livingstone must touch. When the guards arrived, they set to work to prepare a place for the white men's camp, and, before the Livingstone party arrived, all was snug and in good order. After the arrival, the women and children and camp servants were made comfortable, and Livingstone and Oswell were led to the canoes. Then there was an easy journey down to the island where Sebituane waited.

The account of the meeting evokes a picture like one from Conrad's pen—the chief with his warriors about him, the chorus-singing which continued for a little time after the white party had arrived, the cordiality of the chief in welcoming, his prediction that the white men's cattle would surely die as they without doubt had been bitten by the tsetse fly, his lordly promise that they need not fear, because he would give them all the cattle they needed, his magnificence when he arose and stretched forth his hand telling them that any lands they chose were theirs to settle on. You imagine him standing with raised hands and eyes at the end of his speech, a powerful personality who had done tremendous things, and who expected to do things more tremendous still. And, the welcoming ceremony finished, there was a feast with beef, and beer, and fruits, and

milk, and honey. That being at an end, the two white men were led to their huts, which were set a little apart, and furnished with mats and beds of "prepared skins of oxen, soft as cloth." When they had lain down they heard a command by which the Zulus were bidden to preserve "great silence" so that the tired travelers might rest undisturbed. But mark the eagerness of the chief. Long before dawn, there was Sebituane waiting by the white men's fire, eager to tell the story of his life, to set forth his hopes and his plans, to do what he could to bind himself to his new friends and to secure their comfort in every way.

Livingstone knew and understood and liked his Zulus tremendously. "They are tall, muscular, and well made," he says. "They are shrewd, energetic, and brave; altogether they merit the character given them by military authorities of being magnificent savages. Their splendid physical development and form of skull show that, but for the black skin and woolly hair, they would take rank among the foremost Europeans." He had good words, too, for their neighbors, the Bushmen, as "a wonderful people . . . always merry and laughing, never telling lies."

As for Sebituane, he sets him down as "the greatest man in all that country." He further describes him as "about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee and milk color, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank

in his answers than any other chief I have ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony; for, unlike Mosilikatse, Dingaan, and others, he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-ax, and said, 'Aha! It is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edges.' So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say, 'You prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? Then you shall have your desire.' This was the signal for his instant execution." So there was the warrior formalizing discipline in his way, a primitive executive giving his object lessons as zestfully as Assir-Natsir himself. And although definiteness of punishment was one of his weapons, like a true executive he possessed the sympathetic personal touch. He valued the bonds of good will and fellowship, and those made for loyalty among his followers. ". . . when poor men came to sell . . . no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all," writes Livingstone. "A company of these indigent strangers sitting far apart from the Makololo gentlemen around the chief would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey; and, mixing them in their sight, in order to remove

any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish."

Thus then Sebituane, a sort of primitive Arthur, or Charlemagne; a master of men who had made himself lord of a large part of Central Africa; a dark-skinned gentleman, at ease alike with his superiors, his equals, his inferiors. He was, as a gentleman should be, superior without ostentation, yet with something of the grand manner about him. He knew how to give without arrogance and how to receive with dignity. Of him the natives said: "He has a heart. He is wise" and they said the same of Livingstone.

So knight had met knight, and the two were to devise some sort of arrangement by which Livingstone could achieve his ambitions. For hours they discussed things, seated on a breezy hilltop from which they could see far horizons, and all was very pleasant and hopeful. When, on the second day after their meeting, Livingstone presented his wife and children, the gallant chief took the act as one of great courtesy, and said so. So Livingstone had visions of a friendship welded to duration, of a growing social organization, of himself as a true pastor of souls, of a united people with common interests and customs and traditions, of economic resources developed and rightly used, of walls of caste and color taken down. He dreamed of a compact little realm, quiet and happy because free from aggression and despotism. He saw an untainted, unspoiled, physi-

cally perfect stock entering into a goodly heritage. He saw a land of light, and a finer light in that light. We imagine the two men dreaming dreams of a new civilization, planning perfect order and a widespread human happiness, visioning a world rich in the joy of true fellowship. For both were men with the hearts of boys, both lived in a heaven of enthusiasm, and the shadow of disillusionment was not on them.

Then, of a sudden, all that promising state of affairs came crashing. Sebituane fell ill, and Livingstone diagnosed the trouble as inflammation of the lungs. "I saw his danger," he writes, "but, being a stranger, feared to treat him medically, lest in the event of death I should be blamed by his people." The native medicine men agreed that the abstention was wise and told the missionary-explorer that the trouble came from an old spear wound received in some mighty battle.

Livingstone sat by the chief's bedside, night and day, and, just before the end, little Robert Livingstone, quite unconscious of anything's being wrong, wandered into the hut. Before Livingstone could wave the boy away, the dying chief saw him and rose up a little, supporting himself on his elbow. Calling a servant, he said, "Take Robert to Maunku [one of his wives], and tell her to give him some milk." That episode was a piece of chivalry that affected Livingstone deeply. Shortly after it, Sebituane died. "He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I was never so much grieved at the loss of a black man," he writes.

The chief's daughter, Mamochisane, was all for carrying out the designs of her father. So, leaving their people in camp, Livingstone and Oswell explored the land for a hundred and thirty miles to the northeast in search of a suitable locality for a missionary settlement.

Then, "in the end of June, 1851, we were rewarded by the discovery of the Zambesi, in the center of the continent. . . . We saw it at the end of the dry season, at a time when the river is about its lowest, and yet there was a breadth of from three hundred to six hundred yards of deep, flowing water. Mr. Oswell said that he had never seen such a fine river, even in India. At the period of its annual inundation, it rises fully twenty feet in perpendicular height, and floods lands fifteen or twenty miles adjacent to its banks."

Mark the modesty of the man. In that unassuming way does he tell of the extraordinary discovery. There is no talk heroic, no self-laudation, no pompous flourishing and planting of standards in the fashion attributed to a Balboa. I say attributed, because if Balboa or any other explorer ever descended to the theatrical, my experience is at fault. For in times of stress men are rarely talkative. "We were rewarded," he says, quite unaffectedly. That rings true, for it tells of a feeling of gratitude that all men who have gone far afield and seen new things have felt. Nor was there any renaming of the river for himself or for anyone else. There was not even a "we discovered," for to Livingstone's thinking that

would have savored of a kind of arrogance. He knew that what they had found was too great for that.

You imagine the sudden coming upon the river. One moment they were on the scrub land, cracked with the heat, dotted with thorn bushes, formidable in its desolation. They had passed water-courses which had become exhausted. Often, the only signs of life had been scorpions, lizards, vipers, and ants. Sometimes there had been hours when the intense radiation of the white and red surfaces had dazzled them. Then, suddenly, a vast green secret place of the earth, bathed in primal silence and sunlight, teeming with life conceived of the river.

It is quite reasonable to suppose that against that vast background of a mighty river and an untrodden continent, the thoughtful Oswell and the fiery-hearted Livingstone talked long and sincerely, as man to man, about human and pertinent things. For it seems very likely that Oswell would be the man to point out that all those absorbing businesses that engaged Livingstone were one thing—the future and the comfort of his wife and children quite another. At any rate, on the banks of the Zambesi, Livingstone considered things, and at the end, as result of that consideration, decided to send his family to England, and then to come back from the parting and go on alone. For him fierce activity, for them placid peace. Oswell suggested that Livingstone should go with his family, returning to Africa after a rest, but Livingstone thought that it was his duty “to

search for a healthy district that might prove a center of civilization, and open up the interior by a path to either the east or west coast." So, by the Zambesi, David Livingstone dreamed the dream that Cecil Rhodes dreamed, years later; and dreaming, his hopes quickened.

Southward they turned, headed for Capetown, knowing that their course would be through a war-torn land. For while Livingstone had his dream, while he had given his life to a cause, there were those of his own country who seemed to be doing things to crush out his high hopes and discount the best promise. Military and commercial imperialism were marching hand in hand to conquer and destroy. While he walked with clean hands and a fair conscience, carrying his message of Christianity and mercy and gentleness, his own people seemed to be acting as mere buccaneers, burning, and shooting, and destroying. Small wonder that the natives were mystified, hearing him preach peace but seeing others of his race and color moved by the lust of conquest, by trade gains, by lands to be won by fighting and profits to be snatched by fraud. Turning to a history dealing with the time, place, and occasion, I find this: "The hostility of the Caffres having assumed all the features of a regular warfare, the Governor General Cathcart attacked and defeated the native hosts, December 20th, 1852." But the Livingstone record runs thus: "Our route to Capetown led us to pass through the center of the colony during the twentieth month of a Caffre war;

and if those who periodically pay enormous sums for these inglorious affairs wish to know how our little unprotected party could quickly travel through the heart of the colony to the capital with as little sense of danger as if we had been in England, they must engage a *Times* Special Correspondent for the next outbreak, to explain where the money goes and who have been benefited by the blood and treasure expended." The passage contains the only instance of Livingstone's indulgence in a mildest of mild sarcasm. But the love which he bore the people he knew so well might have justified far stronger words. He reiterated his distress because of white aggression. And, this is important: Livingstone, who took such pains to learn native dialects, knew that with the best of intentions men of the same race and tongue arrive at misunderstandings, that misunderstandings are still more likely to come about when men of different tongues come together, though each strives with might and main to make himself understood and render his meaning clear, and that, far too often when urgent affairs of state are to be discussed, negotiations and preliminaries are conducted by men as far apart as the poles, who only dimly understand each other, and who are separated by chasms of misunderstanding because of the inefficiency, prejudices, or wilful distortion of interpreters. Small wonder then that at Capetown, because of his insistence upon the danger of misunderstanding, there were some who frowned upon him as one almost a renegade, others who sneered at him as "friend of

the niggers," and others who, regarding him as a self-seeker who used the Missionary Society as a tool, saw fit to indulge themselves in railing accusations.

Taking inventory, David Livingstone found that he had nothing in the way of money to his credit, had indeed overdrawn his yearly salary of \$500 for six months to come, and spent the \$100 that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him in token of appreciation of the discovery of Lake Ngami. But his financial condition caused him but little worry. All those years he counted as apprenticeship for his great task. Not money nor even an honored name counted. Only this: that he had a high and heavenly thing at heart, and that no shrinking, no weakness, would come upon him, no matter how lonely and perilous the way.

By the kindness of Mr. Oswell and a friend, Mrs. Livingstone and the children were enabled to sail for England on April 23, 1852, and Livingstone, more unfettered than he had ever been, was free to carry his message to mankind.

CHAPTER V

LINYANTI

AT THIS point I cannot resist a reminiscent note because it gives me a slight link with Livingstone. Once, during an hour of driving rain, I found shelter under a portico in a Cape Verde village, and before I had stood there two minutes, another man came. He turned out to be a Scot, a wrinkled and gray-haired man, one of those wanderers who seem to have been everywhere, who seem to have set eyes on all kinds of people, especially the famous, because of a Boswellian curiosity. We fell to talking, this man and I, and he told me things about Africa, about the Zulu War and Cetewayo, about the Boer War, about Rangoon, about the Maoris of New Zealand. He spoke of having seen Gordon, and Stanley, and Kitchener, and many others; then, when I named my boyhood hero Livingstone, it came out that he had seen him, too, not in the jungle, but in Capetown. At the time, he said, he was trading in oxen, and sold to Livingstone three of the ten that he had when he started on his long journey. "Sorry things they were, too, them there oxen," he added reflectively. Long association with odd characters had caused his speech to lose much of its Scottish purity. He went on to talk of other things, telling me that "people

were down on Livingstone," that the explorer came within an ace of getting no oxen at all because of his suspected disloyalty; and he said so much tending to prove that Livingstone had an arduous and painful time in civilization that I began to suspect the man of romancing.

Later, I found that all he said was true. Indeed, the man had minimized. Livingstone failed to enlist anyone in his cause. He was regarded with something more than doubt because of his opposition to the Zulu War. His fellow missionaries accused him of being unorthodox to the point of danger. Whispering tongues poisoned truth to such an extent that he could not get hunting arms or ammunition, it being said that he was in favor of arming the natives. Then there was a country postmaster who threatened him with a lawsuit, and took preliminary steps, the charge being one of defamation of character because Livingstone had accused him of overcharging. It was all very petty, and, to avoid vexatious delay, Livingstone compromised the suit and at last lumbered out of town in a rickety wagon drawn by ten inferior oxen. The prejudice against him arose, in great measure, from that sermon he had preached on his first visit to Capetown.

The ox-cart was heavily laden, not so much with things for his own use as with this, that, and the other of household necessities for people up country to whom he had made promises, as one living in lightly settled country, when going to town, is asked to bring out this and that inconsiderable thing, until

the aggregate becomes burdensome. But Livingstone was always quite incapable of refusing to do a favor. With the wagon went two Christian Bechuanas, "than whom I never saw better servants anywhere," he says, and two Bakwain men, besides a couple of native girls who had helped Mrs. Livingstone with the children and were returning to Kolobeng. The country through which they passed was almost desert dry; and the wagon, so old and inferior, prove hardly fit for service. Indeed, it broke down frequently, and at Kuruman a delay of two weeks for repairs became necessary.

Then, while Livingstone waited, tragedy came stalking. For Sechele's wife found her way there and told a story of a Boer raid on the tribe with which Livingstone had worked so long. The woman and her child had escaped injury or death by hiding in a cleft of a rock, and then, when the trouble ended, had set off on foot with a native, bearing a letter from her husband to Dr. Moffat. Livingstone translated it, and recorded it in his Journal. It ran:

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele. I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom and I refused. They demanded that I should prevent the English and the Griquas from passing [northward]. I replied, These are my friends and I can prevent no one [of them]. They came on Saturday and I besought them not to fight on Sun-

day, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men. And the mother of Balerilling they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of wagons they had was eighty-five and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own wagon and that of Macabe, then the number of their wagons [counting the cannon as one] was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters were burned in town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children and Kobas Hae will convey her to you.

“I am SECHELE,
“The son of MOCHOASCLE.”

So there was the ages-old struggle, and Livingstone's heart bled, for the vengeance of the Boers had fallen on Sechele and his people because of the foundationless report that the missionary-explorer had taught these natives the use of arms. Indeed, so busy was rumor that Livingstone stood accused of designs against the Boers in general, and stood regarded as representative of England's supposed anti-Boer policy. About the innocent man ran a widespread hatred, a hatred almost deadly. The Journal says: “Loud vows of vengeance were uttered against my head, and threats

of instant pursuit by a large party on horseback, should I dare to go out or into or beyond their country." Such was the opposition he found that he was detained for months at Kuruman. "I could not engage a single servant to accompany me to the north," he says. And when at last he did get three men to go with him, they were "the worst possible specimens of those who imbibe the vices without the virtues of Europeans." A colored trader named George Fleming also went, his business being to establish a trading post if possible.

It was June 5, 1852, when they left Kuruman, northward bound, and what with one thing and another, the journey to Linyanti in Makolololand took almost a year, for they arrived there on May 23, 1853.

In the first place, they tried to chart a course that would skirt the desert. In the second place, they went a roundabout way because of the silly but dangerous suspicion of the Boers. With all their care, they ran into the edge of what Livingstone calls "a Caffre war in stage the second," a sort of guerilla warfare established by the Boers. The third stage, Livingstone adds, is when "both sides are equally armed and afraid of each other; the fourth when the English take up a quarrel not their own, and the Boers slip out of the fray."

The missionary-explorer had very decided notions of his own about all that mass stupidity growing out of misunderstanding, about the exploitation of natives, and about those cruel acts of retaliation so

common to border lands. He was most firmly convinced that epoch-making changes came, not through force, but by the slow and patient leading of men into ways of industry. Because of that he did not look with pessimism upon the results of his work at Kolobeng. He weighed values against values and saw that, while there had been no very widespread acceptance of the faith he preached, yet there had been a very healthy social activity. And there was a tower of strength in Sechele, his standard bearer and his spokesman, for he was well capable of that reasoned conduct which eventually might lead to a rebirth of society where he was. He at least did what he could with a certain efficiency. Because of his example and influence, new springs of thought and action were breaking through the dry crust of tribal customs.

There is an example of that reasoned conduct in a little incident too significant to be passed over. North of Kuruman, whom should Livingstone meet but the old chief Sechele, headed south. There was at once a camping for the night and a talk, in the course of which it came out that Sechele was on his way to England. He was determined to lay his case before Queen Victoria, perhaps before that council of white chiefs called Parliament, of which Livingstone had told him. For, after the Boer raid, he and his people had considered matters, and it had been recalled how Livingstone had said that every true and worthy ruler was a friend to the neglected and gave encouragement to the weak and joy to the

suffering. The men of his tribe were neglected, were weak, and were suffering. They understood that Victoria, the Queen, was a true and worthy ruler, for had not Livingstone often said so? So things fitted together very well. She would not refuse them help and strength. Once she heard the tale, she would surely deliver them from the hands of thieves and despots. That tale Sechele would tell.

It was impossible to shake him. When Livingstone tried to explain something of the difficulties that stood in the way, the native asked, with entire simpleness: "Will the Queen not listen to me supposing I should reach her?"

"I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to reach her," answered the missionary.

"But I shall reach her," said Sechele, and with that dismissed the subject, apparently considering that there was no more to discuss.

So he went on his way assured of success. At Bloemfontein, the British soldiers made up a collection for him and sent him on his way a happy man. But at Capetown he was lost in the wilderness of civilization, and, his money spent, returned to his people, taking with him a trick by means of which he could transform energy into results. That is, he had stood wide-eyed and wondering when he saw the extraordinary sight of criminals working on the public roads, and he resolved to treat wrongdoers in his own land in similar fashion. To do so would, he decided, save the expense of prison and make for the easy development of natural resources.

Looking through the Journal pages so crowded with information received and things noted, during the journey from Kuruman to Makolololand, it is difficult to repress a desire, because of their buried treasures, to cross-index them. For Livingstone was like Darwin in the keenness of his observation. He wanted to obtain a true knowledge of facts, and those facts he felt bound to organize into relation with life. He set down what he saw, adding or eliminating or correcting as new information presented itself, or as subsequent investigations modified what went before. He was not satisfied to know that the bite of the tsetse fly resulted in death to certain animals: he had to make an autopsy. More, he experimented upon himself. When he heard of a curious plant named ngotuané, of which it was said that an infusion of its flowers made a poison which was quite harmless when drunk mixed with vinegar, and for which vinegar was a sure antidote, he regretted his "want of opportunity for investigating this remarkable and yet controllable agent on the nervous system," and, with opportunity, would certainly have proved poison and antidote. He eats locusts and finds them to be not unpleasant. He looks at a flowering vine and remembers a Rhenish missionary he once met on the frontier, "whose children had never seen flowers though they were old enough to talk about them." He speculates upon the tsetse fly as being the probable cause operating to prevent the spread of the horse over Africa as the horse had spread in a couple of centuries over all

South America, after its introduction in the River Plate country by the Spaniards. He compares the conduct of savages in church with that of the English at worship in Pepys's day, to the detriment of the latter. He gives vivid pictures of slave-trade horrors, of Boer cruelties, of the scenery and character of the country. That sturdy independence of his makes him record his determination to fight for the establishment of mission stations to be "self-supporting, rich and flourishing as pioneers of civilization and agriculture," and not "mere pauper establishments," as, in his opinion, so many missions were. In the fullness of his fairness and his practical knowledge he comes out with this: "Christians have never yet dealt fairly by the heathen and been disappointed." He astonishes as much as does Marco Polo sometimes, as when, for instance, he declares that, long before the Bakwains had intercourse with missionaries, they had practiced inoculation against smallpox, in some cases employing "the matter of the smallpox itself," in others inoculating "in the forehead with some animal deposit." He notices, as so many ethnologists have, that the unspoiled native is almost free from consumption, scrofula, insanity, hydrocephalus, cancer, cholera—but on coming into contact with whites, the mixed bloods are subject to many diseases and fall easy victims to them. On occasion, as did Sven Hedin, and Captain Cook, Livingstone permitted native doctors to try their arts upon him, for he refused to hold that as a white man he stood at the apex of all human knowledge.

There are several notable passages indicative of Livingstone's healthy refusal to see with the eyes of others, or to subjugate his own knowledge and observation to conventional ideas. I have quoted one passage on the lion in which he admits its strength, but not its vaunted nobility. The world had accepted the beast and set it on a pedestal as emblematic of the highest, but Livingstone saw and knew, and for him it was no heaven-scaling monster. He would not concede as much as a "majestic roar" to it. "Majestic twaddle originating in the minds of the sentimentalist," he declared. True, the roar may "inspire fear if you hear it in combination with the tremendously loud thunder of that country, on a night so pitchy dark that every flash of the intensely vivid lightning leaves you with the impression of stone-blindness, while the rain pours down so fast that your fire goes out, leaving you without protection. . . . But when you are in a comfortable house or wagon, the case is very different, and you hear the roar of the lion without any awe or alarm. The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud, yet he never was feared by man. . . . On my mentioning this fact some years ago, the assertion was doubted, so I have been very careful ever since to inquire the opinion of Europeans, who have heard both, if they could detect any difference between the roar of the lion and that of an ostrich; the invariable answer was that they could not when the animal was at any distance. . . . The natives assert that they can detect a variation between the commencement of the

noise of each. . . . To this day I can distinguish between them with certainty only by knowing that the ostrich roars by day and the lion by night. . . .”

That kind of iconoclasm takes courage, for the world is agog for tales of wonder from the traveler, and always has been. For the real shock, the shock of truth, is all the other way, and rather toward an acceptance of the ordinary and not the extraordinary. So Columbus astonished and disappointed people with his tale—not one of men whose heads grew underneath their shoulders, or of anthropophagi who had stands for the sale of joints of human flesh, but of “a very loving race, and without covetousness . . . There is not a better country nor a better people in the world than these. They love their neighbors as they do themselves, and their language is the smoothest and sweetest in the world, being always uttered with smiles.” In much the same spirit of truth, Darwin tells the would-be world traveler that “he may feel assured that he will meet with no difficulties or dangers, excepting in rare cases, nearly so bad as he beforehand anticipates,” and that he will discover “how many truly kind-hearted people there are, with whom he never before had, or ever again will have any further communication, who yet are ready to offer him the most disinterested assistance.” So also have those who know had much ado to make it clear that in South America men pooh-pooh tales, told by armchair voyagers, in which the puma looms large as a dangerous beast—that in shark-infested waters natives will dive for a

coin—that in Canada there is no widespread terror of timber wolves—that condors do not carry off children—that rattlesnakes do not leap on horsemen—that the porcupine does not shoot its quills—that tarantulas are not deadly poisonous—that birds do not fall dead when they fly over the upas tree—that the toad does not spit poison; and much more of the same kind. For the world of fiction and tradition and superstition is vastly more terrible than the world of fact. And Livingstone was all for truth and the setting down of things as they were.

There are passages and pages describing the country through which he passed in such a way that, reading, you say, "It is like a garden." You picture the creaking wagon making its way across plains of luxuriant grass, like a ship sailing into uncharted seas, all smooth ahead except for the faint rippling caused by the light wind. There were days and days of that, and Livingstone insisted upon calling it the gypsy life, and was happy in the atmosphere of holiday. Morning clouds gave cooling rain, noon was golden, and the night camp took on an air of homely comfort.

Of course, there are reminiscences of suffering, too. Lightly he sketches days as they neared Linyanti when they suffered pain and exhaustion. They came to a thickly wooded tract where the foliage was so dense that they moved in a green-gray gloom. There was marsh land through which the wagon could hardly be pulled, and where there was not a breath of moving air. There was one time when, for four

hours, everyone labored breast-deep in water. Once a wagon pole broke, and there was no timber at hand with which to repair it, for the trees in that place were soft and spongy, so that at an ax stroke, the ax head buried itself into the wood and could not be withdrawn. Sometimes they were in places where the serrated grass cut like a razor, and the men bled from a dozen painful wounds. At other times, for immense distances they pushed on day and night through country where dead water reached to the knee. Men and animals stumbled into deep and filthy mud-holes which were elephant wallows. And always there were mosquitoes to make sleepless nights after torturing days. That insect world was maddeningly audible, maddeningly active, maddeningly vicious. There were water snakes, and curious birds which jerked and wriggled; sometimes they heard "human-like voices and unearthly sounds." Once, at night, there was a hair-raising mystery when "something came near us, making a splashing like that of a canoe or hippopotamus." What it was they never found out; but the noise continued without intermission for an hour, although they shouted and discharged their guns.

A sort of incredulity fills one when trying to imagine all that torment in the swamp lands, with the leader of the expedition treating it with a lightness that is almost unconcern. He could not, would not if he could, take anything heavily or seriously, if so to take it meant discouragement. For that which counted was the thing ahead. He had the work of

his life to do, and immediately before him was an obvious part of it. The chief, Sebituane, had said, "Come over and help us!" To strive to that end Livingstone had given his promise, and the death of Sebituane he considered anything but a release that he did not seek. The sufferings of his body were as nothing, for he was full of the flooding joy of fellowship with the whole world, just as a man under great stress of excitement cares nothing for a wound, indeed knows nothing of it.

But at last there he was, almost at the gates of the dead Sebituane's capital. The marsh and the river Chobe, over which they had to cross, were indistinguishable one from the other, but there was a piece of rising ground, and there the wagon and oxen were put. Then came the making of a raft, a primitive affair, on which they paddled from midday to sunset. The record runs: "There was nothing but a wall of reeds on each bank, and we saw every prospect of spending a supperless night on our float; but just as the short twilight of these parts was commencing, we perceived on the north bank the village of Moremi, one of the Makololo, whose acquaintance I had made on our former visit, and who was now located on the island Mabonta. The villagers looked as we may suppose people do who see a ghost, and in their figurative way of speaking, said: 'He had dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus. We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird.'"

Then the news flew fast. "The Livingstone" had come. So there was activity near and far afield, activity and hopeful apprehension. The man who had stimulated their imagination was with them, and henceforth they would be happy in life, with all the gloom and strife a thing of the past, for they took very literally his message of peace. The glory of it is that to him, too, peace on earth and good will toward men was more than an idle saying.

Down from Linyanti came the leading men, and a large party with them. The air was full of laughter and of talk. Orders were given and things were done. Soon canoes were lashed together, and, as if it was a great festival, off they pushed, a crowd of natives swimming while propelling the raft; and so the island was reached. The wagon was taken to pieces. Things were placed on the improvised transport, and back they pushed. All being landed, the party set off inland, everyone full of lively interest, everything being done with zest and enjoyment, all radiant with joy, some making music, some singing. Thirty miles to the north, then twenty westward, so as to avoid marsh and flooded fields, and after that across a pleasant tract of hill and valley the procession went, and so they came to Linyanti.

And there the spirit of joy was abroad, for "The Livingstone" had come! Out trooped the population of Linyanti, seven thousand strong, many of them bearing palm branches, many dressed in gay colors, all of them in a state of pleasant excitement like children greeting a much-loved guest. At the

head of the party, leaping, and shouting at the top of his voice, went the dead Sebituane's herald. He sang a song of welcome, a song of hope. And loudly and heartily, in unison, those with him chanted:

“See the white man.
See The Livingstone.
See the comrade of Sebituane.
See the father of Sekeletu.
He brings us peace.
He brings us rest.
We want rest.
We want sleep.
We want peace.
Give us these, O Livingstone.”

Then stepped forward Sekeletu the son of Sebituane, to greet the white man, the friend of his father. After the greetings there came a joyful procession of women, each one carrying a pot of the native beer, which is called *boyaloa*, each tasting before it was offered, by way of showing that all was fair and proper.

Everywhere were laughter and good-nature and amiability. The atmosphere was one of enjoyment and delight and of high hopes. For there would be no more wars now that the man of peace was with them. There would be an end of hideous cruelty such as they knew was inflicted upon other tribes from which white men stole natives and carried them away, as it was said, to be eaten. Henceforth there

would be wise direction, for Livingstone had come. Henceforth they would tread paths of pleasantness, for Livingstone would lead. The man strong as well as good was with them. So their joy was very real. They sang:

“We want rest.
We want sleep.
We want peace.”

By the word sleep, Livingstone tells us, they indicated their desire to be free from war's alarms. They took the missionary very literally as the bringer of freedom from anxiety, the sower of a more widespread human happiness, the builder of a very concrete faith. To be sure there was the mingling of superstition with fact, for they had heard something of “the white man's pot,” by which they had in mind cannon, and “white men had a pot in their towns, which would burn up any attacking party.” So there was a jumbled mixture of hopes and beliefs and expectations, for there are different planes of intelligence among primitive men as there are among civilized. Some regarded Livingstone as the wielder of supernatural forces able to weave invisible chains of protection. Some looked on him as a warrior who would overcome enemies by force, with strange weapons. Some saw him as the maker of a paradise. Others, in a minority, understood.

Sebituane's son, a young man of eighteen years, ruled in his father's place. His name was Sekeletu.

Sebituane's daughter, Mamochisane, who had succeeded to the government on the death of her father, had resigned in her brother's favor, saying, in a burst of true femininity, "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief, and build up your father's house." There were a sweetness and a charm about her which prevented her taking any interest in tribal politics. But seated in the council at the time of her resignation was Mpepe, a relative to the royal house, one full of aspirations and desire for power, and with some claim to succession. His supporters were not numerous enough to enable him to do anything by force of arms just then, but there was a half-uncanny suspicion, when he withdrew to the neighboring town of Naliele, that mischief was brewing. Livingstone's arrival coincided with the news that Mpepe was preparing for an attack, so the Song of Peace which greeted him had a very immediate significance. But the explorer made it very clear that he would have nothing to do with tribal disputes.

It was while Livingstone and Sekeletu were in a distant village that the explorer met Mpepe. White man and monarch were on a tour of inspection, with the hope of finding some suitable location for a mission station, a station that was to be a center from which order and civilization might spread. With them went a considerable train and because of the general feeling of high hope, there was a dis-

position to make a sort of triumphal procession. Here is Livingstone's vivid picture of the party: "We had the Chobe on our right, with its scores of miles of road occupying the horizon there. It was pleasant to look back on the long extended line of our attendants as it twisted and bent, according to the curves of the footpath, or in and out behind the mounds, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the wind. Some had the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, Hussar fashion, and others great bunches of black ostrich feathers, or capes made of lions' manes. Some wore red tunics, or various colored prints . . . the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands and had servants to carry their shields; while the Macbaka battle-ax men carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent a hundred miles on an errand, and expected to run all the way." Sekeletu rode an ox, a feat taught him by Livingstone, and some of his subordinates, trying to imitate him, "leaped on the backs of half-broken Batoka oxen as they ran, but, having neither saddles nor bridles," constantly fell off. At villages they touched, they were greeted by women, chanting:

"See the great lion!
See the Great Chief!
Give us peace, my lord!
Give us sleep."

and always the herald at the head of the traveling party shouted at the top of his voice:

“Here comes the great lord!
Here comes the great lion!
Make all ready for him!”

whereupon people came from the huts with calabashes of beer, and huge pots containing “six or eight gallons” of thick milk.

On sighting the village in which Mpepe lived, they had an impression that something was wrong. Mpepe, with a bodyguard, suddenly appeared, going in the same direction, but on a path about a quarter of a mile distant. When near the settlement, Mpepe and his men made a hasty circuit, and Mpepe came running toward Livingstone’s party, waving his ax with a disagreeable exhibition of what might be taken for hostility, or what might possibly be some peculiar and original method of greeting. Sekeletu considered the display an unfriendly one, and, having no mind to play the part of central actor in tragic circumstances, turned and fled. His father’s rough combativeness was not in him.

What followed a little later is only sketchily told by Livingstone, doubtless because of that curious reluctance of his to talk about himself or his doings, especially those in which he played a bold or heroic part. But it is possible to reconstruct, and Livingstone’s nearness to sharp death is to the imaginative reader a cold terror touching the mind.

He found Sekeletu, and persuaded the boy king to talk matters over with Mpepe, with a view to making things easier by smoothing out difficulties. But

Sekeletu was unwilling to call a council, also very suspicious of danger because he had heard whisperings, and hints, and warnings that Mpepe was dangerous. "That man wished to kill me," he told Livingstone.

However, Livingstone had his way and led Sekeletu to the conference hut, but had no sooner entered than he was conscious of brooding trouble. For Mpepe's men were seated together, all of them armed, nor did they set aside their weapons according to native custom. Livingstone understood that it was a time for a brave front, and took matters in hand, motioning Sekeletu to sit at his right hand and Mpepe at his left. Then followed one of those strange, straining times. Like surly children, the men were taciturn. There was a tenseness, a feeling that things were at the snapping point. A slight word might release all the live current of someone's ill humor. Meanwhile, unblinking eyes watched and watched. Occasionally, a hand stole to a spear shaft. Livingstone, despairing of effecting anything, broke up the meeting by turning to Sekeletu and saying that he was tired and wanted to rest and asking the boy king to show him to his hut. "Come, I will show you," said Sekeletu, and rose to his feet at the same moment as Livingstone did.

We have to imagine the rest: Mpepe, his eyes suddenly illuminated, leaping to his feet and stabbing at Sekeletu—the blow frustrated by the white man's interposed arm—the ferocity in the hearts of the warriors—the sudden confusion. Then the white

man, cool and unafraid, and those grown-up children stricken dumb by his quiet mastery—the conspirators slipping out one by one—others whispering and pacifying and explaining. I say we have to picture it for ourselves, because of the explorer's characteristic self-effacement. "I unconsciously covered Sekeletu's body with mine," he says, "and saved him from the blow of the would-be assassin." There you have the man.

The end of Mpepe came swiftly after that. Sekeletu used no subterfuge, but took matters in hand in the customary native way when usurpers had to be dealt with, and with strange fatalism, or so it seems to us, Mpepe accepted his fate. He had struck. He had missed. Therefore he had to pay the penalty, which was death. So at midnight, Nokuane, the emissary of Sekeletu, went to Mpepe's hut where the would-be king sat by the fire brooding. Mpepe knew that bright eyes watched him from the dark. He knew that those upon whom he had counted for support had left him. Without saying a word, Nokuane stood before the doomed man, who seemed to be gazing at the fire, unconscious of the presence of his executioner. Then Nokuane poured some snuff into the hollow of his hand, speaking no word, only watching.

Quietly, almost whispering, Mpepe said, "Nokuane, do you offer me something?" and held out his hand.

It was surrender. It was a sign of the acceptance of his doom. Nokuane gripped his prisoner's wrist,

another warrior came in and grasped the other wrist, then Mpepe arose and went out. Others stepped from the darkness and fell into a double line, each with his spear, and the party moved into the shadow of the jungle. So they went the distance of a mile, and to a place where there was no one to see the suffering of the prisoner. Then Mpepe stood a little apart from the others, threw aside his kaross, and held high his hands. A spear was thrown, and that was the end. There was, from beginning to end, no noise, no outcry, no disturbance or scuffle. "Although I was sleeping within a few yards of the scene, I knew nothing of it until the next day," writes Livingstone.

For the rest, Mpepe's followers vanished, the most of them going to the Barotse country. Judging it unwise to go there while the excitement might be intense, Livingstone returned to Linyanti.

Following the account of the Mpepe-Sekeletu affair, Livingstone touches upon the social life of the people. What he has to say is of highest importance, for, contrary to the common notion that pictures the natives of Central Africa living in a kind of anarchical state, we get a conception of order and of rule. We are persuaded into the belief of Livingstone that, in the social organization of the people, there was a something stirring and throbbing, which, in the fullness of time, might have grown into a civilization. We see leaders with executive ability and a genius for organization. We catch glimpses of

the abandonment of individualism as an ethical ideal. We see, as among ourselves, some hopelessly lazy and shiftless; others temperate and industrious. But most marked were the native light-heartedness, the readiness to learn the processes of husbandry, the willingness to care for domestic animals.

We have Livingstone's word for it that, although the native system of government was such that Europeans could not, and were not in a position to understand it readily, yet there was a well-defined social system and a sort of social code. He points out that the truthfulness of the native was quite remarkable, that they showed reasonableness, open-mindedness, insight, and, especially, an engaging frankness. His description of a native court of law is one to remember. I quote: "The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the kotla, the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief and the people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this, to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all they themselves have seen or heard, but not anything that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak around him, and, in the most quiet, deliberate way he can assume—yawning, blowing his nose, etc.—begins to explain

the affair, denying the charge, or admitting it, as the case may be. Sometimes, when galled by his remarks, the complainant utters a sentence of dissent; the accused turns quietly to him, and says: 'Be silent; I sat still while you were speaking; can't you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?' And as the audience acquiesce in this bantering, and enforce silence, he goes on till he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence, they give their evidence. No oath is administered; but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say: 'By my father,' or 'By the chief, it is so.'"

It seems not out of place to say that similar testimonies to honesty and fairness among aborigines, untouched by want or greed, are forthcoming from many sources. If we fail to realize that phenomenon of the existence of certain virtues in primitive man that are rare among those living in a vastly different economic state, it will be a little difficult to understand the affection with which Livingstone, and other explorers and missionaries, regarded the natives with whom they mingled. For a lofty contempt of the primitive man is rarely found in those who know him. Thus, Captain Cook could not say enough in praise of the Inuits. Father Veniani tells us that he did not see a quarrel among natives during the ten years he spent at Ounalaska. Hall has set on record his admiration for the honesty and the fairness of the native Labradorians. J. Estlin Carpenter had said of the Sikh Guru teaching that it caused its

devotees to reject every form of violence and enjoined the completest forgiveness of wrongs. In fact, there is a host of evidence, missionary and otherwise, testifying to the honesty and fairness of primitive man in many parts of the world. Dr. Kolff, Colonel Dalton, Mr. Hodgson of the Asiatic Society, and many others, speaking well in this respect of natives of Central Africa, of Malayans, Lepchas, Papuans, Madagascans, and many others that space does not permit listing. Livingstone is very emphatic on this score, saying that "the Zulus . . . are famed for their honesty. . . . The Recorder of Natal declared of them that history does not present another instance in which so much security for life and property has been enjoyed, as has been experienced, during the whole of English occupation, by ten thousand colonists, in the midst of one hundred thousand Zulus."

But, somehow, offences against property seem to be regarded more seriously than offences against life. Perhaps that accounts, in some measure, for the equanimity with which so many tribes regarded the beginnings of the trade in slaves. "It is hard," writes Livingstone, "to make these people feel that shedding of blood is a great crime; they must be conscious that it is wrong, but, having been accustomed to bloodshed from infancy, they are remarkably callous to the enormity of the crime of destroying human life." The traveler R. F. Burton, in his book, *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, testifies similarly, saying that the African's only fear, after

committing a treacherous murder, is that of being haunted by the angry ghost of the dead. Other African travelers, notably Bosman and Baker, have deplored this easy blood-letting by a people otherwise pleasant.

One of Livingstone's hardest tasks was to convince the natives of what he considered the error of polygamy, especially when his pupils, as in the cases of Sechele and Sekeletu, had three or four wives with whom they lived in peace. For one thing, the act of divorce had something of the appearance of disloyalty and unkindness. For another, it was argued that one man, one wife, meant something very much like an abandonment of hospitality, because the women cultivated the soil, and therefore a man with one wife would be almost unable to entertain strangers.

Shiftlessness he found to be rare. Here and there were cases of it, as when he saw a small group, the members of which loafed and invited their souls to such an extent that they cut down trees to get the fruit, instead of climbing; but they were the subjects of denunciations and censures.

There were highly developed crafts. The natives understood the craft of smelting and made excellent hoes, spears, and axes. "I brought home some of the hoes Sekeletu gave me," said Livingstone at the end of his first Journal, ". . . also some others obtained in Kilimane, and they have been found of such good quality that a friend of mine in Birmingham has made an Enfield rifle out of them." The

natives, he tells us, in another place, "consider English iron as 'rotten.'"

As for the practice of medicine, Livingstone, himself a physician, had more than a light regard for the natives' skill. "There are numbers of other medicines (besides one having the same effect as quinine) in use among the natives, but I have always been obliged to regret want of time to ascertain which were useful and which of no value. We find a medicine in use by a tribe in one part of the country, and the same plant employed by a tribe a thousand miles distant. This surely must arise from some inherent virtue in the plant." He lists many native herbal remedies, among them one to produce perspiration for fevered patients, another a purgative, another an emetic; a plant from which an infusion is made for relief in the case of violent coughing, from the leaves of which also a soap is made; a drug that is used to expel snakes and rats from a house, the fluid being sprinkled about, and the smell of it not unpleasant to man; an active caustic; the *Eskinenia*, used in cases of croup and sore throat; castor oil; a plant that is efficacious in cases of arrow poisoning; another that he found used to cure ulcers.

He also tells of plants from which an illuminating oil is extracted; of dye plants—red, blue, black, and yellow; of a plant from which is made a glue used for mending broken earthenware; of a plant for killing fish.

The Makololo natives also grew maize and made meal, using pestle and mortar much in the manner

of the ancient Egyptians. They cultivated beans, groundnuts, the sugar cane, pumpkins, watermelons, cucumbers, the sweet potato, and tobacco, using the last as snuff. They also cared for milk cows, sheep, and goats. All this, we remember with astonishment, he found among a people who had never seen a white man until they saw him.

CHAPTER VI

THE MARCH TO THE ATLANTIC

LIVINGSTONE had his first attack of fever at Linyanti, on the last day of May, 1853. It was the first of a series of attacks, severe enough to have brought many a man down, but in his case a splendid nervous organization triumphed over an often over-worked body, and to a natural soundness of constitution he added a great power of will.

Just as Captain Cook did not disdain to put himself in the charge of native physicians on occasion, so Livingstone gave himself to the tribal medicine man by way of experiment. "He put some roots into a pot with water and, when it was boiling, placed it on a spot beneath a blanket thrown around both me and it. This produced no immediate effect; he then got a small bundle of different kinds of medicinal woods, and, burning them in a potsherd nearly to ashes, used the smoke and hot vapor arising from them as an auxiliary to the other in causing diaphoresis. I fondly hoped that they had a more patent remedy than our own medicines afford; but after being stewed in their vapor baths, smoked like a red herring over green twigs, and charmed *secundem artem*, I concluded that I could cure the fever more quickly than they can." His treatment consisted of

a wet sheet and a mild aperient in combination with quinine "in addition to the native remedies, the former by way of doing for the alimentary canal what the latter did for the skin." Livingstone was not chasing any phantoms or hoping for impossible things in the way of cures, but, being a man singularly free from bigotry, he was holding himself open to out-of-the-way truth.

Unhappily, Livingstone found no reliable fever cure and did not become immune from attacks. For the remainder of his life he suffered. In this, his first case, as soon as he was able to travel, he set off on his tremendous journey to the west.

It is necessary to pause awhile and take stock, setting things down clearly and plainly, even at the risk of being accused of useless repetition; otherwise, the real meaning of that stupendous feat will hardly be appreciated, especially by the reader who does not follow the route step by step on a good map. Livingstone had found a country, hitherto unknown, that, though fever-stricken, was of great natural beauty and rich in natural resources. The natives were kindly disposed and would be benefited by an introduction of civilized arts and crafts, a knowledge of the Christian religion and such education as they were capable of receiving. But if that condition was to be attained, a route to the outer world would have to be found, and, as transportation methods then existed, the route Livingstone had traveled across the desert was impossible. So he made up his mind to see whether a route could be found from the

Atlantic coast. That route he intended to travel by pushing up the rivers in canoes, by riding on ox back, or by walking.

Now as to the distances. For the better appreciation of them, let us again suppose the map of Africa superimposed upon one of North America, using the same scale, of course. We have already seen how, supposing Algoa Bay, his starting point, to be situated at Galveston, Texas, he had advanced to Linyanti, which would be approximately in the neighborhood of Duluth. We must also count the prospecting tours he took as having taken him to points as far afield as Fort William, Ontario, and Sault Sainte Marie. Now comes the magnificent plan. It involved a journey that might, with close accuracy, be outlined thus: a general northwesterly course around the north end of Lake Winnipeg, then northwest until he reached Yukon Territory; or, say, from Duluth to Seattle and beyond. That would approximate the distance and route traveled by Livingstone in his first great African journey.

As for his party and outfit, both were cut down to a minimum. Twenty-seven natives were appointed by Sekeletu to go with him, and the three who had been his companions, with the trader also, turned back to Kuruman. Some idea of his own personal belongings is gained from a letter written to his father, part of which ran: "Our intentions are to go up the Luba till we reach the falls, then send back the canoe and proceed in the country beyond as best we can. . . . If my watch comes back after I am

cut off, it belongs to Agnes. If my sextant, it is Robert's. The Paris medal to Thomas. Double-barreled gun to Zouga. Be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow for Jesus' sake. The Boers by taking possession of all my goods have saved me the trouble of making a will." For the rest, he left his wagon and books, and a few articles of clothing, in charge of Sekeletu, at Linyanti. His weapons were three muskets for his men, who shot so indifferently that the explorer always felt himself to be in danger when they aimed. For himself there was a rifle and the double-barreled smooth-bore gun willed to Zouga. "I have always found," he writes in his Journal, "that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few impedimenta as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me. The outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed, it would not be for want of the knick-knacks advertised as indispensable for travelers, but from want of pluck, or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass." Like Thoreau, he refused to be the slave of his possessions, and his policy was one of renunciation. Another reason for light baggage, and one to which he gives a sort of mere nodding recognition, was that he wished to avoid the discouragement which would naturally be felt on meeting any obstacles "if my companions were obliged to carry

heavy loads." Companions, you will note, not servants. The word slips easily from his pen, for his Christianity was not a pigeonholed system. The complete outfit was this: a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and twenty pounds of coffee. We infer that he went without salt, and, in another place, he tells us that he found it no great hardship to do so. For clothing there were these: a tin box fifteen inches square containing spare shirting, trousers, and shoes to be kept until civilization was reached—other clothes in a bag for wear en route. The library was a nautical almanac, a book of logarithms, and a Bible. For camping, he had a sleeping tent large enough for one, a sheepskin and a horse-rug. For trading purposes, there were twenty pounds of beads, and, for the entertainment of the natives, a magic lantern. Of instruments, he had a sextant and artificial horizon, a thermometer, a stop-watch, a large and a small compass, and a small telescope. With that slim equipment he started into unknown lands with less misgivings, apparently, than most men have when taking a three days' automobile tour in which a hotel stands at the end of each day's run. His unwavering determination counted for far more than mechanical aids and contrivances.

Then came order and discipline; the reshaping of his companions to his purpose. For, without formalized discipline, the expedition would have foundered within sight of its starting place. True, all in the party were companions, but still there had to be leader and subordinates. So Livingstone taught

his men to work together for their common comfort. At night, on the journey, there was something of that machine-like coördination to be seen when some great circus reaches a town, indecision absent because each has a set task and a central purpose. Aimless efforts there were none. Neither was there undue haste. There was as effective an expenditure of energy in the jungle as could be found in a well-ordered production plant or an army disciplinary barracks. Livingstone does not tell us that in the manner of a theorist testifying to his own acumen, but there are evidences aplenty of the truth of it. Note, by way of instance, the passage that follows, from the fourteenth chapter of *Missionary Travels*, and draw your own conclusions: "As soon as we land some of the men cut a little grass for my bed, while Mashuana plants the poles of the little tent. These are used by day for carrying burdens, for the Barotse fashion is exactly like that of the natives of India, only the burden is fastened near the ends of the pole and not suspended by long cords. The bed is made, and boxes ranged on each side of it, and then the tent pitched over all. Four or five feet in front of my tent is placed the principal or kotla fire, the wood for which must be collected by the man who occupies the post of herald. . . . Each person knows the station he is to occupy, in reference to the post of honor at the fire in front of the door of the tent. The two Makololo occupy my right and left, both in eating and sleeping, as long as the journey lasts. But Mashuaana, my head boatman, makes his bed at the

door of my tent as soon as I retire. The rest, divided into small companies according to their tribes, make sheds all around the fire, leaving a horseshoe-shaped space in front sufficient for the cattle to stand in. The fire gives confidence to the oxen, so the men are always careful to keep them in sight of it. The sheds are formed by planting two stout forked poles in an inclined position, and planting another over these in a horizontal position. A number of branches are then stuck in the ground in the direction to which the poles are inclined, the twigs drawn down to the horizontal pole, and tied with strips of bark. Long grass is then laid over the branches in sufficient quantity to draw off the rain, and we have sheds open to the fire in front but secure from beasts behind. In less than an hour we were usually under cover. . . . The cooking is usually done in the natives' own style, and, as they carefully wash the dishes, pots, and the hands before handling food, it is by no means despicable. Sometimes alterations are made at my suggestion, and then they believe that they can cook in thorough white man's fashion. The cook always comes in for something left in the pot, so all are eager to obtain the office. . . . I taught several of them to wash my shirts, and they did it well, though their teacher had never been taught that work himself. Frequent change of linen and sunning of my blanket kept me more comfortable than might have been anticipated, and I feel certain that the lessons of cleanliness rigidly instilled by my mother in childhood helped to maintain that respect

which these people entertain for European ways. It is questionable if a descent to barbarous ways ever elevates a man in the eyes of savages."

The journey from Linyanti to the Atlantic coast took a half year, from November 11, 1853, to May 31, 1854, and in that space of time the explorer had twenty-seven attacks of fever. We find such passages as this: "I had eaten nothing for two entire days, and instead of sleep, the whole of the nights were employed in incessant drinking of water." Or this: "I was too ill to go out of my little covering except to quell a mutiny which began to show itself." Again a passage we shall note later: "my mind was depressed by disease and care. The fever had induced a state of dysentery, so troublesome that I could not remain on the ox more than ten minutes at a time." And "owing to the weakness of the sick men we were able to march but short distances." To quote two more, one painfully significant, the other very characteristic of the man: "The weakening effects of the fever were most extraordinary . . . in attempting to make lunar observations I could not avoid confusion of time and distance, neither could I hold the instrument steady, nor perform a simple calculation." "I am getting tired of quoting my fevers and never liked to read travels myself where much was said about the illnesses of the traveler; I shall henceforth endeavor to say little of them."

It is a high achievement to have made the journey at all under such bodily stress, battling the while with adverse conditions of weather and insect plagues; but

by what marvelous detachment from pain was he enabled to observe and make notes and drawings and set down things in honor of Nature's beauty? Not only that, but there is about him, very often, a peculiar vein of pleasantry and delicate fancy, so that sometimes you find in him a self-represséd humorist. I recall one instance among many, in which he tells of ox-riding: "I had an opportunity of observing the peculiarities of my ox Sinbad. He had a softer back than the others, but a much more intractable temper. His horns were bent downward and hung loosely, so he could do no harm with them; but as we wended our way slowly along the narrow path, he would suddenly dart aside. A string tied to a stick put through the cartilage of the nose serves instead of a bridle; you jerk this back, it makes him run faster on; if you pull it to one side, he allows the nose and head to go, but keeps the opposite eye directed to the forbidden spot, and goes in spite of you. The only way he can be brought to a stand is by a stroke with a wand across the nose. When Sinbad ran in below a climber stretched across the path so low that I could not stoop under it, I was dragged off and came down on the crown of my head; and he never allowed an opportunity of the kind to pass without trying to inflict a kick, as if I neither had nor deserved his love." The man whose sense of humor rose above his bodily pain in that way had the heart of a Thomas Hood.

His indescribable freshness and enthusiasm, indeed, never failed him. When it comes to obser-

vation of nature, his descriptions are vivid and striking. He is always picturesque and he is always interesting. There are pages on spiders, on ants and their ways, on snakes, on butterflies, on ticks, and on caterpillars. Reading them, one is in touch with a journal of scientific travel as interesting as Darwin's record of his world voyage in the *Beagle*. He lists and describes birds and their ways with the facility of expression of a Hudson. He notes minute phenomena and sets down what he observes with the particularity of a Thoreau. So his pages are treasure houses for the ordinary man whose knowledge of African fauna and flora is limited to what he sees behind the bars of a zoölogical garden, or in botanical glasshouses. And how the man saw! A word or two and you have a picture. I open the first volume at random, almost, finding mention of "one pretty little wader, an avoset, which appears as if standing on stilts, its legs are so long, and its bill seems bent the wrong way." And this: ". . . the Parra Africana runs about on the surface of a pond as if walking on water, catching insects. It, too, had long thin legs, and extremely long toes, for the purpose of enabling it to stand on the floating lotus leaves, and other aquatic plants." There are numberless little vignettes such as these, pictures of things seen with an amused surprise, and told of with lightness.

On that long journey, in almost every case, the party was met by other tribes with hospitality and good-humor and kindness. But now and then there was no avoiding active collisions and unpleasant

scenes, though Livingstone shed no man's blood. Once a chief imagined himself insulted, and demanded something by way of satisfaction—a man, or an ox, or a gun. Upon Livingstone's stout refusal, there was a significant display of hostilities, with one man making a cut at the explorer's head with a sword. So Livingstone took out and pointed a pistol, but that was all. For a while, it was nip and tuck, but somehow Livingstone controlled matters, getting the chief seated and encouraging him to talk, which he did, at great length. It was a safety valve, and there was no explosion.

Another time, when mutiny in his own camp seemed imminent, and when a command was greeted with an impudent laugh, "knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny were not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barreled pistol and darted forth . . . looking, I suppose, so savage as to put them to precipitate flight. . . . They never afterwards gave me any trouble." Livingstone won because of his quick intelligence, knowledge that came from experience, and calm courage. Nor must it be overlooked that he possessed, in an exceptional degree, the old-fashioned virtues of self-control and patience and persistence. Furthermore, he was master of men because he was master of himself.

The journey from Linyanti to the Atlantic coast took, as I have said, a half year to accomplish. It is one of the brilliant exploits of history, but one that,

not being closely connected with either commercialism or arms, is partially forgotten, and remembered mostly by special students. It is comparable to the thirty-year journey taken by Ibn Batuta, a journey full of strange adventure. It stands on a plane with that expedition into the icy north, taken in 1916 by Inspector F. H. French of the Bathurst Inlet Patrol. It ranks with the amazing pilgrimage made by Barthema, the first European to learn of Australia. It is comparable to the wanderings of Huen-Tsaing and of Marco Polo. And this is not to be overlooked. In each of these cases there was, in the wanderer, what Pindar calls "inborn, inherited nobility," without which there has never been the highest attainment. That passage from Pindar is worth quoting in this connection, and worth remembering, too, if for no other purpose than that one torn asunder with dual purposes and therefore given to a sort of spinelessness, may learn to stand upright, fix his eyes on a Polaris, and march to a goal. "By inborn nobility doth one mightily prevail. But he who hath only what he hath been taught—a man obscure, eager now for this and now for that—that man never entereth the lists with unflinching foot, but essayeth countless achievements with ineffectual purpose."

Now, in the course of that half year, Livingstone encountered besides his sickness, numberless, various, and persistent hardships. Sometimes his party was knee-deep in flood, sometimes in arid land so thickly grass-covered that every step was laborious.

When they neared lands that had been touched by slave dealers and traders and drivers, from the west, there were meetings with chiefs that were like mad dreams because of suspicion; there were silly demands that they pay their way; there were plots to entrap them into trouble, as when a native placed in their path a worthless knife which one of Livingstone's men picked up, and then that was considered occasion for charges and counter charges. Sometimes they were on the verge of starvation and driven to eat moles and mice; there were days of weary travel in swamps where the air seemed heavy and poisoned, there were miles of travel when they were conscious of human enemies in the jungle following, always unseen, a path parallel to theirs; and there were anxious and uncomfortable nights when they heard whisperings in the dense foliage—just one more thing to tax the brain and temper of the fever-stricken leader. After a day of infinite misery, a silly and childish chief sent a messenger to Livingstone, commanding him to rise from his sick bed and make obeisance. But the petty will of the ruler was easily and peacefully negated by the explorer, who was sore stricken but not to be humiliated. Somehow Livingstone's cool intelligence and courage with regard to himself as well as others always won through, and he was never drawn into any clownish conflicts. But, with it all, despair never bit into his solitude. He not only saw the end as more important than his achievement of it, but never lost his detachment, his awareness of cosmic humor.

But this attitude did not weaken his purpose, it ennobled it. He was no ironic poet, but a missionary and explorer with a definite purpose; a religious Scot cutting through Africa to the Atlantic; and although he may have felt the gigantic humor of his situation, he indubitably had a quiet faith and was assured that if a time came when he could in no wise hold off complete disaster, a hand would be stretched out to rescue him. For his faith was very real when things "pinched him sore."

He records things most strange and thought provoking. Once, at the confluence of two rivers, one of his men picked up "a bit of steel watch chain of English manufacture!" Imagination runs riot speculating about that. It is as amazing as if someone on an unfrequented sea beach chanced to pick up that wax-encased, tar-enrolled record which Columbus threw overboard. Another time he came across natives who had never seen a white man, and who greeted him with the exclamation "Allah!"; and a second group who saluted him with "Ave'rie" which he took to be a corruption of Ave Maria, as he took the Allah to have strangely passed from mouth to mouth, from Arabia. "The salutation probably travels farther than the faith," he adds. He tells of native children who were given such names as Gun, Horse, Wagon, Jesus, those words having been heard with pleasure by the parents. He writes of a wonderful reception when a party of native musicians gave a concert. There were "three drummers, and four performers on the piano." The native name for the

last-named instrument was Marimba, a sort of xylophone with a sounding-board attached. As he describes it, it "consists of two bars of wood placed side by side, here quite straight, but, farther north, bent round so as to resemble the half tire of a carriage wheel; across these are placed about fifteen wooden keys, each of which is two or three inches broad, and fifteen or eighteen inches long; their thickness is regulated according to the deepness of the note required; each of the keys has a calabash beneath it; from the upper part of each a portion is cut off to enable them to embrace the bars, and form hollow sounding-boards to the keys, which also are of different sizes, according to the note required; and little drumsticks elicit the music. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear."

Scattered here and there are evidences of that open-mindedness by which he refused to look upon any dissidence from his own belief or opinion as a tremendous evil. Above all, he was in favor of frankness and outspokenness and sincere speaking. Mark this as an example. He is writing of some Arabs with whom he once conversed. "When speaking about our Saviour, I admired the boldness with which they informed me 'that Christ was a very good prophet, but Mahommed a far greater.'" This, again, which strikes me as a particularly fine passage as revealing his objection to censoriousness: "The great difficulty in dealing with these people is to make the subject plain. The minds of the auditors cannot

be understood by one who has not mingled much with them. They readily pray for the forgiveness of sins, and then sin again; confess the evil of it, and there the matter ends. . . . I shall not often advert to their depravity. My practice has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shades of men's characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt, as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are scenes of beauty, and to turn from these to ponder on deeds of sin cannot promote a healthy state of the faculties. I attribute much of the bodily health I enjoy to following the plan adopted by most physicians, who, while engaged in active, laborious efforts to assist the needy, at the same time follow the delightful studies of some department of natural history. The human misery and sin we endeavor to alleviate and cure may be likened to the sickness and impurity of some of the back slums of great cities. One contents himself by ministering to the sick and trying to remove the causes, without remaining longer in the filth than is necessary for his work; another, equally anxious for the public good, stirs up every cesspool, that he may describe its reeking vapors, and, by long contact with impurities, becomes himself infected, sickens and dies."

At last, on the 31st day of May, 1854, they were in sight of their objective point. Yet it was not that. It was a turning point, for Livingstone had given

his word to the boy king, and to the natives who were his companions, that he would not leave them, but would see them back in safety to their Linyanti home. So they were to retrace all those weary steps presently. They were to face all those jungle horrors, all that phantom world; they were to recross that path of the slave-traders where were drying skeletons, and brutalized natives, and ugly cruelty. Again they would have to pass dark swamps, and vast places of fallen trees, and wide stretches of black lagoon water, and strange forest land that was like a phantasmagoria at night. And they were ragged, and thin as skeletons, and fever-wasted, and travel-worn as they climbed the last hill; but all who had left Linyanti were there still. Not one had fallen by the way by violent death or disease. Nor had the lives of others been wasted.

Then they saw the sea, on a day bright and calm, the sharpness of the horizon lost in haze. "My companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe," runs the record. "On describing their feelings afterward, they remarked that 'we marched along with our father [Livingstone] believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, I am finished and there is no more of me!' They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit. . . . They were now somewhat apprehensive of suffering want, and I was unable to allay their fears with any promise of supply; for my own mind was depressed by disease and care.

The fever had induced a state of chronic dysentery, so troublesome that I could not remain on the ox more than ten minutes at a time; and as we came down the declivity above the city of Loanda on the thirty-first of May, I was laboring under great depression of spirits, as I understood that, in a population of twelve thousand souls, there was but one genuine English gentleman. I naturally felt anxious to know whether he were possessed of good-nature, or was one of those crusty mortals one would rather not meet at all.

“This gentleman, Mr. Gabriel, our commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, had kindly forwarded an invitation to meet me on way from Cassange, but, unfortunately, it crossed me on the road. When we entered his porch, I was delighted to see a number of flowers cultivated carefully, and inferred from this circumstance that he was, what I soon discovered him to be, a real whole-hearted Englishman.

“Seeing me ill, he benevolently offered me his bed. Never shall I forget the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months’ sleeping on the ground. I was soon asleep; and Mr. Gabriel, coming in almost immediately, rejoiced at the soundness of my repose.”

So one chapter in the lonely struggle was ended, and the man of courage and command counted it a hopeful sign. But not much more than a sign, after all. What he had done, he held, showed nothing

more than the impossibility of making a highway between Linyanti and the coast. To be sure, he and his companions had pushed through, by patient and persistent and organized effort, and they would fight their way back again. But in his opinion there were too many natural obstacles to allow of a hope for any outlet that way.

Some effort was put upon him to go to England on board a British cruiser, the *Forerunner*, but he was obdurate. He had given his promise to his native friends, and to Sekeletu, and that promise he would fulfil, for otherwise his companions would be exiles in a strange land. Also, there was Linyanti, cut off from civilization, and if a road from it to the west was not possible, then perhaps a road to the east would be; and that possibility he proposed to investigate. "I therefore resolved to decline the tempting offers of my naval friends, and take back my Makololo companions to their chief, with a view of trying to make a pathway from his country to the east coast by means of the great river Zambesi or Lecambye." Thus writes the amazing man, having in mind a journey on foot comparable to one starting at Seattle, let us say, to walk to Winnipeg, with the purpose of finding a road to New York City. That roughly approximates the chosen route if the turnings and twistings and loopings are taken into account.

Because of his weakness, Livingstone was unable to start on the back trail before the latter part of September, 1854. But he used the time to advantage, getting his notes in order, and writing full

reports for the Geographical Society and the Astronomer Royal. These he sent to England by the *Forerunner*, which carried mail from Africa.

During his convalescence at Loanda, the pleasing news came to him that his men had, of their own initiative, gone to work for themselves. It was the result of the rigorous discipline to which he had accustomed them. They drove a brisk trade in firewood. They went to work unloading freight from the ships. They did odd jobs in gardens and fields. And they did all that though everything about them was exciting and full of novelty and delight—the ships which they looked upon as towns, the houses, the shops. Discipline had flowered into character. More, with their money they bought wisely, “selecting the strongest pieces of English calico and other cloths, showing that they had regard to strength without reference to color.” Education had equipped them for life, and they showed themselves adaptable to a new environment. Livingstone could have asked no better proof of the correctness of his theory. It was outstanding evidence of the result of the power of example.

The general government and merchants of Loanda showed active friendship. By public subscription and otherwise, they obtained as presents for Sekeletu a “colonel’s complete uniform and a horse . . . and suits of clothing for all the men” in Livingstone’s train. The horse did not survive long, dying from inflammation when they were a few weeks on their journey. There were also “specimens of all

articles of trade, and two donkeys, for the purpose of introducing the breed into Sekeletu's country, as tsetse flies cannot kill this beast of burden." Livingstone himself took a new tent, a stock of cotton cloth, fresh supplies of ammunition and beads, and presented each of his men with a musket. But they had accumulated so much on their own account that they were unable to carry Livingstone's possessions. He was helped out of this curious difficulty by the Right Reverend Joachim Moreira Reis, who had conceived a strong affection for the Protestant explorer-missionary, and who furnished twenty carriers and sent forward to all the district chiefs through whose territory Livingstone would pass, orders to give him every assistance possible.

Not long after leaving Loanda Livingstone heard bad news. The *Forerunner* had struck a sunken rock off St. Lorenzo, Madeira, October 25, 1854, and mails and fourteen lives had been lost. Livingstone laid up at Pungo Adongo, reproduced the reports and maps, and in his Journal makes no more ado about the tremendous task than if he had mislaid his hat. He was, he says, quite reconciled to the labor of rewriting, because his friend, Lieutenant Bedingfeld, to whom he had handed the papers, was not among those lost.

Before Livingstone left Pungo Adongo, he learned something of his country's affairs—little more than a hint, but one that awoke a longing to know more. For a copy of the *Times* was sent to him by his Loanda friends and, "among other news, an account of the

Russian war up to the terrible charge of the light cavalry. The intense anxiety I felt to hear more may be imagined by every true patriot; but I was forced to brood on in silent thought, and utter my poor prayers for friends who perchance were now no more, until I reached the other side of the continent." This refers, of course, to the famous charge of the six hundred, at the battle of Balaklava, October 25, 1854, when six hundred and seventy horsemen attacked the Russian batteries, and only a hundred and ninety-eight returned.

Their greatest trouble in the beginning of the return march was the heavy and incessant rain. Rivers became seas bordered with *débris*, and inconsiderable rivulets changed overnight into torrents. When no rain was falling, there was still "tree-rain," a steady downpour; and ground under ordinary conditions hard became swollen like a sponge, or changed to knee-deep bog over which animals refused to pass. Here and there were "quaking meadows" formed by thick carpets of grass upon a soil of mud, or sometimes upon shallow water. Often there were miles upon miles of black, stagnant water. When the rain ceased, white mists arose, and it was as if one tried to breathe steam. Nor was it easily possible to find a moderately dry sleeping place, or to find wood dry enough for the making of a fire.

In such conditions the intermittent fevers from which the explorer had suffered changed into severe attacks of rheumatic fevers, "brought on by being obliged to sleep on an extensive plain covered with

water. . . . The rain poured down incessantly, but we formed our beds by dragging up the earth into oblong mounds, somewhat like graves in a country churchyard, and then placing grass upon them." A little later on we have this entry: ". . . the heavy dew upon the high grass was so cold as to cause shivering, and I was forced to lie for eight days, tossing and groaning with violent pain in the head. This was the most severe attack I had endured. It made me quite unfit to move, or even know what was passing outside my little tent."

While he was thus incapacitated, one of those silly little quarrels which might, at a turn, have grown into something serious, came to pass.

It began when one of the men of Livingstone's party was bargaining with a native of the country in which they were camped. The trading seems to have gone on for a time with great solemnity, then without adequate cause developed into a heated argument, in the course of which the tribesman with the meat was struck in the mouth. Immediately, the result was magnified into a disgrace to the tribe, and men with assegais came running, much as if the men of the Livingstone party had changed to ravening tigers. To make peace and atonement, Livingstone's headman offered to give five pieces of cloth and a gun, but with the offer made, the other side became eager with increased demands. At that Livingstone crawled from his bed to take a hand, and, learning how matters stood, refused to yield up anything at all. So we picture the natives fierce and threatening,

blundering about the camp and being driven away, others coming and confusing the issue with talk and explanations that did not explain. Thereupon Livingstone gave the order to march, and the tribesmen seemed to disappear. Seemed to, because they took to that disconcerting and annoying trick of keeping on a parallel course, though remaining in hiding, which presignified an attack.

It came at a place where the travelers had to push through a thick tangle of underbrush. The enemy made a rush, knocking down some of the burden-bearers, and shots were fired. Forgetting his fever, Livingstone charged, staggering as he went, his six-barreled revolver displayed. But not to any ordinary native did he go. "I fortunately encountered the chief," is how he puts it. Then: "The sight of the six barrels gaping into his stomach, with my own ghastly visage looking daggers at his face, seemed to produce an instant revolution in his martial feelings, for he cried out, 'Oh! I have only come to speak to you, and wish peace only.' Mashuana [Livingstone's headman] had him by the hand, and found him shaking. We examined his gun, and found that it had been discharged."

But matters did not end there. One of the enemy, with a desire for distinction, made a rush, and a Livingstone man drove him off with a battle ax. Then Livingstone the executive, with that mysterious trick of producing awe by an exhibition of coolness, took a hand. "I requested all to sit down, and Pit-sane, placing his hand on the revolver, somewhat

allayed their fears. I said to the chief: 'If you have come with peaceable intentions, we have no other; go away home to your village.' He replied, 'I am afraid lest you shoot me in the back.' I rejoined, 'If I wanted to kill you, I could shoot you in the face as well.' Mosantu called out to me: 'That's only a Makalaka trick; don't give him your back.' But I said, 'Tell him to observe that I am not much afraid of him,' and, turning, mounted my ox. There was not much danger in the fire that was opened at first, there being so many trees. The enemy probably expected that the sudden attack would make us forsake our goods, and allow them to plunder with ease. The villagers were no doubt pleased with being allowed to retire unscathed, and we were also glad to get away without having shed a drop of blood, or having compromised ourselves for any future visit. My men were delighted with their own bravery, and made the woods ring with telling each other how brilliant their conduct before the enemy would have been, had hostilities not been brought to a sudden close. I do not mention this little skirmish as a very frightful affair. The negro character in these parts, and in Angola, is essentially cowardly, except when influenced by success. A partial triumph over any body of men would induce the whole country to rise in arms, and this is the chief danger to be feared."

The rate of travel in this section of the country, which was thickly forested, was about two miles an hour, with three and a half hours' moving each day, and ten traveling days in a month. The long stop-

pages were due to sickness, both of Livingstone and his men. We must picture frequent meetings with slave-dealers, the slaves eight or nine in a chain—natives with strange habits, such as filing the teeth to a point, attaching the hair to a hoop encircling the head so as to give it “somewhat the appearance of the glory round the head of the Virgin”—some who “never go anywhere without a canary in a cage”—some who “thrum a musical instrument the livelong day, and, when they wake at night, proceed at once to their musical performance”—some who eat white ants. What is extraordinary is Livingstone’s statement that only once did he see a specimen of quarreling. He adds: “During the whole period of my residence in the Bechuana country, I never saw unarmed men strike each other. Their disputes are usually conducted with great volubility and noisy swearing, but they generally terminate by both parties bursting into a laugh.” And always, outside of the slave-raiding territory, there was hospitality: “At every village attempts were made to induce us to remain a night. Sometimes large pots of beer were offered to us as a temptation. Occasionally the headman would peremptorily order us to halt under a tree which he pointed out. At other times young men volunteered to guide us to the impassable part of the next bog, in the hope of bringing us to a stand, for all are excessively eager to trade.” And once, there was this surprise, as extraordinary as that discovery of the piece of steel watch chain, or as that incident told of by Melville where the island chief

gave the author a set of Smollett's works, or as mine, when I found a copy of Dryden's *Virgil* in a tin box, on a desolate island off the coast of Tierra del Fuego. For Livingstone had visited a chief named Kawawa, and had been shown what the native looked upon as great curiosities. Then, as the rarest of things, the old chief "produced a jug, of English ware, shaped like an old man holding a can of beer in his hand."

There are many strange sights and experiences recorded, as swift glimpses, in the Journal. Once, one of Livingstone's men, resenting what he imagined to be impudence on the part of a villager, showed a tendency to disobey orders; whereupon, without being at all elaborate about it, the explorer rapped his follower on the head with the butt of his pistol, and an incipient revolt was crushed. Again, a chief whose reputation was none too good, sent word that he wished to see the white man, and a kind of studied insult was in his message. So Livingstone went and found the native, whose name was "Lord of the Lake," "a fat jolly fellow, who lamented the fact that when they had no strangers they had plenty of beer and always none when they came." At the end of the visit, the chief gave Livingstone a handsome present of some meal, and also a large supply of putrid buffalo flesh. There was another chief who, by way of impressing the white man and getting the proper prestige, insisted upon being carried into and from the council on the shoulders of one of his tribe. There were tribes skilled in wood carving. There

were others who made music their chief occupation. There was one chief, a very high-spirited one, who listened to Livingstone's message and at the end signified his desire to embrace Christianity. But, he declared, while he wished to live decently, he would transgress a little while longer, and then live at peace with the world forever after. Often Livingstone submitted to the ceremony of blood brotherhood, the transfusion of blood being a sign that man and man were knit together for life and were as blood relations; the party for Livingstone's side of the ceremony always being one of his men, the other the chief of the friendly tribe. Once, by accident, the explorer became blood relation to a young woman, for, while he was operating upon her for tumor, some blood spurted into his eye. The ceremony was considered by the native as binding as though it had been planned and intended. In one entry, Livingstone gives a full account of some curious funeral obsequies which interested him. "A person having died in the village, we could transact no business with the chief until the funeral obsequies were finished. These occupy about four days, during which there is a constant succession of dancing, wailing, and feasting. Guns are fired by day, and drums beaten by night, and all the relatives, dressed in fantastic caps, keep up the ceremonies with spirit proportionate to the amount of beer and beef expended. When there is a large expenditure, the remark is often made afterwards, 'What a fine

funeral that was!' A figure consisting chiefly of feathers and beads is paraded on these occasions, and seems to be regarded as an idol."

On July 27th, more than ten months after they left the Atlantic coast, they came again to Libonti, the frontier town in Sekeletu's dominions. The strange news of their return had preceded them, and they were greeted with wild demonstrations of joy. "The women came forth to meet us, making their curious dancing gestures and loud lulliloos. Some carried a mat and stick in imitation of a spear and shield. Others rushed forward and kissed the hands and cheeks of the different persons of their acquaintance among us, raising such a dust that it was quite a relief to get to the men assembled and sitting with proper African decorum in the kotla. We were looked upon as men risen from the dead, for the most skillful of their diviners had pronounced us to have perished long ago." Then, after Livingstone had spoken briefly, came an infinity of native eloquence with the man Pitwane telling at great length details of the journey, praising Livingstone and all white men, saying that the story of their friend's fame filled all men's minds, that chiefs everywhere had been conciliated; and, generally, in the manner of speakers, leaving the impression that he and his fellows of the platform were to be envied and admired. And when Livingstone, on the day following, held services, there were his veterans all decked out in their best with the white European clothes and

red sashes which they had bought on the coast, worshiping and giving thanks, with their muskets over their shoulders, while men, women, and children gazed at them, the *batlabani*, or braves, fascinated. And the *batlabani* chanted loud odes in their own praise, not only at that place, but at every village, until they came to Linyanti. There Sekeletu met the travelers, and was very royal, and very genial; and with lofty gestures very graciously accepted the presents offered him, all in the manner of monarchs since the ruling of men first began. The entire return journey from Loanda to Linyanti had taken from September 20, 1854, until September 11, 1855, and Livingstone had not lost a man on the way.

There was, awaiting the explorer-missionary, a fine evidence of faithfulness to him. In the month of September, 1854, some natives had arrived at Linyanti, carrying certain packages for "The Livingstone," which had been passed from hand to hand, as it were, originating with Mrs. Moffat down at Kolobeng. They were brought in on the last stage by enemies of the Makololo, who, being hailed by the bearers, from across the river, had suspected a ruse and a trap, perhaps the delivering of witchcraft medicine. But the Matabele were determined to carry out their mission, because of their love for Livingstone, so laid down the packages on the river bank, saying: "Here are the things; we place them now before you, and if you leave them to perish, the guilt will be yours." Then they turned away on their homeward march. After a little while the Makololo,

having fortified themselves with much divination, crossed the river and secured the packages, which they carried to an island in the middle of the river, and there built a weatherproof hut over them. There Livingstone found them a year later—news-papers, a letter from his son, and a good supply of food prepared by the capable Mrs. Moffat, preserves, tea and coffee, sugar, and certainly salt, for Livingstone often went without these things for months.

One pictures the Makololo, watching the white man open the suspected packages, half expecting the enemy's wizard's power to cause a dire calamity.

CHAPTER VII

VICTORIA FALLS AND HOME

TWO months after Livingstone's arrival at Sekeletu's capital there was a new excitement. It was on the third day of November, the year 1855. A procession of two hundred men marched out of Linyanti, laughing and chanting; some of them carrying burdens, some bearing battle axes or spears and shields. Twelve oxen were in the train, laden with bales of merchandise. There were others who were accompanying the procession a short distance by way of wishing Godspeed—important men from neighboring tribes—the Lebeolé, the Ntlarié, the Nkwatléle, and others, some having come for the purpose a hundred miles and more. After the train had disappeared over the low-lying hill and the dust that hung suspended in the air for a while had settled, another party, some of them on horseback, forty all told, rode out. And with them were Livingstone and King Sekeletu. It was the royal bodyguard, this second party, and was composed of young men, handsome with their tossing ostrich plumes and lions' manes, their weapons and their barbaric ornaments; beautiful in their liveness; full of merriment and glorified by their high-hearted happiness.

Night overtook the party just before they reached the tsetse belt, for crossing that in the dark was the only safe way, and they had planned long and well for this trip.

For Sekeletu and his advisers were eager for Livingstone's success to the end that a road might be opened eastward to civilization. "You are now going among people who cannot be trusted because we have used them badly," had said the dignified Mamire, in council. Then he had added: "But you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you, and help you, though among enemies; and if he carries you safely, and brings you and Ma Robert [Mrs. Livingstone] back again, I shall say that he has bestowed a great favor on me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit and be visited by other tribes, and by white men!" That last wish became almost a tribal prayer.

When the question of money came to be considered, for Livingstone had told them of his poverty and inability to pay the men at the end of the trip, Mamire, who having married Sekeletu's mother, had authority, said: "A man wishes, of course, to appear among his friends, after a long absence, with something of his own to show." Then, in a burst of generosity, he told Livingstone, the king, and the council this: "The whole of the ivory in the country is yours, so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it." The man was kindness itself, though he could unchain a fierce

beast in himself on occasion, especially against the Boers. For he remembered how, as a child, when his tribe lived south of the desert, there had been a Boer raid on his village, and he had hidden in an ant-eater's hole. But he was discovered by a burly Boer, who thrashed the lad with a hippopotamus whip within an inch of his life. Because of that, he was willing to accept the doctrine of peace on earth, except where it concerned the Boers. "Teach the Boers to lay down their arms first," he always said. They were outside the pale of his sympathy.

But there were other things discussed in Linyanti, besides plans and prospects, during those last few days. For, with black men as with the white, fact was all mixed with fiction, truth and the grotesque all mingled. There were the credulous and there were those who took a mischievous delight in telling frightening tales. So Livingstone heard of places that were haunted. He was told of a narrow place on the Chobe River where lived, under the water, a monster that reached up to hold a canoe motionless in spite of every effort made by the paddlers to move it. He heard of a pot of medicine which had been buried by one Sekote, a powerful chief and magician; a kind of Pandora's casket it seemed to be, for, when opened, out would fly a fearful pestilence to destroy all living creatures. He also heard, with much detail, stories of a place called Shongwe, a name that might be supposed to mean "The Seething Cauldron," out of which came Mosi-oa-Tounya, or "Smoke That Sounds." The last report he intended to investigate,

the more because he had been told of the wonder years before, when Oswell had been his companion.

So he investigated, and his investigation was fruitful, for ten days' journey from Linyanti, and the day after Sekeletu bade him farewell at the village of Kalai, Livingstone saw the strange apparition of five tall columns of vapor, looking like smoke from great grass fires. "Bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands . . . adorned with vegetation of great variety of color and form." So it was on November the fourteenth that David Livingstone discovered one of the natural wonders of the world, the Victoria Falls.

Curious to see and to measure, and daring tremendously, because of the danger of being swept over the falls by the current, though the river was low, he drifted in a light canoe down to the edge of the falls, and landed on an island in midstream, situated on the edge of the precipice much as Goat Island is hung on the edge of Niagara. While in the canoe, when a few yards from his landing place, it was not possible to see where the water went, for "it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant." Landing, and lying flat on the uttermost edge of the little island, he "peered down into a large

rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills."

Finding good soil on the island, he returned the following day and planted "about a hundred peach and apricot stones, and a quantity of coffee seeds" in the hope that it would be "the parent of all the gardens which may yet be in this new country." He also did another thing, and records it in a Pepysean spirit of self-accusation. Thus: "When the garden was prepared, I cut my initials on a tree, and the date, 1855. This was the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity." Surely the man who had a hazy feeling of disquietude about so small a step from his inclinations of self-effacement, must have touched hands with the gods.

On his second trip to the falls, in August, 1860, he took careful measurements and found the breadth of the Zambesi to be 1,860 yards. "The depth of the rift was measured by lowering a line to the end of which a few bullets and a foot of white cotton cloth were tied. One of us lay with his head over a projecting crag, and watched the descending calico, till, after his companions had paid out 310 feet, the weight rested on a sloping projection, probably 50 feet from the water below, the actual bottom being

still further down. The white cloth now appeared the size of a crown piece. On measuring the width of this deep cleft by sextant, it was found at Garden Island, its narrowest part, to be eighty yards, and at its broadest, somewhat more. Into this chasm, of twice the depth of Niagara Falls, the river, a full mile wide, rolls with a deafening roar." As for the channel below the falls, Livingstone describes it as if we should imagine "the trough below Niagara were bent right and left several times before it reached the railroad bridge."*

On the occasion of the second visit to the Victoria Falls, Livingstone took occasion to explore the promontories below the falls, made by the zigzag river course, and on the second angular strip of high land found a mystery. It was "a broad rhinoceros path and a hut: but, unless the builder were a hermit with a pet rhinoceros, we cannot conceive what beast or man ever went there for."

Summing up Livingstone's description of the Zambesi and the falls, we gain an idea of a broad river above the precipice, smoothly flowing because the incline is gentle, looking somewhat like an island-dotted lake, with coconut trees growing on the islands. It is evident that there was no great current at the

*In the year 1863, Sir Richard Glyn and his brother, being on a hunting expedition, went to Garden Island and found that the trees planted by Livingstone had been destroyed by hippopotami. It is pleasant to know that Sir Richard deepened, carefully, the initials

D. L.
1855

on the tree which Livingstone regretted having marred.

time Livingstone visited it; otherwise, he could not have reached the island called "The Garden," from which he took his measurements. That island, which was thickly covered with vegetation, cuts the falls into two portions, one of which, according to Reclus, is 1,858 yards wide, the other 546 yards wide. The ten columns of mist or vapor which give the native name of Mosi-oa-Tounya, "Smoke That Sounds" to the falls are caused by ten rocky projections at the foot of the falls, rocks of black basalt, upon which the water dashes. Baines, in his *Exploration of Southeast Africa*, says that the mist columns rise to a height of 1,000 or 1,150 feet.

Of the river below the falls, with its curiously crooked channel, there is this in the second volume of the Journal: "Looking from Garden Island down to the bottom of the abyss, nearly half a mile of water which has fallen over that portion of our falls to the right, or west of our point of view, is seen collected in a narrow channel twenty or thirty yards wide, and flowing at exactly right angles to its previous course, to our left; while the other half, or that which fell over the eastern portion of the falls, is seen in the left of the narrow channel below, coming toward our right. Both waters unite midway, in a fearful boiling whirlpool, and find an outlet by a crack situated at right angles to the fissure of the falls. This outlet is 1,170 yards from the western end of the chasm and some 600 from its eastern end; the whirlpool is at its commencement. The Zambesi, now apparently not more than twenty or thirty

yards wide, rushes and surges south, through the narrow escape channel for a hundred and thirty yards; then enters the second chasm somewhat deeper, and nearly parallel with the first. Abandoning the bottom of the eastern half of this second chasm to the growth of large trees, it turns sharply off to the west, and forms a promontory, with the escape channel at its point, of 1,170 yards long, and four hundred and sixteen at its base. After reaching this base the river runs abruptly round the head of another promontory, and flows away to the east, in the third chasm; then glides around the third promontory, much narrower than the rest, and away back to the west, in a fourth chasm; and we could see in the distance that it appeared to round still another promontory, and then once more in another chasm toward the east. In this gigantic, zigzag, yet narrow trough, the rocks are all so sharply cut and angular that the idea at once arises that the hard basaltic trap must have been riven into its present shape by a force acting from beneath, and that this probably took place when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean. . . . The land beyond, or on the south of the falls, retains, as already remarked, the same level as before the rent was made. It is as if the trough below Niagara were bent right and left several times before it reached the railway bridge. The land in the supposed bends being of the same height as that above the fall, would give standing places, or points of view, of the same nature as that from the railway

(Niagara) bridge; but the nearest would be only eighty yards, instead of two miles (the distance to the bridge), from the face of the cascade. The tops of the promontories are in general flat, smooth, and studded with trees. The first, with its base to the east, is at one place so narrow that it would be dangerous to walk to its extremity."

This also is interesting, as written by Charles Livingstone: "Among the first questions asked by Sebituane of Mr. Oswell and Dr. Livingstone, in 1851, was 'Have you any smoke-soundings in your country?' and 'What causes the smoke to rise for ever so high out of water?' In that year its fame was heard two hundred miles off, and it was approached within two days; but it was seen by no European till 1855, when Dr. Livingstone visited it on his way to the east coast. Being then accompanied as far as the fall by Sekeletu and two hundred followers, his stay was necessarily short; and the two days there were employed in observations for fixing the geographical position of the place, and turning the showers, that at times sweep in columns of vapor across the island, to account in teaching the Makololo arboriculture, and making that garden from which the natives named the island. . . . Before leaving the most wonderful falls in the world, one may be excused for referring to the fact that, though they had produced a decided impression on the native mind in the interior, no intelligence of their existence ever reached the Portuguese. About 1809 two black slaves, named Pedro Baptista and Andre

José, were sent from Cassange, a village three hundred miles from the west coast, through the country of Cazembe, to Tette, nearly an equal distance from the east coast. A lady now living at Tette, Donna Eugenia, remembers distinctly these slaves—their woolly hair dressed in the Loanda fashion—arriving and remaining at Tette till letters came from the governor general at Mozambique, which they successfully carried back to Cassange. On this slender fiber hangs all the Portuguese pretensions of having possessed a road across Africa. Their maps show the course of the Zambesi S. S. W. of Zumbo, about where the Falls were found; and on this very questionable authority, an untraveled English map-maker, with most amusing assurance, asserts that the river above the Falls runs under the Kalahari desert and is lost. . . . The ground is strewn with agates for a number of miles above the Falls; but the fires, which burn off the grass yearly, have injured most of those on the surface.”

As stated above by Charles Livingstone, the explorer remained at the falls only two days, and when his party pushed onward, Sekeletu and the escorting party returned to Linyanti.

Now and then, on the march, there were discoveries of ancient civilizations, or attempts at civilization, as astonishing surely as when one comes upon the troglodyte dwellings in Cappadocia, or sights for the first time one of those ruined temples in parts of Central America. In one case, there is mention of their passing “a very large town, which, from the

only evidence of antiquity afforded by ruins in this country, must have been inhabited for a long period; the millstones of gneiss, trap, and quartz were worn down two and a half inches perpendicularly." There were also gravestones of ivory, rotted away. And on the 14th of January, 1856, there was a discovery of stone ruins and in the jungle tangle "the remains of a church, and on one side lay a broken bell, with the letters I. H. S. and a cross, but no date. There were no inscriptions on stone, and the people could not tell what the Bazunga called their place. We found afterwards it was Zumbo." That was in lat. $15^{\circ} 37' 22''$ S., long. $30^{\circ} 32'$ E.

Doubtless it was an abandoned Jesuit colony or mission, and the sight of it gave the explorer-missionary "some turmoil of spirit . . . at the prospect of having all efforts for the welfare of this great region and its teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow who might be said to 'know not what they do.' It seemed such a pity that the important fact of the existence of the two healthy ridges which I had discovered should not be known to Christendom, for a confirmation would thereby have been given to the idea that Africa is now open to the Gospel."

Two weeks after that they touched the fringe of civilization in a way, for on the first day of February there came to the camp a couple of native traders, primitive pack men, who spread out their goods and displayed Massachusetts-made calico, marked:

"LAWRENCE MILLS, LOWELL."

So Livingstone bought liberally for his half-naked men, and paid with ivory. But although there were signs of touching the edges of commerce, the natives were liberal and hospitable, as, indeed, he had found them almost everywhere. "The real politeness with which food is given by nearly all the interior tribes, who have not had much intercourse with Europeans," he writes, "makes it a pleasure to accept. Again and again I have heard an apology made for the smallness of the present, or regret expressed that they had not received notice of my approach in time to grind more, and generally they readily accepted our excuse at having nothing to give in return by saying that they were quite aware that there are no white men's goods in the interior."

Livingstone heaped his scorn on the heads of those of his own race and color who boasted of the ease with which they hoodwinked the natives, giving them nothing in return for much, and calling it trade-gains. "How some men can offer three buttons, or some other equally contemptible gift, while they have abundance in their possession, is to me unaccountable. They surely do not know, when they write it in their books, that they are declaring they have compromised the honor of Englishmen. The people receive the offering with a degree of shame, and ladies may be seen to hand it quickly to the attendants, and, when they retire, laugh until the tears stand in their eyes, saying to those about them, 'Is that a white man? Then there are niggards among them, too. Some of them are born without hearts!' One white trader,

having presented an old gun to a chief, became a standing joke in the tribe: 'The white man who made a present of a gun that was new when his grandfather was sucking his great-grandmother.' When these tricks are repeated, the natives come to the conclusion that people who show such a want of sense must be told their duty; they therefore let them know what they ought to give, and travelers then complain of being pestered with their 'shameless begging.' I was troubled by importunity on the confines of civilization only, and when I first came to Africa." There is evidence of something we might have inferred: that Livingstone's sense of fair play was not limited to the ordinary situation. His ethics was disinterested and his mind flexible.

As for Livingstone's conduct toward those who hadn't that sense of fair play, and who invaded the rights of others, there is recorded in the Journal an interesting example. Between village and village, the headmen generally furnished guides, and sometimes, on long marches over not too difficult country, guides were hired. "One of our guides was an inveterate talker, always stopping and asking for pay, that he might go on with a merry heart. I thought that he led us in the most difficult paths in order to make us feel his value, for, after passing through one thicket after another, we always came into the bed of the Nile again, and as that was full of coarse sand, and the water only ankle deep, and as hot as a footbath from the powerful rays of the sun, we were all completely tired out. He likewise gave us a bad

character at every village we passed, calling to them that they were to allow him to lead us astray, as we were a bad lot. Sekwebu knew every word he said, and, as he became intolerable, I dismissed him, giving him six feet of calico I had bought from native traders, and telling him that his tongue was a nuisance. It is in general best, when a scolding is necessary, to give it in combination with a present, and then end it with good wishes. This fellow went off smiling, and my men remarked, 'His tongue is cured now.'

Following down the course of the Zambesi, the rate of march was ten or twelve miles a day. The atmosphere of the valley was heavy with moisture. We have a notion of the explorer's physical distress from occasional scattered remarks. "I drank less than the natives, but all my clothing was constantly damp from the moisture which was imbibed from every pond. One does not stay on these occasions to prepare water with alum or anything else, but drinks any amount without fear. I never felt the atmosphere so steamy as on the low-lying lands of the Zambesi. . . . Pedestrianism may be all very well for those whose obesity requires much exercise, but for one who was becoming as thin as a lath, through the constant perspiration caused by marching day after day in the hot sun, the only good I saw in it was that it gave an honest sort of man a vivid idea of the treadmill. . . . As we sometimes pushed aside the masses of rank vegetation which hung over our path, we felt a sort of hot blast on our

faces." Long before they reached the edge of the country which had connections with the settlement of Tette, their commissariat had run low and game was scarce, so that they were reduced to the eating of roots and wild honey.

Eight miles from Tette, knowing that his responsibilities for the safety of those with him were nearly at an end, the man of unwearying industry and all-embracing sympathy suddenly became conscious of his own weakness. It was the evening of March 2, 1856, and a two-hours' march would mean the ease and comfort of border civilization. But it would also mean a tremendous expenditure of energy in the way of greeting and of adaptation to an unaccustomed environment. So Livingstone, desiring rest more than anything else, flung himself down to sleep. His men begged him to go on, for they were eager for the excitements of a white man's place. But the master refused. He was enjoying perfect tranquillity under the stars. In the end, he sent forward the most eager of his men with a letter to the Commandant, Major Tito Augusto d'Araujo Sicard, and gave himself up to sound repose. Then, at two in the morning, there came to the camp two officers and a company of soldiers, and the officer who sent them had not forgotten to send food. "It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, 'This is enough to tear a man's life out of him.' The pleasure experi-

enced in partaking of that breakfast was only equaled by the enjoyment of Mr. Gabriel's bed on my arrival at Loanda. It was also enhanced by the news that Sebastopol had fallen and the war was finished."

For twenty days Livingstone and his men stayed in the Portuguese settlement. After the first day, in which whites and natives interrogated him curiously, wondering at what he told, there were little expeditions to points of interest in the surrounding country. Tette he found only passably prosperous, taking into consideration the natural wealth all about, but other Portuguese settlements he saw were in deplorable state, mean and wretched colonies in which the slave-owning whites had become parasitic, and which were almost abandoned, as far as financial support was concerned, by the mother country. "It is impossible to describe the miserable state of decay into which the Portuguese possessions have sunk," he writes. "The revenues are not equal to the expenses, and every officer I met told the same tale, that he had not received one farthing of pay for the last four years. . . . If the Portuguese really wish to develop the resources of the rich country beyond their possessions, they ought to invite the coöperation of other nations on equal terms with themselves. Let the pathway into the interior be free for all; and, instead of wretched forts, with scarcely an acre of land around them which can be called their own, let real colonies be made. If, instead of military establishments, we had civil ones, and saw emigrants going out with their wives, plows, and seeds, rather than

military convicts with bugles and kettledrums, we might hope for a return of prosperity to Eastern Africa." There spoke the man who saw a vision of a fair and wide life through industry; who saw a right education of a people through discipline; who saw death by parasitism for those who thought to live in luxury and ease on the labor of others. And he spoke as he thought, though those whom he chided were his hosts and entertainers.

It was the twentieth day of May, 1856, before the party reached the little port of Quilimane at the mouth of the Zambesi. The journey from Linyanti had taken more than half a year, and, since his first setting foot in Africa, David Livingstone had walked, or ridden on ox back, and chiefly through unexplored country, more than eleven thousand miles, without counting what might be called side excursions made from the main line of travel.

But at last he was homeward bound. He saw his followers and attendants comfortably settled on lands adjacent to Quilimane where they would wait until his promised return. He sold the greater part of the ivory given to him by Sekeletu, and, with the proceeds, paid his men and purchased necessities, which he sent back to the Makololo king. Twenty tusks, not sold, he placed in safety until his return; and with instructions that in case of his death they should be sold and the proceeds delivered to his followers and aids. So, his house set in order, he boarded the *Frolic* for England.

"I felt myself at home in everything except my

native tongue. I seemed to know the language perfectly, but the words I wanted would not come at my call. When I left England I had no intention of returning, and directed my attention earnestly to the languages of Africa, paying none to English composition. With the exception of a short interval in Angola, I had been three and a half years without speaking English, and this, with thirteen years of previous partial disuse of my native tongue, made me feel sadly at loss on board the *Frolic*." And in the Journals not a word of loneliness.

But the passage quoted has more than casual value and meaning. For perhaps I have not sufficiently emphasized that Livingstone, in his intercourse with many kinds of natives of various tribes, did not depend upon those contortions and silly meaningless gestures that some travelers call sign language. On the contrary, he says, again and again, that trouble with natives often arises from misunderstanding, and the inability to converse. Time after time he records instances where potential trouble was averted, as in the case of the Chiboque, by talking the matter over. In that case, it is abundantly clear that a disastrous cloud was gathering, but, as the entry reads: "I sat on my camp-stool, with my double-barreled gun across my knees, and invited the chief to be seated also. When he and his counselors had sat down on the ground in front of me, I asked what crime we had committed that he had come armed in that way." So he opened the safety valve for ill humors. The account goes on for a couple of pages,

telling how this one and that expressed an opinion, or gave reasons, or gave vent to emotions in a lengthy speech. But all the time anger was evaporating. You see Livingstone cool and self-possessed, but by no means blind to perilous realities in front and in the rear and on both sides; but, what is extraordinary, you quite forget that negotiations are being carried on in a foreign tongue with the white man quite comfortably articulate, concentrating on the different speakers' words and meanwhile very profitably forming estimates of the character and abilities and mental processes of those about him. Remembering all that, some notion is gained of the tremendous difficulties he overcame before he was able to make himself so plainly understood. For, as he passed through this territory or that, he always made it a point to converse with the natives in their own tongues, to learn their ways and customs, if at all possible, and it generally was, so as to come to an understanding of their beliefs and superstitions. Remembering also that each tribe had a different dialect, more and more it becomes clear that his task was tremendous; and, what is more, that his intellectual grasp and ability are something to wonder at. Yet, in the Journals written from day to day, there is not a single mention of this matter which he considered the main stream. Only one passage hints at it, and from that we infer that he made a careful study of the roots of the words of the different dialects and came to a conclusion which would have delighted Max Müller or Herbert Spencer, which was that all

the dialects grew out of two original languages, and that their differences indicate migrations.

To go back to the story: Two of the natives, Sekwebu the faithful, and his friend, begged to be allowed to go to England. But Livingstone knew himself able to afford to take one only, and he chose Sekwebu. To the other, he had said, trying to dissuade him with kindness, "You will die if you go to such a cold country as mine." But, "That is nothing," replied the native. "Let me die at your feet." In the end, only Sekwebu was allowed to go. But he never saw England. When they reached the Mauritius, August 12, 1856, the bewildered native went insane and committed suicide in most extraordinary manner. Livingstone, perhaps in tribute to his colored friend, whom he greatly admired and loved, ends his book, *Missionary Travels*, with an account of the affair, and it would be an ungracious thing to do other than tell the tale in the explorer's words.

He writes: "The constant strain on his untutored mind seemed now to reach a climax, for during the night he became insane. I thought at first that he was intoxicated. He had descended into a boat, and, when I attempted to go down and bring him into the ship, he ran to the stern and said, 'No! No! It is enough that I should die alone! You must not perish; if you come I shall throw myself into the water.' Perceiving that his mind was affected, I said, 'Now, Sekwebu, we are going to Ma

Robert.' This struck a chord in his bosom, and he said, 'Oh, yes; where is she? And where is Robert?' and seemed to recover. The officers proposed to secure him by putting him in irons; but, being a gentleman in his own country, I objected, knowing that the insane often retain an impression of ill treatment, and I could not bear to have it said in Sekeletu's country that I had chained one of his principal men as they had seen slaves treated. I tried to get him on shore by day, but he refused. In the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred; he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down, hand under hand, by the chain cable. We never found the body of poor Sekwebu."

We picture Livingstone resting for a month and overflowing with joy and thankfulness, the guest of Governor General Hay in the Mauritius. We see him, after that, quiet but full of the thorough happiness that comes from the knowledge of a game well played, on the deck of the P. & O. steamer that carried him by way of the Mediterranean to Marseilles. Already the fatigues and the dangers of his African expedition were, to some extent, thrust aside and half forgotten, for a vigorous and adventurous mood was growing within him. For, like all men who have lived away from civilization for any length of time, he was out of touch with things; that which occupied the minds of most men must have seemed trivial to the point of worthlessness; the very necessary amenities of intercourse must have seemed odd, even soul-

stunting after the individual directness of the primitive man. The activities of cities must have seemed grotesque to the man who had known sun-scorched years in a land of wild beasts and torturing insects. For the man of Spartan discipline, the cushioned seats of trains, the pageantry and show of Paris, the shackles and restraints of society must have contrasted oddly and unpleasantly with the primal forces and bright dangers that he had known for so long. But, because of that immense breadth of experience, he was easily capable of swift adaptation to the new environment. So we see him crossing France, and living quietly in hotels, a man unnoticed.

Of his personal appearance at the time, we have an excellent pen picture drawn by an unidentified writer in the *Nonconformist*. "A foreign-looking person, plainly and rather carelessly dressed, of middle height, bony frame and Gaelic countenance, with short-cropped hair and mustache and generally plain exterior. His face is deeply furrowed and well tanned. . . . Unanimated, its most characteristic expression is that of severity. . . ." I have been unable to find any reference to his arrival in the Paris papers of the day. Perhaps France knew nothing of him, for the French mind was occupied with the details of the meeting of the French Emperor and the Czar of Russia. At Southampton, Mary his wife was waiting for him, and they went to London at once.

Then dull, stolid England, so occupied with commerce and invention and colonization, so submerged

in its little businesses and its politics—England of no very passionate emotions suddenly realized that in its midst was a man to deserve admiration and respect and more. One of her sons, an unconsidered one, had renounced all for which most men strive, and now stood before her, an heroic figure. So London of December the ninth forgot to talk of its current sensations; of Belfast religious riots; and how the jewels of a countess had been stolen from a cab-top; and what Parliament was going to do; and what a wife-murderer had said when he paid the price of his crime at the Old Bailey. For a new tale rang from London to John o'Groats, and from John o'Groats to Land's End. And there were sermons, and articles, and editorials, and pamphlets. Great Britain's millions were, for a moment, the better and the nobler because of one man's patient industry and determination. For a flash of time strength was developed in others because of one man's character. For a while, to the doubtful and the wavering he was a source of courage. Men were more intellectually alive because he had shown what an active mind and calm courage could do. Because he had fought and conquered, there were others spurred to noble action. Some were merely amazed and astonished and pleased to have something to chatter about, but a few saw a glorious vision and thenceforth held a new ideal.

In our enthusiasm for Livingstone's personal qualities and achievements we must not forget and lead others to overlook, his definite, concrete achieve-

ments as a scientist. The results of this first period of exploration alone were enormous. His data reconstructed, or, rather, constructed the map of Central Africa, and his contributions to national history were many and genuine.

And it must be remembered that Livingstone was not the man to take applause to himself, forgetting that there were others who had labored to solve the riddle of Africa and its peoples. Indeed, in his addresses, he was eager to recall the work of those others: of the resolute Captain Stubbs who had sailed up the Gambia when other men were money-mad in the days of the South Sea bubble; of his fellow Scot, James Bruce, who had dared greatly in Abyssinia a hundred years before; of Mungo Park, whose tragedy was never told; of James Richardson, who explored the Sahara in 1845; of the courageous Dr. Barth, who returned like one risen from the dead. Livingstone, honorable and chivalrous soul that he was, insisted that others should share the honors thrust upon him.

But those honors he could not escape, little as he desired them, much as he would have chosen to dwell in modest retirement. The Queen wanted to see and to talk with him, and did. The Royal Geographical Society presented him with the Patrons' Gold Medal. Admirers met at the Mansion House, on February 5, 1857, and a Livingstone Testimonial Fund was suggested. Before the meeting adjourned, a sum of \$2,200 was guaranteed, and in a few days it grew to \$6,000. His fellow Scots raised an equal

sum. Private and anonymous gifts of money were sent to him. But to imagine, for a moment, that the praise given him and the honors accorded him and the comforts offered him obliterated the memory of his promises made to his African friends would be to mistake the quality of the man. Everywhere, before Royal Societies and in public lectures, he made it clear that his real work had only begun, that his duty led him to Africa, that he had given his whole life to what he believed himself most capable of doing.

A writer in the *Daily News* interpreted the man and his mission most excellently, thus: "Dr. Livingstone is one of the few men whose words are realities. There is a quiet, curt energy about his statements which irresistibly impresses the hearer with a conviction that he has done what he says, and that he will do it again when occasion offers. There is a transparency in the simplicity of his diction which lets us see the working of his mind, as if by some process of intuition. . . . There is true sublimity in Dr. Livingstone's allusion to the immediate resumption of the arduous task which he had been prosecuting for sixteen years, and is about to return to after an interval of only a few months. 'He saw it to be his duty to go, and he was determined to do his duty, whatever others might say about the matter.' . . . It was impossible to look round upon those assemblies without feeling a thrill of exultation at the thought that, literally, the whole earth is full of our labors—

that there is no region in which our industrial enterprise, our skill in arms, our benevolent eagerness to diffuse the blessings of civilization and pure and true religion, have not been displayed." The estimate of Livingstone is just, but we can see in the quaint closing phrases of this report how far Livingstone was ahead of his appreciator and of the ordinary contemporary position on the poor heathens. "Skill in arms . . . blessings of civilization." One thinks of the South Sea islanders.

That "only a few months" of the *Daily News* writer was not spent in lazy contentment. His friends, Sir Roderick Murchison and John Murray, the publisher, urged him to write his experiences, and that persuasion resulted in the book, *Missionary Travels*. But the task was little to his liking, though once commenced he stuck to it tenaciously. His heart was in Africa. How that promise made to his men, the natives he had left between Tette and the port, bore upon him, is shown in a passage in a letter written to his friend, Sir Thomas Maclear, dated January 21, 1857: "I begin to-morrow to write my book, and as I have 110 men waiting for me at Tette, whom I promised to rejoin in April next, you will see I shall have enough to do to get through my work here. . . . Here they laud me till I shut my eyes for only trying to do my duty. They ought to vote thanks to the Boers, who set me free to discover this fine new country. They were determined to shut the country, and I to open it. . . . I got the gold medal as you predicted, and the freedom of the city

of Hamilton, which ensures me protection from the payment of fees if put in prison. . . .”

The book finished, there were demands which it seemed impossible to resist. The freedom of the city of Hamilton had been given to him when he visited his boyhood home, to find his mother living but his father dead. The city of London had to present him with a gold box, with a freedom deed enclosed. Oxford University wanted him, and so did Cambridge; both gave him degrees. The city of Glasgow and the University there had to honor him. Edinburgh, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool—each city accorded highest honors. Then Lord Palmerston appointed him Consul for the East Coast of Africa, and Lord Clarendon, of the Admiralty, invited him to state his desires and consider them granted. There was one last function, on February 13, 1857, when the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society begged his attendance at a farewell public dinner. Three hundred and fifty men notable in the world of affairs and the world of science were there to honor him, and the keynote was struck by Sir Roderick Murchison, when, in his speech, he said that “after eighteen months of laudation from all classes of his countrymen, and after receiving all the honors universities and cities could shower on him, the man is still the same honest, true-hearted David Livingstone as when he issued from the wilds of Africa.” Of course, the man of whom he thus spoke was incapable of being spoiled by praise, just as he was incapable of being discouraged by hardship. In 1857 Livingstone

resigned from the London Missionary Society, but at this time and always his relations with its officials were pleasant and without strain.

So, in his forty-sixth year, when men of fiber not so firm are doing little more than contemplating their sunset days, David Livingstone, simple and uncomplicated, caring nothing for money or comforts, set out on a new pilgrimage full of zest and hope. With him were his wife; Oswell, the youngest child; his brother, Charles Livingstone; a geologist and ornithologist; Dr. John Kirk, botanist; Mr. Francis Skead of the Royal Navy, skilled as a surveyor who joined the party by arrangement at Capetown, and Mr. Richard Thornton, also a geologist. As part of his equipment he had a steam launch, in sections—the *Ma Robert* it was named, a boat easily capable of being screwed together for service, and of being taken apart again for land transportation. For its operation there were skilled men, and a commander. By way of general instructions, each member of the expedition was handed a written document, signed by Livingstone, emphasizing the necessity for “a well-regulated and orderly household of Europeans, setting an example of consistent moral conduct, treating the people with kindness, teaching them to make experiments in agriculture, relieving their wants, explaining the more simple arts, imparting to them religious instruction as far as they are capable of receiving it, and inculcating peace and goodwill.”

The party left Liverpool, March 10, 1858, on the steamer *Pearl*, touched at Capetown, and dis-

embarked on the East Coast of Africa to explore the mouths of the Zambesi, in May. Mrs. Livingstone, with her son, had been left at Capetown, on account of her ill-health, but she went with her father, Dr. Moffat, to Kolobeng.

CHAPTER VIII

FIGHTING THE SLAVE TRADE

THE account of the second expedition to Africa made by Livingstone is to be found in the book entitled *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and Its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa*, the joint production of David and Charles Livingstone. The volume, like all of Livingstone's works, is packed full with information useful to geographer, zoölogist, botanist, geologist. There are in it tales of derring-do, of adventure, of humor, of native life and ways and customs; enough material to last a short-story writer for a lifetime. But the salient thing that I find is his denunciation of Portuguese slave-trading, and that denunciation is done in no timid or spiritless way. There is a post-script to the preface of the book, ringing with incriminations. Out he comes with his charge of insincerity on the part of the Portuguese politicians, bluntly as Thoreau: "The credit which I was fain to award to the Lisbon statesmen for a sincere desire to put an end to the slave trade is, I regret to find, totally undeserved. They have employed one Mons. Lacerda to try to extinguish the facts adduced by me before the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Bath, by a series of

papers in the Portuguese Official Journal, and their Minister for Foreign Affairs has since devoted some of the funds of his government to the translation and circulation of Mons. Lacerda's articles in the form of a foreign tract. Nothing is more conspicuous in this official document than the extreme ignorance displayed of the geography of the country of which they pretend that they possess not only the knowledge, but also the dominion."

That is calling a spade by its proper name. But he knew; he had experienced; and knowledge and experience had left a deep mark upon his heart. He saw those he accused, not as genuine settlers introducing valuable institutions and inculcating proper habits, but as mere money-seeking masters demoralizing the natives. He saw them as plunderers with whom the higher motives alleged were mere pretences to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation. He saw conquest, and extermination, and disease, and disorder. He charged the Portuguese with interdicting foreign commerce and shutting out the natives from any trade except that in slaves. He saw confusion as the end of Portuguese domination. Mark the words of the man, so bent on what he knew to be right, so infinitely courageous and uncompromising. Mark the matchless dignity of him when he comes to specific charges.

"Looking from south to north, let us glance at the enormous seaboard which the Portuguese in Europe endeavor to make us believe belongs to them. Delagoa Bay has a small forth called Lorenzo Mar-

ques, but nothing beyond the walls. At Inhambane they hold a small strip of land by sufferance of the natives. Sofala is in ruins and from Quilimane northward for 690 miles they have only one small stockade, protected by an armed launch in the mouth of the river Angoza to prevent foreign vessels from trading there. Then at Mozambique they have the little island on which the fort stands, and a strip about three miles long on the mainland, on which they have a few farms, which are protected from hostility only by paying the natives an annual tribute which they call 'having the blacks in their pay.' The settlement has long been declining in trade and importance. It is garrisoned by a few hundred sickly soldiers shut up in the fort, and even with a small coral island near can hardly be called secure. On the island of Oibo, or Iboe, an immense number of slaves are collected, but there is little trade of any kind. At Bomba Bay a small fort was made, but it is very doubtful whether it still exists, the attempt to form a settlement there having entirely failed. They pay tribute to the Zulus for the lands they cultivate on the right bank of the Zambesi, and the general effect of the pretense to power and obstruction to commerce is to drive the independent native chiefs to the Arab dhow slave trade as the only one open to them."

In that passage we have a hint of the burden voluntarily shouldered by Livingstone the consul, who, as missionary, had seen and shuddered at what he called "the open, running sore of the world." Because he loved, he hated. He was a servant of his

country's flag, but he was not going to cultivate indifference to his country's political shortcomings by which his own people gave moral support to the slave trade by looking another way when Portugal made pretense to dominion. So long as England accepted Portugal's supremacy, and Portugal pursued its evil courses, just so long was England wasting her money in seeming to suppress the slave trade. To repeat, Portugal's claim that she was taking civilization to the untutored and her talk about spreading Christianity and putting down cruelty and slavery were mere shams.

So Livingstone wrote: "Our squadron on the East Coast costs over £70,000 a year, and, by our acquiescence in the sham sovereignty of the Portuguese, we effect only a partial suppression of the slave trade, and none of the commercial benefits which have followed direct dealing with the natives on the West Coast. A new law for the abolition of slavery has been proposed by the King of Portugal, but it inspires me with no confidence, as no means have ever been taken to put similar enactments, already passed, into execution, and we can only view this as a new bid for still further acquiescence in a system which perpetuates barbarism. Mons. Lacerda has unwittingly shown, by his eager advocacy, that the real sentiments of his employers are decidedly pro-slavery. The great fact that the Americans have rid themselves of the incubus of slavery, and will probably not tolerate the continuance of the murderous slave trade by the Portuguese nation, has done more to elicit their

king's recent speech than the opinions of the ministry."

Those quotations are long, but very much to the point, as showing with what eager expectancy Livingstone looked to his country as the power whose mission it was to bring order into the country he had opened. For it was worse than useless for him, and others, to be intrepid and active in exploration if the paths they made were used by those who trafficked in human flesh and blood. And that was literally the case, as a passage in the eleventh chapter shows: "After we had passed up, however, a party of slaves, belonging to the two native Portuguese who assassinated the chief Mpangwe, and took possession of his lands at Zumbo, followed on our footsteps, and, representing themselves to be our 'children' bought great quantities of ivory from the Bawe for a few coarse beads a tusk. They also purchased ten large new canoes to carry it, at the rate of six strings of red or white beads, or two fathoms of calico, for each canoe, and, at the same cheap rate, a number of good-looking girls. . . . We had long ere this become thoroughly convinced that the government of Lisbon had been guilty, possibly unintentionally, of double dealing. Public instructions, as already stated, had been sent from Portugal to all the officials to render us every assistance in their power, but these were to be understood with considerable reservation. From what we observed, it was clear that, with the public orders to the officials to aid us, private instructions meant only that we were to be

watched; but where nearly everyone, from governor to convict soldier, is an eager slave-trader, such orders could only mean, 'Keep a sharp lookout that your slave trade follows as near to their heels as possible.' We were now so fully convinced that, in opening the country through which no Portuguese durst previously pass, we were made the unwilling instruments of extending the slave trade, that, had we not been under obligations to return with the Makololo to their own country, we should have left the Zambesi and gone to the Rovuma, or to some other inlet to the interior. It was with bitter sorrow that we saw the good we would have done turned to evil."

For while he accomplished much during the six years of the second journey, while he explored the river Shire, while he discovered Lake Nyassa and Lake Shire, while he located a suitable port as outlet for the Zambesi country, and while he proved the Zambesi navigable for river steamers—achievement enough, one would think, for a lifetime—yet there was the poison of the slave trade, neutralizing his best efforts, and to that he could not, and would not, be blind; or seeing, be silent concerning it. Hence the emphasis laid upon slavery as a cause of strife and disorder where he, as his country's representative, wished to see unity and peace. He was white-lipped with anger at those of his own blood and race who quoted scripture in support of slavery.

For the state of the natives was very grievous, very disheartening, very humiliating. The slave trade, he

declared in letters private and public, was the greatest obstacle to civilization and commercial progress. He wanted all England to know that slave-trading was not a mere matter of buying and selling, but that certain atrocious fellows sent out armed parties on slave-hunting forays among helpless tribes, and carried the victims in chains to the coast, where they were shipped to the French island of Bourbon. When he met a slave train his heart bled because "to liberate and leave them would have done little good, as the people of the surrounding villages would have seized them and sold them into slavery." Everywhere along the slave routes the natives were churlish and suspicious and given to lying. Famine, droughts, floods, fires, tribal quarrels; all were good winds for the slave-trader. "One of the evils of this traffic," he wrote, "is that it profits by every calamity that happens in a country. The slave-trader naturally reaps advantage from every disaster. . . . As a rule he intensifies hatreds, and aggravates wars between the tribes, because the more they fight and vanquish each other, the richer his harvest becomes. Where slaving and cattle are unknown, the people live in peace." Then there was the unspeakable Mariano, so infamous as to have become famous; he is told of more than once. His trail was everywhere, and everywhere blood-bespattered. He and his men would rape, burn, slay, destroy utterly hamlets and villages, lay waste valleys, and rob those too old for the slave market. Once Livingstone and his party came upon a raided hamlet in which the sur-

vivors had been left without food, the very crops having been destroyed with exquisite fiendishness. "The women were in the fields collecting insects, roots, wild fruits, and whatever could be eaten, in order to save their lives, if possible, till the next crop should be ripe. Two canoes passed us, that had been robbed by Mariano's band of everything they had in them; the owners were gathering palm nuts for their subsistence. They wore palm-leaf aprons, as the robbers had stripped them of their clothing and ornaments. Dead bodies floated past us daily, and in the morning the paddles had to be cleared of corpses, caught by the floats during the night. For scores of miles the entire population of the valley was swept by this scourge Mariano, who is again, as he was before, the great Portuguese slave agent. It made the heart ache to see the widespread desolation; the river banks, once so populous, all silent; the villages all burned down, and an oppressive stillness reigning everywhere where formerly crowds of eager sellers appeared with the various products of their industry. Here and there might be seen on the bank a small, dreary, deserted shed, where had sat, day after day, a starving fisherman, until the rising waters drove the fish from their wonted haunts and left him to die. Tingane had been defeated; his people had been killed, kidnapped, and forced to flee from their villages. There were a few wretched survivors in a village above the Rue; but the majority of the population was dead. The sight and smell of dead bodies was everywhere. Many skeletons lay beside the

path, where in their weakness they had fallen and expired. Ghastly living forms of boys and girls, with dull, dead eyes, were crouching beside some of the huts. A few more miserable days of their terrible hunger, and they would be with the dead." So wrought the slave-trader. The paths he took were in part those opened by Livingstone, and the people upon whom the slave-trader came like a fiend from hell were the simple, generous folk whose lives Livingstone had hoped, in time, to make happier.

So the keynote of the second expedition is sounded. There are those who have passed somewhat lightly over the record of the second journey, holding that the Zambesi tour was not as important in discoveries as the first. We forget that there were important contributions to geographical and other sciences, and that no man could attain as much in six years as in sixteen. Some again, who could not forgive Livingstone for resigning from the Missionary Society, have passed over his second trip as being of no religious value, forgetting, or not knowing, that the man's eye and heart were fixed on a wider range of activity, and ignorant of the fact that he was training the natives to usefulness, to order, to a finer life. All of these forget that Livingstone's work was "the death blow to the slave trade" in Africa.

But passing to the exploration work of that second expedition, as soon as the *Ma Robert* had been fitted and launched, the four channels by which the Zambesi fell into the sea were examined and charted and measured. The party sailed up the Kongone branch

for twenty miles, in the *Pearl*, and found themselves in a broad plain of great agricultural promise, but terribly malarial. As the *Pearl* could go no farther, because of the shallow water, there was considerable activity during long hours, and without much rest, transferring cargo and necessities by launch and pinnace to Sienna, Livingstone's base. And, lo and behold! suddenly among the white men of the ship there were reckless assertions that they were being made to slave, there were generalizations about free men and a free country, there was wholesale abuse of bosses and masters, something indeed very much like a strike, or an incipient mutiny. It was, they considered, all very well to talk of fever, and the necessity for the *Pearl* to clear for Bomba Bay, but they wanted Sunday off and a full hour for meals. So the twelve natives wondered much and worked the harder, while the leaders of the objectors withdrew to a little island for discussion, where, instead of achieving economic perfection, some of them took fever.

Presently the *Ma Robert* started for Tette, and before she had gone a couple of knots, the men were ironic. She took four hours to make steam and consumed immense quantities of wood, and she made such labor of her work that the attendant canoes shot ahead of her. Moreover, she was noisy, she leaked, she made hard work of a little current, she was worse than cumbersome in weedy stretches of water, and if a start was to be made at six, she had to be fired up at two in the morning. So the craft

was renamed *Asthmatic*. Livingstone was mildly sarcastic about the man who had sold her "at a sacrifice for love of the cause," and as soon as opportunity permitted, asked his government to send out a more serviceable ship, so that presently he had the *Pioneer*. But that is anticipating.

Livingstone and his party reached Tette on September 8, 1858, and the news of his coming had preceded him as if broadcast from a radio station. His Makololo friends were waiting; but not all, for thirty had died from smallpox, and six of adventurous soul had gone far afield, to astonish the natives with their dancing, and had been murdered by an enemy chief named Bonga, or Tigercat.

It is easy to imagine that first day's talk, and the enjoyment of it: reminiscences with all pains forgotten, remembrances of Sekwebu and his true love and loyalty, the hearing of Livingstone's story of England, which they would regard as a dramatic kind of thing; references to Linyanti, to which they expected to go as soon as possible, led by Livingstone. He told them that he would keep his promise to them and would take them home, but first there were duties to be done in the way of exploration. He had heard of lakes never seen by white men, of a people beyond one of those lakes who had never seen white men, and much more. If the Makololo wanted to go with him, well and good. If not, he would return to Tette and take them, as he had promised, to Linyanti and King Sekeletu. And, of course, the Makololo were willing to go, more than willing, even

anxious, even regarding Livingstone with an amused surprise when he spoke of possible hardships and dangers. The intolerable thing would have been his leaving them behind.

There were two trips up the river Shire, with a thorough investigation of the country watered by it; the discovery of Lake Shirwa on April 18, 1859, a sheet of brackish water from 60 to 80 miles long and 20 wide; then a return to Tette on June 23, 1859, for the purpose of reprovisioning and patching up the *Asthmatic*.

It was while on the first up-river trip that a Tette slave told of "a strange race of men whom he had seen in the interior; they were only three feet high, and had horns growing out of their heads; they lived in a large town and had plenty of food." But the Makololo laughed at the tale, and the explorers disbelieved it. It remained for Stanley, in 1876, to confirm, in large part, the native's story.* But more curious than the tale of the dwarfs was the fact that, in the mountainous country near Lake Shirwa, their guides were often harmless insane natives. "These poor fellows sympathized with the explorers, probably in the belief that they belonged to their own class; and, uninfluenced by the general opinion of their countrymen, they really pitied, and took kindly to the strangers, and often guided them faithfully from place to place, when no sane man could be hired for love or money."

A third trip up the river Shire was commenced in

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the middle of August, 1859, and the main purpose of it was to locate the great lake of which they had heard, Nyassa. On August 28, 1859, they struck inland, a party of the four whites, thirty-six Makololo, and two guides. For nineteen days they tramped up mountain and down mountain, skirting the Kirk Range. They were pleasantly greeted and entertained by the natives everywhere, and found them to be a quiet people, given to agriculture and the working of iron into spears and hooks and needles. At noon, on the sixteenth day of September, they sighted the lake, an inland sea 210 miles long and 26 miles wide, its shores a series of vast rich green plains thickly populated. It seemed to Livingstone a place ideally suited for colonization, and he stood aghast when he saw signs of the slave-traders' trail there. The barbarism of Europeans in that fair land made him shiver in his soul. But he dreamed ardent dreams of better things. He wrote: "I have a strong desire to commence a system of colonization among the honest poor. I would give £2,000 or £3,000 for the purpose. Colonization from such a country as ours ought to be one of hope, not of despair. It ought not to be looked on as the last shift a family can come to, but the performance of an imperative duty to our blood, our country, our religion, and to human-kind. . . . In no part of the world I have been in does the prospect seem so inviting and promise so much influence." Then his dreams and schemes and designs were suddenly suspended, and he mused awhile over other possibilities. . . .

Why not a small war vessel on the lake? It was England's by right of discovery, that inland sea, and "by judicious operations . . . one small vessel would have decidedly more influence, and do more good in suppressing the slave trade, than half a dozen men-of-war on the ocean." Later, he proposed the plan in a tentative way to officers of the navy, and they agreed with him.

It was only by a few weeks that Livingstone found the lake before Dr. Roscher, a German explorer. Roscher, who saw it on November 19, 1859, was murdered by natives who suspected him of being the forerunner of slave-dealers, so his adventures are not known, except as a patch here and another there.

At last came the time for the long tramp to Linyanti, in fulfillment of the promise that the Makololo would be taken home to their own land. But, in some cases, natural nobility had become corrupted. There were those who had contracted the moral malaria of a slave atmosphere, so were shiftless and improvident. Some spoke of the Linyanti country with affection, but were too indolent to face the journey. So the degenerated were left behind, for there were no persuasions, and at two on the afternoon of May 15th, the pilgrimage started.

Then was Livingstone in his glory, a leader of a crusade. Then were the Makololo free with their leader of unforgotten long marches. Charles Livingstone's account of how everything was done in good order is as good as romance; how the night's camp was with one party in front, the donkeys on the right,

the Batoka party on the left, the Tette men in the rear; how, on halting at evening, certain men set to work to make the beds of branches and twigs; how some unloaded and some prepared camp; how the arms were piled in such a spot and the fires lit in such wise and fashion; how the charge of the fire for cooking was given to Matonga; how, at evening, after cooking and eating were over, there was singing or talking far into the night. "At times animated political discussions sprang up, and the amount of eloquence expended on these occasions is amusing," writes Charles Livingstone. "The whole camp is aroused, and the men shout about to one another from the different fires; while some, whose tongues are never heard on any other subject, burst into impassioned speech." And, as with more civilized men, the shortcomings of governors formed the most fruitful theme. "We could govern ourselves better, they cry, so what is the use of chiefs at all? They do not work. The chief is fat and has plenty of wives, while we who do the hard work have hunger, only one wife or more likely none." Unterrified Jeffersonian democrats were many in the jungle.

In fact, as Charles Livingstone discovered with an amused surprise, man in the jungle was in many respects very much like man in the town—some of them radical and some of them highly conservative, some of them considering things with reference to the ideal and some of them looking at things with an eye to practical consequences, some of them all for material gain and some of them choosing to live in a

fairyland of poetry. An amusing instance of the last is given by Charles Livingstone, an instance valuable to those who suppose folklore and folk songs to be something springing spontaneously from a group, not knowing that there have been in all times and in all places Widsiths and Rutebeufs and Taillefers and men of Gaspê, who sang because songs grew in their hearts. I copy the passage, while a vision of the wandering minstrel is in my mind's eye, for I have seen many of the kind. "Men of remarkable ability have risen up among the Africans from time to time . . . but the total absence of literature leads to the loss of all former experience. . . . They have their minstrels. . . . One of these, and apparently a genuine poet, attached himself to our party for several days, and whenever we halted, sang our praises to the villagers in smooth and harmonious numbers. It was a sort of blank verse, and each line consisted of five syllables. The song was short when it first began, but each day he picked up more information about us, and added to the poem until our praises became an ode of respectable length. . . . Another . . . belonged to the Batoka of our own party. Every evening, while the others were cooking, talking, or sleeping, he rehearsed his songs, containing a history of everything he had seen in the land of the white men, and on the way back. In composing, extempore, any new piece, he halted not, but eked out the measure with a peculiar musical sound meaning nothing at all. He accompanied his recitations on the *sansa*, an instrument [with] nine

iron keys which are played with the thumbs. . . . Persons of a musical turn, if too poor to buy a *sansa*, may be seen playing vigorously on an instrument made with a number of corn stalks sewn together. . . .”

At Victoria Falls there were sight-seeing, and measuring, and charting; then, suddenly as a meteor falls into the world's air, another man's adventures shot into theirs. For a native told the story of a white man who was held in captivity by a chief named Mashotlane, and Mashotlane was a warrior of the old school, who had fought under Sebituane and set no exaggerated estimate on the value of human life. Unconquerable kingship had been the native's ideal, and to that ideal he continued to hold fast. So matters called for swift action on Livingstone's part, and he looked into the affair.

The chief's prisoner turned out to be a Natal Englishman, a Mr. Baldwin, one of those lone wanderers who are to be heard of in any uncharted land. Alone, without outfit except a wagon which he left at a point two days' march away, living on the country as he went, with nothing but a pocket compass to guide him, he had tramped those many miles, eager to see the famous falls. And he had seen them to his heart's content, the second white man to do so. Then, heading home again, a trivial accident coupled with a drawing of illogical conclusions on the part of the chief came near to ending him. For, wishing to cross the river and having no boat, he had hailed a crew of natives who were canoeing. They ferried him, but only part of the way, because the English-

man, having passed the swiftest part of the current, leaped overboard to swim the rest of the distance. Possibly he had seen signs of heated controversy among the boatmen on the subject of rates of fare. However, the natives resented that unphilosophic hastiness and so carried their passenger to their chief, and there white man and native became tangled in a coil. Mashotlane decided that the Englishman should pay a fine, but showed a deplorable unwillingness to allow him out of his sight; nor could the Englishman ransom himself without going to his wagon. So there was friction, and in the middle of it Livingstone's party came.

Matters were soon righted after Livingstone had tackled the chief in a businesslike way, and the chief lightly explained away his action as perfectly consistent. "If the white man had been devoured by one of the crocodiles, then the English would have blamed me for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury on us, therefore he had to pay a fine," he said, and there was every evidence that the chief had grappled sincerely with his problem. On such false generalizations nations have fallen before now.

The incident led them to touch another adventure, or rather to hear of one. The tale was told by Baldwin. It was that of a missionary outfit sent by the London Missionary Society to Linyanti, following Livingstone's opening trail. In the Helmore party were nine Europeans and thirteen natives from the south, all of them inexperienced and probably expecting to do at a stroke what Livingstone had done after a

dozen years of hard apprentice work. The project had probably been undertaken without much consideration. At a well in the desert Baldwin found the party stranded, suffering from hunger, unable to hunt for themselves, fear-driven. The doughty adventurerer did what he could, hunting for them and leaving them with meat enough to carry them to Linyanti, then, having seen them out of their miserable mess, went his way. The missionary party reached Linyanti in time, but it was in such a state of weakness and exhaustion as to be easily taken with the fever. Soon five out of the nine Europeans had died, and several of the natives of the party were sick with the fever. The natives accused the Makololo of poisoning them, and those that were hale, of being ready to take up warfare in revenge. So the mission failed utterly, and the survivors went south, a broken body.

It was an example of the misguided efforts of well-meaning but mistaken men. There were enthusiasm, energy, zeal, labor in abundance, all flung into a cause—but there was not knowledge, there was not experience, there was not that understanding which Livingstone always insisted was the most important thing of all. The man in charge of the mission knew nothing of the native language, therefore had no influence, and, what was worse, among the party there was no one with the slightest knowledge of medicine. If we imagine a Sikh, full of prophetic dignity and impassioned devotion, going to Chicago to undertake the stupendous task of converting Americans to a

belief in the *Adi-Granth*, we shall have some slight idea of the picture presented to the Makololo people at the coming of the missionaries. But Livingstone's saner attitude would be like that of a Sikh, who, before attempting to talk to Americans about the *Tat tvam asi*, insisted that a knowledge of American geography, of American ways and customs, of the language, of ideals of citizenship, of morals, of psychological workings, of philosophical positions, and of much more, was necessary. He saw necessities with a degree of sharpness and clearness not understood by his fellows of the Missionary Society. He saw things as they were, and knew them to be of great breadth and great depth and great complexity, and had the members of the Missionary Society listened to him, had they been guided by him, such disasters as that of Helmore at Linyanti might have been prevented and the policy of more ordered march and gradual development would have left the Missionary Society the stronger. And what was very much to the point, Livingstone, after years of patient trial and experiment, had found what was an almost sure specific for the fever. The carefully prepared pill, still in use and known as "Livingstone pills," had been found very efficacious by his traveling companions. But unsophisticated men thought that they could enter new tropic lands without as much as a medicine chest.

Drawing near Linyanti, Livingstone heard strange tales. Possession of the scepter had not sobered Sekeletu, and the chivalrous traditions of his father

had been abandoned. He had taken to the spear, and tried to rule with feeble aggressiveness. So the people had scattered. There had been a severe drought, too, and the country was suffering grievously. A tribe had revolted against Sekeletu's rule, and things looked ugly. As for Sekeletu himself, he was said to have so changed that no one who had known him two years before could recognize him. His fingers had become like eagle's claws, and his face was swollen and horrible to see; so some said that he was not Sekeletu, but some creature bewitched and strangely altered—

“A fellow by the hand of Nature marked
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame.”

Almost everyone who talked of the chief spoke of sorcery. But Livingstone suspected leprosy, and, seeing him at his camp, a hundred and twenty miles from Linyanti, found his diagnosis correct. The luckless chief was sitting in a covered wagon, around which a high wall of close-set reeds had been grown, and an old medicine woman was attending him. Nor did Livingstone judge it wise to interfere, because of native suspicion, and because the woman “had not given him up yet, but would try for another month; if he was not cured by that time then she would hand him over to the white doctors.”

Of the chief, Livingstone wrote that he had the quiet, unassuming manners of his father; he spoke distinctly, in a low, pleasing voice, and was quite

sensible except that he firmly believed himself the subject of serpent sorceries.

The worry and disorganization due to the chief's change of policy had not affected the ways of the Makololo greatly. They were still a truthful and cleanly people, strong and self-dependent, of sound moral sense and sympathy, of clean justice and high honor. A mystical note was sounded, when the Linyanti herald, at dawn, greeted Livingstone's party with his song of welcome, thus:

“I have dreamed!
 I have dreamed!
 I have dreamed!
 Thou Mosale,
 Thou Pekonyane.
 My lords all,
 Be not faint-hearted,
 Nor let your hearts be sore.
 Believe the words of Monare*
 His heart is white as milk
 To all Makololo.
 I dreamed that he was coming,
 And that the tribe would live,
 If to God you prayed
 And heeded Monare's words.”

Then there was the sense of responsibility, more markedly developed in the Makololo than in many white races. Sekeletu, on first meeting Livingstone,

*Livingstone.

had told him that there were two packages of mail from Kuruman, which had been delivered at Linyanti some time before. Noting the explorer's modified eagerness, he sent a courier, who did the round trip of two hundred and forty miles within seven days, but who was reluctantly forced to leave one of the packages on account of its weight.

At Linyanti, Livingstone found his wagon, which he had left seven years before, the woodwork much the worse because of white ants, but the contents as he had left them, intact and unmeddled with. A knowledge of medicine might have saved the ill-fated missionary party that had perished, for some of its members had died no more than a hundred yards from the wagon which contained a very complete set of medicines.

So David Livingstone had fulfilled his promise in seeing his Makololo friends to their native land. He had seen some effects of his work, and he had seen the new and disquieting feature of Sekeletu's policy of overmastery, but to mend that was impossible, and, being a man of head as well as heart, he knew the futility of engaging in tribal politics. Having done all that was possible, he turned east again, leaving on September 17, 1860.

CHAPTER IX

SORROW AND APPARENT DEFEAT

THE journey back to Tette was a distinguished one in the way of speed, for they reached there on November 21st. But there was an unlucky incident on the Kebrabasa Rapids, for one of the canoes was upset and Dr. Kirk's notes were lost. And at Tette, it was clear that the old *Asthmatic* was on her last trip. "Our engineer has been doctoring her bottom with fat and patches, and pronounces it safe to go down the river slowly. Every day a new leak breaks out, and he is in, plastering and scoring, the pump going constantly. I never expected to find her afloat, but the engineer (while at Tette) had nothing else to do, and it saves us from buying dear canoes from the Portuguese." So runs the Journal. Five days before Christmas the craft stuck on a sand bank, her hold filled rapidly, and she had to be abandoned.

So they made their way by canoe to Kongone, and on the last day of the year the *Pioneer*, the new boat sent for river service from England at Livingstone's request, came to port. With her were two English cruisers, carrying a mission party of six Englishmen and five colored men in charge of Bishop Mackenzie. It was the Oxford and Cambridge mission to the tribes on the Shire and Lake Nyassa, and Livingstone

was embarrassed with his newly acquired riches. "It was a puzzle to know what to do with so many men," is the way he puts it. Part of that puzzle came from the fact that, as matters stood, the mission would land its men in the most unhealthy season; and, what was worse, profiteers had been at work, for the fever pills were useless and "must have been made from dirt, not drugs." So Livingstone found himself with additional burdens. In the end, he persuaded the bishop to accompany him to Johanna where the superfluous men were to be left with the English consul for a while. Nor was the *Pioneer* altogether satisfactory for river work, as she drew some five feet and the safe maximum draught for a useful boat was three feet. However, the bishop had to know something of the country, so there were river expeditions, with tremendous work at sand bars and portages, on the upper Shire.

And soon the bishop saw something of the dark side of the African picture, and seeing, understood much of the humanizing work which Livingstone knew to be a paramount duty. The story is a fine instance of the warlike fire which consumed the explorer behind the mask of his unusual silence: ". . . We halted at the village of our old friend Mbame, to obtain new carriers, because Chibisa's men, never before having been hired, and not yet having learned to trust us, did not choose to go further. After resting a little, Mbame told us that a slave party on its way to Tette would presently pass through his village." Then there were questions as to the wis-

dom or otherwise of interference, because news of such might mean retaliation on the part of the Portuguese authorities. But Livingstone was thoroughly roused to anger, remembering that his path opening had been used to give an impetus to slave-dealing, and he felt a responsibility. "A few minutes after Mbame had spoken . . . the slave party, a long line of manacled men, women, and children, came . . . round the hill and into the valley. . . . The black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line; some of them blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph; but the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest—so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party alone remained; and he, from being in front, had his hand lightly grasped by a Makololo! He proved to be . . . for some time our own attendant [while at Tette]. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied he had bought them; but on our inquiring of the people themselves, all, save four, said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted, too. The captives knelt down, and, in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely on our hands, and knives were soon busy at work, cutting the women and children

loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true; but, after a little coaxing, went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave sticks and bonds. . . . Many were mere children about five years of age and under. . . . Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. This, the rest were told, was to prevent them from attempting to escape. One woman had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and a man was dispatched with an ax because he had broken down with fatigue. . . . The bishop was not present at this scene, having gone to bathe in a little stream below the village; but on his return he warmly approved of what had been done. . . . Logic is out of place when the question with a true-hearted man is whether his brother man is to be saved or not. Eighty-four, chiefly women and children, were liberated; and on being told that they were free, and might go where they pleased, or remain with us, they chose to stay; and the bishop wisely attached them to his Mission to be educated as members of a Christian family. . . .”

Livingstone's religion was not of the sort to forbid him to stir a finger for right and fair play. He was anxious enough to avoid collisions, as all true men are, but there were evils which cried aloud for the sword. After that, for a time the party seemed to drift toward defiance. Eight more slaves were released at a near-by hamlet. The news of their militancy grew, and at the tale of their approach, traders with a hundred slaves fled to hiding, hotly followed by Dr. Kirk and four Makololo. A little later there was a releasing of six more slaves, and a couple of traders were captured and detained, during a whole night, by way of preventing the carrying of news. The next day fifty more slaves were set free, and, being naked, were clothed by their rescuers. Nor was their day of militancy done. For being near the place where two tribes were at war, the Ajawa and the Manganja, both having been inflamed by slavers, the Ajawa fired on the exploring party with poisoned arrows, and in self-defense, Livingstone's men fired on the natives, though without attempting to do more than frighten them.

Pondering all that, the bishop debated whether it would not be better for him, as head of the newly established mission, to take sides with the Manganja, against the Ajawa. But Livingstone opposed any participation in native quarrels. In his ripened experience, he knew that when all seemed to have been said, less than half was said, and there were complications reaching far back, and other complications stretching wide. So the bishop was persuaded by

Livingstone, and, while learning the lay of the country, applied himself diligently to a study of the native dialects. In the month of August, bishop and explorer parted, the former comfortably installed on a healthy and pleasant spot at Magomero; the latter headed for Lake Nyassa.

The Livingstone party had a tremendously interesting time on Lake Nyassa, in their sailboat, which had been carried overland by willing natives. We have, reading the Journals, a vision of the low line of coast, the cleanness of a new country, a glorious bird world, little sandy bays lined with curious people, moonlight nights all silver cool, waters lapping musically on the boat's black bows. We see Livingstone, lean and agile as a harrier, tanned to the lips, his eyes twinkling with inward joy. Always he wears that little peaked cap with the gold band, a head covering ill-adapted, one would think, for a subtropical climate. For hours on end he is observantly silent, then his infinitely inexhaustible humor bubbles forth. Again he is hard and enigmatical, a man alone on a plane of which the others know nothing, lost in his vision of glorious achievement.

There were adventures with tattooed natives, some who were of open-handed hospitality; some, touched by the slave-trade virus, who robbed them. They passed a place of midges, so many whirling clouds of them that it was as if a mist had settled on the waters. The primitive folk in that place had turned the pests to account, catching the little gnats and making cakes of them. In an unexpected place

they saw well-cared-for burying grounds with little paths between the graves, and every evidence that the bodies had been buried with the head toward the north.* They saw fearful evidences of the slave trade, such evidence in the way of skeletons that Livingstone came to the startling conclusion that for every slave captured at least four native lives were spilled. And in one place there was a tribe in full career toward all the problems of privilege and land tenure and taxation and trusts, for a chief had a fishing monopoly, with metes and bounds set to part of the lake, and no one had arisen to compel him to yield his privilege.

There were four days in which Livingstone, with a couple of Makololo, was absent from the boat party, giving his friends great concern. The three took a land trip and ran into a party of Zulus who blustered tremendously, commanding the white man to sit in the sun while they themselves sat in the shade. But with that strange dispassionateness of his, Livingstone took the situation in hand, saying: "If you sit in the shade, so will we," and made himself comfortable. At that, the Zulus began a terror-inspiring shield rattling which was one of their habits when dealing with an enemy. But, said Livingstone to them: "It is not the first time we have heard shields rattled." Evidently, by a kind of intuitive process,

*On the sense of polarity among natives, I was corresponding with my friend W. H. Hudson at the time of his death. The naturalist of La Plata had heard of South American tribes, the members of which always slung their hammocks due north and south, and buried their dead with the heads pointing northward, and was tremendously interested.

the Zulus read the white man's determination and realized that all their array of paraphernalia and ritual was of no avail. Without as much as a frown or a threatening word, Livingstone had gained ascendancy.

The exploration of the lake took twenty-five days, from September 2 to September 27, 1861, and the work being thoroughly and satisfactorily done, the party made a way to the coast, reaching the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi a few days before the arrival of the English cruiser *Gorgon*. Seeing it on the horizon, Livingstone in the *Pioneer* steamed out to meet the ship and:

"I have steamboat in the brig," signaled the *Gorgon*, referring to the twenty-four sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, especially designed for lake service.

"Welcome news," flashed back Livingstone.

"Your wife aboard," was the next signal.

"Accept my best thanks," went from the *Pioneer*.

But on the heels of that good news came a tale of calamity, told by native to native, carried from the mission established by Livingstone for Bishop Mackenzie. The bishop had sent out an exploring party from the mission, and the party was attacked, some escaping, but others being captured by tribes incensed and made suspicious by slave-raiders. The militant missionaries rescued the prisoners and burned the village by way of punitive measures. Returning, "wet, weary, and tormented by mosquitoes, they lay in the canoe till morning dawned, and then proceeded to Malo, an island at the mouth of the Rue, where

the bishop was at once seized by fever." The Makololo, "day by day for three weeks . . . remained beside his mat on the floor, till, without medicine or even proper food, he died. They dug his grave on the edge of the deep dark forest where the natives buried their dead. Mr. Burrup, himself far gone with dysentery, staggered from the hut, and, as in the dusk of evening they committed the bishop's body to the grave, repeated from memory portions of our beautiful service for the Burial of the Dead. . . . The Makololo then took Mr. Burrup up in the canoe as far as they could go, and, making a litter of branches, carried him themselves, or got others to carry him, all the way back to his countrymen at Magomero. They hurried him on lest he should die on their hands, and blame be attached to them. Soon after his return, he expired from the disease which was on him when he started."

So the mission was wrecked, and tongues in England wagged freely in denunciation of what they called missions with a sword, some who knew nothing at all about it declaring that "the warlike measures of the mission were the consequences of following Dr. Livingstone's advice." And Livingstone, the heart of flame, the man all self-surrender, this Livingstone who had advised the bishop to refrain from participation in native disputes and had himself done so—this David Livingstone capable of friendship with a sword, like a true knight flung his challenge to those at home and elsewhere, declaring that he, too, would have acted as did the bishop, in similar case, so that fault-

finders who sat in armchair ease, having Livingstone's words, could blame not the dead but the living. "I shall not swerve a hair's breadth from my work while life is spared," he wrote to the Bishop of Capetown.

And then came this, as reported by Charles Livingstone: "During unhealthy April, the fever was more severe in Shupanga and Mazaro than usual. We had several cases on board; they were quickly cured, but, from our being in the delta, as quickly returned. About the middle of the month Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by this disease; and it was accompanied by obstinate vomiting. Nothing is yet known that can allay this distressing symptom, which of course renders medicine of no avail, as it is instantly rejected. She received whatever medical aid could be rendered from Dr. Kirk, but became unconscious, and her eyes were closed in the sleep of death as the sun set on the Christian Sabbath, the 27th of April, 1862. A coffin was made during the night, a grave was dug next day under the branches of the great baobab tree, and with sympathizing hearts the little band of his countrymen assisted the bereaved husband in burying his dead. At his request the Reverend James Stewart read the burial service; and the seamen kindly volunteered to mount guard for some nights at the spot where her body rests in hope. Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolobeng, a thousand miles inland from the Cape, and as the daughter of Moffat and a Christian lady exercised most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may

wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labors, was called to her rest instead. *Fiat, Domine, voluntas tua!*"

Somehow I feel it to be an offence against privacy to quote the words of the weary man, her husband, dumbly bewildered by the blows of an unkind fate. So let these words satisfy, words wrung from the heart of the man of an infinity of tender patience: "Oh, my Mary, my Mary! How often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng!"

David Livingstone, master of himself in the agony of his loss, could not sit down in any mood of broken-hearted self-indulgence in grief. To do that would achieve nothing, certainly would not take the sting out of bereavement. There was the bitterness of separation, but he would not allow that to cast a shadow on the happiness of others. Calmly, he triumphed over sorrow. If he owed a duty to the dead, he would transmute that remembered duty into service to the living. And the duty nearest to hand was the doing of what could be done to end the slave trade. He wanted to be assured that there was no other water way to Lake Nyassa than by the Zambesi. If no other way existed, then the patrolling of the inland sea by a British boat would be all the easier. Also, with that strain of mysticism which is in all of us in varied degrees, he felt that in some mysterious

way his wife's grave by the Zambesi was an influence for good. "It may seem weak to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi," he wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison, "and to think that the path by that is consecrated by her remains."

And he was assured that there was no other water way to the Nyassa, not by report or hearsay, but by going up the only likely river, the Rovuma, to the distance of a hundred and fifty-six miles. That point being settled, and the river Shire having risen, on the tenth day of January, 1863, in the *Pioneer*, with the *Lady Nyassa* in tow, he started for Nyassa. His intention, in a word, was to take the *Lady Nyassa* somehow to the Lake, if he had to take her to pieces and make a road for carriers of the parts, then reconstruct and launch her. It is incredible that a man should dream such a dream, but he did more than dream. "We believed that, if it were possible to get a steamer upon the Lake, we could, by her means, put a check on the slavers from the East Coast, and aid more effectually still in the suppression of the slave trade by introducing . . . a lawful trade in ivory. We therefore unscrewed the *Lady Nyassa* at a ~~distance~~ about five hundred yards below the first cataract and began to make a road over the thirty-five or forty miles of land portage by which to carry her up piecemeal. After mature consideration, we could not imagine a more noble work of benevolence than thus to introduce light and liberty into a quarter of this fair earth which human lust has converted

into the nearest possible resemblance of what we conceive the infernal regions to be, and we sacrificed much of our private resources as an offering for the promotion of a good cause."

Mark that "we sacrificed much of our private resources." In plain language it means that Dr. Livingstone had spent, out of his own money, salary and royalties from his book, more than \$30,000 in refitting and doing work on the *Lady Nyassa*, and in paying natives to make the road across country! And then, when all was well under way, though Livingstone himself was looking after matters while suffering from dysentery, the long arm of government reached out across oceans and continents, with a notification from Lord John Russell that the expedition was recalled. It was the effect of international policies, and understandings, between statesmen, and all that kind of thing. The local Portuguese had made representations to their government that Livingstone was a disturbing influence, and men in office had whispered and pondered and looked wise, then the English Foreign Office had taken a hand diplomatically, with intent to preserve national amities, so there was an end of things. After December, Livingstone's emoluments as consul-explorer would cease, and he would have nothing with which to pay his men. There being no choice, he had to stop work, cease his explorations of the lake lands, pack up and turn his face homeward. To make matters worse, he had just heard of a great lake called Bamba, or Bangweolo, never seen by white man, and,

in his exploration, had been within ten days' march of it. But there was authority, blind, unknowing, and persistent; authority seeking no enlightenment, no explanation.

So Livingstone and his men, undaunted in spite of all, tramped seven hundred and sixty miles on the back trail, doing the distance in fifty-five days, over a hard-baked soil and through a tsetse fly infested country. As for diplomacy, or rather the lack of it with regard to the man on the firing line, there is this passage in the Journal, a very significant one indeed: "We had received orders from the Foreign Office to take the *Pioneer* down to the sea. . . . The salaries of all the men in her were positively 'in any case to cease by the 31st of December.' The dispatch from the Foreign Office having been sent open to the Governor of the Cape, it seems to have been forwarded in the same free-and-easy way to its destination; for the new bishop's chaplain had commented freely before a number of Portuguese . . . on its different paragraphs, and more especially on the omission of all notice of the *Lady Nyassa*. When his servant brought it up to the *Pioneer*, he hailed the crew in strong Surrey dialect with, 'I say, no more pay for you chaps after December; I brings the letter as says it.' Though we never for a single moment entertained the idea that this grossly disrespectful way of treating a dispatch from H. M. principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was anything more than the result of want of knowledge of the

world on the part of those who had probably never in their lives seen a government dispatch before, yet the conviction that all the *Pioneer's* men knew that their wages might not be forthcoming if we were in the river after December, had some influence on a mind borne down by that most depressing of diseases, dysentery."

But what that sending of the kitchen knave to the hero who deserved a chief knight meant, in the way of turmoil in the heart, we do not know and can only dimly guess. At any rate, we find no expressed bitterness. We do find this piece of tender sympathy, though, and reading the little story, the man Livingstone seems to spring into new stateliness. "As we were sleeping one night, outside a hut, but near enough to hear what was going on within, an anxious mother began to grind her corn about two o'clock in the morning. 'Ma,' inquired a little girl, 'why grind in the dark?' Mamma advised sleep, and administered material for a sweet dream to her darling by saying, 'I grind meal to buy a cloth from the strangers which will make you look like a little lady.'" Livingstone adds this, "An observer of these primitive races is struck continually with such little trivial touches of genuine human nature."

Nor was it by any design that Livingstone tells the story hot on the heels of the tale of the wrongful doings of men and of the message from his Foreign Office. For he was the very soul of high patriotism and order and obedience. Indeed, the selflessness of

the man is almost incomprehensible. He was cheerful and undaunted under a catastrophe which would have broken most men.

Note, too, this example of tolerance; this wholesome refusal to impose his preferences on others, so entirely characteristic of the man. He is writing of the natives who, after harvesting, make merry with honest cakes and ale, not stinting themselves in the least. "None but a churl would grudge them this, the enjoyment, though a poor one, of their lives. Bless their hearts, let them rejoice in the fruits of their labor! We confess, however, that we have never witnessed the plenty which their land yields without turning in imagination to the streets and lanes of our cities, and lamenting that the squalid offspring of poverty and sin had not more pleasant lives in this world, where there is so much and to spare."

We see Livingstone at this time as a man who had suffered great personal sorrow, who had seen his plans swept away by a clumsy hand, and who thought that his most important, careful, and arduous labors had been suddenly made fruitless. We imagine him regarded by the Portuguese as defeated, certainly cordially hated as the would-be destroyer of a very profitable trade. For there he was, recalled by his government, facing the prospect of selling his only means of transport, the *Lady Nyassa*, to those who would use the ship for the very purposes he had given his life to destroy. At this point it will be well for any reader to take a map of Africa and trace a course, be it ever so roughly, from Lake Nyassa down to the

mouth of the river, and then across the sea channel to Mozambique. That being done, let a ruler be set across the map in such wise that it touches Mozambique, and Bombay in India, thus crossing 2,500 miles and more of sea. So shall some idea be formed of the bold venture made by David Livingstone. For, at Mozambique, finding himself in sad coils, he severed them with a sharp resolve and went direct to his goal. That he would dare to navigate the little ship built for river traffic across those miles of ocean is unthinkable. Yet that very thing he did, and, if Bombay and other near sea ports had been in the hands of the Portuguese, he would have sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and up the Atlantic—or he would have sunk the ship in deep waters and walked to England rather than give as much as one stick, line, or rope of her to the dealers in human flesh.

So, with seven Zambesi natives, two boys, and three Europeans who were to act as fireman and sailor and carpenter, Captain Livingstone took command, pulling up anchor on April 30, 1864, and dropping it in Bombay harbor, June 13th, with a clean bill of health for all on board. And there he was, for a few days, paying his men off, seeing to the docking of his craft, a man iron-gray and wrinkled and resolute, doing all well and thoroughly, like any seasoned skipper. He talked business for a while, half deciding to sell his ship, but so small a vessel had little value in those seas. Besides, as he tells us: “with the thought of parting with her, arose more strongly than ever the feeling of disinclination to

abandon the East Coast of Africa to the Portuguese and slave-trading, and I determined to run home and consult my friends."

To clear up the matter of the *Lady Nyassa*, let it be said that Livingstone did sell her, but that was on his return, when he took the equivalent in English money of \$13,000, which was not quite half of what he had spent on her. The proceeds he put in the Indian Bank, which soon afterward failed, so that all of his investment was finally lost. But loss of money could not embitter him, and he accepted the news with a shrug of his shoulders, saying, "The cost was dedicated to the great cause for which she was built," and so dismissed the matter. But that is getting ahead of the story.

At Bombay he put the two boys of his crew to school, then started homeward with the three white sailors, and reached London on July 10, 1864.

Always simple and uncomplicated, direct and obvious, David Livingstone arrived in London, took a meal, and, travel-stained, rumped, and unmindful of fashion and social etiquette, walked to the house of his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, and knocked at the door. He looked for nothing more than a good talk behind closed doors. But his friend saw only the hero of the frontier, who should not come quietly and unannounced, he thought, but with trumpets and heralds, to be greeted by the highest in the land. "So," runs the *Journal*, "Sir Roderick took me off with him, just as I was, to Lady Palmerston's recep-

tion. My lady was very gracious. Gave me tea herself. Lord Palmerston looking very well. Had two conversations with him about the slave trade. Sir Roderick says he is more intent on maintaining his policy on that than on any other subject."

A little later, the explorer met Lord Russell and found him "very cold," at which he wondered much. For Livingstone, honorable and chivalrous and high-hearted because of his ideal, could not understand how men in place and power could by any possibility be petty, foolish, self-centered because of their political ambitions, and immured in generally accepted opinions. He thought that they had only to be shown the unpardonable blunder of a policy that perpetuated the hideous slave trade, and at once all would be well. As he saw it they had only to be shown an indubitably fine ideal, and one and all would leap to give it existence.

But there were party politics, and Russell-Palmerston antagonisms; there were diplomatic angularities and stiffnesses; there were egoisms and jealousies and strivings. Also, the nations were thick in the nationalistic and imperialistic struggles of the Nineteenth Century, and because of his activities, it came about that David Livingstone was an important piece on the chessboard on which English and Portuguese politicians played the international game for the partition of Africa.

But the explorer, in his single-mindedness, knew nothing of that, and had he known or realized it, would not have greatly concerned himself. He

saw only that one all-embracing problem. He had his plans for the future, and set them forth to any who cared to hear, in no uncertain way, thus: "I propose to go inland north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavor to commence that system on the East, which has been so eminently successful on the West Coast, a system combining the repressive efforts of H. M. cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions, the moral and material results of which have been so gratifying. I hope to ascend the Rovuma, or some other river north of Cape Delgado, and in addition to my other work shall strive, by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, to ascertain the water-shed of that part of Africa. In so doing, I have no wish to unsettle what, with so much toil and danger, was accomplished by Speke and Grant, but rather to confirm their illustrious discoveries."

Such then was the plan of the man who was touching his fifty-third year, whose wife's life had been given to the cause he had at heart, and whose eldest son Robert had fought against slavery in the Federal army and been buried at Gettysburg. And behind that very practical plan was the desire to frustrate those who, in the name of trade, crushed and demoralized and degraded the African natives; whose work was one of conquest and spoliation; whose thirst for wealth meant tears and destruction and blood-spilling; whose activities meant chaos.

For nine months, Livingstone was in England,

lecturing, working incessantly to interest men in his cause; and writing his second book. He appeared before a House of Commons committee to enter his warm protest against England's "monstrous mistake as to missionaries," as a blot on Britain's escutcheon. Of sorrow and loss and severed ties he said nothing, he did not try to vindicate his personal reputation when it was attacked, but was always ready and willing to talk of his high mission—to churchmen, to statesmen, to schoolboys. Indeed, one of his last addresses was to the scholars of the school in which his son Oswell was being educated, and in that address his farewell words were "Work hard!"

At last, according to H. M. Stanley's report of a conversation with the explorer, Sir Roderick Murchison one day approached Livingstone and told him that the Royal Geographical Society was resolved to send an expedition to Africa to solve the problem of the watershed between the Nyassa and the Tanganika lakes, whereupon Livingstone suggested a well-known man for the honor of being leader. But the nominee "declined to proceed to Africa on the strength of nothing more than a verbal promise of a reward," whereupon the old war-horse offered himself for the task, money or no money. What the government finally gave was a pitiful sum of \$2,500 towards the expenses of the expedition, and the title of Consul without salary, a proceeding which closely parallels the support given to Magellan by the Spanish king. And, in Livingstone's case, as in Magellan's, the burden of the expense was borne by private individ-

uals, for a friend who chose to remain anonymous sent \$5,000, the Royal Geographical Society \$2,500. A third journey was assured.

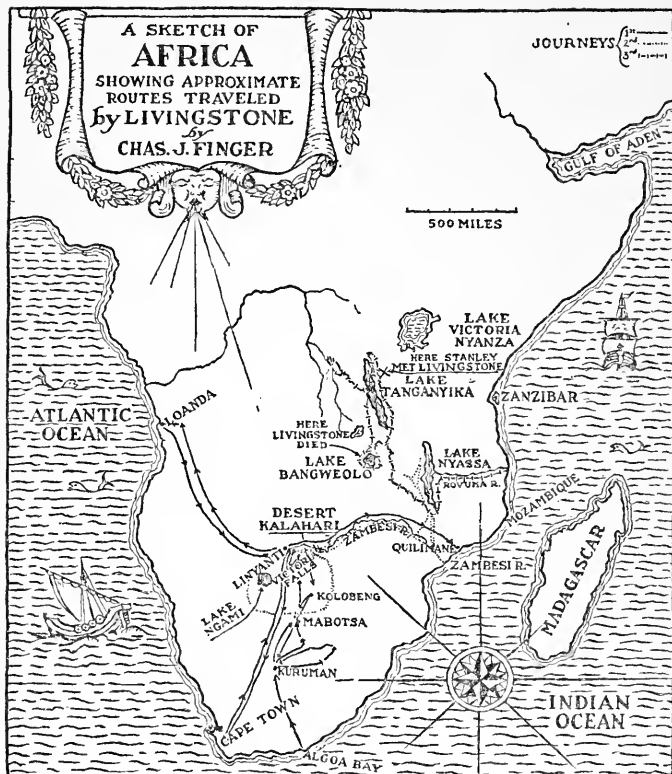
Livingstone's detached and selfless devotion to his ideal made him fail to realize the possible needs, beyond immediate necessities, of his own kindred. His children might have suffered if the anonymous friend who supported the expedition had not seen to it that they did not want for anything. The dangerous and almost fanatical aspect of Livingstone's devotion to his purpose is easy to mention with a curl of the lip, but for me it only adds strangely to the grandeur of that great passion. When the Premier, Earl Russell, sent Mr. Hayward, his representative, to Livingstone to discover a way in which the explorer might be rewarded for his labors, the veteran traveler made answer: "If you stop the Portuguese slave trade, you will gratify me beyond measure." That was all.

CHAPTER X

DRAWING THE MAP OF AFRICA

LIVINGSTONE went via Paris, where he left his daughter Agnes at school, to Bombay. He left England on August 15, 1865, and landed in India in September. At the earliest opportunity, he crossed to Zanzibar, taking with him nine volunteers, Nassick boys all, from the government school for Africans. At Zanzibar there was a two-month wait for the *Penguin*, a cruiser, and it is there that the last Journal commences, the first entry being dated January 28, 1866.

The start from Zanzibar for Africa was made on March 19th, and three days later they anchored in Rovuma Bay, two miles from the mouth of the river which was to be explored. The party was made up of the nine Nassick boys, most of them possessed of the slave spirit and unsatisfactory; thirteen Sepoys who had been drafted from the Marine Battalion by order of Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay; ten Johanna men; two Shupanga men, and two Waiyaus men. The two last were named Wakatani and Chuma, both of the party of slaves rescued by Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861. One of the Johanna men, a former *Lady Nyassa* hand, was named Musa. Two others had long been known to Living-



stone. They were Susi and Amoda, both former wood-cutters with the *Pioneer*. Of animals, there were six camels, three buffaloes and a calf, two mules, four donkeys, and a friendly and lively poodle named Chitanpe. Livingstone was greatly interested to observe the effect of the tsetse fly on the camels and

mules, and noted carefully how the camels and buffalo had suffered from bruising on the sea voyage.

For himself there was a sense of exultation at the prospect of travel in an unknown land. He wrote: "Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa, I feel quite exhilarated; when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act becomes ennobled. . . . The mere animal pleasure of traveling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable." So we have the man in a state of perfect coördination and thoroughly conscious of the fact. He was full of what Richard Jefferies called the passion of life, pleased with the vehemence of exertion. To quote the Journal: "The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind is made more self-reliant; it becomes more confident of its own resources—there is a greater presence of mind. The body is soon well knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board and seem to have no fat; the countenance is bronzed and there is no dyspepsia. . . . No doubt much toil is involved, and fatigue of which travelers in the more temperate climes can form but a faint conception; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God; it proves a tonic to

the system, and is actually a blessing." And with the delight that came because he lived in touch with nature, there was the sense of fellowship. "Our sympathies are drawn out toward our humble, hardy companions by a community of interests, and it may be of perils, which makes us all friends. Nothing but the most pitiable puerility would lead any manly heart to make their inferiority a theme for self-exultation; however, that is often done, as if with the vague idea that we can, by magnifying their deficiencies, demonstrate our immaculate perfections."

There, surely, is enough to show the error of those who have declared that Livingstone was a physically broken and disheartened man when he started on his third and most stupendous journey. And, because of what was to happen at Lake Nyassa, it is important as showing the falsity of the charge that Livingstone was prejudiced against some of his men because of their race.

Before the middle of April, they were in dense jungle, with trees so vine-twined as to "present the appearance of a ship's ropes and cables shaken in among them," some of the climbing plants curiously formed in such fashion that "the species seems to be eager for mischief." The explorer knew no name for the danger plant, but likens it to the scabbard of a dragoon's sword with a ridge along the middle of the flat side "from which springs up every few inches a bunch of inch-long thorns. It hangs straight for a couple of yards, but, as if it could not give its thorns a fair chance of mischief, it suddenly bends on itself,

and all its cruel points are now at right angles to what they were before. Darwin's observation shows a great deal of what looks like instinct in these climbers . . . tangled limbs hang out ready to inflict injury on all passers-by." Through that tangle of fantastic vegetation, which was also a region of the tsetse fly, they had to cut their way, and to do so Livingstone engaged natives, paying them one yard of calico per day.

The Sepoys were slow on the march, and they were cruel to the beasts of burden; to their strange cruelty Livingstone found that much was to be attributed which he had charged to the effects of climate and insects. There was the Sepoy Pando, for example, not only a drunkard and a thief but worse. One day Livingstone caught him belaboring a camel with a stick the size of a man's arm. The next day the animal was unable to use its leg, and inflammation was in the hip joint. "I am afraid that several bruises which have festered on the camels and were to me unaccountable, have been wilfully bestowed," wrote Livingstone, and soon found his suspicions confirmed. On the last day of April came another entry making note of "many ulcers on the camels. . . . They come back from pasture, bleeding in a way that no rubbing against a tree would account for. I am sorry to suspect foul play; the buffaloes and mules are badly used, but I cannot be always near to prevent it." A week later there is recorded an alarming state of affairs. "A camel died during the night, and the gray buffalo is in convulsions this morning. The

cruelty of these Sepoys vitiates my experiment, and I quite expect many camels, one buffalo, and one mule to die yet; they sit down and smoke and eat, leaving the animals loaded in the sun. If I am not with them it is a constant dawdling; they are evidently unwilling to exert themselves; they cannot carry their belts and bags, and their powers of eating and vomiting are astounding. . . . We have not averaged four miles a day in a straight line, yet the animals have often been kept in the sun for eight hours at a stretch. When we get up at 4 A. M., we cannot get under way before eight o'clock. Sepoys are a mistake." Employment of the Sepoys had proved to be an error, a sad one out of which grew tremendous trouble. There were evidences of fiendish cruelty. Day after day the transport animals came in wounded, one with a mysterious round hole from which a pelvic bone protruded, another bleeding profusely. If Livingstone was not there to watch, the animals were overloaded and badly harnessed, then terribly beaten because of their inability to travel with speed. And the Nassick boys imitated the Sepoys in studied brutality. Sometimes animals fell dead from no ascertainable cause, and on June 26th, the last mule was buried. Meanwhile, things were being stolen; not only food, but camp utensils, and for eight days the members of the party were reduced to the eating of porridge and rice, without relish.

With all that, Livingstone looked for some kind of an explosion, and it came after the explorer had

pierced his way to Lake Nyassa, which he reached on August 8th. As it was not possible to cross the lake, such canoes as were there being owned by Arab slave-traders, Livingstone led his party southward along the lake shore, so that he would come to familiar country at the southern end of the lake. The slave trade had done fearful work. There were dead bodies festering in the sun; skeletons chained to trees; other skeletons with the slave sticks still about their necks and ax-holes in the skulls. And at villages, Arab slave-dealers, anxious to wreck the Livingstone expedition but afraid to make an open attack, worked on the fears of the Sepoys and the Nassick boys. Then, on September 26th, Musa, the Johanna malcontent, became central in affairs.

Musa, as has been said, knew something of the ways of white men, and knew more of Livingstone and his positiveness. The man was evidently a chronic whiner and fault-finder, not without sufficient sharpness and cunning to enable him to hide his intrigues from Livingstone. He had a lively imagination, too. Naturally, he became spokesman, and told Livingstone that the Johanna men could go no farther. They were, he said, utterly exhausted. As for himself, he said he was filled with desire to see his home and his parents. Then he fell to discussing the perils of the country, and prophesying failure for the expedition.

Livingstone listened patiently, but showed no signs of alarm at the prospect of losing what had been a decided liability instead of an asset, for the ex-

pedition. Nor did he pay any tribute to the value of Musa and his followers in the way of persuasion. Instead he gave the word to march. At that, the Johanna men threw down their packages, doubtless with some expectation of their example being followed, but it was not. So the revolt ended as swiftly as it had commenced, and the Johanna men were left to their own plans, with Musa for leader.

And Musa led his malcontents to the coast in safety, and there, to account for his reappearance, hatched up a story so very plausible that it was universally believed, except by those white men who knew the man. Indeed, such was its ring of truth, that on publication of the tale many who had entertained hopes of the falsity of the first rumor, gave up hope. The news of Livingstone's death was flashed over the world, and Musa's story impressed those who examined it as being based on correctly observed fact. Indeed, the Geographical Society financed and sent out an expedition under Mr. E. D. Young, which sailed from England on July 9, 1867, and returned January 27, 1868. The expedition did not find Livingstone, but its report relieved anxiety. It had followed Livingstone's course up the Shire, past the rapids to Lake Nyassa, some of Livingstone's faithful Makololo guiding it. Questions put to the lake natives proved beyond a doubt that Musa's tale was without foundation, and that Livingstone had gone past the Shire valley and to the northeast. Later, England was relieved by the publication of a letter from Livingstone, dated March 2, 1867.

There were also well-founded reports received on the coast, reports passed from village to village, and mouth to mouth, from Central Africa, which accounted for the explorer more or less vaguely, up to December, 1867.

As for the tale told by Musa, the description of actual surroundings and the dramatic narrative are very moving and a reading of it as it was published, will show how in England, fear must have stalked beside every hope. The following extract is from the *Times of India*:

“The hopes raised by the news of rumored safety of Dr. Livingstone have speedily been dispelled, and there can no longer be any doubt that he was killed by a savage of the Mafite tribe. The narrative of the Sepoy belonging to the Marine Battalion (21st Native Infantry) who formed one of the Doctor’s escort, and who arrived from Zanzibar in the *Gazelle* on the 14th of May, turns out to be altogether inaccurate; and, substantially, the tale told by Musa is proved correct.

“The *Nadir Shah*, a vessel of war belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, at present used as a trader, reached Bombay on the 15th of May in cargo; and from information we obtained on board we are enabled to give a more detailed account of the circumstances in connection with the melancholy story of the Doctor’s fate than has yet been published. The *Nadir Shah* left Zanzibar on the forenoon of the 28th of March, so that the news she brings is nearly a month later than that brought by the *Gazelle*, and

three days later than the last dispatch received from Zanzibar by the Bombay Government.

“Dr. Livingstone took his departure from Zanzibar in March, 1866, and was conveyed by her Majesty’s ship *Penguin* to Mikindany, near the mouth of the Rovuma River. The expedition consisted of Dr. Livingstone and thirty-five men, ten of whom were natives of Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, thirteen Africans, and twelve Sepoys of the Bombay Marine Battalion. It was thought by Dr. Livingstone that these Africans would be of service to him on his journey into the interior. The Africans were formerly slaves, who had been liberated and educated in the Bombay Presidency. There was no other European in the party except Dr. Livingstone himself. The beasts taken were—six camels, four buffaloes from Bombay, five asses, and two mules, and among the baggage were forage, gunpowder, etc. The *Penguin* started from Zanzibar on the 19th of March, 1866, and the men in the Doctor’s train and the beasts were taken from Zanzibar in a large dhow, which was towed by the *Penguin*. In three days the *Penguin* arrived off the river Rovuma, but, owing to the strong current, the dhow could not be got into the mouth of the stream. The expedition then made for Mikindany Bay, about thirty miles northward of Cape Delagoa, where Dr. Livingstone and his party were successfully landed on the 28th of March.

“The Johanna men, who had been engaged for the Doctor’s service by Mr. Sundley, the English Consul at Johanna, were considered preferable for the service

to Zanzibar men. On the march into the interior the Sepoys seem to have suffered much, and Dr. Livingstone thought it necessary to leave them on the route to enable them to return to Zanzibar. In returning they had but little to eat, and ran great risk of starving. One by one, all the Sepoys fell ill, and the sickness that attacked the havildar was fatal, as he died of dysentery. None of the twelve Sepoys who started with the Doctor reached Nyassa, and those who survived returned to Zanzibar in August or September. In October last the Johanna men made their appearance in Zanzibar, and presented themselves before Dr. Seward, the British Consul, when for the first time the intelligence was received of the disaster which had befallen Dr. Livingstone. From the accounts of these Johanna men it would seem that the expedition reached Lake Nyassa in safety and crossed the lake. They pushed on westward, and in the course of some time reached Goomani, a fishing village on a river. This would appear to have been in the second or third week of August last. The people of Goomani warned Dr. Livingstone that the Mafites, a wandering predatory tribe, were out on a plundering expedition, and that it would not be safe to continue the journey. But the dangers thus presented to view were not sufficient to deter a man who had braved so many before; and, treating the warnings as of but slight moment, he crossed the river in canoes the next morning, with his baggage and train of followers, in safety. Previously to this time, the whole of the baggage animals had perished

on the journey from the want of water; and on reaching the further side of the river the baggage had to be carried by the Doctor's men. Being a fast walker, Dr. Livingstone kept some distance in advance of the baggage-encumbered men; and Musa only, or Musa and a few others of the party, kept up with him. The march had continued some distance, when Dr. Livingstone saw three armed men ahead, and thereupon he called out to Musa, "The Mafites are out after all," or some such words as those, and these seem to have been the last he uttered. The three Mafites were armed with bows and arrows and other weapons, and they immediately commenced hostilities. Evidently the men must have closed on the Doctor, when, finding matters desperate, he drew his revolver and shot two of his assailants; but while thus disposing of the two the third managed to get behind Dr. Livingstone, and with one blow from an ax, clove in his head. The wound was mortal, but the assassin quickly met his own doom, for a bullet from Musa's musket passed through his body, and the murderer fell dead beside his victim. Musa states that the Doctor died instantly, and that, finding the Mafites were out, he ran back to the luggage party and told them that their master had been killed. The baggage was hastily abandoned, and the Johanna men, Musa, and the rest of the party sought safety by hasty flight, which, according to Musa's story, they continued until sunset, when they reached a secure hiding-place in the jungle. They held a consultation,

and it was alleged that Musa prevailed on them to go back to look after the body of their late master, and that on regaining the place where the murder had been perpetrated they found Dr. Livingstone's body lying there. The Doctor's watch had been carried away, together with his clothes, the only article that remained on the body being the trousers. Musa and the men who had accompanied him "scratched" a hole in the ground just deep enough to bury the body in, and there left, in a far remote and unknown spot, the remains of the self-denying and noble man who, all too soon for his country and for the cause of civilization, but not too soon for him to have earned an enduring fame, found his end at the hand of an ignoble savage. The corpses of the three Mafites were lying on the spot where they had fallen; but no attention was paid to them by Musa, who, on searching, could find no memento of his late master to bring with him to Zanzibar. In making their way to the coast, great hardships were experienced by Musa and the other survivors of the party, who were in such a starving condition that they had to live upon the berries they could gather by the way, until they fell in with an Arab caravan, which entertained them kindly. They were thus enabled to reach Kilwa, in the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar. They were here provided with clothes and necessaries and sent on to Zanzibar, at which place they reported all the circumstances to Dr. Seward, by whom they were closely examined. Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, also questioned them carefully, and found

that their statement of the country through which they alleged they had passed correctly answered the leading features of the wilds through which Dr. Livingstone had intended to track his way.

“The Johanna men were taken to Johanna, and carefully interrogated by the Sultan, as well as by Mr. Sundley, and their answers tallied with Musa’s narrative. The Johanna men asked Mr. Sundley to pay them the nine months’ wages due them for their services with the expedition, and, as they were entitled to what they demanded, the money was paid them. Some of the men who went away with the expedition, and who were not accounted for as having died, were still missing.

“On the 26th of December Dr. Seward left Zanzibar in her Majesty’s ship *Wasp*, and proceeded to Kilwa, but he was unable to obtain any fresh information, or to gather additional details.”*

Livingstone did not learn of the Search Expedition conducted by Mr. Young, until February, 1870. In the meantime, he had done wonderful things in the way of discovery and exploration. He had found vast inland seas, hundreds of rivers, many mountains. He had charted what he found, sometimes without instruments, using his own body for a measuring pole, his own stride for distances. The map of unknown Central Africa which he made extends from almost 15° to 3° south latitude, and from

*See Appendix for Dr. G. E. Seward’s communication to the Foreign Office, and for Mr. Edward Daniel Young’s account of the Search Expedition.

28° to 40° east longitude, with a wealth of detail shown along his line of march. When I say "a wealth of detail," I have in mind such minute explanations and instructions as would be priceless for one following the explorer. For instance, we find it recorded that such a river is 800 feet above sea level, and at a fording place 100 yards wide; that on Lake Nyassa there is a native crossing place which canoes take two days to ferry over; that a mountain seen from a given spot is 3,250 feet above sea-level; that behind such a hill is a village; and much more of the sort. Then, allowing for error, he warns all concerned that "no dependence is to be placed on the map except as to general features of the country and rivers, until my observations are recalculated." In April, 1867, he proved that what was talked of as Lake Liemba was the southern extremity of the great inland sea, Lake Tanganyika, a body of water 400 miles long and 30 miles wide, the northern part of which had been found by Burton and Speke in 1858. On November 8, 1867, he first saw Lake Moero, a body of water between latitude 8° 30' and 10° south, with an area of more than 2,020 square miles, a length of 70 miles and a width of 24 miles. On July 18, 1868, there is this modest announcement in the Journal: "I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the Lake [Bangweolo] for the first time, thankful that I had come hither safely." Thus, almost casually, he records the discovery of a great Central African lake of which there had been unconfirmed rumors, a body of water 150 miles in

length and 75 miles in width. Into it the Chambeze ran, as he noted, and out of it the Luapula, or source stream of the Congo. "Thanks to that all-embracing Providence which has watched over and enabled me to discover what I have done. There is still much to do, and, if health and protection be granted, I shall make a complete thing of it." That "complete thing" was to follow the river Lualaba, to decide whether it was the western main tributary of the Nile or the eastern head water of the Congo; also "to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished, and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honor to my children, and perhaps to my country and race." And in another place he wrote, referring to his plans, "I have endeavored to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, swerving neither to the right nor left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. I had a strong presentiment during the first three years that I should not live through the enterprise; but it weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me—spellbound me, I may say. I have to go down the Central Lualaba, or Webb's

Lake River, then up the Western or Young's Lake River to Katanga headwaters, and then retire—I pray that it may be to my native home.”

There, in as little compass as possible, we have the gist of his discoveries on his third journey, though the full tale of them and his wanderings takes almost a quarter of a million words. From time to time, out of the jungle silence went an occasional letter that reached Zanzibar and was forwarded to England, though many, very many of his letters referred to in the Journals are unaccounted for. In one case, forty letters vanished; but of those that went through there was a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated from Casembe, December 10, 1867, which gave an epitome of his travels between lakes Nyassa and Moero. There was another dated July 7th, which Clarendon read to the Royal Geographical Society, giving the salient facts of his doings. Again, in December, 1869, a letter written by him was published in all the important English papers, dated May 30, 1869. But so rare were the tidings that those interested in his welfare suffered keen anxiety, the more because there were occasional rumors of his death by murder.

I have spoken of that third and last Journal with some hope that this book may lead to an interest in it. For it would be hard to read that record without being impressed by the man's rigid adherence to truth and to moderation of statement. The style is like John Bunyan's in its sober simplicity. The explorer's genial, sunny disposition shines through his writing even when he is torn with the racking

pains of rheumatic fever. If he describes a bird, or a flower, or a fish, it is with most admirable clarity. Writing of quaint things seen, he reveals a subtly persuasive humor as when he tells of listening to a fire-eating chief who made a "long and fierce oration" telling the explorer that he would be killed and eaten as "the people wanted a white one to eat." Livingstone heard the "noisy demagogue" patiently, and, at the end of the tirade, "thanked him for his warnings." Then he is full of divine anger at the sight of cruelty. "I am heartsore and sick of human blood shedding," he writes again and again—but he is never vengeful. Indeed, such is the man's sincerity, such is his power of observation, such are his delicate taste and earnestness and uncompromising truthfulness, that it seems to me more than probable that, had he chosen literature for his profession, he would have ranked with the greatest writers of his day.

And before leaving the subject of his Journal entries, a word is necessary about the difficulties under which he labored. His notebooks were utilized to the last fraction of an inch of space, and when blank paper failed him, he wrote on old newspapers, using an ink he learned to manufacture from berries. Pressed between pages were botanical specimens, two or three tsetse flies, leaves, and grasses. Nor, except when in the most extreme suffering, did he neglect to make properly dated entries.

As for the man's piety, much is to be said. His religion was very real, very positive. His God was

all about him and encompassing him, and never closer than when he staggered from sheer weariness and physical weakness. Indeed, a sort of disquietude comes upon one when considering the realness of the faith of the man, a faith of priceless value to him. There are entries and entries in the Journals which show his unshaken belief in a divine will, both in times perilous and in times when all was smooth going; and with him prayer was a supplication for his self-submission to that will, or else an expression of thankfulness for power given him. But prayer was never a petition for selfish ends or for special patronage.

Let me illustrate: There was a time at the close of the year 1866 when food was hard and scanty and the man was always hungry; when he was without sugar or salt and glad to get anything in the shape of meat, even "a rat-looking animal" which he bought. At that time there were continuous rains, the ground was boggy, and none of the party knew what it was to be dry at night. In the midst of these unfavorable conditions he pens what is really an informal but heartfelt prayer, or rather two prayers, one closing the year and the other opening it; and both are prayers of supplication, entirely void of what might be called materialism.

December 31st: ". . . We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me.

Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out, for Jesus' sake!"

January 1, 1867: "May He who was full of grace and truth, impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favor; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honor—for His mercy's sake."

I have spoken before of his sublime detachment from his own suffering, but let me show you another example, from the *Journal of 1869*, when he was fifty-six years of age; it is a passage that shows also to what a pass things had come by that time. ". . . Pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and night. . . . Mohamed Bogarib offered to carry me. I am so weak I can scarcely speak. We are in Marunge proper now—a pretty but steeply undulating country. This is the first time in my life I have been carried in illness, but I cannot raise myself to the sitting position." And yet, in that state of physical wretchedness, he brings himself, as you see, to break the tale of his own sufferings to write of the beauty of the surroundings. A little later he has something to say of the flora and the fauna of the country, has something else to say of Bogarib's kindness, is full of sympathy for the natives because of the small and sharp thorns which wound their legs and feet. Then, presently, in quite matter-of-fact way he writes, "Feb. 14th, 1869, arrived at Tanganyika." Sick, frail, and worn in body, yet Tanganyika is no more than a place for a brief rest. And while resting he finds things to see, to learn, to record, to wonder at. There is no

mention of convalescence, but instead details are set down, about the country, about longitude and latitude. There are hints that he is studying a new dialect. There is information that rests on real research and patient labor. Then, being strong again, he is on the road once more, as set to his duty as was Carlyle's stout-hearted Abbot Samson.

CHAPTER XI

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY

IN THE middle of October, 1869, when Livingstone was preparing to explore the Lualaba, and when uncredited reports as to his murder were in the air, two men in Paris spun a thread that was finally woven into the pattern of the explorer's life.

One of those men was Henry Morton Stanley, originally John Rowlands, a Welsh boy, born in 1841, who had sailed to New Orleans as cabin boy and there had been adopted by the merchant whose name he took. He had fought in the Confederate army, had been taken prisoner, had enlisted in the United States Navy and became acting ensign on board the *Ticonderoga*. He had been in Asia Minor, and had acted as special correspondent for the New York *Herald*, winning a name by sending to his paper an account of Lord Napier's victory in advance of the official report, and during the Carlist war he had reported events for the same newspaper.

The other man was James Gordon Bennett, a New Yorker, born in the same year as Stanley, who became managing editor of the New York *Herald* in 1866, and the proprietor of the newspaper on the death of his father. Bennett was a journalist, and something more. He was a man of individual

initiative and individual impress. There was a sort of pugnacity in him. His father had carried journalism to high efficiency, and the son followed the father and built well on the foundations laid. Under the father, the New York *Herald* had achieved a kind of revolution in journalism by publishing stock-market reports and financial articles daily. The son organized a system of weather reports valuable to those in the shipping industry. He fitted out the Jeannette Polar Expedition in 1879 under command of Lieut. De Long, U. S. N. In company with John W. Mackay, he organized the Commercial Cable Company. The New York *Evening Telegram* was established by him, as also daily editions of the New York *Herald* in Paris and London. Those activities were subsequent to the interest taken in Livingstone, but illustrate well the character and enterprise of the man. Before the meeting with Stanley in Paris, he had done startling things, as, for instance, taking part in a transatlantic yacht race in 1866, when his schooner, the *Henrietta*, made the trip from Sandy Hook to the Needles in 13 days, 21 hours, and 55 minutes, winning against two opposing yachts. There were other interesting things done by him, but enough has been listed to get an idea of the man. He was dynamic and propulsive. He was an executive. He was an expert in securing attention. He was a deft manipulator of audiences. He was as effective in keeping up a state of enthusiastic expectation as Barnum, or Napoleon, or Henry of Navarre.

It is important to understand the manner of man he was, otherwise it would be difficult to understand why, after he and Stanley met in October, 1869, when Bennett had his machinery at a point of the utmost efficiency, with money in plenty at his command, and when Stanley was zealous and active, Stanley did not arrive at Zanzibar until January 6, 1871, or meet Livingstone until November 10, of that year. And in that space of time, between October, 1869, and November, 1871, the explorer was doing tremendous things, often with only five men and in helpless agony. There was a time when his attendants were only three, for two were guilty of being absent without leave. He walked thousands of miles, often on the verge of starvation, often fever-racked, his feet ulcerated, marching with slave trains sometimes, the witness of slaughter and of cruelty, unable to communicate with those of his own race. The explanation of what seems a most unwarrantable delay lies in this. With James Gordon Bennett, business was business, and what altruism there was was incidental. The expedition to find Livingstone was primarily a business venture, not primarily a philanthropic or a charitable cause. There was cold calculation in it, just as there was cold calculation on the part of Christopher De Haro when he undertook the financing of Magellan's expedition; or as there was with Conrad Roth in 1579, when incidental things inured to the public good because he tried to monopolize the pepper trade; or when Boulton managed James Watt and thus perfected the steam engine.

Doubtless, when James Gordon Bennett had the idea of sending an expedition to Livingstone, there was nothing more than that in his mind. There is every evidence of single-mindedness in the conversation as reported by Stanley, in his book *How I Found Livingstone*:

“*Bennett.* Where do you think Livingstone is?”

“*Stanley.* I really do not know, sir.

“*Bennett.* Do you think he is alive?”

“*Stanley.* He may be and he may not be.

“*Bennett.* Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.

“*Stanley.* What! Do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?”

“*Bennett.* Yes; I mean that you shall go, and find him wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps the old man may be in want;—take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—but find Livingstone!”

A little later, when the question of financing the expedition was touched upon, Bennett was the cold, impassive man of affairs, conducting things on strictest business principles, directly and rapidly. He said: “Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on; but find Livingstone.”

So far so good. It was good business for the New York *Herald*, but business turned into channels of general service. But there was the active brain bubbling with ideas. There was public spirit, but a spirit soon to be blended with something else. There was the irresistible tendency to kill not only two birds, but a covey of them, with one stone. Nor must that aspect of things be neglected, especially as Stanley has been criticized for failing to get to Livingstone earlier than he did. The truth is that Stanley, had he had free rein, would have relieved the tortured explorer in all probability within six months from the date on which he received his commission. "Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?" he asked.

But by that time the man of enterprise had seen visions. A vast scale of operations lay spread out in his mind. He was the man of affairs stirred by opportunity, so he began to enumerate. Stanley was to find Livingstone, but there were other things for him to do first. He was to attend the inauguration of the Suez Canal; to go up the Nile; to find out the facts about Sir Samuel Baker's military expedition to suppress the slave trade on the Nile. He was to look around Lower Egypt and write a guide book for tourists. Then there was Jerusalem, with certain discoveries reported as having been made by Captain Warren; he was to look into that. Also Constantinople and the political friction between the Khedive and the Sultan; that was to be seen and written about. And the Crimean battlefields, and

the Caspian Sea. Then Persia and India, taking Bagdad en route, with something of interest written on the subject of the Euphrates Valley Railway. All of which being done and written about, it would be time to attend to Livingstone.

Amazing as it may seem, that was the schedule made out by James Gordon Bennett, and from that itinerary he did not move. It was an excellent piece of publicity, but a mixture of motives was behind his plan. Whatever of anxiety for Livingstone's safety, whatever loyalty or devotion to Livingstone's cause was in the man's mind, was thickly overlaid by business considerations. The chivalrous aspect of the cause was one thing, the strictly economic feature another. What Bennett did was the outgrowth of an irresistible tendency, just as what Livingstone did was the result of an irresistible tendency, and if there is a problem in the Bennett case, it is one for psychologists.

But still there is sympathy, a very real thing.

So Stanley did as he was told, and a month after the talk with Mr. Bennett was at Port Said, attending the opening ceremonies of the Suez Canal. When Stanley, still obeying orders, was in Egypt on December 16, 1869, Livingstone was in sore straits while trying to cross the river Luamo, where he was opposed by obstinate natives who threatened his life. At the time Stanley was in Jerusalem, at the beginning of 1870, out in Africa there was the explorer with heart of flame, forever on his quest, but too weak and sick with choleraic purgings to move.

And on February 2, 1870, all England was startled when it opened its morning *Times* and read this:

SIR:

The enclosed letter from my son-in-law, Captain the Hon. Ernest Cochrane, commanding H. M. S. *Petrel* on the west coast of Africa, is at your service. It gives an account of the awful death which has terminated Livingstone's career.

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD DOHERTY.

Red Castle, County of Donegal, Jan. 31st.

MY DEAR SIR:

A few lines to tell you Dr. Livingstone has been killed and burnt by the natives ninety days' journey from the Congo. He passed through a native town and was three days on his journey when the king of the town died. The natives declared Livingstone had bewitched him, sent after him and told him he had witched their king and he must die. They then killed him and burnt him. This news comes by a Portuguese trader traveling that way. Livingstone was on the lakes at the head of the Congo, making his way to the Congo, where he was going to come out. I believe this news to be true.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bennett's man was on his way to Constantinople, and while he was in that city reporting the frictions of Sultan and Khedive, Livingstone's daily fare was mainly maize flour, a digestion-

destroying, energy-killing diet, and he wrote this in his Journal: "I was too ill to go through mud waist deep." He had trouble among his followers, too, and at the time Stanley was in Persia, news hunting, the explorer who had been so often tried and never found wanting set this down in his agony when Amoda and his wife Halima deserted:

"*June 26th, 1870.* Now my people failed me; so, with only three attendants, Susi, Chuma, and Gardner, I started off to the north-west for the Lualaba."

Had it not been for those business considerations which delayed the taking of necessities to Livingstone— But it is idle to speculate upon what might have happened if something that did not happen had taken place. The hard facts are that the never-shirking man, the man of invulnerable spirit did suffer, and suffer grievously. For while Stanley, bent on his given duty, was in India, David Livingstone wrote this in his Journal: "For the first time in my life my feet failed me; and now, having but three attendants, it would have been unwise to go farther in that direction. Instead of healing quietly as heretofore, when torn by hard travel, irritable-eating ulcers fastened on both feet, and I limped back to Bambarre, on the 22d. . . ." And again, under date of July 23, 1870, there is this: "The sores on my feet now laid me up as irritable-eating ulcers. If the foot were put to the ground, a discharge of bloody ichor flowed, and the same discharge happened every night with consider-

able pain, that prevented sleep. The wailing of the slaves tortured with these sores is one of the night sounds of a slave camp; they eat through everything—muscle, tendon, and bone, and often lame permanently, if they do not kill. . . . I have three ulcers, and no medicine. . . .” Also this: “Patience is all I can exercise; these irritable ulcers hedge me in now, as did my attendant in June; but all will be for the best, for it is in Providence, and not in me.”

Admitting the right of the man of business to do as he pleased in putting Livingstone’s relief at the tail end of so much that was to be seen and written about by his agent for the benefit of those agog for a new sensation, yet any reader of the Livingstone Journals must find himself taking a less materialistic view of things when reading this passage, dated November 9, 1870, at a time when Stanley was sailing between Bombay and the Mauritius: “I long excessively to be away and finish my work by the two lacustrine rivers, Lualaba or Webb and Young, but wait only for Syde and Dugumbe, who may have letters. . . . I groan, and am in bitterness at the delay, but thus it is; I pray for help to do what is right, but surely I am perplexed, and grieve and mourn; I cannot give up making a complete work of the exploration.” And again, we find this pleading cry from the heart of the man, on the first day of the year, 1871, five days before Stanley reached Zanzibar: “O Father! help me to finish this work to Thy honor!”

Stanley, once in Africa and on the quest, lost no time, either in preparing his outfit or in acquainting himself with the country. His outfit consisted of five caravans, one hundred and ninety-two people, twenty-seven asses, a cook, a tailor, boats, two horses, and all kinds of necessities and luxuries. The whole was under way by March 21, 1871, in five separate bodies, the first of which started on February 6th.

Almost at the same time, Livingstone was in tree-covered hills, at a village called Mobasilange. It was an oasis in a desert of cruelty and suffering, inhabited by children of nature with a certain poise and dignity. The explorer's description is good to read, the more because of a sense of comparative comfort in the man after all that pain and turmoil: "The main street lies generally east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his hot clear ray from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drawn off by the slopes. A little verandah is often made in front of the doors where the family gathers round a fire, and while enjoying the heat needed in the cold which always accompanies the first darting of the sun's rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various shaped leaves of the forest all round the village are spangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle; the kids gambol and leap on their dams quietly chewing their cud. Other goats make believe fighting. Thrifty wives

often bake their new clay pots in a fire made by lighting a heap of grass roots; they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this peaceful morning scene is indescribable. Infancy gilds the fairy picture with its own lines, and it is probably never forgotten, for the young, taken up from slavers and treated with all philanthropic missionary care and kindness, still revert to the period of infancy as the fairest and finest they have known. They would go back to freedom and enjoyment as fast as would our own sons of the soil, and be heedless of the charms of hard work and no play, which we think so much better for them if not for us."

And Livingstone, a month before, had received something of the help and aid that he had asked Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar to send him and that seemed to have been so delayed. Though, to be sure, when his help had arrived, he was disappointed to find that the men were Banians, and full of that slavish spirit to which he so strongly objected. To add to his disappointment, they brought only one letter and had lost forty. "The ten men are all slaves of the Banians, who are British subjects, and they come with a lie in their mouth. They will not help me, and swear the Consul told them not to go forward, but to force me back. They swore so positively that I actually looked again at Dr. Kirk's letter to see if his orders had been rightly understood by me. But for fear of pistol shot they would gain their own and their Banian master's end—to baffle me completely.

They demand an advance of \$1 or \$6 a month, and this is double freeman's pay at Zanzibar." However, the pathfinder had something: his health was better in the higher altitude and with good food; and he was on his way again into the unexplored.

Into the country of the Manyema he went, trying to make friends with them to the end that he might secure a canoe fleet and so find what there was to find about the river Lualaba, and be enabled to chart it on the map. But the natives feared him. Alone and unarmed he went to a native market where "there were over 1,000 people, carrying pots and cassava grass cloth, fishes and fowls; they were alarmed at my coming among them and were ready to fly; many stood off in suspicion." And with that suspicion there was another suspicion in his own camp. For the slaves sent from Zanzibar refused to go on. "I see no hope of getting on with them. Abed, heard them plotting my destruction. If forced to go on they would watch till the first difficulty arose with the Manyema, then fire off their guns, run away, and as I could not run as fast as they, leave me to perish. . . . I cannot state how much I was worried by those wretched slaves, who did much to annoy me. . . . Hassani [a slave-trader] got nine canoes and put sixty-five persons in these. I cannot get one." So runs the Journal in May, and things seem at a deadlock. "I fear I must march on foot," he concludes.

Then there came blood-shedding. It was at the village by the river he could not cross and could not

travel along because of physical weakness and the inimical attitude of natives, as well as because of the opposition of his own men excepting the faithful five. Amoda and Halima, it should be said, returned and took up their duties. There were opposing slave-traders, and there were jealousies and rivalries, with the natives torn into conflicting parties. We have a vision of Arabs firing on unarmed men and women, shooting them as they tried to swim, burning villages far and wide. There were men tiger-fierce, and there were natives in terrified flight. And "the wish to make an impression in the country as to the importance and greatness of the newcomers was the most potent motive." Only that and nothing more.

So Livingstone's hope of getting canoes vanished. His Banian slaves, always hopeless, were impossible after witnessing all that blood-letting, if indeed they themselves were not by the sight of it made eager for rapine. "I see nothing for it but to go back to Ujiji [on Lake Tanganyika] for other men, though it will throw me out of the chance of discovering the fourth great lake in the Lualaba line of drainage, and other things of great value. . . . It is a sore affliction, at least forty-five miles in a straight line—equal to three hundred miles, or, by the turnings and windings, six hundred English miles, and all after feeding and clothing the Banian slaves for twenty-one months. But . . . with help from above, I shall yet go through Rua, see the underground excavations first, then on to Katanga, and the four ancient fountains eight days beyond, and after that

Lake Lincoln. . . . The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on severe headache, which might have been serious had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood. I was laid up all yesterday afternoon with the depression the bloodshed made—it filled me with unspeakable horror.”

So on July 20, 1871, he started eastward to Ujiji, the great slave-trade market, where he hoped to find food and necessities as sent from Zanzibar, and with them be enabled to move on. But the way was dangerous because of the fear in the natives' hearts. White men had brought death to them and their fellows, and one white man looked very much like another. In some places there was stone-throwing. In thick jungle all day, there was that traveling of the unseen enemy in a parallel course, and the ever-present sense of danger. “A slight rustle in the dense vegetation meant a spear,” writes Livingstone. Once, “a large spear from my right lunged past and almost grazed my back, and stuck firmly into the soil.” Again: “Another spear was thrown at me by an unseen assailant, and it missed me by about a foot in front. Guns were fired into the dense mass of forest, but with no effect, for nothing could be seen; but we heard the men jeering and denouncing us close by; two of our party were slain.”

From July 20th to October 23d, there was weary travel and dangerous, with such vexations as these: roads covered with angular fragments of quartz very sore to feet; two men sick; people falsely accused of stealing; equinoctial gales; ill all night; two days' rest

from weakness; calico; telescope; umbrella and five spears lost by one of the slaves throwing down the load and taking up his own bundle of country cloth; "five hours of running the gauntlet waylaid by spearmen who all felt that if they killed me they would be revenging the death of relations."

But he reached Ujiji, reduced to a skeleton, and making inquiries respecting the goods sent there from Zanzibar, found that there was not "a single yard of calico out of three thousand, nor a string of beads out of seven hundred pounds." For one Shereef, "a moral idiot," had divined on the Koran and the Fates had declared that Livingstone was dead. So Shereef, without a shadow of right, had sold all, and Livingstone was a beggar in a land of enemies, unable to pay those in his train, unable to go forward to do his work.

And what had he done? What was the net result of all this wandering, all this criss-crossing of tracks, all this going back and forth? It is well to take stock for a moment. In taking stock, a crude comparison may help.

Suppose an intelligent beetle had resolved to understand the topography of a couple of hundred acres of broken land. Suppose the beetle had decided to learn whether this rivulet and that were separate and distinct, or ran together to make a creek. Suppose within the compass of those hundreds of acres, the beetle, with its limited means of locomotion, had measured hills, had walked the length and width of

a ridge here and another there to decide whether it was a table-land or a series of ridges. Suppose, in a word, the beetle mapped and measured and charted the hundred acres, and all so thoroughly that from its penned results a relief map could be made, correct in its important elements. Something like that Livingstone did in Central Africa, afoot, living on the land, almost unaided and often opposed.

He showed that in Central Africa there was a mighty watershed stretching east and west between latitudes 10° and 12° South—a forest-clad belt 700 miles wide. On a plateau with an elevation above sea-level of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet there were mountains from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea-level. On this high land rose many streams, which on the north side converged and met in lowlands which Livingstone suspected formed the Nile valley. In this valley were three large rivers which united in “an enormous lacustrine river” to use Livingstone’s words. That swamp river was the Lualaba—Webb’s Lualaba he called it, to distinguish it from other rivers of the same name, and to honor his friend, Webb of Newstead Abbey. In that valley he found five great lakes, Tanganyika, Kamolondo, Moero, Bangweolo, and Nyassa. Bemba or Bangweolo received the river Chambezi and had an outlet by the Luapula, which eventually flowed into Lake Moero; from Lake Moero poured Webb’s Lualaba, which, after a tortuous course, fell into Lake Kamolondo. The second of the rivers to make the lacustrine river was the Lufira, which fell into the Lualaba north of Kamolon-

do. The third tributary to the swamp river was the Lomami, which flowed from a lake to the west of Kamolondo; Lake Lincoln, it was named by Livingstone. The three united rivers then flowed northward to an unknown lake, and it was that unknown which Livingstone sought when he turned to Ujiji. As he saw it, there were about 180 miles of country to explore and his task would be done. Then he would know, definitely, whether all this water system had to do with the head waters of the Nile or with the Congo.

There were other questions to be answered. Had Lake Tanganyika an outlet at its northern end? What was the course of the Lualaba after it left the unknown lake? What of the possible and early establishment of a clean, white-ruled settlement in Africa? What of the breaking up of the slave trade? So, as we see, Livingstone forestalled Cecil Rhodes. Indeed, Rhodesia's capital was finally set on a spot that Livingstone, in his mind's eye, had seen peopled by a strong and forward-looking race.

Under the date October 24, 1871, Livingstone records this: "When my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think 'This must

be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wits' end like me.'" The actual date was October 18, 1871, and Stanley's account runs thus: "We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say,

"Good-morning, sir!"

"Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

"Who the mischief are you?"

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

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

"Good-morning, sir," said another voice.

"Hallo," said I, 'is this another one?'

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

"What! Are you Chumah, the friend of Weko-tani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the Doctor well?"

“‘Not very well, sir.’

“‘. . . Now you, Susi, run and tell the Doctor I am coming.’ . . . and off he darted like a madman. . . .”

Then Selim, Stanley's attendant, said to his master, "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And Stanley, in the delight of triumph and success, emotional at heart, good, and honest, was suddenly strangely ashamed of an appearance of sentiment. Like a sound, wholesome fellow, he tells us quite frankly and unaffectedly about himself and his feelings: "What would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances. So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray 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 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.’”

There is the ring of sincerity about that report of Stanley's meeting with Livingstone. No cant or talk about impressive deeds done; no oratory or resonant phrases written long after the event, of a kind to deceive only those who wish to be deceived. But just plain, downright bashfulness—and, doubtless, for an hour or so, stiffness and angularity when they were alone. And yet, behind all, delicate feelings deep down, and an appreciation too fine to be talked about.

But the strangeness wore off in time, though not so rapidly as it would in the case of men accustomed to rub elbows with those of their own kind, in daily intercourse. A habit of what may be called fortification against surprise grows in the lone man, and, also, exhibitions of emotion are sparingly indulged.

Hence a difficulty. "I am not of demonstrative turn," writes Livingstone, reporting the meeting and those first hours.

Stanley gives a picture of the two of them trying to establish a sense of contact and geniality, with a prefatory asking of questions. Then they settled down a little, and Livingstone listened while his mail lay unopened, Stanley telling of world events "and enacting the part of an annual periodical," with swift summaries of the completion of the Pacific Railroad, the election of Grant as president, the end of the rebellion in Crete, the revolution in Spain and the dethronement of Isabella, the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, the humbling of Denmark, the surrounding of Paris, France with her head bowed low, the affair of the *Alabama* claims, how bicycles and tricycles had come into use, how Fenians had been active, and how there had been strikes and riots in coal-mining districts, how gaslight was being tried for use in lighthouses, of the doings of one James Fisk in New York, of the discovery of diamonds in South Africa.

While talking, Stanley was reading history, learning much more than words could tell. For Livingstone was quiet, but "every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence," wrote Stanley. His dress "exhibited traces of patching and repairing, but was scrupulously clean."

Stanley had been led to believe that Livingstone was a man difficult to get along with, fractious and

fitful, quarrelsome, dogmatic, dour, and much more. The scandal-loving tongues of moral degenerates had been busy, and it was reported on the coast and elsewhere that the explorer had made alliance with a negress—that he was the consort of an African princess—that he had grown rich trading with natives. But Stanley had eyes to see and a heart to feel, and there was the man before him. No words were needed. The old lion had come triumphant through crisis and trial. The fiber of him was sweet and wholesome. Stanley saw the man as one uncomplaining, looking upon hunger and hardship and sickness and pain as little more than shadows through which he had to pass on his way to the goal. “His gentleness never forsakes him,” Stanley wrote. “His hopefulness never deserts him. . . . To duty . . . he sacrificed his home and ease, the pleasures, refinements, and luxuries of civilized 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. . . . His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. . . . It governs his conduct. . . . Religion has made him the most companionable of men and indulgent of masters—a man whose society is pleasurable to a degree.”

There is this again: "Whenever he began to laugh, there was a contagion about it. . . . It was a laugh of the whole man from head to foot. . . . The wan features which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel; the gray beard and bowed shoulders, belied the man. Underneath that well-worn exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits and inexhaustible good-humor; that rugged frame of his enclosed a young and most exuberant soul. Every day I heard innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes. . . . I was not sure at first but this joviality, humor, and abundant animal spirits were the result of a joyous hysteria; but as I found they continued while I was with him, I was obliged to think them natural." Reading that passage, there comes to mind Livingstone's youthful letter to Mr. Cecil, in which, at a time of inward questionings, he wondered why he was happy and light-hearted, saying that he felt himself to be "in a great deal more danger from levity than from melancholy." It is abundantly clear that the splendor of cheerfulness never left him. The common-sense explanation of his gaiety is that the man entered so fully into the joy of life itself that he could not take things ruefully, or heavily, or sorrowfully. Nor can anyone in whom the sap of life runs strongly. Indeed, I repeat, had the man taken things heavily, he could never have accomplished a fraction of the things he did accomplish.

Another thing noticed by Stanley was the flow of happy fragrant memories which came from Living-

stone. He was amazed to discover in one who had spent his life in the company of untutored natives so pleasant and refreshing a companion. Also he was struck with wonder because of that store of knowledge which Livingstone possessed, though he had no book but the Bible in his possession. So Stanley wrote this: ". . . another thing which specially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. If we remember the many years he has spent in Africa, deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite whole poems from Byron, Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. . . . He has lived in a world which revolved inwardly, out of which he seldom awoke except to attend to the immediate practical necessities of himself and people; then relapsed again into the same happy inner world, which he must have peopled with his own friends, relations, acquaintances, familiar readings, ideas and associations, so that, wherever he might be, by whatsoever he might be surrounded, his own world always possessed more attractions to his cultured mind than were yielded by external circumstances."

Thus, then, the impressions of the last white man to see the explorer in life.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST MARCH

WE PICTURE pleasant times after the first shock of meeting, with the reed-thatched house at Ujiji a very palace of joy. They celebrated their meeting with a bottle of Sillery champagne, drinking out of silver goblets. Friendship, presently, must have seemed the greatest reality in the world. And as Livingstone talked, he seemed to be full of memories of happiness. There were well-cooked meals, too, a strange change for the man who had lived for so long on maize that he had loosened his teeth "trying to grind the grains." There were pleasant things, such as tablecloths, and knives and forks and plates, cups and saucers and silver spoons, a silver teapot and a Persian rug and a bathtub.

And they argued and debated over plans, Livingstone resolutely refusing to go to England until his work was finished, Stanley, soon somewhat bewildered by the complexity of things, trying to persuade him. But there was very little hesitating on Livingstone's part, and while plans and proposals were seriously weighed and considered, he came to a swift decision, thus. With Stanley, he would explore the Tanganyika by water, then he would do what he had to do. "I would very much like to go home and

see my children," Stanley reports him as saying: "But I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken, when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert N'Yanza of Sir Samuel Baker which is the lake called by the natives Chowambe. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?" Thus spoke the indomitable warrior, nor, as Stanley knew, was there a step in his programme which would not be carried out as planned. The most he would concede was that Stanley might accompany him to Unyanyembe, or Tabora as it was otherwise called, a native town about 220 air miles due east of Ujiji. There Livingstone could wait until Stanley sent up from the coast necessary supplies, and fifty or sixty good men, not slaves. But first, they would explore the Lake Tanganyika together.

They did that, and the canoe they used was a great one, with a capacity of twenty-five men and provisions for a week. Stanley hints at a scene of extraordinary beauty; of blurring softness of wooded and grassy hills reflected in green waters; of drowsy warm air and violet horizons; of flowering slopes from which came scent-laden breezes; of brooding bays where wondering natives lived; of valleys with dim untried paths; of deep ravines and quiet pools. An apprentice in that kind of travel, he somewhat magnified. But for Livingstone, the expedition was

no more than "a picnic." The geographical results were a proving that there was no outlet for the Tanganyika to the north, and that the river Rusizi flowed into it. The trip was not adventurous, yet not without incident. There had been incipient friction with natives, but always Livingstone had smoothed matters over with a word, a command, some piece of quick action. Given a moment of disturbance, he would leap back swiftly to order. Stanley, newer to the business, perhaps nervous because of fever, would have tried harsh measures, but Livingstone's was always the restraining hand.

For instance, Stanley records this: "About halfway between Cape Kisanwe and Murembeve . . . [the natives] . . . cabled to us to come ashore, threatening us with the vengeance of the great Wami if we did not halt. . . . Finding threats of no avail, they had recourse to stones, and flung them at us in a most hearty manner. As one came within a foot of my arm I suggested a bullet should be sent in return . . . but Livingstone, though he said nothing, showed clearly that he did not approve of this." David Livingstone's account of the same incident shows him passing over the affair as a mere nothing: "Passed a very crowded population, the men calling on us to land and be fleeced and insulted; they threw stones, and one, apparently slung, lighted close to the canoe. . . ."

There is another interesting instance, with Livingstone managing those about him, those of his party and those not of it, with a sort of harmonious activity,

all the while as plain and unemotional as Conrad's Captain MacWhirr; and with Stanley in a state of half-romantic excitement, writing about the "picnic" and the incidental flurry which Livingstone glanced at *en passant*, as if it all involved immeasurable risks. Some have denounced Stanley as a sensationalist, but I think the difference in the accounts was a matter of temperament and experience. Thus Stanley:

"Our kettle was boiling for tea, and the men had built a little fire for themselves, and had filled their earthen pot with water for porridge, when our lookouts perceived dark forms creeping towards our bivouac. Being hailed, they came forward, and saluted us with the native 'wake.' Our guides explained that we were *wangwana* (whites) and intended to camp till morning, when, if they had anything to sell, we would trade. They said they were rejoiced to hear this, and after they had exchanged a few words more—during which we observed that they were taking notes of the camp—went away. Three other parties followed, and retired in like manner. We had good cause to be suspicious at this going backward and forward, and, as our supper had been despatched, we thought it high time to act. The men were hurried into the canoe, and when all were seated, and the lookouts embarked, we quietly pushed off, but not a moment too soon. As the canoe glided from the darkened light that surrounded us, I called the Doctor's attention to dark forms, some crouching behind the rocks on our right, others

scrambling over them, and directly a voice hailed us from the top of the bank, under which we had lately been resting. 'Neatly done,' said the Doctor, as we shot through the water, leaving the discomfited would-be robbers behind us. Here again my hand was stayed from planting a couple of shots as a warning to them, by the presence of the Doctor." And here is Livingstone's account:

"Landed under a cliff to rest and cook, but a crowd came and made inquiries, then a few more came as if to investigate more perfectly. They told us to sleep, and to-morrow friendship should be made. We put our luggage on board, and set a watch on the cliff. A number of men came along cowering behind rocks, and we slipped off quietly; they called after us as men baulked of their prey." With that he dismisses the incident. For in him was the Bunyan desire to "set down the thing as it was," to be as simple and direct as possible. Stanley, no less desirous of accuracy, but more excitable and less experienced, saw differently.

They reached Ujiji again December 14, 1871, and rested there until December 27th, then embarked in a couple of canoes, Livingstone and his five faithfuls in one, Stanley and his men in the other. They cruised to the south end of Tanganyika, and on January 7, 1872, left the lake and started inland. On February 18th, fifty-three days after they had left Ujiji, they were in Unyanyembe, and the day of Livingstone's farewell to the last white man he was destined to see was at hand.

Now men who are fifty days together must either be sullen and self-centered, or must learn to talk freely of their interests and hopes and beliefs. They must either think aloud and so give confidence and awake affection, or they must walk side by side each shut up within himself, stone walls of misunderstanding between them. Livingstone and Stanley, crystal clear to each other, soon found that fellowship which is life, and each was to the other a pleasant and refreshing companion. They were drawn together by many things, by the joys of toil and adventure, by their mutual trust, by that fine perception which must come when men are frank and free.

Suddenly there is this entry, made by Livingstone: "*March 14th.* Mr. Stanley leaves. I commit to his care my journal sealed with five seals; the impressions on them are those of an American gold coin, anna and half anna, and cake of paint with royal arms. Positively not to be opened."

I think that Livingstone, with his stern, business-like temperament, was more than half glad to be alone again with his task. I think that the change from companionship to solitude left him almost grateful, and if there was any bitterness in the farewell, there was a sweetness also. The feeling of sorrow and the grieving at severed ties would have come with his leaving Africa and giving up that duty which dominated him. Indeed, his body and mind were of Africa's soil, of its water, of its air. Africa's problems were his life work. Even Stanley could really have known neither the great vision of an enlightened and

peaceful Africa that ruled Livingstone's mind nor the something deep in him that always yearned for what was farther, farther on. So one need not try to read behind or between the lines of that entry. Bidding farewell to Stanley, what was in the explorer's mind was a tremendous relief that the record of things done was on its way to England, and that because of the dreadful brevity of life and the pressing things all about, anything that made nearer his journey into the unknown, was to be welcomed with eagerness. In that brief and hasty span of life, so much had to be done. Recreation seemed trivial. For him there were no wayside rests. There was only his appointed task. So we are prepared for this heart's cry: "*March 19th. Birthday. My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate myself wholly to Thee. Accept me, and grant, oh, gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. David Livingstone.*"

The parting meant more to the romantic, eager, impetuous Stanley; the emotional Stanley so full of love and admiration and respect. The entry shows a Stanley not afraid of his emotions, full of the rare quality of friendship, grieving because of the stress of fate and fortune which separated them, when he would willingly have played an Amis to the other's Amiel.

"At dawn we were up. The bales and baggage were taken outside, and the men prepared them-

selves for their first march homewards. We had a sad breakfast together. I couldn't eat, my heart was too full; nor did my companion seem to have any appetite. We found something to do which kept us together. At eight I was not gone, and I had thought to have been off at five A.M. 'Doctor, I'll leave two of my men. Maybe you've forgotten something in the hurry. I'll halt a day at Tara for your last word and your last wish. Now, we must part. There's no help for it. Good-bye.'

"'Oh, I'm coming with you a little way. I must see you on the road.'

"'Thank you. Now, my men, home! Kirangoze, lift the flag. March!'

"On the walk Livingstone once more told his plans, and it was settled that his men should be hired for two years from arrival at Unyanyembe, to give ample margin for the completion of his work.

"'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 travelers 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 back safe 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. But Susi, and

Chumah, and Hamaydah, the Doctor's faithful fellows, they must all shake and kiss my hands; before I could turn away, I betrayed myself."

Fifty-four days later, on the evening of May 6, 1872, Stanley and his men were in Bangamoyo again, and there presented itself one of those strange tangles in human affairs that are dizzying to contemplate. For Stanley ran into some of the members of the Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition, and out of the meeting grew all kinds of arguments, petty personalities, blunders, misunderstandings, charges and counter charges. Lieutenant Llewellyn S. Dawson had been in charge, originally, but on learning of Stanley's meeting with Livingstone he had resigned. So also had the Reverend Charles New, a missionary from Mombasa, though New was fiery eager to go forward. That left Lieutenant William Henn, R. N., and Mr. Oswell Livingstone. There was a vast amount of talking and suggesting, perhaps a clashing of temperaments, and it was abundantly clear that the Dawson expedition would be abandoned. The newspapers of the day were foul with the dust of argument, with this one and that of the party full of fierceness, with Dr. Kirk angry and a little defiant because he felt the sting of Livingstone's reproach with regard to the slaves he had sent as relief. Stanley, it appears, was eager that Oswell Livingstone should take charge of the caravan being prepared for the explorer, but, writes Stanley: "Oswell Livingstone changed his mind, and surprised me with a note stat-

ing that he had decided not to go to Unyanyembe, for reasons he thought just and sufficient." He continues: "I ventured to suggest that it was his duty to go, since he had come so far as Zanzibar; but it was evident he acted as he thought best. . . ."

From that flurry in Zanzibar an emotional wave ran to England, across the Atlantic, and so over the whole world. It developed into one of those extraordinary acrimonious excitements, quite senseless because in them wisdom and enlightenment have least to say and men are roused to rankling anger quite unnecessarily. Examples of this sort of thing are the Sampson-Schley affair, the Charles Gordon-Gladstone controversy, the Cook-Peary-North Pole noise, the trouble following Balaklava. History is full of such grotesque displays of petty truculence.

Meanwhile, David Livingstone was waiting at Unyanyembe—waiting, through the months of May, and June, and July and up until the middle of August before news of his men came. But there was other news, a letter here and another there, passed from hand to hand through the jungle. An entry recording the receipt of one such document is read with a shock. "*June 27th—1872—Received a letter from Oswell yesterday, dated Bagamoio, May 14th, which awakened thankfulness, anxiety, and deep sorrow.*" So his son had been only that distance from him—a distance which a letter had passed over in six weeks! Livingstone leaves many things concerning his own thoughts untouched and untold, but in reading that passage the imagination quickens.

There is another entry about Oswell, dated July 3d, which runs: "Received a note from Oswell, written in April last, containing the sad intelligence of Sir Roderick's departure from among us. Alas! alas! this is the only time I ever felt inclined to use the word, and it bespeaks a sore heart. The best friend I ever had—true, warm and abiding—he loved me more than I deserved; he looks down on me still. I must feel resigned to the loss by the Divine Will, but still I regret and mourn. Wearisome waiting this; and yet the men cannot be here before the middle or end of this month. I have been sorely let and hindered in this journey, but it may have been all for the best. I will trust in Him to whom I commit my way."

I do not think those letters left him unscathed. I think that with the reading of them something went out of his life and left a shadow of disappointment and of loss that chilled him to the end. In the Journal thereafter, incidents are not recorded with laughter and smiles. There were still ardent thoughts and generous dreams, there was in him still the beauty-loving spirit, but somehow he was like one riding alone into the chill of darkened forests, the novelty and delight of enchanted golden glades left behind.

On August 4th, he writes: "The men came yesterday, having been seventy-four days from Bagamoio. Most thankful am I to the Giver of all good. I have to give them a few days' rest and then start." And

Stanley had done his task well, so well that Livingstone was as full of gratitude as a father to a son. "A dutiful son could not have done more than he generously did. I bless him," he writes. Then, with no less of a sharply defined personality at the age of sixty than at the age of twenty-six, the executive in him active, he set to work parcelling out his loads, fifty pounds weight and no more for each man. On August 26, 1872, alert and hopeful once more, he moved at the head of his men into the unknown.

But that new strength was fleeting. After three weeks of marching we have this significant entry: "I am ill with bowels, having eaten nothing for eight days," and a little later, "inwardly I feel tired." After that he was always in the shadow of ill-health.

There have been guesses hazarded to account for his taking a southern route. Thomas Hughes was of opinion that the explorer had pondered over the story told to Herodotus by the priest of Minerva at Sais, and was inclined to identify two unexamined hills west of Bangweolo with Crophi and Mophi, from which were said to flow two rivers, one north through Egypt, the other to Ethiopia. Therefore he wished to investigate. After that he would turn north in search of the unknown lake, and so over Lualaba and Tanganyika, to Ujiji, and so home.

Certainly we find him speculating on ancient geography several times, sometimes with a passing thought as if he would like to make a systematic attempt to coördinate the facts with scriptural

history of the times of Moses. While waiting for his men and stores, he made an entry dated April 15th, which reveals a deep pondering over the semi-legendary "fountains" of Ptolemy, thus: "Ptolemy's geography of Central Africa seems to say that the science was then (Second Century A. D.) in a state of decadence from what was known to the ancient Egyptian priests, as revealed to Herodotus six hundred years before his day (or say B. C. 440). They seem to have been well aware, by the accounts of travelers or traders, that a great number of springs contributed to the origin of the Nile, but none could be pointed at distinctly as the "Fountains," except those I long to discover. Ptolemy seems to have gathered up the threads of ancient explorations, and made many springs (six) flow into two lakes situated east and west of each other—the space above them being unknown. If the Victoria Lake were large, then it and Albert would probably be the lakes which Ptolemy meant, and it would be pleasant to call them Ptolemy's sources, rediscovered by the toil and enterprise of our countrymen, Speke and Grant and Baker; but unfortunately Ptolemy has inserted the small lake Coloe nearly where the Victoria Lake stands, and one cannot say where his two lakes are. Of lakes Victoria, Bangweolo, Moero, Kamolondo, Lake Lincoln and Lake Albert, which two did he mean? The science in his time was in a state of decadence. Were two lakes not the relics of a greater number previously known? What says the most ancient map known of Sethos II's time?"

In January of 1873, he and his party were in most terrible country, swampy and stream lined, with cold water, cold winds, and cold rain. There were rivers to cross, over which Susi carried the explorer, "the water coming to Susi's mouth." There were days when they could not see the sun because of heavy leaden clouds that scurried across the sky. For miles they waded waist deep. When out of water they were in unwholesome places where the soil smelt offensive and there was rank vegetation. And the doughty old warrior suffered all the time from hemorrhages. Sometimes, it would seem that he feared a fateful change in himself. At any rate, there is a suspicion of vivid apprehension in a passage written on April 23d, though it may be presumptuous to place a personal interpretation upon it. It ran: "It must be a sore affliction to be bereft of one's reason, and the more so if the insanity takes the form of uttering thoughts which in a sound state we drive from us as impure."

Nevertheless, he was determined, in spite of all, to complete the perfect round. "Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair," he writes. "I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward." And this trumpet call to all the world at the end of a letter to the New York *Herald* trying to enlist American zeal against the East Coast slave trade: "All I can add, in my loneliness, is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

So, onward to the goal, a little bewildered sometimes by the complexity of things, as all men are; but determined to struggle on though it had to be in feebleness, very determined not to collapse in despair. He went forward, shaking and trembling, but still headed for his goal. "I am pale, bloodless, and weak, from bleeding profusely ever since the 31st of March last; an artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength. Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work."

We find the last entries, written in strong, determined hand, swiftly, because he knew the tide was ebbing fast:

"*April 21st*—Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted.

"*April 22d* —Carried on kitanda over Buga S W $2\frac{1}{4}$

"*23d* —Do., I $\frac{1}{2}$

"*24th* Do., I

"*25th*—Do., I

"*26'* —Do., 2 $\frac{1}{2}$

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

Then the explorer dropped his pen. The march was ended and the battle done. The place was Chitambo's village, on the Lulinala, in Ilala.

One of the little band, who loved Livingstone dearly, had looked into the hut when the dawn was breaking, and, seeing the man on his knees by his bedside, his arms flung across the cot, supposed him to be praying. Indeed, such a man might have died

in the midst of his supplications, and we can well imagine him, his heart unconquered though his body grievously hurt, praying, "Dear God! A little longer, ah! not yet!"

The lad, whose name was Majwara, listened for the sound of breathing; then, full of fear at the silence, ran to Susi, saying: "Come to Bwana. I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive." Thereupon Susi rose up and went into the hut, and saw for himself. And when he had seen he called the others, telling them between the surges of his grief that the leader had gone. Then, by the light of a candle, the six performed sad offices, and the thing strange and stark that was not Livingstone, and yet was Livingstone all broken and undone, was laid upon the cot and decently covered.

Around the watch fire in the chill of the morning, the faithful took counsel together. They spoke of the last days when the leader was faint with weariness and pain; of how they had grieved because of his sufferings, as they carried him. Susi, whispering, told how at dusk he had gone in to the master, who had asked, "Is this the Luapula?" Then there was a moment of silence after Susi had said that they were near the Molilamo, but only a moment. The old fire that had consumed Livingstone ran through his veins and woke him to life. "How many days is it to the Luapula, Susi?" he asked, and the answer was given, "I think it is three days, master." After that he drifted into sleep.

Once in the night he woke and bade Susi prepare some medicine and put it in a little cup, by his side. When that was done, he thanked his man, and Susi was sore grieved noting the feebleness of the voice that said, "All right; you can go out now." So, obedient to his master, Susi went outside to keep his watch.

Around the watch fire many things that had happened during those last days were recalled; how they had carried the master who was so pain-racked that the swinging of the litter was too much for him; how a great thirst came on him at a time when there was no water to be had; how, once, he had said, "Ah, now we are near!"; how he had walked uncomplainingly, then, while few suspected his extreme weakness, had tired to ride an ass but could not, and at last confessed, saying, "Chuma, I have lost so much blood, there is no more strength in my legs. You must carry me." But at night, no matter how toilsome the day had been, the master had always written down in his book the number of hours traveled, though his hand had been too nerveless to do more.

But there were things to be done and the faithful ones were not of the sort to sit dumbly making an idol of their grief. Under that lost leadership they had learned much of the value of good judgment, of prudence, of steady, persistent effort. And responsibilities devolved upon them. There were problems to be met and sound common sense was needed. The body of the leader had to be taken many many hundreds of miles through the jungle and back over

the trail by which they had come. It would have to be carried over lands where were unfriendly tribes, men full of strange superstitions and prejudices about dead bodies. There would have to be an accounting for things, for the master had always set down this and that. And there would be terrible offices to perform before the body of the explorer could be carried to the sea.

So Jacob Wainwright took the master's notebook and wrote this in the back, making his list, as Susi and Chuma set the things away in good order: "In the chest was found about a shilling and a half, and in other chest his hat, 1 watch, and 2 boxes of measuring instrument, and in each box there was one. 1 compass, 3 other kind of measuring instrument. 4 other kind of measuring instrument. And in other chest 3 drachmas and half a scruple. JACOB WAINWRIGHT."

As for the body, it would have to be carried to Zanzibar after being prepared, a journey of about a thousand miles with the twistings and turnings, through swamp and over mountain, across plateau and through jungle, a harsh and fearful task, but not to be neglected.

So, reverently the body was prepared, the viscera decently interred at the foot of a mvula tree, Jacob Wainwright reading the service for the Burial of the Dead. Then there was a rough embalming of the body by sun exposure and the use of salt, after which it was wrapped, somewhat as mummies are, but with the knees bent for convenience of carriage, and

also to prevent suspicion on the part of hostile or superstitious natives.

Over the grave the natives erected a monument of wood in the form of door posts and lintel, and on the tree Jacob Wainwright carved an inscription.

After that it was just workaday plodding for the men of that strange funeral procession. Sometimes they were met with kindness, but at other times they were threatened. Chuma often ran ahead of the party as advance guard, and, assuring himself that all was well, sped back to help carry the burden. Thus it was that at Unyanyembe he told the tidings to the first Englishman to hear them. It was Lieutenant Cameron, in charge of a Livingstone search party. That was October 20th, and the natives had carried the body since the middle of May. The British officer, astounded at the magnitude of the task accomplished, and mindful of what remained to be done before the body could reach Zanzibar, advocated the interment of the remains then and there; but the bearers opposed the suggestion, and, in recognition of their loyalty and fidelity, Lieutenant Cameron did not insist further. Instead, he sent two members of his expedition with the funeral party. They were Dr. W. E. Dillon and Lieutenant Cecil Murphy, and the journey ended in the middle of March. Dr. Dillon, however, did not reach the coast, for, unbalanced by fever and ophthalmia, he shot himself, on the way.

So the work of the faithful five, the indomitable five, was done, and for a time, because of the grand

emotions and heroics, those who had labored so nobly without applause were overlooked. We have the word of Mr. Horace Waller, Livingstone's friend, for it that "no sooner did they arrive at their journey's end than they were so far frowned out of notice, that not so much as a passage to the island [Zanzibar] was offered them when their burden was borne away." For how should the world of zealous officialdom know of or recognize their heroic service in the wilderness? How be aware of all that self-abnegation, that obedience to their lord, that spirit so high that made them reverence the frail and aged body and bear it with untold hardship to themselves, so long and so far? For now was the day of pomp and circumstance of hymns of praise, of regal dignity.

England took the body of her son whose heart was in Africa, and carried it away. The one native who was articulate, Jacob Wainwright, went with the body to England. He was one of those sent by Stanley to the explorer, and he had allied himself nobly enough with the five who had been Livingstone's faithful attendants in that eight-thousand-mile journey in the wilderness.

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, the body of David Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey. There were pomp and parade, the ecstasy of liturgies, the agony of spirit that comes from rolling music. Greater honors could not have been awarded a king. All England mourned, thoughtful men with a tightening of the heart, having in mind things left undone which ought to have been done.

But somehow, remembering all that the life of the dark and silent heart meant, remembering the long years of patient and scrupulous toil, remembering the struggle and the effort and the hardship, remembering that self-effacement at the moment of triumph and success, remembering his sympathy and loving kindness, and remembering that last pilgrimage, it seems to me that a shadow would fall on this page if the faithful five were left unnamed. For they were the salt of the earth to David Livingstone. Theirs were virile virtues.

They were:

Susi, Livingstone's body servant, a man of ardent devotion.

Chuma, the Nassick boy, a friend of fighting blood.

Amoda, one of the slaves released in fight.

Gardner, a Nassick boy, practical and conscientious.

Halima, the wife of Amoda, whose freedom Livingstone promised to secure when the work was done.

These were his servitors, his companions, his friends; these were tried and well proven in sickness and in sorrow and, at last, in death.

THE END

APPENDIX I

A SHORT OUTLINE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S LIFE

- 1813 Mar. 19th: Born at Blantyre Works, Lanarkshire, Scotland.
- 1823-1836 Worked in a cotton mill.
- 1838 Accepted by London Missionary Society.
- 1840 Medical degree from Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow.
Dec. 8th: Sailed for Africa.
- 1841 July 31st: Arrived at Dr. Moffat's station, Kuruman.
- 1844 Married and settled at Mabotsa.
- 1849 Desert journey to Lake Ngami.
- 1852 At Cape Town with family.
- 1853 May 23d: At Linyanti.
Nov. 11th: Left Linyanti for the Atlantic coast.
- 1854 May 31st: Reached Atlantic coast.
Sept. 20th: Left Atlantic coast.
- 1855 Sept. 11th: Reached Linyanti.
Nov. 3d: Left Linyanti for east coast.
Nov. 14th: Discovered Victoria Falls.
- 1856 May 20th: Reached Quilimane on east coast.
Dec 12th: Reached England.
- 1857 *Missionary Travels* published.
Resigned from London Missionary Society.
- 1858 Mar. 10th: Left England.
May 14th: Reached mouth of Zambesi.
- 1859 Apr. 18th: Discovered Lake Shirwa.
Sept. 16th: Discovered Lake Nyassa.
- 1861 Bishop Mackenzie Mission.
- 1862 Apr. 27th: Death of Mary Moffat Livingstone.
- 1864 June 13th: Reached Bombay.
July 10th: Reached London.
- 1865 *Narrative of an Expedition to Zambesi* published.

- Aug. 15th: Left London.
Sept.: Reached Bombay.
- 1866 Apr. 4th: Started into interior from the mouth of the
Rovuma. Reported dead.
- 1867 July 9th: Young search expedition sailed.
Nov. 8th: Discovered Lake Moero.
- 1868 July 18th: Discovered Lake Bangweolo.
- 1869 Livingstone at Luamo River country.
- 1870 Feb. 2nd: Again reported dead.
Explored Lualaba.
- 1871 Jan. 6th: Stanley reached Zanzibar.
Livingstone at Mobasilange.
July 20th: Livingstone starts for Ujiji.
Oct. 18th: Meeting of Livingstone and Stanley.
Nov. and Dec.: Exploration of Lake Tanganyika.
- 1872 Mar. 15th: Parted with Stanley at Unyanyembe.
Aug. 26th: Left Unyanyembe on last trip.
- 1873 May 1st: Died in Ilala.
- 1874 Apr. 18th: Buried in Westminster Abbey.

APPENDIX II

A SHORT LIST OF BOOKS

By DAVID LIVINGSTONE:

- Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* 1857
Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and Its Tributaries
(with Charles Livingstone). 1865
Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, edited
by the Rev. Horace Waller. 1874.
Despatches to the Foreign Office.

BLAIKIE. *Livingstone's Personal Life.* 1880.

HUGHES. *David Livingstone.* 1906.

JOHNSTON. *Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa.*
1897.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY. Publications, from 1840.

MACHLACHLAN. *David Livingstone.* 1900.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY. *Journal and Proceedings.*

STANLEY. *How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa.* 1872.

STANLEY. *Autobiography.* 1909.

MOFFAT. *The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.* 1885.

APPENDIX III

Report of Livingstone's death, based on Musa's story, made to Lord Clarendon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, by Dr. G. E. Seward, Consul at Zanzibar

Dated from Zanzibar, December 10th, 1866.

MY LORD,

I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone in his dispatch from Ngomano, informed your Lordship that he stood "on the threshold of the unexplored." Yet, as if that which should be-tide him had already thrown its shadow, he added: "I have but little to say of the future."

My Lord, if the report of some fugitives from his party be true, this brave and good man has "crossed the threshold of the un-explored"—he has confronted the future and will never return. He was slain, so it is alleged, during a sudden and unprovoked encounter with those very Zulus of whom he says, in his dispatch, that they had laid waste the country round about him, and had "swept away the food from above and in the ground." With an escort reduced to twenty, by desertion, deaths, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loende and Rovuma rivers, at Ngomano, and the eastern or northeastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kompoonda or Mapoonda, on its western (probably its northwestern) shore, and was pushing west or northwest, into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Mukliosowa a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mafite and Nyassa folk. The Nyassa folk were armed with bow and arrow, the Zulus with the traditional shield, broad-bladed spears, and axes. With Livingstone there were nine or ten muskets; his Johanna men were resting with their loads far in the rear.

The Mafite instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no

avoidance of the combat; they came on with a rush, with war cries and rattling on their shields their spears. As Livingstone and his party raised their pieces, their onset was for a moment checked, but only for a moment. Livingstone fired and two Zulus were shot dead (his boys fired, too, but their fire was harmless); he was in the act of reloading when three Mafite leaped upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance—there could be none—and one cruel axe-cut from behind him put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mafite. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eyewitness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Musa, chief of his escort of porters.

The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kompoonda, on the lake's borders (they left the Havildar of Sepoys there dying of dysentery; Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys of the Bombay 21st, at Mataka), and had rested at Marenga, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Mahlivoora; they were traversing a flat country, broken by small hills, and abundantly wooded.

Indeed, the scene of the tragedy so soon to be consummated would appear to have been an open forest glade. Livingstone, as usual, led the way, his nine or ten unpractised musketeers at his heels. Ali Musa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mazitus were coming. The boys in turn beckoned Musa to press forward. Musa saw the crowd here and there between the trees.

He had just gained the party and sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire when his leader fell. Musa fled for his life along the path he had come. Meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads, and in a body really passed Musa, his escape, and that of his party, merges on the marvelous. However, at sunset, they, in great fear, left their forest refuge, and got back to the place where they hoped to find their baggage. It was gone, and then, with increasing dread, they crept to where the slain traveler lay.

Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus who were killed under the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright, he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone—from

their description—through the neck and spine up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was ever ready.

They found him stripped of his upper clothing, the Mazitus had respected him when dead. They dug, with some stakes, a shallow grave, and hid from the starlight the stricken temple of a grand spirit—the body of an apostle, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labors made known to us, and which now, baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as "Lake Livingstone."

The Johanna men made the most of their way back to Ma-poonda, not venturing near any village or station. They lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on their way. At Kompoonda, they witnessed the end of the Havildar of Sepoys, Bombay 21st Native Infantry. He alone of all the Indians was faithful; on the threshold of this Consulate at Zanzibar, he pledged himself at the moment of starting never to forsake his leader—nor did he; to the last he struggled on, worn with dysentery, but broke down hopelessly on the road to Marenga. A day or two later, and he would have shared his leader's fate.

Insubordinate, lazy, impracticable, and useless, Livingstone had dismissed the other Sepoys at Maraka. Had they been faithful like their Havildar, I should not have had to inscribe a record of this sad happening. Their unfitness for African travel might have been predicated. At Kompoonda the Johanna men were deprived of their weapons by the Chief, who also kept the Havildar's. Here they joined an Arab slave caravan, recrossed the Nyassa, and made for Kilwa, the great slave outlet on the Zanzibar coast.

But here again, and where least expected, they encountered the Mafite. They had reached Keepareygree, eight days southwest of Kilwa, when the appearance of a band of the savages scattered the caravan. Abandoning ivory, slaves—their all—the Arab leaders thought but of saving their lives. The Johanna men again made their escape, and reached Kilwa, whence by the kindness of the customs people they were at once sent on to Zanzibar. They arrived here on the sixth of December.

It will be gratifying to many of the true friends of Dr. Livingstone to learn that, when, on his sad end being known, the

British flag was lowered at this Consulate, the French, the American, and Hanseatic flags were at once flown half-mast high, the Consuls paying a spontaneous tribute to his memory—an example shortly followed by all the foreign vessels in the harbor. The Sultan's flag was also lowered.

I must reserve other details for a subsequent letter; but I may state that no papers, effects, or relics of Livingstone are likely to be recovered.

G. EDWARD SEWARD.

APPENDIX IV

Report to Sir Roderick Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, made by Lieutenant E. D. Young, Commander of the First Livingstone Search Expedition.

[December, 1867]

SIR,

I have the honor to lay before you a brief outline of the proceedings of the expedition under my command, sent out to Africa by the Royal Geographical Society, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the reported death of Dr. Livingstone. I am happy to inform you that our efforts have been crowned with success, and I have satisfactory evidence that Dr. Livingstone was not murdered by the Mazitu, nor by any other tribe, at the place named by the Johanna men, but had gone on in safety far beyond. I have also satisfactory evidence that the Johanna men deserted shortly after leaving Marenga, returning by the same route as they had gone.

But I must first begin the narrative from the time of our landing at the mouth of the Zambesi. Immediately upon landing, I succeeded in getting a Negro crew to take the boats up as far as Shupanga, where I arrived on the 2d of August. I at once engaged a fresh crew to go on to Chibisa, and the next day started for Senna. Arrived there on the 6th; found the Portuguese authorities very obliging; made what arrangements were thought necessary, and proceeded on the next day. I learned from the Portuguese that the Mazitu were in full force on the Shire, and were threatening Chibisa, so I arranged with the authorities at Senna to send on to me at Chibisa (should I require them) 100 men, fearing, as the Mazitu were there, I should not be able to get the Makololo to accompany me.

We arrived at Chibisa on the 17th, and found that the reports about the Mazitu having been there were quite true, and that

they had been down in force to the left bank, robbing and burning the houses, murdering some of the people they caught, and taking others prisoners. The Makololo put off the canoes from the opposite bank and shot three of them. Of course, I was quite unprepared to meet the Mazitu in this part of the country.

The Makololo, as well as the people who were of the old mission party, received us gladly. I requested the Makololo to attend the next morning, which they did, when I acquainted them of the object of my mission. They agreed to accompany me on certain conditions, which I agreed to. One was that I should leave some ammunition behind with those that remained, so that should the Mazitu attempt to cross the river below the Cataracts they would be well able to encounter them. After arrangements had been completed, we started on the 19th for the Cataracts; arrived the same day, and at once began taking the boat to pieces. Hitherto all had gone on well, but no sooner had we got the boat to pieces, and everything was ready for the journey overland, than fresh reports about the Mazitu reached the Makololo, which very much daunted them, and had also a tendency to lower our spirits, for without their help we could do nothing, as it was not only their help we required, but also that of their people, they being the chiefs of the country round about. After a good deal of persuasion, the whole affair was settled to our satisfaction, and on the evening of the 23d the Makololo appeared in force with about 150 men.

We started next morning with the boat, provisions, luggage, etc., making in all 180 loads. The men worked well, and we arrived with everything in good order at Pomfunda, above the Cataracts, in four and a half days. The heat during the journey was excessive, even for Africa. We at once commenced rebuilding the boat, and everything appeared to be going on well when fresh reports reached us about the Mazitu. We were visited by some of the Ajawa chiefs who had been driven out of their own country and were obliged to cross the river to save themselves from being murdered. There was an encampment close by the place where we were building the boat, of about 200 Ajawas, the sole survivors of the once powerful people under the chief Joey.

Every day fresh reports reached us, and the Makololo wanted to return home, which of course I could not consent to. At this place we first heard from a native of a white man having passed

through Maponda at the south end of Lake Nyassa. He stated that he had seen him, and gave a description of his dress, etc.

Launched the boat on the 30th, and started up the river next morning. The Makololo not working well, and making every excuse, not being well, etc., thinking perhaps we would turn back. They stated that the risk was too great, that there was little chance of our ever returning, but as they had gone so far they would go on and die with us; of course all was agreed to. As we proceeded we found vast numbers of Ajawas and Machinkas on the left bank, living in temporary huts, who had retreated before the overwhelming numbers of Mazitu. Reached the small lake Pamalombe on the evening of the 5th of September.

During our passage up the river heard several reports of a white man who twelve months before had stopped at Maponda for some time, having crossed from the opposite side, and after resting some time he had gone on in a westerly direction. I now felt almost convinced that it must have been Livingstone, but I almost feared to stop there, for I felt certain had the Makololo been satisfied that it was him they would have gone no further; for my agreement with them was that, as soon as we had satisfactory evidence that the Doctor had gone on in safety, or that he had been killed in the way described by the Johanna men, I would return with them immediately. But now, as it appeared he had passed over the south end of Nyassa instead of the north, I wanted to find out where he had first struck the lake. The Makololo stated that they were certain that if a white man had been killed, or had died, within a month's journey of where we were, we should certainly have heard of it before we got thus far.

The next morning crossed the Pamalombe, but could not find a passage in to Maponda, owing to the quantity of rushes and grass, and it blowing very hard at the time we made for the river. Here again we met great numbers of natives, who appeared very hostile. They lined the bank with their guns and demanded that we should come into them. The Makololo appeared very much afraid, so I laid the boat to, to await the approach of two armed canoes that had shoved off from the shore. I soon made matters right with them, and shortly afterwards entered Lake Nyassa, and slept the first night on the Rock Boasuum.

Started the next morning with a fine breeze from the east side of the lake, steering as near as possible for the Arab crossing place,

as laid down by Livingstone. We had not run more than two hours before a heavy gale began to blow, and for three hours we had to run along the coast to try and find shelter, but the rocks and breakers met us at every hand. This proved the finishing stroke to the Makololos' courage, who all lay down at the bottom of the boat to die, and although the boat was constantly shipping heavy seas, they refused to bale out the water. The steel boat behaved well, but was far too deep for the stormy Lake Nyassa. At length, after three hours' weary watching, we succeeded in finding a sheltered spot where we stopped to dry our clothes. Only one native appeared at this place, who when he saw us first was much frightened; but as soon as we stated we were English, he willingly came toward us. He told us an Englishman had passed through his village a year ago, and that he had come from the Arab settlement and had gone south to Maponda. Started again for the former place, but found the distance too great to reach before dark; put into a small sandy bay, where we found some natives fishing.

I must here remark that at any place, on first visiting it, no one was allowed to get out of the boat, except myself, Mr. Faulkner, and the interpreter. I soon got into conversation with these men, when they spoke of a white man who had been there, without being asked. They stated that he had first made that place coming from Makata, had stopped nine or ten days to rest, and then went north to the Arab settlement to try and get them to carry him and his party across the lake, but after waiting there some time he returned, making his way south for Makata. They described his dress, what luggage he had, imitated him taking sights, and sleeping under a mosquito curtain, and stated that he had a dog with him named Chetane. They said that the headman of the carriers was named Musa; two of the boys spoke the Ajawa and Mananja language, and were named Juma and Wako. They told us what barter goods he traded with; on being shown an album with numbers of likenesses, they at once recognized the one of Livingstone. That there were nine of Musa's countrymen with him, who did not speak either the Ajawa or Mananja language. He did not buy slaves or ivory; he had come to see the country. Besides other numerous things that left no doubt in my mind that it was Livingstone.

Next day we arrived at the Arab settlement, where we were

received kindly, and found all that I heard before was correct. Livingstone waited at this place nine or ten days for the Arab boat which did not arrive, so he started south again, and they traced him as far as Maconda. I visited the house Livingstone lived in during his stay, and I purchased a few articles (all English make) that he had traded with, such as small round looking glasses, a knife, razor, iron spoons, etc. Of course most of the calicoes and so forth were already worn out, but the chief still possessed an Indian manufactured scarf that Livingstone had presented to him on leaving. I sent two of the most trustworthy Makololo with my ever faithful interpreter (whom I brought from the Cape) on the road to Makata to see if that was the road he had come, while we again went south, making short marches inland, to try to find the route the Johanna men took in going back, as they had not visited this place or the last. We obtained other trifling articles in the shape of barter goods, and while waiting for the return of the Makololo obtained from a chief further south an English Common Prayer book, which he stated had been left behind by the Englishman in the house he had slept at.

On the 13th the searching party returned, having gone two days' march on the road to Makata. Livingstone had come that way. They brought back some glasses, fish hooks, etc., that he had traded with. They would have gone further, but were ill treated by some of the natives and driven back: their reason for so doing, they said, was that the Englishman had brought fighting into the country, for the Mazitu had been killing their people ever since he left.

Sept. 14th. Started for the opposite side of the lake, made for Chinsamba's. Although we started with little or no wind, it again blew a gale before we reached the opposite shore. We found that Chinsamba had been killed some time since, and nothing remained of his village. Skeletons now met our eyes in great numbers, whenever we landed along this side. Saw several natives the first day, both Ajawa and Mananja; and those who had not seen the white man further south had heard of him, but in not a single instance was he spoken of as being dead. I wished to learn by coming over this side, in what direction he had gone after leaving Maconda. We had not crossed long when we saw a man who had helped to carry the Englishman's luggage for two

days. He described him as before. This man had been living inland some distance, but had been driven out by the Ajawa. He pointed in a northwesterly direction, and stated it was five days' journey off, which, of course, would be very much more from Marenga.

Our progress south was slow, owing to the heavy gales of wind. On our way we met several who had seen the Englishman, and more than one had helped to carry his luggage from village to village, and there was not in all their reports the slightest variation. They were not all from the same place, but they all maintained that he had gone on in a northwesterly direction towards the Loangwa. These natives were full of complaints about their neighbors, and would have been only too ready to inform against each other if Livingstone had come to an untimely end at either of their hands, and they all maintained that the Mazitu had been in that part of the country.

Sept. 19th. Reached Marenga. Seeing the boat approach the shore they lined the beach with their guns, etc., but, as soon as we told them we were English, they laid their arms down and welcomed us. I at once asked to see Marenga, when I was conducted up to his house by one of his wives. Marenga rushed towards me, and, seizing me by the hand, shook it heartily, saying, "Where have you come from and where is your brother that was here last year?" and as soon as I told him I had come to follow him, he began and told me all he knew of him. He said he had come there from Maponda, had stopped there two days; he was very kind to him, making him presents, etc., and he in return gave him food that he required. Livingstone gave him medicine which was done up in doses; the papers he used formed part of a "Nautical Almanack" for the year 1866. He lent Livingstone four canoes to take himself and luggage across the marsh, while the Johanna carried the remainder round. He had seen him before; he said he saw him when he was up here with a boat a long time ago. He traced him a month's journey off, giving the names of the places in the same order I had previously heard. He was quite willing to give me any guides to go to Maksuro, or where it once was; but he stated, as I had previously heard, that Maksuro had been driven out and killed by the Ajawa, and his people almost annihilated; as also had Coomo two days' journey beyond. Marenga stated that the Johanna men returned after

being absent two days. They gave as their reason for returning that they had agreed with Livingstone to take his goods as far only as they liked. The headman stated that he had been in that direction before with him, and had met the Mazitu, and that they were going no further. To prove their independence they passed themselves off as Arabs. Marenga gave them food, and they slept there one night and then set out for Maconda.

Marenga is a Babisa, and rules over a populous district; he made us a present of a bullock and as much native food for our crew as we required, and he invited us to remain a long time. He had a great number of wives—I and Mr. Faulkner being introduced to forty, who were all sitting round him.

Having satisfied myself thus far, I asked him if he thought it possible that Livingstone could have died a month's journey off, and he not know it? He at once said no, and had he died three months off he should have heard of it; but as soon as I told him I had heard that the Mazitu had killed him not far distant, he laughed, and said he told me he was going the way to avoid them, and that the Mazitu had never been in that part of the country described by the Johanna men.

Marenga then sent for a man who had gone five days' journey with him, and when he returned the Johanna men had gone back. I had previously heard the same account from the same man.

The Makololo now got very impatient to return home, and nothing was talked of day or night but the Mazitu. They stated that they had fulfilled their engagement, but I very much wished to try to get to the north end of the lake. But they would not listen to it. No inducement I could offer would persuade them to go; so there was no alternative but to go round to Maconda, get what information I could and return.

Marenga was full of complaints about his neighbors, and what he wished for more than anything else was medicine for his guns, so that if the Ajawas came to fight him his shot would kill someone every time they fired. We, being satisfied that Livingstone had gone on in safety, started on the 20th for Maconda, calling at the several places along the coast to gain what information I could; but all I obtained only confirmed what I had previously heard.

Arrived at Maconda on the 25th. The chief himself was not at home, having gone on a trading expedition, leaving his mother

to act during his absence. Immediately on arrival I sent a messenger to acquaint her of arrival and my wish to see her. She soon came, with a train of followers, bringing us presents of native food and beer. She stated that an Englishman had been there a year before, had stopped three weeks to rest his party, and then left for Marenga, stopped there a day or two, and then left to go to the Loangwa, calling at Maksura, Coomo, etc. One of the boys was left behind here, being unable to travel, having very bad feet and legs, but had now quite recovered and gone with Maponda. She stated that the Englishman had left a paper with him, but that he had taken it with him on the journey. She brought some books belonging to him, one of which had his name on ("Wakitane, from Dr. Wilson, Dec. 1864," etc.), which she allowed me to take. The Johanna men returned this way, stopped one day, and proceeded on. She swore, in the presence of us all, that Maponda did not take away their guns, neither did any of the party die there. She stated that the Englishman was great friends with her son, and that if anyone had molested him (even Marenga, as strong as he was) he would have gone to war with him. The old lady laughed at the idea of Livingstone having been killed by the Mazitu. Mr. Faulkner questioned her regarding the Havildar. She gave a description of a man with straight black hair, with the top of his head shaved, etc. Marenga also told us the same. Mr. Faulkner states it answers the description of the Indian very well. Marenga also told us the same, and I felt convinced had he died there we would have heard it from some of the numbers I questioned on the subject.

The Makololo now told me that if I intended going into the lake again, they were not going with me; and, being entirely dependent on these men, there was no alternative but to return and to get their aid in carrying the boat back. So, having got all the news I could at Maponda, I decided on going to Makata; but although I offered a large amount to a guide, no one would attempt to cross the river. They stated that Makata had taken to the mountains for fear of the Mazitu, and they were afraid of being cut off.

Started for the Cataracts on the 27th. Found the same state of things along the river as on coming up. Arrived at the Cataracts on the 2d of October, and commenced taking the boat to pieces. Meanwhile we heard from Chibisa that the road was

clear, and that the Mazitu made Chore, not far from the lower Shire, their headquarters.

Oct. 8th. Started for Chibisa with the boat, luggage, etc., where we arrived on the 12th. We found the boats safe, and the men left with them in very fair health. Again built the steel boat, and while there repaired the graves of the late missionaries who died there.

22d.—Started from Chibisa.

26th.—Arrived at the Ruo, stopped and repaired the grave of the late Bishop Mackenzie. Arrived at the Kongone on the 11th of November, but on our way down we visited Senna.

H. M. S. *Raccoon* arrived on the 2d of December.

Arrived at the Cape on the evening of the 17th.

Embarked on board the mail steamer on the 19th.

In conclusion, I must again state that this is but a brief outline of our proceedings. I should have liked to have done more by going to the north end of the lake, but was prevented by circumstances unforeseen when I left England; for, had the Mazitu not threatened Chibisa, I should have had little difficulty in getting the Makololo to accompany me. Under the circumstances, I hope that what has been done will meet with your approval, as well as that of the Royal Geographical Society.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

E. D. YOUNG.

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