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THE HOUSE AT BLANTYRE IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE WAS BORN

THE LIFE
= .

AND

EXPLORATIONS

OR

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

LL. D.

CAREFULLY COMPILED FROM RELIABLE SOURCES.

VOL. I.

JAMES SEMPLE,

7 STIRLING ROAD, GLASGOW.

P R E F A C E.

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

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

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

The present narrative—mainly designed for that large class of modern readers who have neither the time nor the opportunity for becoming acquainted with the many sources from which it has been gleaned—has been written and compiled with the view of giving a graphic account of a memorable life story, the full details of which are either shut up in books beyond the reach of the majority of readers, locked up in files of newspapers, or buried in the Reports and Journals of the Royal Geographical Society—these latter, a

source totally inaccessible to the general reader. The narrative is supplemented by details of the Livingstone Relief Expeditions under Mr. Stanley, Mr. Young, and Lieutenant Cameron; a brief memoir of Mr. Stanley, with a full account of his explorations into the heart of Central Africa, under the auspices of the "New York Herald" and the London "Daily Telegraph;" a sketch of Cameron's journey across the African Continent from the East to the West Coast; and a record of the establishment of the great Missionary Settlements on Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Nyanza. The founding of these Institutions may be regarded as the appropriate fruit of Livingstone's labours—the fitting crown of his heroic and glorious career.

In the companion volume to this "Life of Livingstone" will be found a complete history of African discovery, from the earliest period down to the researches and explorations of the illustrious travellers of this nineteenth century. The possessor of these two volumes will know all that is necessary to a general reader, of the vast continent which is destined to play so important a part in the future history of the world.

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

CHAPTER I.

*Early Years.—Education.—Arrival at Cape Town as a
Missionary.*

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

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

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

"Our grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary legends which that great writer has since made use of in 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' and other works. As a boy I remember listening with

delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive Highlanders languishing among the Turks.

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

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

Like most of the Highlanders, his ancestors were Roman Catholics, but when Protestantism got fairly established in Scotland, the apostacy of the chief was followed by that of the entire clan. Livingstone says, "they were made Protestants by the laird (the squire) coming round, with a man having

a yellow staff, which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterwards, perhaps it does so still, by the name of 'the religion of the staff.' "

In the olden time, religion to them was only secondary to their devotion and attachment to their chief, and never seems to have taken any firm hold of their imaginations. The country was poor in money, and the priests they were familiar with were needy and ignorant; and within the Highland line there were no splendid edifices or pomp of worship to rouse their enthusiasm, so that the abandonment of their old mode of worship entailed no sacrifice.*

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

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

Livingstone's uncles shared in the patriotic spirit which pervaded the country during the war with France, and entered the service of the king; but his father having recently got married settled down as a small grocer, the returns from which business were so small as to necessitate his children being sent to the factory as soon as they could earn anything to assist in the family support. David Livingstone was but ten years of age, in 1823, when he entered the mill as a "piecer," where he was employed from six o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, with intervals for breakfast and dinner.

* In *Waverley*, Sir Walter Scott very happily illustrates the non-religious character of your true Highlander about the middle of last century. *Waverley* had just parted with Fergus Mc-Ivor, and was approaching a Lowland village, "and as he now distinguished not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge pot, that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

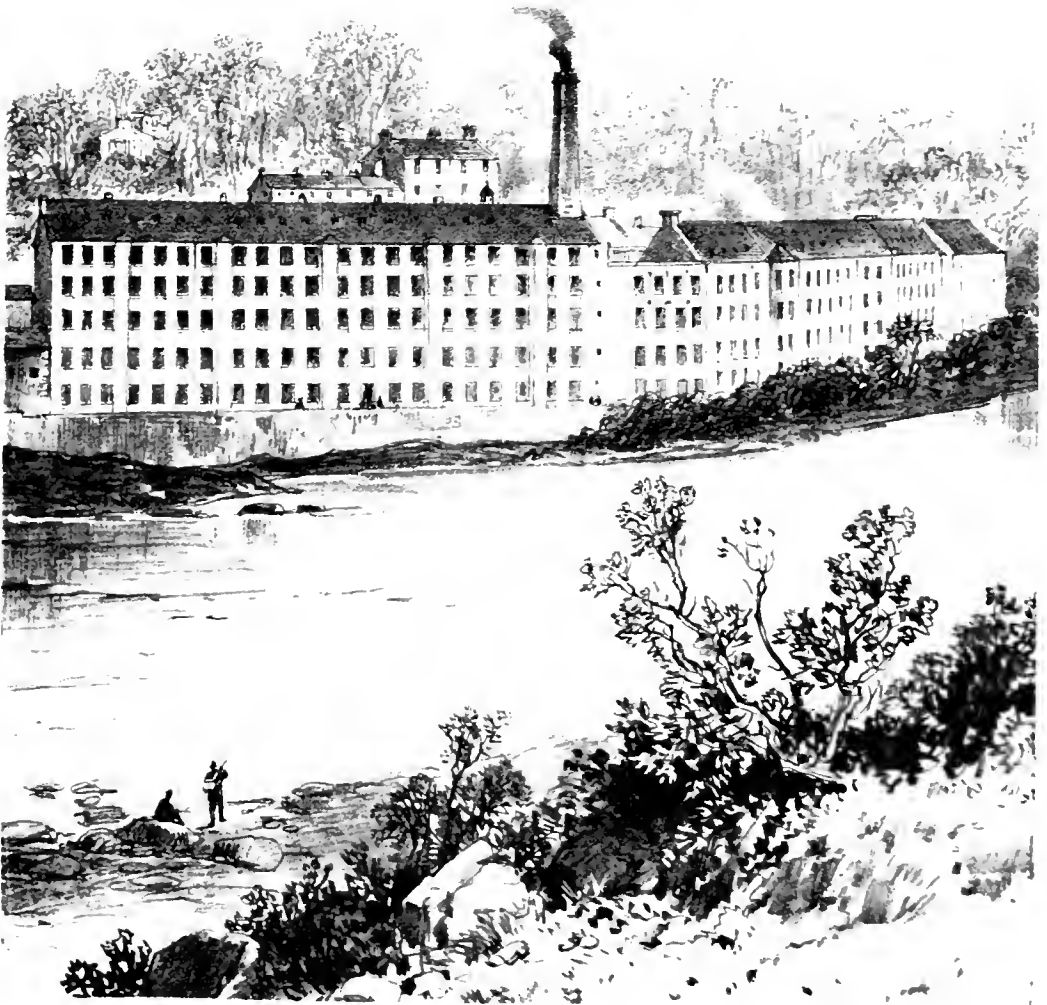
'Couldna say just precesely, Sunday seldom cam' aboon the Pass o' Bally-Brough.'

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this early introduction to a life of toil would have been the commencement of a lifetime of obscurity and privation. Let us see how David Livingstone bore and conquered the cruel circumstances of his boyhood, and made for himself a name which is known and respected throughout the civilised world; and is accepted by the savage inhabitants of Central Africa as conveying to their minds the ideal of all that is best in the character of "the white man."

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

To the mere observer, Livingstone's father appeared to be somewhat stern and taciturn, and an overstrict disciplinarian where the members of his family were concerned; but under a cold and reserved exterior he sheltered a warm heart, and his real kindness, as well as his truth and uprightness are cherished in the memories of his family and his intimates. He was too truthful and conscientious to become rich as a small grocer in a country village; while his real goodness of heart induced him to trust people whose necessities were greater than their ability or desire to pay, to the further embarrassment of a household his limited business made severe enough.

He brought up his children in connection with the Church of Scotland, from which he seceded a few years before his death, and joined an Independent congregation worshipping in Hamilton, some miles distant. Speaking of the Christian example he set before his family, his famous son says, "He deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that, the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'" He was a strict disciplinarian, and looked with small favour on his son's passion for reading scientific books and works of travel; but his son had much of his own stubborn and



THE MILL IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE WORKED AT BLANTYRE

independent temperament where he supposed himself to be in the right; and sturdily preferred his own selection of books to "The Cloud of Witnesses," "Boston's Fourfold State," or "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity." His refusal to read the latter work procured him a caning, which was the last occasion of his father's application of the rod.

As is the case of many a young man in like circumstances, his father's importunity and unfortunate selection of authors fostered a dislike for merely doctrinal reading, which continued until years afterwards, when a perusal of "The Philosophy of Religion," and the "Philosophy of a Future State," by Dr. Thomas Dick, widened his understanding, and gratified him by confirming him in what he had all along believed, "that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly to each other." Both his parents had taken much pains to instil the principles of Christianity into his mind, but it was only after becoming acquainted with the writings of Dr. Dick and others, that their efforts bore fruit. The depth of his religious convictions may be realised when we contemplate the sacrifices he afterwards made in his evangelistic labours, but his strong understanding saved him from becoming either a sectary or a bigot. While there was no more earnest-minded or devoted servant of Christ than Dr. Livingstone, there was none so liberal and so large-hearted in his acceptance of all honest and God-fearing men who strove to do good, whatever their creed might be.

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

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

The little education which the "piecer" boy of ten had received, had aroused within him the desire for more, and the genuineness of this desire was

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

Even when at work, the book he was reading was fixed upon the spinning-jenny so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed in his work. At sixteen years of age, he tells us that he knew Horace and Virgil better than he did in 1857. Notwithstanding the limited leisure at his disposal, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the scenery, botany, and geology of his district. In these excursions he was frequently accompanied by his elder and younger brothers, John and Charles; but he was much alone, and while his temper was far from being moody or morose, he was fond of rambling about, his only companion being a book of travels or a scientific treatise. His thirst for knowledge was stronger than his desire for boyish pastimes.

Dr. Livingstone's eldest brother John is still alive. He emigrated to North America in early life, and settled at Listowel, twenty-five miles from Niagara Falls, as a farmer and storekeeper. He is a man of energetic character, and has done much towards the improvement of a large tract of country all but unreclaimed when he entered it. Like all the other members of his family, he is respected for his humble and unobtrusive piety, and for his uprightness and worth as a man of the world. An indefatigable representative of the *New York Herald* visited and interviewed him in 1872, and treated the readers of the *Herald* to a graphic account of the old gentleman and his surroundings, when Mr. Stanley and his discovery of Livingstone were attracting universal attention.

Charles, Dr. Livingstone's younger brother, and his loved companion in the brief holiday hours of his boyhood, educated himself for the ministry, and was for a good many years pastor of one of the New England Presbyterian churches. He shared in the adventurous spirit of his brother, and, as we shall see further on, accompanied him on his second expedition to the Zambesi. Returning to England, he was appointed one of H.M. Consuls to the West Coast of Africa,—a position which gave him much

opportunity of doing good to the heathen, which he turned to account with great zeal and success. In the year 1873, his health having broken down, he started on his return to England, but died on the passage home.

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

At the conclusion of his medical curriculum he had to present a thesis to the examining body of the University, on which his claim to be admitted a member of the faculty of physicians and surgeons would be judged. The subject was one which in ordinary practice required the use of the stethoscope for its diagnosis, and it was characteristic of the independence and originality of the man, that an awkward difference arose between him and the examiners, as to whether the instrument could do what was claimed for it. This unfortunate boldness procured him a more than ordinarily severe examination, through which he passed triumphantly. Alluding to this in after-years, he drily remarked that "The wiser plan would have been to have had no opinions of my own." Looking back over the years of toil and hardship which had led up to this important stage in his career, and looking forward to the possibilities of the future, he might well say that "It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which with unwearied energy pursues from age to age its endeavours to lessen human woe."

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

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

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

CHAPTER II.

South Africa and its People.—The Bushmen, the Hottentots, the Kaffres, and the Bechuana Tribes, and their Habits, &c.

THE tract of country now known to us as Cape Colony was originally occupied by the Dutch about the middle of the 17th century. A large proportion of the original settlers were of German origin; but a considerable number were of French, many French families having settled there between the years 1680 and 1690, driven thither by the persecution to which Protestants were at that time subjected in France. The French and German settlers enslaved the native Hottentots, Kaffres, and Bushmen, and compelled them to labour for them on their farms, and down to a very recent period this enforced servitude of the native tribes was the occasion of constant warfare and murder. In 1796 the Cape settlement was taken by the English, but on peace being concluded between the two nations, it was restored to the Dutch in 1803. War breaking out shortly after, the Colony was again taken possession of by England, and has continued to be a dependency of this country ever since. From that time many people from England have settled in the country both in the towns and throughout the country districts. Cape Colony, from east to west, measures nearly six hundred miles, and from north to south four hundred and fifty miles. The Colony of Natal is one hundred and seventy five miles in length by about a hundred and twenty in breadth. The population of Cape Colony, including British Kaffraria and Natal, is about a million, more than one half of whom are natives.

The abolition of slavery in the British dependencies freed the Hottentots, the Kaffres, and the Bushmen; but, as we shall see further on, that at the time Dr. Livingstone commenced his career in Africa the Dutch Boers still compelled the labour of those tribes in the neighbourhood of their settlements who were too weak to resist them. The usual method was to manufacture a cause of quarrel, which would give a colourable pretext for attacking a native settlement, when they would carry off a number of the young of both sexes, who became slaves in everything save the name. We believe that the exposure of this traffic by Dr. Livingstone and his celebrated father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, has resulted in a complete stoppage of this iniquitous traffic; but it was not

effected until many missionaries were driven from their settlements by the Boers, who very naturally objected to their teaching the natives that all men were equal in the sight of God. As we shall see further on, Dr. Livingstone suffered at their hands; but as he, in addition to being a missionary, was also a great explorer and discoverer of hitherto untrodden regions in the far interior, his denunciations had an effect in high quarters which those of a mere preacher of the Gospel to the heathen would not have had, and the local Government put a stop to the detestable practice. As in every other quarter of Africa where it exists, slavery was at the root of all the wars and bloodshed which made it so difficult and dangerous for white men, whatever their object, to penetrate into the interior.

Previous to Dr. Livingstone's arrival in Africa, Dr. Moffat and a devoted band of labourers had been working zealously and successfully among the Hottentot, Bushmen, and Bechuana tribes; and the former had made frequent journeys to the north, and had reached points farther to the northward than any of his predecessors and contemporaries. After Livingstone, he is the most notable figure in African Missionary enterprise, and has spent upwards of fifty years of his life in evangelistic labours in South Africa; displaying a courage and a devotedness truly apostolic. When in his prime he was a man of commanding exterior. Upwards of six feet in height, possessed of physical power and endurance above the ordinary, and having a singular faculty of adapting himself to circumstances whatever their nature, he gained a great ascendancy over the Chiefs of the interior and their followers. The noble old man, although over eighty years of age, is still alive, and was the most notable figure among those who stood by the grave of his great son-in-law in Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the great lion hunter, on visiting Kuruman, thus alludes to him:—

“I was here kindly and hospitably entertained by Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, both missionaries of the London Society, and also by Mr. Hume, an old trader, long resident at Kuruman. The gardens at Kuruman are extremely fertile. Besides corn and vegetables, they contain a great variety of fruits, amongst which were vines, peach-trees, nectarines, apple, orange, and lemon trees, all of which in their season bear a profusion of the most delicious fruit. These gardens are irrigated with a most liberal supply of water from a powerful fountain which gushes forth, at once forming a little river, from a subterraneous cave, which has several low, narrow mouths, but within is lofty and extensive. Mr. Moffat kindly showed me through his printing establishment, church, and school-rooms, which were lofty and well built, and altogether on a scale which would not have disgraced one of the towns of the more enlightened colony. It was Mr. Moffat who reduced the Sichuana language to writing and printing; since

which he has printed thousands of Sichuana Testaments, as also tracts and hymns, which are now eagerly purchased by the converted natives. Mr. Moffat is a person admirably calculated to excel in his important calling. Together with a noble and athletic frame he possesses a face in which forbearance and Christian charity are very plainly written, and his mental and bodily attainments are great. Minister, gardener, blacksmith, gunsmith, mason, carpenter, glazier—every hour of the day finds this worthy pastor engaged in some useful employment—setting by his own exemplary piety and industrious habits, a good example to others to go and do likewise.” Speaking of another visit he says: “The following day was Sunday, when I attended Divine service in the large church morning and evening, and saw sixteen men and women, who had embraced the Christian faith, baptized by Mr. Moffat. It was now the fruit season (January, 1845), and the trees in the gardens of the missionaries were groaning under a burden of the most delicious peaches, figs, and apples. The vines bore goodly clusters of grapes, but these had not yet ripened.”

Years of perseverance and patient effort on the part of Dr. Moffat and his colleagues had been crowned with success, and the material and spiritual advancement of the natives was most marked. Further on we treat at some length of the trials and difficulties which they had to go through, before reaching such a state of progress and happiness.

As we proceed we shall draw upon the writings of Dr. Moffat and others, when these will assist us in illustrating the manners and customs of the people, and help to increase our knowledge of the countries—and their animal and vegetable life—under our review.

The mode of travelling in and around the Kalahari desert and the districts to the south is on horseback, or in waggons drawn by oxen. These waggons are heavy lumbering wooden structures, on broad wheels, to enable them to pass easily over the stretches of loose sandy soil which are of frequent occurrence at a distance from the few rivers and streams which intersect the country. These waggons are drawn by oxen—a team, or span, consisting of from 4 to 12 oxen, according to the weight of the baggage carried. To the north of the Kuruman River, the travellers must carry their food, water, and bedding, and encamp for the night in the open air, unless when they can lodge with a friendly tribe. In the most favourable seasons the country to the north of Cape Colony is very scantily supplied with water, and in a period of drought the suffering from want of water on the part of the natives is very great. As all the animals on which they depend for food migrate during the continuance of a drought, the suffering of the people is greatly intensified; and many tribes move their quarters in search of a land more fortunately situated.

Many Hottentots, Bushmen, and Kaffres reside throughout the colony. Several tribes of pure Hottentots are found in a savage state to the north

west of the Colony. The Bechuana tribes and the Bushmen occupy the country to the north, and in the east the Kaffre tribes hold sway.

The Bushmen have never shown any aptitude for agriculture. They have an instinctive passion for freedom which nothing can subdue, and in order to preserve their independence they have scattered themselves over the interior, and are generally found in regions where the impossibility of carrying on agricultural operations, and the scarcity of water render it impossible that the Bechuanas or Hottentots can interfere with them. They are smaller than any of the other purely African races, and appear to be identical with the Pygmies spoken of in the classics, and recently found by Du Chaillu in the Ashango country to the west of the tropics; and by Dr. Schweinfurth in Central Africa. In their habits they approach the Gipsies of modern Europe, and seldom settle in a district for any length of time. Their huts are of the most primitive description, so that they can move their quarters at a moment's notice. Many of them are kept in a species of slavery by other native tribes, but they embrace the earliest opportunity of flying to the wilderness. In 1811 Burchell met in with individuals of this singular people, and gave the following account of them in his "Travels in the Interior of South Africa." He says, "Hitherto we had not seen a single native; a circumstance occasioned, most probably, by their universal distrust of visitors from out of the colony. But having by their spies and observation, satisfied themselves that we were friends, a party of eleven Bushmen, with three women, paid us a visit this morning. They were in stature, all below five feet; and the women still shorter; their skin was of a sallow brown colour, much darkened by dirt and grease. Their clothing appeared in my eyes, wretched in the extreme; but, doubtless, not so to them, as they all seemed contented enough; although, when we first met, I observed in their looks great mistrust and symptoms of much fear. These gradually wore off; and, after we had confirmed the assurances of our peaceable intentions, by presents of tobacco and beads, they recovered their natural tone, and chattered and clacked with each other in a very lively manner.

"Among them were some young men, whom, with all the remains of ancient prejudices, I could not help viewing as interesting. Though small and delicately made, they appeared firm and hardy; and my attention was forcibly struck by the proportional smallness and neatness of their hands and feet. . . . The women were young; their countenances had a cast of prettiness, and, I fancied too of innocence: their manners were modest, though unreserved. Their hair was ornamented with small cowrie shells, and old copper buttons, which were interwoven with it. One of them wore a high cap of leather, the edge of which protected her eyes from the sun: at her back, and entirely hid excepting the head, she carried her infant, whose exceedingly small features presented to me an amusing novelty. The poor little thing bore all the rough

jolting motion, with a degree of patience and unconcern, which plainly showed it to have been used to it from the day of its birth. . . . We plentifully feasted these poor creatures, and, I believe, made them happier than they had been for a long while. Through an interpreter, they asked me my name, and expressed, in artless terms, how much pleasure I had given them by so bountiful a present of tobacco."

Burchell having shot a hippopotamus had an opportunity of giving a party of Bushmen an unwonted feast. The flesh was hastily cooked and eaten half raw, in astounding quantities. He gives the following graphic sketch of a Bush *belle* :—

"Among these happy, dirty creatures, was one who, by her airs and dress, showed that she had no mean opinion of her personal accomplishments: she was, in fact, the prettiest young Bush-girl I had yet seen; but her vanity, and too evident consciousness of her superiority, rendered her less pleasing in my eyes, and her extravagance in dress made her perhaps a less desirable wife in the eyes of her countrymen; for the immoderate quantity of grease, red ochre, &c., with which her hair was clotted, would ruin any but a very rich husband: herself, and every part of her dress, were so well greased, that she must have been in her nation, a girl of good family; and the number of leather rings with which her arms and legs were adorned, proclaimed her to be evidently a person of property; round her ankles she carried about a dozen thick rings of this kind, which, added to a pair of sandals, gave her the appearance of wearing buskins.

"But the most remarkable piece of affectation with which she adorned herself, was, three small bits of ivory, of the size and shape of sparrows' eggs, loosely pendant from her hair; one in front as low as the point of her nose, and one on the outer side of each cheek, all hanging at the same length. These dangled from side to side as she moved her head, and, doubtless, made full amends for their inconvenience, by the piquancy they were thought to add to the wearer's beauty. The upper part of her head was crowned with a small leather cap, fitted closely, but quite unornamented, and I should have had a pleasure in gratifying her with a present of a string of beads, to render this part of her dress more smart, if I had not been fearful that by doing this, I should excite in her countrymen an inclination to beg and importune for what I meant to reserve only for the natives further in the interior. Her vanity and affectation, great as it was, did not as one may observe sometimes in both sexes, in other countries, seem to choke her, or produce any alteration in the tone of her voice, for the astonishing quantity of meat which she swallowed, and the readiness with which she called out to her attendants for more, plainly showed her to be resolved that no squeamishness should interfere with her enjoyment on this occasion. . . .

"In five or six years after their arrival at womanhood, the fresh plump-

ness of youth has already given way to the wrinkles of age. . . . Their early, and it may be said premature symptoms of age may, perhaps, with much probability, be ascribed to a hard life, an uncertain and irregular supply of food, exposure to every inclemency of weather, and a want of cleanliness, which increases with years."

Their arms consist of the bow and arrow, a spear, and a kind of club with a round knob at the end called a kerri. Their arrows are tipped with a mixture of vegetable and serpent poisons, and a wound from a poisoned arrow is usually of so deadly a character that the other tribes of South Africa look upon an encounter with the Bushmen with dread. They hunt the wild animals of the country, and either shoot them with poisoned arrows or catch them in pit-falls. With their spears they kill the fish in the rivers, and, according to Burchell, they use the spear with great dexterity.

The bow is of hard wood, about five feet in length, and is thickest at the middle. The string is made of the intestines of the smaller animals. The arrows, which are made of reeds, are about three feet and a half long, and are winged with a feather. When the poison is put upon the bone or iron tips of the arrows, it is in a glutinous state but hardens rapidly. The serpent poison, as we have already mentioned, is mixed with the sap of certain poisonous plants. The arrow is partially slit through within half an inch of the bone or iron point, and frequently breaks off, leaving the head in the wound, which ensures a more rapid death to the man or animal struck.

The arrows are kept in a quiver made of the hollow stem of a sort of aloe. The bottom and the tip of the quiver are covered with leather, and not unfrequently it is altogether covered with leather. Their bows do not carry with accuracy beyond a hundred yards. They must have studied the horrid art of poisoning with considerable skill, as they are aware that the poison of serpents acts rapidly and affects the blood, while the vegetable poisons with which they mix it corrupt the flesh. If the poison be fresh, there is very little hope of any animal surviving even a slight wound, and the Bushman hunter will track a wounded animal for many miles until it dies. When a man is wounded, he will, if he has the courage, cut out all the flesh surrounding the wound and so remove the danger.

Lichtenstein says that:—"By far the greater part of the arrows are pointed with bone: those with the iron heads are never used in the chase; they are reserved to be employed against mankind. The preparing the arrows and mixing the poison are considered by them as arts, in which few ever attain entire perfection. In like manner it is not every one among them that can distinguish the poisonous sorts of serpents from those that are harmless. In general, it may be taken as a rule that those which move with the greater agility are of the noxious kind. The well-known horned serpent, which among the colonists is esteemed so very dangerous, is little esteemed

by the Bushmen, because it does not move swiftly. Some which are very poisonous are slow and languid in their movements at the time they are about to cast their skins, and the Bushmen affirm they have then no effective poison. The greater the trouble they have in catching a serpent, and the more it writhes and seems enraged, the more pungent is the poison esteemed, the more certain and dreadful in its effects. The dexterity and courage shown by them in catching these serpents are truly astonishing. No sooner do they see the animal upon the level ground than they set their foot upon its neck, press the head fast together with their fingers, and then separate the head from the body with a knife. They then take the bag of poison out of the head, and prepare it for use, before time can be allowed for the least particle of its pungency to evaporate."

Lichtenstein was an eye witness to the fatal effects resulting from a wound with a poisoned arrow. He and his followers were travelling in a neighbourhood where a party of Bushmen were at feud with the Hottentots and settlers. The Bushmen were known to be in the neighbourhood, but no danger was apprehended:—

"On a sudden we heard the twang of a bow on one side of us; and, at the same moment, my Hottentot gave a scream, and exclaimed that he was wounded: then hastily turning round, fired his gun. The arrow stuck in his side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, and entered nearly two inches deep. Our companions hastened up to us immediately, and assisted me to draw it out carefully. In this we partially succeeded, notwithstanding the hook that turns back (a kind of barb); but we found, alas! that the iron point, which is generally loosely fastened on, was left in the wound, and with it, as we were afraid, some of the poison. Destitute as we were of every kind of remedy, nothing remained but to seek the nearest house with all the haste possible. We turned therefore directly to the right, and descending the hill by a steep path, brought our wounded man to a winter habitation directly, though the latter part of the way he experienced such dreadful agony from the wound, that he was scarcely able to sit upon his horse. Every possible assistance was here given us by the good people of the house; but a too great length of time had elapsed before this assistance could be obtained: in an hour and a half after our arrival the poor creature expired. The patient lost all recollection, and died in strong convulsions. . . . Amidst all the afflictions which this accident occasioned me, I had much reason to rejoice that the Bushmen were such careful marksmen; for, if the arrow had deviated the least from the direction it took, I was so close to the Hottentot aimed at, that I should have received it, and he would have been saved."

The Bushmen, and most tribes in the African interior, eat the flesh of serpents, and, with good reason, for it is most excellent; being tender and

juicy, and affords a pleasant variety after a lengthened diet on antelope flesh, which is hard and stringy in comparison.

Besides killing fish with the spear, they have other methods of ensnaring them. They make baskets of the twigs of trees and rushes, not unlike the eel baskets used in our home rivers, and use them in the same manner. If they expect a flood they make upon the strand, while the water is low, a large hole, and surround it with a wall of stone with an opening up stream. After the flood has subsided they find a number of fish in the excavation which have been unable to pass out. They watch the ostriches from the heights and finding out where their eggs are, secure them, and having eaten the contents preserve the shells to hold water—which they bury in the earth to preserve it against a season of scarcity.—In common with many other African tribes they show great cunning in hunting the ostrich itself, and get near enough to wound them with a poisoned arrow by adopting the following stratagem thus described by Dr. Moffatt:—

“A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. All, except the under part of this, is covered over with feathers, attached to small pegs, and made so as to resemble the bird. The neck and head of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The Bushman intending to attack game, whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. Such as the writer has seen were the most perfect mimics of the ostrich, and at a few hundred yards distant it is not possible for the human eye to detect the fraud. This human bird, appears to peek away at the verdure, turning the head as if keeping a sharp look-out, shakes his feathers, now walks and then trots, till he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs from receiving the arrow, he runs too. The male ostriches will, on some occasions, give chase to the stranger bird, when he tries to elude them in a way to prevent them catching his scent; for when once they do, the spell is broken. Should one happen to get too near in his pursuit, he has only to run to windward, or throw off his saddle, to avoid a stroke from a wing, which would lay him prostrate.” The same stratagem which enables them to approach the ostrich enables them to get within reach of a herd of antelopes, or any other animals whose flesh they eat.

They collect locusts, when a swarm of these insects overrun the country, by digging a trench, into which they collect in heaps. These they eat, after preparing them in a hasty manner. They also gather and eat large quantities of a species of white ant, which burrows in the ground, and is found in large quantities. Several bulbous plants supply them with food, and as they contain a large amount of juice, make up for the scarcity of water in desert places; as we shall see when we accompany Dr. Livingstone to the Kalahari

Desert; but these and all other kinds of food are only used by the Bushmen and other African tribes when they cannot get flesh meat. Almost all South African animals, both herbivorous and carnivorous, and birds eat locusts.

Speaking of the Bushmen, Dr. Moffat says:—

“As a whole they are not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow colour, and in some cases so light, that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbours of the interior; their visage and form is very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek bones, flat noses, and large lips. Since the writer has had opportunities of seeing men, women, and children from China, he feels strongly inclined to think with Barrow, that they approach nearest in colour and in the construction of their features, to that people than to any other nation.” Among the Bechuanas, the Bushmen are kept in a kind of vassalage, and are called Balala. “These Balalas,” Dr. Moffat says, “were once inhabitants of the towns, and have been permitted or appointed to live in country places, for the purpose of procuring skins of wild animals, wild honey, and roots, for their respective chiefs. The number of these country residents was increased by the innate love of liberty, and the scarcity of food in towns, or the boundaries to which they were confined by water and pasture. These again formed themselves into small communities, though of the most temporary character, their calling requiring migration, having no cattle of any description. Accustomed from infancy to the sweets of comparative liberty, which they vastly preferred to a kind of vassalage in the towns, or kraals, they would make any sacrifice to please their often distant superiors rather than be confined to the irksomeness of a town life. Such is their aversion, that I have known chiefs take armed men, and travel a hundred miles into desert places, in order to bring back Balala, whom they wished to assist them in watching and harvesting the gardens of their wives. . . . They live a hungry life, being dependent on the chase, wild roots, berries, locusts, and indeed anything eatable that comes within their reach; and when they have a more than usual supply they will bury it in the earth from their superiors, who are in the habit of taking what they please.

. . . Their servile state, their scanty clothing, their exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and their extreme poverty, have, as may be easily conceived, a deteriorating influence on their character and condition. They are generally less in stature, and though not deficient in intellect, the life they lead gives a melancholy cast to their features, and from constant intercourse with beasts of prey, and serpents in the path, as well as exposure to harsh treatment, they appear shy, and have a wild and frequently suspicious look. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is remembered that they associate with savage beasts, from the lion that roams abroad by night and day, to the

deadly serpent which infests their path, keeping them always on the alert during their perambulations."

When they build huts they are, as we have already said, of the most primitive description; but frequently they have no claim to such an appellation. Lichtenstein, a very careful observer, gives a very graphic account of their temporary abodes; although it is but right to say that the Bushmen, since the time of his writing, have benefited in this and many other respects from their more frequent intercourse with the Europeans, and more cultivated tribes; he says:—

"He (the Bushman) is fond of taking up his abode for the night in caverns among the mountains, or clefts in the rocks; in the plain he makes himself a hole in the ground, or gets into the midst of a bush, when, bending the boughs around him, they are made to serve as a shelter against the weather, against an enemy, or against wild beasts. . . . It is this custom which has given rise to the name by which these savages are known. The holes in the ground above mentioned, which sometimes serve these people as beds, are only a few inches deep, of a longish round form, and even when they have to serve for a whole family, not more than five or six feet wide. It is incredible how they manage to pack together in so small a space, perhaps, two grown persons and several children: each is wrapped in a single sheep-skin, in which they contrive to roll themselves up in such a manner, round like a ball, that air is all but entirely kept from them. In very cold nights they heap up twigs and earth on the windward side of the hole; but against rain they have no other shelter than the sheep skin. In the hot season of the year, they are fond of lying in the beds of the rivers, under the shade of the mimosas trees, the branches of which they draw down to screen themselves from the sun and wind."

The following, from Mr. Gordon Cumming, gives a reason for the constant hostility of the native tribes and the settlers to the Bushmen:—

"Unlike the Kaffre tribes, who lift cattle for the purpose of preserving them and breeding from them, the sole object of the Bushmen is to drive them to their secluded habitations in the desert, where they massacre them indiscriminately, and continue feasting and gorging themselves until the flesh becomes putrid. When a Kaffre has lifted cattle, and finds himself so hotly pursued by the owners that he cannot escape with his booty, he betakes himself to flight, and leaves the cattle unseathed; but the spiteful Bushmen have a most provoking and cruel system of horribly mutilating the poor cattle, when they find that they are likely to fall into the hands of the rightful owners, by discharging their poisoned arrows at them, ham-stringing them, and cutting lumps of flesh off their living carcases. This naturally so incenses the owners, that they never show the Bushmen any quarter, but shoot them

down right and left, sparing only the children, whom they tame and turn into servants. The people who suffer from their depredations are Boers, Griquas, and Bechuanas, all of whom are possessed of large herds of cattle, and the massacre of the Bushmen, arising from these raids, is endless."

Dr. Schweinfurth, in his recent work, "The Heart of Africa," points out the remarkable similarity between the Akka, a tribe of dwarfs in Central Africa, who are found about 400 miles to the north of the furthest point, to which Livingstone followed the Lualaba. He says:—

"Scarcely a doubt can exist but that all these people, like the Bushmen of South Africa, may be considered as the scattered remains of an aboriginal population now becoming extinct; and their isolated and sporadic existence bear out the hypothesis. For centuries after centuries Africa has been experiencing the effects of many emigrations; for thousands of years one nation has been driving out another, and, as the result of repeated subjugations and interminglings of race with race, such manifold changes have been introduced into the conditions of existence, that the succession of new phases, like the development in the world of plants, appears almost, as it were, to open a glimpse into the infinite.

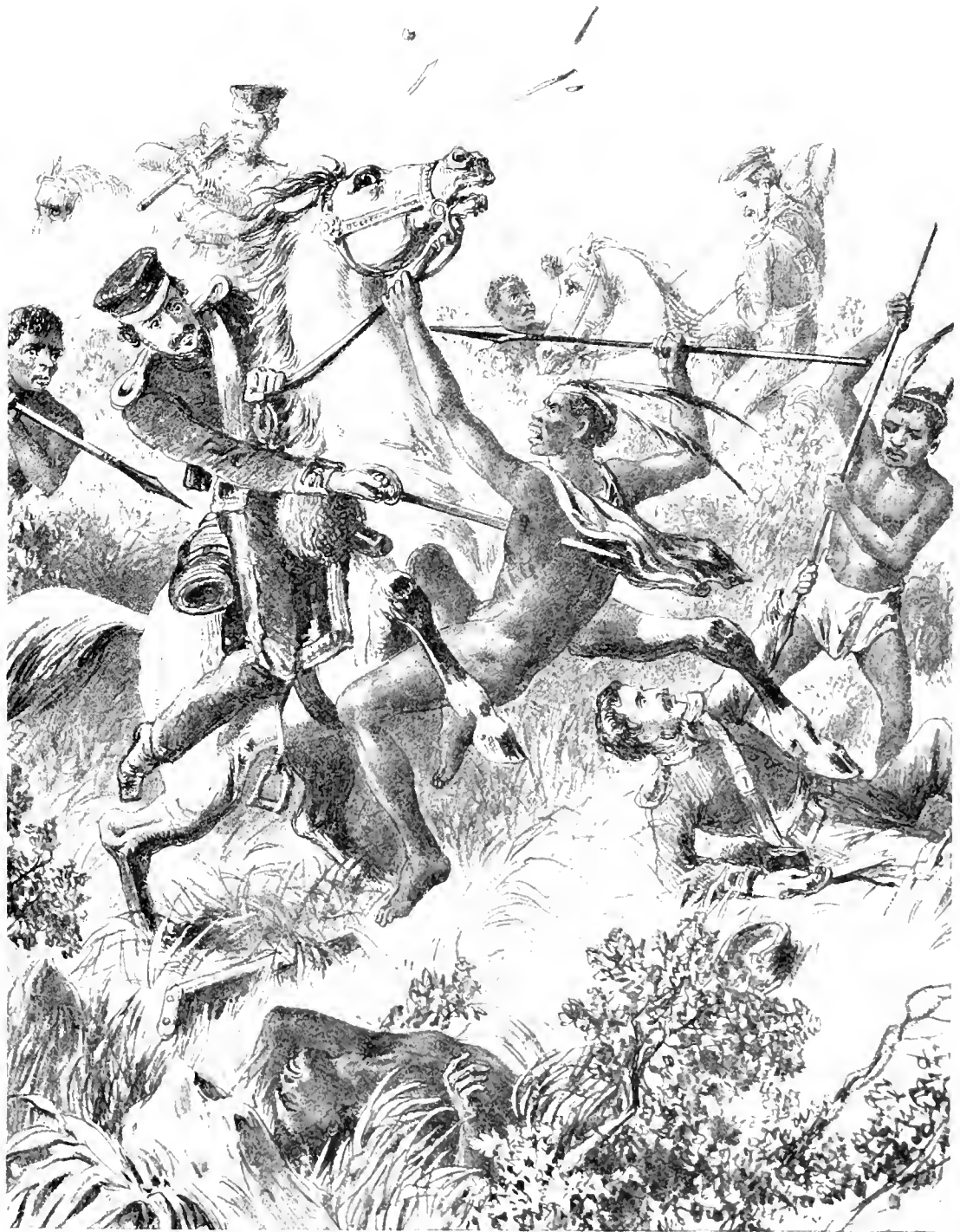
"Incidentally I have just referred to the Bushmen, those notorious natives of the South African forests, who owe their name to the likeness which the Dutch colonists conceived they bore to the ape, as the prototype of the human race. I may further remark that their resemblance to the equatorial Pygmies is in many points very striking. Gustav Fritsch, the author of a standard work upon the natives of South Africa, first drew my attention to the marked similarity between my portraits of the Akka and the general type of the Bushmen, and so satisfied did I become in my own mind that I feel quite justified (in my observations upon the Akka) in endeavouring to prove that all the tribes of Africa, whose proper characteristic is an abnormally low stature, belong to one and the self-same race." In another place he says, "The only traveller, I believe, before myself that has come into contact with any section of this race is Du Chaillu, who, in the territory of Ashango, discovered a wandering tribe of hunters called Obongo, and took the measurements of a number of them. He describes these Obongo as 'not ill shaped,' and as having skins of a pale yellow brown, somewhat lighter than their neighbours."

From the days of Herodotus downwards, traditions of a dwarfish race of human beings in Central Africa have existed, and the explorations of Dr. Livingstone and others are only now teaching us how thoroughly Africa was known to the ancient Greeks. We are in short only re-discovering countries and peoples which had been previously discovered, and had sunk into oblivion with the great people who had wrested their knowledge of them from the inhospitable regions of equatorial Africa, where pestilence

and savage men and animals have again preserved them from the knowledge of civilized nations for many centuries.

In speaking of the Hottentots, we usually associate with the name the natives who are found within the boundaries of Cape Colony, and are employed by the Europeans in agricultural and other pursuits. These have lost many of the characteristics of savage life and have picked up not a few civilized accomplishments, which can hardly be said to be an improvement on the native habits they have abandoned. For several generations they were actually slaves, and even up to a recent period they were slaves in all but the name. Their language, when they have forgotten or neglected the language of their fathers, is a broken English or Dutch, hardly so intelligible to the stranger as the broken English of the American nigger. They are a tall, strong, and hardy race, and make good soldiers, and have done signal service in assisting our troops in putting down the numberless risings of the bold and warlike Kaffres.

The discipline and confinement of a military life at the depôts prove very irksome to these sons of the wilderness, but during a campaign they have, with very few exceptions, proved themselves excellent soldiers. The complexion of the Hottentot is not so dark as that of the native Africans of the West, and many of the tribes of Southern and Central Africa, nor have they the same round full faces. The nose is very much depressed, so that the mouth and lips project in many cases beyond it; the cheek bones are high, and the comparatively full brow gives token of considerable intelligence. The hair is hard and dark, and when not worn long, resembles tufts of black wool. The eyes are small and usually black, the part surrounding the ball being a yellowish white. The huts or dwelling houses of the Hottentots within the Colony are greatly superior to those in use by the Hottentots and other native tribes beyond the colony, and are built in imitation of the houses of Europeans, although they are of much less solid construction. Their innate love of freedom leads them to prefer living in the country, although of late years many of them have settled in the towns, where they are employed in all kinds of manual labour. They are orderly members of the community unless when they indulge in ardent spirits when they become noisy and unruly. A very large number of them have become Christians, and give their children an elementary education. Much of this is due to the missionaries specially sent out to them, and to the resident clergymen who minister to the European population. In their gardens they cultivate vegetables of various kinds. The women attend to the gardens and save a little money by working at times for the farmers, and by weaving mats made from a kind of sedge found in the rivers and streams. Their clothing is, for the most part, of English manufacture, and



THE KAFFIR WAR - FIGHTING IN THE BUSH

frequently displays those vagaries in colour which delight the eye of the savage all over the world.

As the Hottentot tribes who live beyond the colonial frontier differ in no very marked manner in their mode of life from the Bechuanas, of whom we shall treat further on, we need not here dwell upon their habits while living in a natural state.

Numbers of Hottentots, who were smarting under injuries, received at the hands of the whites formed themselves into bands, and for many years carried murder and pillage among the settlers. The most noted freebooting Hottentot, of whom we have any record, was Africaner. One of our earliest recollections is the receiving at a Sunday school a copy of a tract, with the picture of a black man on the first page of it, which gave an account of this dreaded chief, and his wonderful conversion to Christianity. We are indebted to Dr. Moffat for the following account of Africaner. Dr. Moffat knew him intimately as we shall see, but his conversion was due to the brothers Albrechts, who were sent out to Africa by the London Missionary Society, the same society that sent out Drs. Moffat and Livingstone:—

“This notable robber added not a little to their anxieties. Appearing before them on one occasion, he said, ‘As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man.’ So early and so fully was this man, the terror of the country, impressed with the purity and sincerity of the missionary character, that, hearing it was the intention of the Albrechts to remove to a more eligible situation, he came to the missionaries (after having sent repeated messages), entreating them not to leave that part of the country, and testifying the pleasure he felt at seeing the progress his children had made under their instruction, promising to send the rest, which he did eventually, taking up his abode with them, and causing his people to do the same.

“Before proceeding with the painful record of events which followed in rapid succession, it may be proper here to glance briefly at Africaner’s history and character. In doing this, it will be well to fix the attention on Jager, the eldest son of the old man, who, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age.* He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst

* The father of the large family of Africaners or Jagers, had resigned the hereditary right of chieftainship to his eldest son Jager, afterwards Christian Africaner; the old man, who lived to a great age, being superannuated.

over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aborigines, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P—. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner P— found a faithful and an intrepid shepherd; while his valour in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P— treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honourably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed which quickly followed that melancholy event.

“It can serve no good purpose here to detail the many provocations and oppressions which at length roused the apparently dormant energies of the often dejected chieftain, who saw his people dwindling to a mere handful; their wives and daughters abused, their infants murdered, while he himself had to subsist on a coarse and scanty pittance, which, in the days of his independency, he would have considered as the crumbs of a table fit only for the poorest of the poor. Demonstrations too tangible to admit of a doubt, convinced him and his people, that in addition to having their tenderest feelings trodden under foot, evil was intended against the whole party. They had been trained to the use of fire-arms; to act not only on the defensive, but offensive also; and Africaner, who had been signally expert in re-capturing stolen cattle from the Bushmen pirates, now refused to comply with the command of the master, who was a kind of justice of peace. Order after order was sent down to the huts of Africaner and his people. They positively refused. They had on the previous night received authentic information that it was a deep-laid scheme to get them to go to another farm, where some of the party were to be seized. Fired with indignation at the accumulated woes through which they had passed, a tempest was brooding in their bosoms. They had before signified their wish, with the farmer’s permission, to have some reward for their often galling servitude, and to be allowed peaceably to remove to some of the sequestered districts beyond, where they might live in peace. This desire had been sternly refused, and followed by severity still more grievous. It was even-tide, and the farmer, exasperated to find his commands disregarded, ordered them to appear at the door of his house. This was to them an awful moment; and though accustomed to scenes of

barbarity, their hearts beat hard. It had not yet entered their minds to do violence to the farmer. Jager, with his brothers and some attendants, moved slowly up towards the door of the house. Titus, the next brother to the chief, dreading that the farmer in his wrath might have recourse to desperate measures, took his gun with him, which he easily concealed behind him, being night. When they reached the front of the house, and Jager, the chief, had gone up the few steps leading to the door, to state their complaints, the farmer rushed furiously on the chieftain, and with one blow precipitated him to the bottom of the steps. At this moment Titus drew his gun from behind, fired on P——, who staggered backward, and fell. They then entered the house, the wife having witnessed the murder of her husband, shrieked, and implored mercy. They told her on no account to be alarmed, for they had nothing against *her*. They asked for the guns and ammunition which were in the house, which she promptly delivered to them. They then straitly charged her not to leave the house during the night, as they could not ensure her safety from others of the servants, who, if she and her family attempted to flee, might kill them.

“This admonition, however, was disregarded. Overcome with terror, two children escaped by a back door. These were slain by two Bushmen, who had long been looking out for an opportunity of revenging injuries they had suffered. Mrs. P—— escaped in safety to the nearest farm. Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

“Attempts were made on the part of the Colonial Government and the farmers to punish this daring outrage on the P—— family; but though rewards were offered, and commandoes went out for that purpose, Africaner dared them to approach his territories. Some of the farmers had recourse to another stratagem to rid the frontiers of such a terror; they bribed some of the Bastards, who were in the habit of visiting the colony, from the upper regions of the Orange River. This gave rise to a long series of severe, and sometimes bloody conflicts between the Africaners and the chief Berend and his associates,—Berend being impelled by a twofold reward, and Africaner by a desire to wreak his vengeance on the farmers, who were once his friends, the instigators of the deeply laid scheme. Though these two chiefs dreadfully harassed each other, neither conquered; but continued to breathe against each other the direst hatred, till, by the gospel of peace, they were brought to ‘beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.’”

“As soon as Africaner had discovered the origin of the plot, which had

well nigh overthrown his power, he visited the boundaries of the colony. A farmer named Engelbrecht, and a Bastard Hottentot, fell the victims to his fury, and their cattle and other property were carried off, to atone for the injuries inflicted by the machinations of the farmers. Africaner now became a terror, not only to the colony on the south, but also to the tribes on the north. The original natives of the country justly viewed him as a dangerous neighbour, even though he had obtained, by lawful means, a portion in their country. They considered him as the common enemy. This led to pilfering and provocations on their part; conduct which he was sure to pay back, in their own way, with large interest. The tribes fled at his approach. His name carried dismay even to the solitary wastes. At a subsequent period, as I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for battle, to live at peace with each other: 'Look,' said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, 'there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I' (patting his chest with his hand), 'have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar.'

"After the general aspect of affairs began to settle in that part of the country, where Africaner's head-quarters were, other distant and interior parts of the country became a theatre, in which the inhabitants of the colony were pursuing a bloody game, in shooting the aborigines, and carrying off their cattle. The landrost of one of the colonial districts sent a message to Africaner, requesting him to try and put a stop to these proceedings, and especially those of a farmer, who, with his Bastard attendants, had ensconced themselves in a stronghold in the country. Africaner promptly obeyed the call, and as he did not intend to fight them, he went with some of his chief men on oxen, to recommend them peaceably to retire from the country in which they were such a scourge. On approaching the temporary dwellings of these freebooters, and within gunshot, the farmer levelled his long gun at the small party, and several slugs entering Africaner's shoulder, instantly brought him to the ground. His companions immediately took up their arms, and the farmer, knowing that their shots were deadly, kept out of the way, allowing the wounded chief and his attendants to retire, which they did, and returned home brooding revenge.

"As soon as the slugs were extracted, and the wound partially healed, though the arm was lamed for life, Africaner, who was not a man to be frightened from his purpose, resumed his campaign; and the result was, that this marauder, under a Christian name, was driven from his stronghold, and compelled to take refuge in the colony whence he had come. The success which, in almost every instance, followed the arms of such a small and incon-

siderable body of banditti as that of Africaner, may be ascribed to his mode of warfare. He endeavoured always to attack his enemy on the plain; or, if entrenched, or among bushes, the usual mode of fighting in the country, he instantly drove them from their sheltering-places; where, if both parties were of the same mind, they would continue, from day to day, occasionally discharging their missiles, or firing a shot. By Africaner's mode of warfare the conflict was soon decided. His reasons were these: he did not like suspense when life was at stake: he preferred to conquer a people before they had time to be alarmed, which saved them much agony of mind, and spared the unnecessary effusion of blood. Africaner was a man of great prowess, and possessed a mind capable of studying the tactics of savage warfare. His brother Titus was, perhaps, still more fierce and fearless; and, though a little man, he was an extraordinary runner, and able to bear unparalleled fatigue. He has been known, single-handed, to overtake a party of twenty possessing firearms, and only retired when his musket was shot to pieces in his hand. On one occasion Berend's party, who were far superior in numbers, headed by Nicholas Berend, unexpectedly carried off every ox and cow belonging to Africaner; only a few calves being left in the stall. After a desperate though very unequal contest for a whole day, having repeatedly taken and lost their cattle, they returned home, slaughtered the calves which were left them, and rested a couple of days in order to dry the flesh in the sun, ready for the intended campaign. For several days they pursued their course along the northern banks of the Orange River, and having, by spies, found out the rendezvous of the enemy on the southern side of the river, they passed beyond them, in order to attack them from a quarter on which they fancied they were safe. They swam over in the dead of the night, with their ammunition and clothes tied on their heads, and their guns on their shoulders. The little force thus prepared, not unlike that of Bruce at Bannockburn, seized their opportunity, and, when all the enemy were slumbering in perfect security, aroused them by a volley of stones falling on their fragile huts. The inmates rushed out, and were received by a shower of arrows; and before they could fairly recover their senses, and seize their guns, the discharge of musketry convinced them that they were besieged by a host encamped in the most favourable position: they consequently fled in the greatest consternation, leaving the captured cattle, as well as their own, in the hands of the Africaners.

“Nicholas Berend, to whom reference has been made, was brother to the chief Berend (afterwards of the Griqua mission, and now of the Wesleyan mission among the Basuto), and a very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently travelled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valour in the days of heathenism, in which this struggle

with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow.

“Among the remarkable interpositions of Divine Providence in saving his life from destruction, he more than once repeated the following, with much emphasis. It happened when he was engaged in a desperate conflict with Titus Africaner, from whose lips I heard the same tale. The two had been engaged for hours in mutual strife, taking and retaking a herd of cattle. By means of the large drove and bushes, each had managed to conceal himself. Suddenly a passage opening in the troop, which exposed the enraged combatants to each other’s view, their rifles were instantly levelled. The moment they touched the triggers, a cow darted in between, and the two balls lodged in the centre of the animal, which fell dead on the spot. But for this interposition, both would, in all probability, have fallen, as they were most expert marksmen. Titus, a man who could take his gun in the dead of night, enter an immense deep pool in the Orange River, swim to the centre, take his seat on a rock just above the surface of the water, and wait the approach of a hippopotamus, which he would shoot just as it opened its monstrous jaws to seize him—a man who would deliberately smile the moment he laid the lion dead at his feet—this man, who appeared incapable of fear, and reckless of danger, could not help acknowledging being most powerfully struck with his escape from the ball of his antagonist, and would say to me when I referred to the fact, ‘Mynheer knows how to use the only hammer which makes my hard heart feel.’ Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Bocchuap.”

In 1818 Dr. Moffat took up his quarters at Africaner’s Kraal. The account he gives of the country and its then resources is not very inviting. After waiting an hour or more after his arrival for a visit from the Chief, he says:—

“While engaged in an interesting conversation with Africaner on the state and prospect of the mission in connection with the barrier to civilization, not only from the state of country and climate, but also from the want of intercourse with the colony, the idea darted into my mind, that Africaner would do well to accompany me to Cape Town; and I at once made the proposal. The good man looked at me again and again, gravely asking whether I were in earnest, and seemed fain to ask if I were in my senses too; adding, with great fervour, ‘I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the Government, to be hung up as a specimen of public justice?’ and putting his hand to his head, he asked, ‘Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that 1000 rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?’ These difficulties I endeavoured to remove, by assuring him that the results would be most satisfactory to himself, as well as to the Governor of the Cape. Here Africaner exhibited his lively faith in the gracious promises of God, by replying, ‘I

shall deliberate, and commit (or, as he used the word according to the Dutch translation), roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me.'

"During three days this subject was one of public discussion, and more than one came to me with grave looks, asking if I had advised Africaner to go to the Cape. On the third day the point was decided, and we made preparations for our departure, after having made the necessary arrangements for continuing the means of instruction during my absence. Nearly all the inhabitants accompanied us half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, where we had to wait several days, it having overflowed all its banks. The kindness of the people, and the tears which were shed when we parted from them, were deeply affecting.

"Arriving at Pella (the place, as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner), we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hand the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of Peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which—

'No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their heaps of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.'

Here I again met with Mr. Bartlett and family, who, with the chief and people of the station, loaded us with kindness.

"We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trousers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a farther precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

"Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us.

It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had but just escaped with the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain.

“It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were sceptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. It was necessary, from the scarcity of water, to call at such houses as lay in our road. The farmer referred to was a good man in the best sense of the word: and he and his wife had both shown me kindness on my way to Namaqua-land. On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the waggon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer, seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. ‘Moffat!’ he rejoined, in a faltering voice, ‘it is your *ghost!*’ and moved some steps backward. ‘I am no ghost.’ ‘Don’t come near me!’ he exclaimed, ‘you have been long murdered by Africaner.’ ‘But *I am* no ghost,’ I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself, too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. ‘Everybody says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones;’ and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the waggon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, ‘When did you rise from the dead?’

“As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the waggon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, ‘He is now a truly good man.’ To which he replied, ‘I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world, that

would be the eighth.' I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, 'Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle.' I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, 'This, then, is Africaner!' He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. 'Are you Africaner?' he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, 'I am.' The farmer seemed thunderstruck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, 'O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!' The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

"On arriving at Cape Town, I waited on his Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who appeared to receive with considerable scepticism, my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to his Excellency. The following day was appointed for an interview, when the chief was received by Lord Charles with great affability and kindness; and he expressed his pleasure at seeing thus before him, one who had formerly been the scourge of the country, and the terror of the border colonists. His Excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted. I remembered when I first arrived at Cape Town, the reply to my memorial for permission to proceed to my destination in Great Namaqua-land, was, that his Excellency had cogent reasons for not complying with my request, and I was obliged to remain eight months in the colony: this time was not, however, lost, for it was turned to advantage by learning the Dutch language, and attending to other preliminaries for a missionary campaign. Whatever he might think of his former views, his Excellency was now convinced that a most important point had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent waggon, value eighty pounds sterling.

"A short time previous to my visit to the Cape, a deputation from the

London Missionary Society, consisting of the Revs. J. Campbell and Dr. Philip, arrived for the purpose of examining the state of our African missions, and to them Africaner's visit was a subject of deep interest. It appeared to be one of the happiest moments of Mr. Campbell's life to hold converse with the man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Often while interpreting for Mr. C., in his inquiries, I have been deeply affected with the overflow of soul experienced by both, while rehearsing the scenes of bygone days.

"Africaner's appearance in Cape Town, excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape Town, and at a public meeting held there, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a Catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary."

The closing scene of the Life of Africaner is thus described by Mr. Archbell, a Wesleyan missionary:—

"When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. 'We are not,' said he, 'what we were, *savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible: and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you, before you engage in any thing. Remain together, as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the Directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy.

"'My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you.'

"Africaner was a man of sound judgment, and of undaunted courage; and although he himself was one of the first and the severest persecutors of the Christian cause, he would, had he lived, have spilled his blood, if necessary, for his missionary."

We have been induced to make this lengthy extract on account of its giving a notable missionary experience, and illustrating a state of matters very prevalent forty years ago, when the settlers and the natives were at constant feud with each others.

THE KAFFRES are allied to the Bechuana tribes. They are a bold and warlike race, and having been dispossessed of portions of their land by the colonists, they, for many years, kept up a state of war, which the whole force of the Government could hardly bring to a termination. When hard pressed they retreated to their mountain fastnesses, to issue forth on the next favourable opportunity, carrying ruin and desolation to many a homestead and township. Burchell gives the following account of his first meeting with five members of this nation:—

“These men were not less than six feet in height, strong, and finely proportioned, and, excepting a leather *kaross*, or mantle, wore no covering whatever; a circumstance, so far as I have since been able to learn, quite peculiar to the *kosas*, or Kaffres on the eastern side of the colony. Their bodies and cloaks were reddened all over with ochre, mixed with grease. They accosted us in an easy, manly tone, and with manners perfectly free from servile timidity. . . . They were the most importunate beggars I had ever met with; soliciting for tobacco, or whatever else they saw which they thought would be useful; complaining also that their wives’ heads were uncovered, and much required a handkerchief to protect them from the sun. It was impossible to avoid their importunities, except by granting what they asked for; and at last we got rid of them by giving them three legs of mutton, a handkerchief for each, and a quantity of tobacco, enough for them and their wives. I purchased from these men, for a handkerchief, a very neat basket, wove with rushes so admirably close, that they are always used for holding milk or other liquids. He was careful not to let this opportunity pass without begging for something, and first asked for some brandy, which being refused, he asked for money to buy some; for these people are shrewd enough to understand very well the nature and use of the Cape money. Two of them could speak Dutch very readily; and the principal one with a polite and friendly air that I little expected in a savage, if such a term could properly be applied to him, gently raised my hands to his lips in taking leave, and expressed at the same time the warmest acknowledgments of gratitude for the presents I had made them.”

The Kaffres are fuller in the face and darker in colour than the Hottentots; the beard is fuller, and they are much stronger and more finely formed. Like the Bechuanas, to whom they are allied, they practice circumcision, but appear to be unable to account for the origin of this practice. Their wealth consists chiefly in cattle. Their huts are circular in shape, and are formed of brushwood and grass. The land is the property of the whole tribe, and they

shift from place to place as inclination or necessity may suggest. The tribe is split up into sub-divisions, each under a separate chief, and they are often in a state of warfare with one another. Their principal grain is the Indian millet. Their arms are principally the lance, which they use with great dexterity, and a small battle axe. A kind of club, called the kirri, is used, principally to turn aside the lance of an enemy; for which purpose they also use a shield made of hardened ox-hide. The kirri is used as a weapon of offence when they come to close quarters. Writing nearly seventy years ago, when the Kaffres were a terror to the European settlers in Cape Colony—Lichtenstein says:—“What makes the neighbourhood of these savages extremely irksome is, that in peace they expect as a sort of tribute what in war they seize by force. They often come in large bodies, and will stay several days, and even weeks, scarcely thinking themselves obliged, even although they are entertained all the time without cost; and this the inhabitants do, to obviate, if possible, any cause of quarrel with them. Many times, in making peace, endeavours have been made to establish a fixed boundary, which neither side shall pass without express permission from the Chiefs of the country, but to this they would never consent, asserting that there was no use in being at peace if people could not make visits to their friends to enquire after their welfare. Their impotency, their number, and the fear of quarrelling with them, since they are very ready to catch at any pretence for a quarrel, commonly secure them good entertainment.”

Lichtenstein was visited by a party of Kaffres, who treated him to “a pantomimic representation of their mode of fighting, ranging themselves in two rows, and showing me, by the most rapid and powerful movements of the body, how they throw the weapon (the lance) at the enemy. They also imitated their manner of avoiding the weapons of their opponent, which consisted in changing their places at every moment, springing hither and thither with loud cries, throwing themselves at one instant on the ground, and then rising with astonishing velocity to take their aim anew. The activity and readiness of their motions, the variety and rapid changes of attitude in these fine, athletic, naked warriors, made this sight as pleasing as it was interesting, on account of its novelty. . . . After it began to rain hard, we invited our visitors into the house, where they entertained themselves till late in the evening with a dance after their fashion; this was as stiff and disagreeable as their activity and dexterity in the use of their arms had been otherwise. The men first came forward in a row, with folded arms, stamping with a number of strange disagreeable motions of the head, shoulders, and body, while the women, with the most hideous grimaces, moved slowly round the men, one after the other. Then they sing, or rather howl a strange melody, which cannot be pleasing throughout to an European’s ear, and which could not be performed upon any of our instruments, because

their intervals stand in a very different relation one to another than ours. Yet they imitate these intervals and the melody of these songs upon their imperfect instruments very true. One of the women employed herself in making baskets of rushes, such as are mentioned by Sparman, thick enough to hold milk. The work is uncommonly neat, and does great honour to the inventor; but the mode in which it is done could not be described without great prolixity."

The agriculture of the Kaffres and the Bechuana and other tribes of South Africa was originally of a most primitive description. To the north, where game was abundant, it was very much neglected. Their corn is known as the Indian millet or Guinea corn, and is called Kaffre corn by the colonists. The grain grows in a large bunch at the top of the stalk, differing from Indian corn, the grain of which forms a large cylindrical ear. Among the Bechuanas it is known as mabbeli. The stalk, when the plant is not over ripe, is very juicy and refreshing, and is frequently chewed by the natives, especially when water is scarce.

The grain is mostly eaten after boiling in water; and it is sometimes pounded into a thick pulp with milk after boiling, and left until it becomes sour and solidifies, when it is called Bukoli or bread.

A small species of kidney bean is cultivated in considerable quantities. The stalk grows to a height of from two to three feet, and the seed is smaller than our garden bean. Water melons and bulbous plants of various kinds, as we shall see further on, form no inconsiderable portion of the diet of the natives to the south of the river Zouga, and in periods of drought, when the animals leave the country in search of water, these together with locusts, frogs, snakes, and almost any kind of animal they can surprise and kill form their only food. Several of the bulbous plants, a kind of pumpkin and the calabash gourd, are cultivated in their gardens. Various wild berry-producing plants, roots, and fruit trees, form no unimportant addition to their food when in season.

The natives are all hunters, and they sometimes organise a *battue* on a large scale. Several hundred natives, armed with spears, and as many muskets as they can muster, silently surround a herd of antelopes, zebras, and quaggas. Advancing slowly and silently they drive the game inwards, the human cordon gradually thickening as they close in, until the startled herd find themselves surrounded by a living wall of yelling savages. In their frantic efforts to break through they are speared in great numbers. After a gorge on the half cooked flesh, they cut the flesh into strips and hang it on the branches of trees and shrubs, to dry it for preservation.

They frequently form a couple of long fences of shrubs, commencing wide apart and converging at a point, where pit-falls have been dug, and carefully covered over with grass and shrubs; in these pit-falls they fix sharp pointed stakes, on which the animals impale themselves. Sometimes animals enter

this enclosure voluntarily, and at other times they are driven into it, when in pressing to get out at the narrow end, they fall into the pits in great numbers, and are speedily despatched with lances.

The breeding of cattle, and the cultivation of the soil, have made rapid strides of late years among the Kaffres and Bechuanas. Following the example set by the missionaries and settlers, large tracts of ground are made fruitful by a simple system of irrigation in the neighbourhood of streams and springs of water. In this way a plentiful crop of grain, potatoes, and other vegetables, and various kinds of fruit are grown in considerable quantities; but an unusually dry season, which turns the springs and streams into hollows of burning sand, puts an end, for the time, to all resources, natural and artificial, and a season of great suffering ensues, in which many of their cattle die, or are slain for food; and many of the natives, especially the young and old of both sexes, die for want of the necessaries of life. In time they will no doubt learn to provide for these seasons of scarcity, but their careless and improvident habits are difficult to eradicate.

In the foregoing sketch of the three leading races of mankind, native to South Africa, we have been anxious to present them as they were when Dr. Livingstone began his labours amongst them. The people he visited and lived amongst for the first ten years of his life in Africa were all, with the exception of the Bushmen and Hottentots, more or less of the same kindred as the Kaffres, and speaking a language of the same character, if not always identical. The manners and customs of tribes distinct from these will fall to be treated off as we proceed in our narrative. Since 1840 the relations of the white population to the natives who live amongst them, and who occupy the country bordering on the territory, have greatly changed for the better. Slowly but surely civilization is improving the black man, and increasing the number of his resources, and consequently the comforts of his life. Wise legislation, missionary enterprise, and the frequent visits paid to the country by European sportsmen, have all borne their share in this elevating process. But of all the agencies which have been at work for the improvement of the savage people of Africa, none have had so powerful and so immediate an effect for good as the single-handed labours of David Livingstone.

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Livingstone arrives at Kuruman.—Missionary Experiences.—Visits the Bechuana Tribes.—Resolves to settle among the Bakwains.—Adventure with a Lion.—Marriage.—Journeys to the Zouga River.—The Bakwains attacked by the Boers.

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

The calling of a Missionary in South Africa in these days was one that offered no reward save that which follows the doing good to one's fellow creatures. Under the best of circumstances life among the savages was, and is, of the most comfortless description. For a large proportion of the time so spent, the Missionary must suffer from hunger and from thirst; from the inclemency of the weather and the total want of congenial society. Dangers to life and limb from savage beasts and equally savage men, are all but constant; and to crown all, the good work, the reward of so much suffering and self-denial proceeds but slowly, and, not unfrequently, days, weeks, and months pass without a sign that the seed sown with such anxiety has taken root in the heart of a single human being. The annals of Missionary effort among the savage tribes of South Africa up to the date of his entering upon his career were filled with a superabundance of unpromising experiences, terminating in many instances, in disappointment and in an early death. True, during the previous twenty years Robert Moffat and several others, had begun to reap, in some small degree, the fruits of the incessant toil and effort of years; but there was little which they had to tell which could be tempting to the young enthusiast, who thought only of merely worldly distinction.

To travel from place to place was then a work of great difficulty and some danger even close to the colonial frontier. The following from Dr. Moffat's "Missionary Labours" was no mere isolated experience:—

"Having travelled nearly the whole night through deep sand, the oxen began to lie down in the yoke from fatigue, obliging us to halt before reaching water. The next day we pursued our course, and on arriving at the place where we had hoped to find water, we were disap-

pointed. As it appeared evident that if we continued the same route we must perish from thirst, at the suggestion of my guide we turned northward, over a dreary, trackless, sandy waste, without one green blade of grass, and scarcely a bush on which the wearied eye could rest. Becoming dark, the oxen unable to proceed, ourselves exhausted with dreadful thirst and fatigue, we stretched our wearied limbs on sand still warm from the noon-tide heat, being the hot season of the year. Thirst aroused us at an early hour; and finding the oxen incapable of moving the waggon one inch, we took a spade, and, with the oxen, proceeded to a hollow in a neighbouring mountain. Here we laboured for a long time, digging an immense hole in the sand, where we obtained a scanty supply, exactly resembling the old bilge-water of a ship, but which was drunk with an avidity which no pen can describe. Hours were occupied in incessant labour to obtain a sufficiency for the oxen, which, by the time all had partaken, were ready for a second draught; while some, from the depth of the hole and the loose sand got scarcely any. We filled the small vessels which we had brought, and returned to the waggon over a plain glowing with a meridian sun; the sand being so hot, it was distressingly painful to walk. The oxen ran frantic, till they came to a place indurated, with little sand. Here they stood together, to cool their burning hoofs in the shade of their own bodies; those on the outside always trying to get into the centre. In the evening, when about to yoke them in order to proceed on our journey, we found that most of them had run off. An attendant, who was despatched in search of them, returned at midnight with the sad tidings that he was compelled by thirst, and terror of meeting with lions, to abandon his pursuit.

“No time was to be lost, and I instantly sent off the remaining oxen with two men, to take them to the next fountain, and then proceed to solicit assistance from Mr. Bartlett, at Pella. Three days I remained with my waggon-driver on this burning plain with scarcely a breath of wind, and what there was felt as if coming from the mouth of an oven. We had only tufts of dry grass to make a small fire, or rather flame; and little was needful, for we had scarcely any food to prepare. We saw no human being, although we had an extensive prospect; not a single animal or beast of prey made its appearance; but in the dead of the night we sometimes heard the distant roar of the lion on the mountains, where we had to go twice a day for our nauseous but grateful beverage. At last when we were beginning to fear that the men had either perished or wandered, Mr. Bartlett arrived on horseback, with two men, having a quantity of mutton tied to their saddles. I cannot conceive of an epicure gazing on a table groaning under the weight of viands, with half the delight that I did on the mutton, which, though killed only the preceding evening, required no keeping to make it tender.”

Arrived at the scene of his labours this was the sort of experience which awaited Dr. Moffat, Mrs. Moffat, and his coadjutor, Mr. Hamilton.

“Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and labouring frequently for the meat that perisheth; but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped. The site of the station was a light sandy soil, where no kind of vegetables would grow without constant irrigation. Our water ditch, which was some miles in length, had been led out of the Kuruman River, and passed in its course through the gardens of the natives. As irrigation was to them entirely unknown, fountains and streams had been suffered to run to waste, where crops even of native grain, which supports amazing drought, are seldom very abundant from the general scarcity of rain. The native women, seeing the fertilizing effect of the water in our gardens, thought very naturally that they had an equal right to it for their own, and took the liberty of cutting open our water ditch, and allowing it, on some occasions, to flood theirs. This mode of proceeding left us at times without a drop of water, even for culinary purposes. It was in vain that we pleaded, and remonstrated with the chiefs; the women were the masters in this matter. Mr. Hamilton and I were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade, about three o'clock P.M., the hottest time of the day, and turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that we might have a little moisture to refresh our burnt-up vegetables during the night, which we were obliged to irrigate when we ought to have rested from the labours of the day. Many night watches were spent in this way; and after we had raised with great labour vegetables, so necessary to our constitutions, the natives would steal them by day as well as by night, and after a year's toil and care, we scarcely reaped anything to reward us for our labour. The women would watch our return from turning the streams into the water-course, and would immediately go and open the outlets again, thus leaving us on a thirsty plain many days without a drop of water, excepting that which was carried from a distant fountain, under a cloudless sky, when the thermometer at noon would frequently rise to 120° in the shade.

“When we complained of this, the women, who one would have thought would have been the first to appreciate the principles by which we were actuated, became exasperated, and going to the higher drain, where the water was led out of the river, with their picks completely destroyed it, allowing the stream to flow in its ancient bed. By this means the supply of water was reduced one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of those who loved us only when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted.

“. . . Our situation might be better conceived than described: not one believed our report among the thousands by whom we were surrounded. Native aid, especially to the wife of the missionary, though not to be

dispensed with, was a source of anxiety, and an addition to our cares; for any individual might not only threaten, but carry a rash purpose into effect. For instance, Mrs. Moffat, with a babe in her arms, begged, and that very humbly, of a woman, just to be kind enough to move out of a temporary kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going in to the place of worship. The woman seized a piece of wood to hurl it at Mrs. M.'s head, who, of course, immediately escaped to the house of God, leaving her the undisputed occupant of the kitchen, any of the contents of which she would not hesitate to appropriate to her own use. . . . As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making everything they touched the colour of their greasy attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands on. This would keep the house-wife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed, they left ten times more than their number behind—company still more offensive. As it was not pleasant to take our meals amongst such filth, our dinner was often deferred for hours, hoping for their departure; but, after all, it had to be eaten when the natives were despatching their game at our feet.

“Our attendance at public worship would vary from ten to fifty; and these very often manifesting the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob, when the missionary was engaged in public service. The thief would first put his head within the door, discover who was in the pulpit, and, knowing he could not leave his rostrum before a certain time had elapsed, would go to his house and take what he could lay his hands upon.”

Tools, household utensils, and even the meat out of the pot were stolen, and the cattle driven away, and possibly one of them killed and eaten. Slowly but surely the devoted missionaries made their way to the hearts and better natures of the natives, until their trials and difficulties would become less and less and then finally disappear; but the above is no over-drawn picture of missionary experience for the first few months of residence with a native tribe. All this, and much more, would be well known to David Livingstone long before he set foot in Africa, or penetrated into the interior from Kuruman.

At Kuruman and neighbourhood he found Moffat and his coadjutors

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

In his second preparatory excursion into the Bechuana country, he settled for six months at a place called Lepelole, and with characteristic thoroughness of purpose completely isolated himself from European society, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language. Deeming that this was to be the scene and centre of his future labours, he commenced his preparations for a settlement among the Bakwains, as that section of the Bechuana people who inhabited the district round Lepelole was named. When these arrangements were almost completed, he made a journey, principally on foot, to the north, and penetrated within ten days' journey of the lower part of the river Zouga; and if discovery had been his object, he might even then have discovered Lake Ngami. At this time the great traveller's slim appearance gave little token of the hardy physique which was to enable him afterwards to undergo months and years of toilsome journeyings in regions never before visited by civilized man; but this trial trip proved the pluck and stamina which were to stand him in so good stead in many undertakings of much greater magnitude, and gave him a gratifying notion of his power of overcoming difficulties of a novel and trying character.

Returning to Kuruman, intelligence followed him that the Bakwains, among whom he had made up his mind to settle, had been driven from Lepelole by the Barolongs, a neighbouring tribe, so that he was obliged to set out anew in search of another locality in which to establish his mission station; when, after some time spent in inspecting he fixed upon the valley of Mabotsa. Here he had an extraordinary adventure with a lion, which, from the singular nature of his experiences, merits insertion here. Several lions had been carrying destruction among the cattle of the natives, and Livingstone went with the people to assist in the extermination of the marauders. The lions were traced to a small wooded hill, which the people surrounded, and proceeded to beat through the underwood, with the view of driving the prey into a position where the shooters could see and fire at them. Livingstone, having fired at one of the animals, was in the act of reloading, when he heard a shout of warning from the people near.

"Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there

was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe (a native schoolmaster), who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds in my arm." The broken and splintered bones were very imperfectly attended to, as Dr. Livingstone had to act as his own surgeon, and the arm ever afterwards was of comparatively little service to him.

Livingstone shrank from inquirers who were anxious to have minute details as to the perils he had gone through; not that he really made light of them, but he had a horror of sensationalism, and avoided every temptation to enlarge upon difficulties which were inevitable at the time of their occurrence. "In connection with the above incident," says a writer in the *British Quarterly Review* for April, 1874, "we well remember how, when on a visit to England, he was eagerly questioned by a group of sympathetic friends as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and how he quietly answered, that he was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of him the brute would eat first."

Lions are much more numerous, and encounters with them much more frequent than Dr. Livingstone's comparatively few allusions to them would lead us to expect. He never cared to take up time and space in chronicling his dealing with them, or other kinds of wild animals, unless there was something unusual in the experience. In travelling even in the neighbourhood of the colonial frontier, travellers had to dispose themselves and their oxen at night so as to be least exposed to the attack of these animals; fires being frequently kindled to keep them at a distance. The traveller in these regions would not be abroad many days, before himself and his cattle were put in extreme peril by the visits of lions. Cattle in their terror, when his roar reverberates through the darkness, frequently break loose, and run wildly in their panic right into the danger they so much dread. In the early morning and the

evening travellers not unfrequently find themselves face to face with the "King of the Forest." If unarmed, the best course to pursue is to stand perfectly still, never moving a muscle, when, if the lion be unaccustomed to the presence of man, he will be so startled at the appearance of a singular animal standing on two legs, which does not run from him, that he will retreat, continually turning round from time to time, until he has reached a safe distance; when he will bound away to the intense satisfaction of the biped who has treated him to so unwonted an encounter. If under such circumstances the party make a single movement, either towards flight or through nervousness, the lion will almost certainly be upon him, when if he be unarmed, the traveller's chances of escape are exceedingly remote. It is not the power of the human eye, as is vulgarly supposed, which will make the lion under such circumstances turn aside; it is the unwonted phenomena of a strange animal which shows no fear. No wild animal is so easily intimidated by a strange appearance as the lion; a branch of a tree stuck into the ground in front of the carcase of an animal he had previously slain and feasted off, will deter him from recommencing his meal for a considerable time.

The traveller armed with a rifle has need of all his coolness in dealing with a lion. If he fire and only wound the animal his position is infinitely more dangerous than it was before. Even when wounded unto death, the hunter must guard against the last dying effort which in most cases will be expended in leaping upon him. The native dog is very useful in affording a warning of the approach of lions; and is so courageous that it will advance upon the great brute and bark in his face. The following graphic incident is from Burchell's "Travels in Southern Africa." In the morning while making his way through a bush-covered country he encountered a lion and lioness. The latter disappeared among the bushes but the lion stood his ground.

"At this moment we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on the bank at only the distance of a few yards from him, most of us being on foot and unarmed, without any possibility of escaping; I had given up my horse, and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear, and it was useless to attempt avoiding him. Poor Tring (a Hottentot woman) was in great alarm; she clasped her infant to her bosom, and screamed out, as if she thought her destruction inevitable, calling anxiously to those who were nearest the animal, *Take care! Take care!* In great fear for my safety, she half insisted upon my moving further off: I however stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger; and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner. But, at this instant, the dogs boldly flew in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of these faithful animals was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood

making the greatest clamour in his face, without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved by their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs perceiving his eyes thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him; but they paid dearly for their impudence, for without discomposing the majestic and steady attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant I beheld two lying dead. In doing this, he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed. Of the time which we had gained by the interference of the dogs, not a moment was lost; we fired upon him; one of the balls went through his side just between the short ribs, and the blood immediately began to flow; but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us; every gun was instantly reloaded; but happily we were mistaken, and were not sorry to see him move quietly away. . . . Of the courage of the lion I have no very high opinion, but of his majestic air and movement, as exhibited by this animal, while at liberty in his native plains, I can bear testimony. Notwithstanding the pain of a wound of which he must soon afterwards have died, he moved slowly away with a stately and measured step."

Livingstone, notwithstanding his terrible experience recorded above, held the same feeling in regard to the courage of the lion; but because a lion does not always attack a man when it has the opportunity, this fact is no proof that it lacks courage. When the lion has had a full meal it will undoubtedly avoid an encounter; and he cannot be aware that mankind have made him the symbol of courage and strength, and that he is expected to show both on all and every occasion. He only kills that he may eat, and only attacks man and animals when he is hungry, or is brought suddenly into contact with them. Further, his instincts are so peculiar that we cannot guess what strange thing or circumstance may have turned him aside in such an instance as that related above. In a state of nature he only kills his prey when pressed by hunger, and unlike the tiger, unless fighting for his life, never kills from a wanton thirst for blood. This which is made to detract from his courage and nobility, is, to our thinking, another reason, and a powerful one, for his being allowed to retain his title of "King of the Forest." Undoubtedly the most courageous animal is the dog, but much of that courage has been gained by association with man. The wild dog, like the wolf, hunts in packs, and is very unwilling to attack man under any circumstances, and only does so when supported by numbers. Imagine what a lion would be if tamed, and trained only to exercise his courage and terrible strength against animals and the enemies of his master!

Lichtenstein relates an extraordinary encounter with a lion on the part of a Dutch settler, for which we must find room:—

“It is now,” said he, “more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots ever hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door; the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something about a waggon, when, suddenly, although it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way.

“Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunate, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think: I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy’s head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.” “Never,” says Lichtenstein, “was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were inevitably lost. If the boy had moved, he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him.” In this extraordinary case we imagine it was the unusualness of the scene, and the perfect passiveness of the wife and children which made the animal delay his attack. He required to take in the unwonted scene, and find out if it portended no danger to him. Inaction of this kind is not at all unusual in animals, and is not unknown among men when they are placed in novel circumstances.

Dr. Moffat had many hair-breadth escapes from lions, and we regret having no space to record some of the more striking cases. The following account of his escape from a double danger is worthy of insertion here:—

“In one of my early journeys, I had an escape from a leopard and a serpent. I had left the waggons, and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in quest of game. I had a small double-barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with ball and small shot; an antelope

passed at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took, after advancing a short distance, I saw a leopard staring at me from between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring upon his prey. This I knew was a critical moment, not having a shot of ball in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something in the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly, but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large Cobra de Capella serpent asleep on the grass. It instantly twirled its body round my leg on which I had nothing but a thin pair of trousers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, I threw my piece over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people at the waggons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten me, I could never have reached the waggons. The serpent was six feet long."

The African leopard, which grows to a size frequently not much inferior to a small tiger, is a much more dangerous foe than the lion; because it gives no warning of its presence. It is generally encountered among trees, seldom venturing out upon the plain, unless to stalk any of the animals it preys upon. Its favourite position is on the thick branch of a great tree, from which it drops upon its prey, which is all unconscious of its proximity. When wounded, they turn upon the hunter with terrible fury, and fight until they drop dead. The sheep and cattle folds of the settlers suffer from its visits, and the cattle of the native tribes, and not unfrequently the children and adults, fall a prey to this savage and blood-thirsty animal. A single leopard has been known to enter a sheep-fold and kill dozens of sheep before its thirst for blood was satiated. In this, as we have already pointed out, it differs from the lion, who kills only one of a herd in a single visit.

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



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

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

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

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

So eager was Sechele to learn to read, that he acquired a knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of Livingstone's residence at Chouane. Mr. Oswell, a gentleman of independent fortune travelling in the country, from a love of sport and adventure and a desire to extend the geographical knowledge of South Africa—who, as we shall see, afterwards joined Livingstone in his expedition to Lake Ngami—taught him arithmetic. After he was able to read, nothing gave him greater pleasure than the getting Livingstone to listen to his reading of the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book; and he would frequently say,—“He was a fine man—Isaiah; he knew how to speak.” Sympathising with the difficulties encountered in converting his people, he offered to convert them in a body; and could hardly be made to understand Livingstone's objection to making Christians in a wholesale manner through

the agency of whips made of rhinoceros-hide. Thinking of the difficulties in the way of being baptized and making an open profession of his belief in Christianity, more especially as regarded the number of his wives; the putting away of all whom, save one, would get him into trouble with their relatives, he frequently said, "Oh, I wish you had come into this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs." At his own request, Livingstone held family worship in his hut, in the hope that it might induce his people to become attached to Christianity. But as the country was at that time suffering from a long-continued drought, which was attributed to the chief taking up with the new religion, few attended save the members of his own family. Speaking of the influence of the example of a chief in all other things, he said, bitterly, "I love the word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me." No doubt if he had become a drunkard or a plunderer of other tribes, he would have had plenty of followers, so powerful is evil example!

When he applied for baptism, Livingstone asked him, since he knew his Bible, and his duty as laid down therein, how he was to act? He went home and sent all his superfluous wives to their parents, with all the goods and chattels they had been in the habit of using, intimating that he had no fault to find with them, but that he only followed the will of God. Crowds attended to witness the baptism of Sechele and his family; many of them shedding tears of sorrow over what they termed the weakness of their chief in forsaking the ways of his forefathers. Notwithstanding that he made few converts, Livingstone had the satisfaction of seeing that the influence of himself and his devoted and energetic helpmate—he had married a daughter of Robert Moffat's in 1844—was attended with valuable results if only temporal, in introducing a higher tone of morality among the people. This influence was so strong as to have prevented war with neighbouring tribes on no less than five distinct occasions.

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

The *Rain-maker* is a most important official in savage countries where water is scarce, and periods of drought of frequent occurrence. When after weeks or months of dry weather, the vegetation of the country is burned up and the fountains and streams turned into hollows, filled with loose sand, his influence is greater than that of the chief or king himself. So implicit is their belief in the power of this functionary that they will do anything at his bidding. If the rain fails to come at his bidding, as in the case of the witch-woman of our English rural districts, sacrifices material or otherwise are made at his suggestion to propitiate the mysterious power who controls the rain. Sometimes he will cause them to drag the bodies of the dead into the bush, and leave them to the hyenas instead of burying them. At other times he will demand the heart of a lion or a live baboon, or set them some like feat, the accomplishment of which will take time; trusting, that in the interval the much coveted rain may come and save his credit. A common demand is for sheep and goats to kill, when endless methods have been tried and the heavens "still remain as brass." The ignorant savages frequently slay the wretched impostor for his failure to make good his pretensions.

Notwithstanding their dislike to the new religion, its preacher and expounder lived amongst them in the most perfect safety. He possessed the secret of ingratiating himself with these savage Africans in a higher degree than was ever before known; and, whether staying for a time among the various tribes, or passing through their territory, the respect in which he was almost invariably held is the most remarkable feature in his career. This noble, resolute, and God-fearing man went amongst them for their good, and that only; and interfered with nothing that did not lie directly in his path of duty. He was there to serve them and do them good, and they were quick in discovering this. He asked nothing from them and at all times strove to make himself independent of them, in the matter of his household wants. With his own hands he built his hut, tilled his garden, and dug his irrigating canals. The wild animals, needful for the food of his household, fell to his own gun; and the fruits of the earth were of his own gathering in. During all his years of labour in South Africa, his mission cost the inhabitants nothing; while they received much in higher ideas of justice and right, and in improved skill in husbandry and in the construction of their houses. Whatever were their feelings as to the religion he taught, the man himself was above the suspicion of evil, and went in and out amongst them, a genuine representative to their minds of manliness, truth, and justice.

His noble wife was no less popular. Her training, as the daughter of Robert Moffat, made the trials of her life no sacrifice to her. In dealing with the women and children she was most valuable, and there cannot be a doubt that the fact of his being married, and living a happy and contented domestic life amongst them, had a great deal to do with the influence he possessed

over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious Bakwains. As a blacksmith and a carpenter his skill was superior to theirs, and he never hesitated to doff his coat and give any of them the benefit of his labours when skill was required, wisely receiving some service which they could render him as a set-off. In this way a feeling of mutual obligation and exchange of service was fostered and encouraged, in which no notion of charity had a part.

In speaking of their daily experience, he tells us that they rose about six o'clock. "After family worship and breakfast . . . we kept school—men, women, and children being all united. This lasted until eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. On three nights of the week we had a public religious service, as soon as the milking of the cows was over, and it had become dusk; and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens." These services were diversified by attending upon the sick, and prescribing for them, giving food, and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, ensures a reputation which procures favour for the gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies: there if anywhere, "love begets love." Almost everything they required had to be manufactured by themselves. Bricks to build his house were made by himself in moulds formed of planks sawn from trees which fell to his own axe. The abundant forest furnished plenty of materials for roofing, doors, windows, and lintels. The corn was ground into meal by his wife, and when made into dough was baked in an extempore oven constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan placed in the centre of a fire. A jar served as a churn for making butter. Candles were made in moulds from the tallow of various animals. Soap was made from the ashes of a plant called *salsola*, or from ordinary wood ashes. Shut out from all communication with civilization, the toil and care demanded in supplying their every necessity did not appear a hardship. He says, "There is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on

seeing conveniences spring up before him from his own ingenuity ; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty striving housewife's hands."

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

In a new country just beyond the pale of civilization, always advancing as law and order are extended, reckless, and adventurous men, most of whom are fugitives from justice, establish themselves, and prey upon the savage tribes who are unable to defend themselves from their cruelty and exactions. A band of such men, under the leadership of a Mr. Hendrick Potgeiter, had established themselves as far into the interior as the Cashan Mountains, on the borders of the Bechuana territory. At first they were warmly welcomed by the Bechuanas, because they had conquered and expelled a Kaffre chief, who had exercised a cruel authority over the neighbouring tribes. Their joy was shortlived as they found that the Boers, as Potgeiter and his followers in common with all Dutch settlers and their descendants are called, compelled them to do all their manual labour without fee or reward. These men looked with no favourable eye on the doings of Livingstone, when they found that they could neither frighten nor coerce him. The teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God, was most distasteful to men who lived upon the enforced labour—the slavery in fact—of the tribes around them. When threats had no avail, they circulated reports that he had with him quantities of firearms, and that he was assisting the Bakwains to make war against their neighbours. As they could not intimidate Livingstone, they sent a threatening letter to Sechele, commanding him to surrender to the Dutch, and acknowledge himself their vassal, and stop English traders from proceeding into the interior. This last was the true bone of contention. Possessing a better knowledge of the value of skins, ivory, etc., than the Bechuanas, they wished to close the country against any traders but themselves.

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

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

The Boers had broken up and sacked several mission stations, and conquered the tribes which gave them shelter, carrying away men and women as slaves. But the friendly Bakwains escaped for a time, and they did not dare to attack them until Livingstone was absent on his first journey to Lake Ngami, when four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechele's town, and slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away over two hundred children as captives. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely until nightfall, killing eight of the Boers, when they retreated to the mountains. Under the pretext that Livingstone had taught them to defend themselves, and was consequently responsible for the slaughter of their fellows, his house was plundered; his books and stock of medicines destroyed; his furniture and clothing, and large quantities of stores left by English gentlemen, who had gone northwards to hunt, were carried off and sold to pay the expenses of their lawless raid. The reason so few of the Boers were slain in this as in other similar expeditions in which they indulged, was, because they compelled natives they had conquered and enslaved to take their places in the front, while they fired upon the people over their heads in comparative safety. In speaking of the determined opposition of the Boers, Livingstone says, "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who has been most successful in resolution,—they or I."

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

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

Livingstone was mainly dependent upon his friends at Kuruman for supplies of corn during this trying period, and on one occasion they were reduced to use bran as a substitute, which required three labourers' grinding powers to render it fit for baking into cakes. Supplies of all kinds were so

irregular, that they were fain to put up with locusts on many occasions, and while not partial to such a diet, he preferred them to shrimps, "though I would avoid both as much as possible."

As locusts never abound excepting in a dry season and when other kinds of food are scarce, the natives eat them, whenever they can manage to gather as many as will make a dish. This custom is not peculiar to Africa, but extends to all tropical countries. The wings and legs are removed, and the bodies are hastily prepared in the form of a raw cake. We have conversed with more than one traveller who has partaken of this dish, and they say, that under the circumstances, they did not find the mess unpalatable.

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

These frogs are of large size, and having a good deal of flesh on their bones, which is both juicy and tender when properly cooked, it formed a capital substitute for ox or antelope flesh.

Gordon Cumming, on the occasion of one of his visits to Dr. Livingstone, attended Divine service. "I had," he says, "considerable difficulty to maintain my gravity, as sundry members of the congregation entered the church clad in the most unique apparel. Some of these wore extraordinary old hats ornamented with fragments of women's clothes and ostrich feathers. Their fine hats they were very reluctant to take off, and one man sat with his beaver on immediately before the minister until the door-keeper went up to him and ordered him to remove it. At dinner we had a variety of excellent vegetables, the garden producing almost every sort in great perfection; the potatoes, in particular, were very fine. . . . Being anxious to visit Sechele and his tribe, Dr. Livingstone and I resolved to leave Bakatla and march upon Chouane with one of my waggons on the ensuing day; the Doctor's object being to establish peace between the two tribes, and mine to enrich myself with ivory, etc."

The following sketch of Sechele and his surroundings prior to his conversion, from the pen of Mr. Gordon Cumming, merits insertion here:—

"The appearance of this chief was prepossessing, and his manner was civil and engaging; his stature was about 5 feet 10 inches, and in his person he inclined to corpulency. His dress consisted of a handsome leopard-skin kaross, and on his arms and legs, which were stout and well turned, he wore a profusion of brass and copper ornaments, manufactured by tribes residing a

long way to the eastward. In the forenoon I accompanied Sechele to his kraal, situated in the centre of the town, and alongside of it stood respectively the kraals of his wives, which were five in number. These kraals were neatly built, and were of a circular form, the walls and floors being smoothly plastered with a composition of clay and cow dung, and secured from the weather by a fine and well-constructed thatch of rank-dry grass. Each kraal was surrounded by an area enclosed with a strong impenetrable fence 6 feet in height. The town was built on a gentle slope on the northern side of a broad extensive strath, throughout the whole extent of which lay wide fields and gardens enclosed with hedges of the wait-a-bit thorn.

“A short time previous to my arrival, a rumour having reached Sechele that he was likely to be attacked by the emigrant Boers, he suddenly resolved to secure his city with a wall of stones, which he at once commenced erecting. It was now completed, entirely surrounding the town, with loopholes at intervals all along, through which to play upon the advancing enemy with the muskets which he had resolved to purchase from hunters and traders like myself.

“I was duly introduced to the five queens, each of whose wigwams I visited in succession. These ladies were of goodly stature and comely in their appearance; they all possessed a choice assortment of karosses of various descriptions, and their persons were adorned with a profusion of ornaments of beads and brass and copper wire. Sechele professed, and was believed by his tribe, to be a skilful rain-maker.”

“. . . The Griquas taking advantage of the superstitions of the Bechuanas, often practice on their credulity, and, a short time before I visited Sechele, a party of Griquas, who were hunting in his territory, had obtained from him several valuable karosses in barter for a little sulphur, which they represented as a most effectual medicine (charm) for guns, having assured Sechele that by rubbing a small quantity on their hands before proceeding to the fields they would assuredly obtain the animal they hunted. It happened, in the course of my converse with the chief, that the subject turned upon ball-practice, when, probably relying on the power of his medicine, the chief challenged me to shoot against him for a considerable wager, stipulating, at the same time, that his three brothers were to be permitted to assist him in the competition. The chief staked a couple of valuable karosses against a large measure filled with my gun-powder, and we then at once proceeded to the waggon, where the match was to come off, followed by a number of the tribe. Whilst Sechele was loading his gun, I repaired to the fore-chest of the waggon, when, observing that I was watched by several of the natives, I proceeded to rub my hands with sulphur, which was instantly reported to the chief, who directly joined me, and, clapping me on the back, entreated me to give him a little of my medicine for his gun, which I of course told him he

must purchase. Our target being set up, we commenced firing; it was a small piece of wood, six inches long by four in breadth, and was placed on the stump of a tree at the distance of one hundred paces. Sechele fired the first shot, and very naturally missed it, upon which I let fly and split it through the middle. It was then set up again, when Sechele and his brothers continued firing, without once touching it, till night setting in put an end to their proceedings. This, of course, was solely attributed by all present to the power of the medicines I had used."

When Dr. Livingstone was informed of the circumstance he was very much shocked, declaring that in future the natives would fail to believe him when he denounced supernatural agency, having now seen it practised by his own countrymen.

Mr. Chapman, who visited Sechele shortly after the attack of the Boers, gives an interesting account of the condition of the chief and his people at that time. He says:—

"On the 15th of October we were delighted to be under way steering for Sechele's Town, which, after several days' march through heavy sands and dense forests, in parts well stocked with game, we reached on the 28th. Wirsing and I proceeded to Sechele's residence on horseback, riding forward the last stage through rugged glens and among rocky hills, never venturing to move faster than a walk. We found the chief at his residence, perched on a hillock composed of blocks of sandstone, loosely piled upon each other, a fit abode for baboons only.

"Sechele, chief of the Bakwains, a tribe mustering about 500 men, stands about 5 ft. 10 in. high, has a pleasing countenance, and is rather stout. He was dressed in moleskin trousers, a duffel jacket, a wide-awake hat, and military boots. In address and behaviour Sechele is a perfect gentleman. He can read and write, having learnt within the last few years, and is an accepted member of the Kuruman church. He was instructed by Dr. Livingstone, who lived with him for four or five years. Sechele is said to be very quick at learning, and anxious to substitute more civilized customs among his tribe in the place of their own heathenish practices. He is also said to be good-natured and generous. He presented us with a fat ox for slaughter, a custom prevailing among all the tribes that can afford it.

"Sechele at once pronounced us to be Englishmen; and having corroborated the intelligence we had already heard from Sekomi respecting his disasters (Mr. Chapman's visit to Sekomi will be alluded to further on), he apologised for not being able to receive us as he would like; but he entertained us with roast beef, sweet and sour milk, served in clean dishes, and with silver spoons, also with sweet earth-nuts; and while we were doing justice to his hospitality, a man stood fanning away the flies with a bunch of white ostrich feathers. His loss, he informed us, was sixty-eight men killed

of his own tribe, besides a number of women, and between 200 and 300 children carried away captives. He lost, also, about 1500 head of cattle, and several thousand sheep and goats. For his cattle he seemed not to care so much, although his people were starving. He hoped to be able to replace them by the profits of hunting for ivory; but his people felt sorely the loss of their children. Ninety waggon-loads of corn had been carried off by the Boers, and the rest they had burnt in his town. Besides his own property, they had carried off several waggons, oxen, and other property belonging to English gentlemen at that time travelling to the lake.

“From Sechele we learnt that the war originated with Masellelie, chief of the Batkatla tribe at Mabotsa, who had often been promised by the Boers that if he supplied them with a number of servants he would be exempted from further demands; but on giving one supply after another, still more was demanded, in spite of the promises made him. At length he refused, and became surly, thinking probably, with many others of the natives, that the late fever had so diminished the numbers of the Boers that he could successfully resist their authority. The Batkatla chief having ascertained, however, that the Boers intended to punish him, and being an arrant coward, fled to Sechele for protection, it being a custom amongst those races that when one tribe flies to another and solicits protection it must be given; so that on the Boers demanding that Masellelie should be delivered up, Sechele refused, saying he ‘could not do it unless he was to cut open his own bowels and let them fall out.’

“Most of the people of Sechele’s tribe were out during the day grubbing for roots, their only food at present. Famine, ‘the meagre fiend,’ that ‘blows mildew from between the shrivelled lips,’ had already made great havoc among them. Several mothers had followed the Boers home, and, hiding themselves during the day, endeavoured at night to steal away their children; a few only had succeeded and returned.

“On the 1st of November we obtained a guide from Sechele to conduct us to the main road, our waggons having been brought since our own arrival up to his town. We accordingly departed, and at night overtook some emaciated Bakwains, roasting the roots they had gathered during the day. I ate one of these roots, but I thought I should have died from the effects it produced, creating a lather like soap, and blistering the inside of my mouth in a few minutes. I drank water to cure it, but that only aggravated the symptoms. The pain I suffered was at last allayed by putting some fat into my mouth.

“Next day we travelled still south, and reached Kolobeng in the forenoon. This is the site of the town where Dr. Livingstone lived with the tribe. His house had been pillaged, and presented a melancholy picture of wanton destruction. The Boers had taken away everything that was valuable to them in the shape of furniture, utensils, and implements, and destroyed some

hundreds of volumes of Sechuana Testaments, and other religious works and tracts, the leaves of which still lay scattered for nearly a mile in every direction. Even the window and door frames had been taken out, and the floor was strewed with bottles of valuable medicines, the use of which the Boers did not understand. The town where Sechele was attacked, and which was burnt to the ground, a few miles from Kolobeng, presented a melancholy scene of desolation, bestrewn with the unburied carcasses and bleaching bones of the natives who fell."

The following is Mr. Chapman's account of Kuruman in 1853:—

"Next day I rode over to Kuruman, where I found my friend, Mr. Thompson, who afterwards travelled in company with us. Here I was introduced to the worthy missionaries, Messrs. Moffat and Ashton, and their families, the memory of whose uniform kindness I shall ever cherish. Milk, new bread, and fresh butter, we were never in want of while near these good people, and of grapes, apples, peaches, and all other products of the garden, there was never any lack at our waggons. Every one is struck with the beauty of Kuruman, although the site cannot boast of any natural charms. All we see is the result of well-directed labour. A street of about a quarter of a mile in length is lined on one side by the missionary gardens, enclosed with substantial walls, and teeming with fruit and vegetables of every description. A row of spreading willows are nourished by a fine watercourse, pouring a copious stream at their roots for nearly a mile, and beyond the gardens flows to the eastward the river Kuruman, between tall reeds, with flights of waterfowl splashing on its surface. The river issues a few miles south from a grotto said to be 100 yards long, and very spacious, the habitation of innumerable bats, owls, and serpents of a large size. Stalactites of various shapes and figures are to be found in this grotto. I have seen some beautiful specimens adorning mantelpieces. One party discovered in the roof of this grotto portions of a human skeleton perfectly petrified, and a part of which was broken off.

"On the opposite side of the street, and facing the row of gardens, the willows, and the stream, is a spacious chapel, calculated to hold more than 500 people. It is built of stone, with a missionary dwelling-house on either side of it, and a trader's dwelling-house and store at the western end. All these, as well as the smaller but neat dwellings of the Bechuanas, built in the European style, and in good taste, have shady seringa trees planted in the front. At the back of the missionary premises there are store and school rooms, workshops, etc., with a smithy in front. Behind the chapel is a printing office, in which native compositors were setting type for the new editions of Mr. Moffat's bible. Thousands of Sechuana books have been as well printed and as neatly bound in this establishment, under the superintendence of Mr. Ashton, as they could be in England. The natives here are the most enlightened

and civilized I have seen, the greater portion wearing clothes, and being able to read and write. It was pleasant on Sunday to see them neatly and cleanly clad going to church three times a day. In their tillage they are also making rapid progress, and, having adopted European practices, instead of the hoe they use the plough."

From this stage in the career of Livingstone the character of his labour was destined to be changed. There was to be henceforth for him no rest, and no permanent place of abode. The mysteries of the unknown and untrodden regions of Africa beckoned him onward, and he was possessed of all the qualities needful for the work he was so eager to engage in. United to a high courage and determined perseverance, there was in him an eager longing for knowledge, which no difficulties could conquer; and when to these qualities we add those which characterise the Christian of the purest type, whose loving charity comprehended and embraced all God's creatures, we have presented to us the highest example of the Christian hero and gentleman. Before proceeding to follow up his career of discovery we will, in the following chapter, gather together what brief records we can glean of his labours as a missionary among the Bakwains.

CHAPTER IV.

Livingstone's Letters to the London Missionary Society, from Kuruman, Mabotsa, Chonuane, Kolobeng, &c., &c.

THE reader cannot fail to be interested in what Livingstone had to say to the directors of the London Missionary Society as to his mission work, and the remarks made on his reports by the officials of the society. It is a matter of regret that they reproduced his letters so sparingly. One cannot help feeling, in going over the society's reports, that the boldness and enterprise of Livingstone were viewed with a kind of puzzled wonderment by these worthy people. In their doubts and misgivings as to the results of his daring raid into the unknown heart of the country they could only hope that if it was God's will good might come out of the explorations of their servant, who seemed bent on bringing the whole of Central Africa within the sphere of their operations.

At a very early stage of his career, Livingstone had discovered that he could serve the people of Africa best by opening up the country and securing the interest of people of all ranks and classes in their condition and circumstances. As a mere missionary accredited to a certain specified district, his labours, however successful, could only be known to a limited number of people. As a missionary explorer his discoveries and adventures would attract the attention of the entire intelligent community, not only in his own country, but throughout the civilized world, and result in a service rendered to the savage people of Africa which the united labours of half a hundred missionaries could not accomplish. In a letter to his brother John, written in December, 1873, from the neighbourhood of Lake Bangweolo, he says:—

“If the good Lord above gives me strength and influence to complete the task, I shall not grudge my hunger and toil, above all, if He permits me to put a stop to the enormous evils of this inland slave trade I shall bless His name with all my heart. The Nile sources are valuable to me only as a means of enabling me to open my mouth among men. It is this power I hope to apply to remedy an enormous evil, and join my little helping hand in the great revolution, that in His all embracing providence, He has been carrying on for ages.”

Fortunately for the public, and also for a good many of the readers of the London Society's Missionary reports, Livingstone's accounts of his discoveries in

Central Africa were handed over by the secretary to the Geographical Society, and they were published in its journals. The notion that Livingstone had proved unfaithful to his calling as a missionary when he started upon his career as an explorer is held by many otherwise good and sensible people even now. The extract from the letter to his brother, which we have given above, puts the matter in its proper light. He knew that the great ones of the earth would become interested in new peoples living in novel conditions in hitherto unexplored territory, who could not be got to feel any great interest in savage tribes living on the outskirts of civilization.

In telling the wonderful story of vast peopled regions hitherto unknown, he got the opportunity—which he never let slip—of telling them of the spiritual and physical needs of their inhabitants, and of pointing out how easy a matter it would be for the people in more favoured countries to help them. His discoveries, while no doubt intensely interesting to himself, were most valuable in his sight, because, to use his own words, they enabled him “to open his mouth among men.” To the directors of the London Missionary Society the account of the conversion or awakening of a single savage Bakwain appeared to be of far more consequence to Christianity than the discovery of the River Zouga, Lake Ngami, and the Zambesi; and it was in all likelihood years before they became aware of the fact that these and such like discoveries would do more for the cause they had at heart than years of missionary enterprise further to the South. Of all the services which the London Missionary Society have rendered to humanity and the cause of Christianity, the placing of Dr. Livingstone in South Africa in circumstances which enabled him to drift into the great work which occupied every hour of his after life is undoubtedly the greatest. The Christian and charitable public will not, we believe, be slow to remember this, nor that their efforts in christianising the heathen in Africa and elsewhere have for many years been attended with a success hitherto unexampled in the history of missionary labour.

The following is Livingstone’s report to the London Missionary Society, published in 1843, after his second tour among the tribes to the north of Kuruman:—

“The population is sunk in the very lowest state both of mental and moral degradation: it would be difficult, if not impossible, for Christians at home to realise anything like an accurate notion of the grossness of that darkness which shrouds their minds. I could not ascertain that they had the least idea of a future state; and though they have some notions which seem to be connected with a belief in its existence, I have not met one who could put the necessary links together in the chain of reasoning, so as to become possessed of the definite idea. In some countries, the light which the Gospel once shed has gone out, and darkness has succeeded. But though eighteen centuries have elapsed since life and immortality were brought to light, there

is no certainty that these dark regions were ever before visited for the purpose of making known the light and liberty and peace of the glorious Gospel. It would seem that the myriads who have peopled these regions have always passed away into darkness, and no ray from heaven ever beamed on their path. And with whom does the guilt rest, if not with us who compose the church militant on earth? My mind is filled with sadness when I contemplate the prospects of these large masses of immortal beings. I see no hope for them, except in Native Agents. The more I see of the country, its large extent of surface, with its scattered population, and each tribe separated by a formidable distance from almost every other, the more convinced I feel, that it will be impossible, if not impolitic, for the Church to supply them all with Europeans. Native Christians can make known the way of life: there are some in connection both with the churches at Kuruman and Griqua Town who have done it effectually. Others too are rising up, who will soon be capable of teaching; and if their energies are not brought into operation by taking up the field now open before us, I do not see where the benevolent spirit springing up among the converts of the two Missions is to find an outlet."

As a result of this journey, Livingstone determined on commencing Missionary operations among the Bakhatla tribe. In the Missionary Society report for 1844, we find the following allusion to this determination:—

"In the course of last year, Mr. Livingstone made two journeys into the interior, for the purpose of obtaining information as to the moral condition of the tribes scattered over those vast and desert regions, and with a view also to the adoption of suitable measures for introducing the Gospel, with its attendant blessings, among some of the numerous tribes yet sitting in the darkness of the shadow of death. On the latter occasion, he was accompanied by Mr. Edwards, and the result of their labours was the commencement of a station among the Bakhatla tribe, from whom they received a cordial welcome, and every encouragement to persevere in the project which they contemplated. They purchased a large piece of ground, and proceeded to erect a hut, and had every prospect of success in this new and important undertaking.

"The location, upon which they have fixed, is very near the spot where Mr. Campbell turned his face homeward, and also near the place where the renowned Moselekatse lived. 'I walked,' says Mr. Livingstone, 'over the site of his town lately, and a few human bones were the only vestiges I could observe of all that belonged to the tyrant.' Moselekatse, however, still lives, and his name continues to be a terror to the natives; and his people, called the Matabele, came last year nearly as far as their former country; but the Missionaries say, 'If we wait till we run no risk, the Gospel will never be introduced into the interior. Native teachers will not go alone, for they dread the name of Moselekatse, as they do the name of the king of terrors.'

The brethren spent about two months at the place, and intended to remove there immediately."

The following is from the Society's report for 1845:—

"In the last report, the friends of the Society were informed of the opening of a mission among the Bakhatla, in the Bechuana country, through the zealous and judicious efforts of our brother, the Rev. D. Livingstone, assisted by Mr. R. Edwards. The progress of the labours of our devoted brethren among this barbarous and degraded tribe has been most encouraging, and there is reason to hope that to many the tidings of redeeming mercy will prove the savour of life unto life. Through divine goodness, Mr. Livingstone and his excellent native brother and valuable coadjutor, Mebalwe, who nobly came to his help in the moment of most imminent peril, and nearly with the sacrifice of his own life, have entirely recovered from the serious injury they sustained from the attack of a lion, which occurred not far from the new station, in the early part of last year.

"The character and condition of the people among whom he labours, and in part the preparatory measures contemplated for the regular organisation of the station and the instruction of the natives, are thus described by Mr. Livingstone in an early communication from this distant sphere of Missionary effort:—

"The Bakhatla are at present busily engaged removing from their former location to the spot on which we reside (Mabotsa), and it is cheering to observe that the subordinate chiefs have, with one exception, chosen sites for their villages conveniently near to that on which we propose to erect the permanent premises. We purpose to build a house to serve as school and meeting-house, and when that is done, we hope our efforts to impart a knowledge of saving truth will assume a more regular form than at present.

"I visited the Bakhatla frequently before the establishment of the mission, but it was not until my fifth visit that sufficient confidence was inspired to draw forth a cordial invitation for me to settle among them; this is the only good I can yet ascertain as effected by my itinerancies to them. The reason seems to be that too long a period has intervened between each journey to produce any lasting impression. And this is not to be wondered at, for nothing can exceed the grovelling earthliness of their minds. They seem to have fallen as low in the scale of existence as human nature can. At some remote period, their ancestors appear to have been addicted to animal worship, for each tribe is called after some animal. By it they swear, and in general they neither kill nor eat it, alleging as a cause, that the animal is the friend of their tribe. Thus the word Batlapi, literally translated, is '*they of the fish*;' Bakwain, '*they of the crocodile*;' Bakhatla, '*they of the monkey*,' &c.

"But if the conjecture is not wrong, they have degenerated from even that impure form of worship, and the wisest among them have now no

knowledge of it, but suppose that some of their ancestors must have been called by these names. They have reached the extreme of degradation. When we compare the Bakhatla with the inhabitants round Lattakoo, the latter appear quite civilized; and their present state of partial enlightenment shows that the introduction of the Gospel into a country has a mighty influence even over those by whom it is either not known or rejected. I am not now to be understood as speaking of the converts, nor of the new phases of character, the transforming power of the Gospel has developed among them, but I allude to the unconverted, and to those other than saving influences of Christianity, which so materially modify the social system at home. On many these influences have operated for years, and they have not operated in vain. Hence, the mass of the population in the Kuruman district are not now in that state the Gospel found them, and in which the poor Bakhatla now are. There the existence of Deity is tacitly admitted by nearly all; those who form the exceptions to this rule, denying it rather on account of attachment to their lusts than in sober seriousness; and I believe the number is but small who have not the idea floating in their minds that this life is but the beginning of our existence and death, but one event in a life which is everlasting.

“But the Bakhatla have no thoughts on the subject: their mind is darkness itself, and no influences have ever operated on it, but those which must leave it supremely selfish. It is only now that Christians have begun to endeavour to stop the stream which has swept them generation after generation into darkness. And oh, ‘may the Holy Spirit aid our endeavours, for without his mighty power all human efforts will be but labour in vain.’ That power excited over Bechuanas—raising them from the extreme of degradation and transforming them into worshippers of the living God—constitutes the wonder and *the* cause for gratitude in the Bechmana Mission.”

The report goes on to state that:—

“Around Mabotsa, there are about twelve villages of considerable size and population, which Messrs. Livingstone and Edwards regularly visit, and several of which—those near Kurrechane—have been placed under the immediate charge of Mebalwe, the native evangelist. This worthy man is of great service in the Mission by the amount of manual labour which he cheerfully renders, and by the affectionate addresses he frequently delivers to his countrymen on the work of Christ and the way of salvation. There is reason to hope that he will prove an eminent blessing to many among the native tribes, and to the cause of Christ generally, in this part of the Bechuana country.”

In the Society’s report for 1846 we find the following:—

“Mr. Livingstone has removed to Chonuané, about forty or fifty miles N.E. of Mabotsa, the residence of Sechele, the interesting and rather intelligent

chief of a numerous tribe of Bakwain, among whom the prospects of usefulness are encouraging. The country has a fine undulating surface. The soil is rich, and there is no want of timber, grass, water, or rain, as the place is situated not far from the tropic of Capricorn. The Chief is learning to read, and has begun to instruct his wives; and his example will doubtless exercise a powerful influence on the people."

In the Society's report for 1848, we find a letter from Livingstone with remarks upon it.

"Mr. Livingstone, who has removed with his tribe to a more suitable locality, occupied a part of the year in visiting the Kuruman, and his report embraces the proceedings and labours of his mission subsequent to that period:—

"When we returned to Chonuane," he writes, "we found that, though the season for sowing had arrived, the chief had forbidden his people beginning with their gardens until it was ascertained whether or not another trial could be made of the locality. Some of his people, he said, were opposed to removal, as Chonuane afforded abundance of native food, and the only direction in which they could move would be nearer the dreaded Mosolekatse. 'But,' added he, 'I see you are unable to live in comfort here, and though all my people should leave me, I am determined to cleave to you wherever it may be needful to go.' We made our choice, and are truly grateful to the Source of all Wisdom and Goodness that we had obtained so much favour in the eyes of the heathen as induced a simultaneous movement of the whole tribe (the very next day after our decision was known) to perform a journey of about forty miles to the north-west, and build a new town entirely on our account.

"The stream on which our new settlement is formed is called the *Kolobeng*, and so far as temporal matters are concerned we have the prospect of abundance of both native and European produce; and, better still, we can now reasonably indulge the hope that, through the Divine blessing, the Gospel will not only be permanent here, but sound out to the dark regions beyond.

"While engaged in cutting wood for a temporary dwelling, the chief, without a single suggestion from us, intimated his intention to erect a school. 'I desire,' said he, 'to build a house for God, the Defender of my town, and that you be at no expense with it whatever.' Had we been able to bestow the requisite superintendence, a substantial building might have been secured, for more than 200 workmen were ready to labour upon it. But being engaged in erecting our own huts, and as it was difficult to manage such numbers of uninstructed workmen, all anxious to do something, I was obliged to plan a small building, the materials of which, though frail, they knew best how to use.

“It was with no small pleasure we found ourselves, soon after our removal, able to resume regular services. The people also undertook our watercourse, while they gladly received our assistance in erecting a square house for their chief. Forty of the older men made the watercourse, and a younger band of sixty-five built the dam. When the house was finished for the Chief Sechele, he requested us to establish a prayer-meeting in it. He said, ‘Although I have not yet given up my sin (polygamy), I greatly desire to have prayer in my house every evening.’ He invites his people to attend this meeting as well as our other services; and we are sensible of an increase of knowledge in many.”

The report, in commenting on the above and unpublished portions of Livingstone’s letter, says:—

“Some of the leading men of the tribe are making persevering exertions to acquire a knowledge of reading; their progress, however, appears to be hardly equal to their diligence; they seem to experience considerable difficulty in the mental effort required to join letters into words, probably from not having been accustomed to any exercises of this kind in their youth. They have been heard to remark, that if the Missionary would give them medicine which would enable them to conquer the difficulty, they would gladly drink it. Sechele and his brothers have been found the most apt to learn among all the natives; the chief has read through twice the New Testament and Scripture selections, and he never allows Mr. Livingstone, in his frequent visits to the town, to retire, without requesting him to read and explain one or two chapters of the Word of God. ‘Our present position (adds our brother) is one of hope, and all our dependence for success is on the arm of Him who is almighty to save. We expect your prayers that Jesus may be glorified among this heathen tribe, and that we may have grace to ascribe to Him alone all the glory.’”

In the Missionary Report for 1849, there appears a most interesting communication from Livingstone relative to the conversion of Sechele and its consequences:—

“The removal of Mr. Livingstone from Chonuane to a more eligible locality, situated on the *Kolobeng River*, was stated in last report. In his first annual communication from this station, our brother thus describes the progress of his labours and the prospects of his mission.

“In addition to other effects produced by the Gospel among the Bakwains, circumstances have also developed considerable opposition; but it has been of a kind which has tended to encourage rather than depress, inasmuch as our most bitter opponents seem to entertain no personal animosity towards us, and never allude to their enmity to the Gospel in our presence, unless specially invited to state the grounds on which it rests. An event which has excited more open hostility than any other that has occurred, was the profession of faith and

subsequent reception of the chief into Church-fellowship. As the circumstances which led us to receive his confession as genuine are somewhat peculiar, I will briefly mention them, in order to shew the propriety of the step which we have taken.

“Sechele, though generally intelligent, had imbibed, to a great extent, the prevailing superstitions of his country, and, in addition to his being the chief rain-doctor of the tribe, there is evidence to show that he was reckless of human life. He had the reputation among other tribes of being addicted to witchcraft, but he himself thought it highly meritorious to put all suspected witches to death.

“From the first day of our residence with the Bakwains to the present time, the chief attended school, and all our services, with unvaried regularity. The first indication of deep feeling I observed in him was, when sitting together one day under our waggon, during the heat of noon, I endeavoured to describe the ‘great white throne,’ and ‘the judgment seat,’ as mentioned in the Book of Revelation. He said, ‘These words shake all my bones—my strength is gone;’ and when I spoke of the existence of our Lord, previous to his appearance among men, and of His Divine nature, Sechele was greatly surprised. Often, during the three years we have spent with this tribe, we have witnessed the power of the Word of God in elevating the mind and stimulating its affections; and so with the chief. As his knowledge increased, he grew bold in the faith, professed among his people his own firm belief in the truths of Christ, and expressed great thankfulness that the Gospel was sent to him while so many remained in darkness. The greatest sacrifice he had to make was the renunciation of polygamy. In respect to all other sins, the people generally had conceived an idea of their sinfulness, but they never imagined that in this practice there was any degree of moral turpitude. The superfluous wives of Sechele were decidedly the most amiable females of the town, and our best scholars; and, hoping that their souls might also be given to us, we felt that it was not our duty otherwise to press the point in question, than by publicly declaring the whole counsel of God. Shortly after, the chief sent two of them back to their parents, with this message, ‘That he could no longer retain them, as the Word of God had come between him and their daughters. With this we observed a gradual change in his disposition, and a steady improvement in his character; and, as he also professed an earnest desire to observe the laws of Jesus, we felt no hesitation in receiving him to the fellowship of the church.

“A third wife was taken to her own tribe, because she had no relatives among the Bakwains, and she left us with many tears. A fourth, although in the same situation, we thought might remain, because she has a little daughter. Each of the wives carried away all that belonged to her, and the chief supplied each of them with new clothing previous to their departure. As soon as it was

known that he had renounced his wives on account of the Gospel, a general consternation seized both old and young—the town was as quiet as if it had been Sunday—not a single woman was seen going to her garden—pichos (or councils) were held during the night, in order to intimidate him from his purpose; but, after seeing him tried in various ways for a period of two months, we proceeded to administer to him the ordinance of baptism. Many of the spectators were in tears, but these were in general only tears of sorrow for the loss of their rain-maker, or the severance of ties of relationship. We commend this new disciple to your prayerful sympathies; and to the great God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, through the power of whose spirit alone we hope for success, be the undivided glory of his salvation!”

The report goes on to say that :—

“The infant-school, under the care of Mrs. Livingstone, containing about 70 children, has made encouraging progress during the year, though the attendance of the children has been somewhat interrupted, in consequence of a partial failure of the crops compelling many of them to spend their time in wandering about the country in search of food.

“Mr. Livingstone has employed a portion of the year in superintending and assisting the erection of mission-premises, and also in opening an out-station, and settling the native teacher, *Paul*, among the people of the chief Mokhatla.”

In this year Livingstone sent a letter to the Secretary of the Missionary Society, giving details of his discoveries and experiences. This was not, we presume, supposed to deal with matters having any interest for subscribers to the society. It was handed over to the Geographical Society, and was published in its journal. A copy of it will be found inserted in its proper place in the next chapter.

In the report for 1850, the difficulties resulting from the hostility of the Boers during 1849 are alluded to :—

“The prospects of this Station were in the early part of last year considerably overcast by the prevalence of excessive drought, and the consequent total failure of the crops. The men being frequently absent on hunting excursions, and the women and children also away in search of roots and locusts, the meetings for Divine Worship, and the schools, were comparatively deserted. In their eagerness to procure that which would satisfy the wants of the body, the people evinced little disposition to attend to the unfelt wants of the soul.

“A tribe called the Bakaa, who had suffered considerably by the repeated attacks of the Bamangwato, lately came a distance of 150 miles, to join the Bakwains. Having no sense of security in their own country, they were attracted to this station by the report that the chief Sechele had embraced the ‘word of peace.’ They came, as they said, in order ‘to enjoy sleep, as they had none at home.’ They number about 1,000; and, while thankful for

their arrival as an increase to his immediate sphere of usefulness, the missionary can at present regard them only as a fresh infusion of heathenism added to the present unchristianized mass."

In December, 1848, Mr. Livingstone made an attempt to locate the native teacher Paul in the centre of a population of many thousand souls:—

"The tribe selected," writes Mr. Livingstone, "was that of Mokhatla, because that chief had urgently requested that Paul might be appointed his teacher. But the Boers have taken possession of the whole country, and though their commandants have always expressed themselves in a most friendly manner towards our object, they made me aware of a strong under-current of opposition. Being unwilling to believe that this would be developed in any other way than it had formerly been in our itinerancies, yet feeling anxious lest it should prove a hindrance to Paul in his work, I delayed setting out until our arrangements at home were such as would admit of my spending a few months with him. When the commandant, who was in Mokhatla's vicinity, learnt that it was no longer mere itinerancies we contemplated, he suddenly altered his tone, and threatened in a most furious manner to send a commando against the tribe with which we meant to settle, alleging that my object was to take possession of the country for the English Government; and that I wished to introduce fire-arms among all the tribes. I replied, by denying connection with Government, having, as he knew, when on a former occasion I entreated him to refrain from a projected expedition against Sechele, distinctly refused to become a political partizan, and added, that I should certainly proceed in my work by the authority of Christ, and if he obstructed it by driving the people away, the blood of their souls would be required at his hand. He offered to present no impediment if I would 'promise to teach the natives that the Boers are a superior race to them.' We immediately made preparations to build a school-house, but before we had made any progress, we were informed that a deputation from the Dutch Synod had come to within forty miles of us. In the belief that the Boers might be won over to forbearance by their ministers, and that the commandant's mind might be disabused of his prejudices, we advanced to meet the deputation. Both Potgeiter and his sub-commandants had preceded us; they were now all flattery towards my person and objects, and all they would request of me, previous to a thorough and permanent removal of all obstacles, was, about one month's delay. During this period, they solemnly and repeatedly promised that they would exert themselves to the utmost of their power to win over such of their subjects as were opposed to missionary operations. As they even entreated me not to force or appear to force the matter, by building at present, and the preachers thought I ought to concede the point, I agreed to return for a short period to Kolobeng; and having visited some other towns on my route, I came home in January."

In the report for 1853, we find the following account of the long threatened attack of the Boers, which took place in the previous year:—

“Reference was made in the last report to the precarious tenure by which Dr. Livingstone held possession of this field of labour, to the proposed emigration of the Bakwains to a more favoured locality, and to the opening prospects of Dr. L. in the regions to the north.

“Subsequent events, however, of a most unexpected and disastrous nature, have led to the abrupt abandonment of the station, both by the missionary and his people. These events are detailed by Dr. Livingstone in the following communication, dated Kuruman, 20th September, 1852:—

“On the 28th ult. 600 Boers and 700 natives appeared in the Bakwain country. The natives were compelled to accompany them. Before going to Sechele’s town, they sent a party with four waggons down the Kolobeng to my house. The town is eight miles distant, and, ever since the removal of the Bakwains, the house was guarded by a few Balala placed by it for that purpose by Sechele. It remained in perfect security for two years, and gentlemen passing northward deposited a portion of their stores in it till their return. And, so far as the Bakwains were concerned, these stores were as safe as if under Chubb’s locks in London. Well, the Boers broke it open, tore all my books,* and scattered the leaves all over the place, destroyed my medicines by smashing the bottles against the adjacent rocks, carried away all the best furniture, and broke the rest; took the smith’s forge, all the tools, corn-mills, and certain stores of coffee, tea, &c., left by English gentlemen, who have gone to Sebituane’s country. The whole body of the Boers then went to Sechele’s town, and attended church there, Mebalwe, a native teacher, conducting the service. After the afternoon service, they told Sechele to send away his women and children, for they had come to fight with him, because, though repeatedly ordered by them to prevent Englishmen from going northwards, he had not only permitted, but encouraged them. He replied, that he was a man of peace, and asked why he should obstruct Englishmen, who had always treated him well. Next morning they commenced firing on the town with swivels. It soon took fire, and the flames having compelled the women and children to flee, and the men to huddle together on a small hill in the town, the Boers killed 60 natives. The men, however, kept their position the whole day on the hill, and killed 35 of the Boers. The Boers, having horses, carried off all the cattle of the Wanketse and Bakwains; they burnt or carried off all the corn of the three tribes. My cattle and those of three native teachers were also carried off.

“Undeterred by these trials and discouragements, and cut off from the

* Dr. Livingstone enumerates the Septuagint, Hebrew Bible, Lexicon, Cyclopædias, Atlas, Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Medical Reviews, &c. &c.

hope of rendering further service to the ruined and scattered Bakwains, Dr. Livingstone was, at the date of his latest communication, the 10th November ult., on the eve of starting once more for the north, with a view to ascertain the practicability of introducing the Gospel to the people inhabiting the lake region."

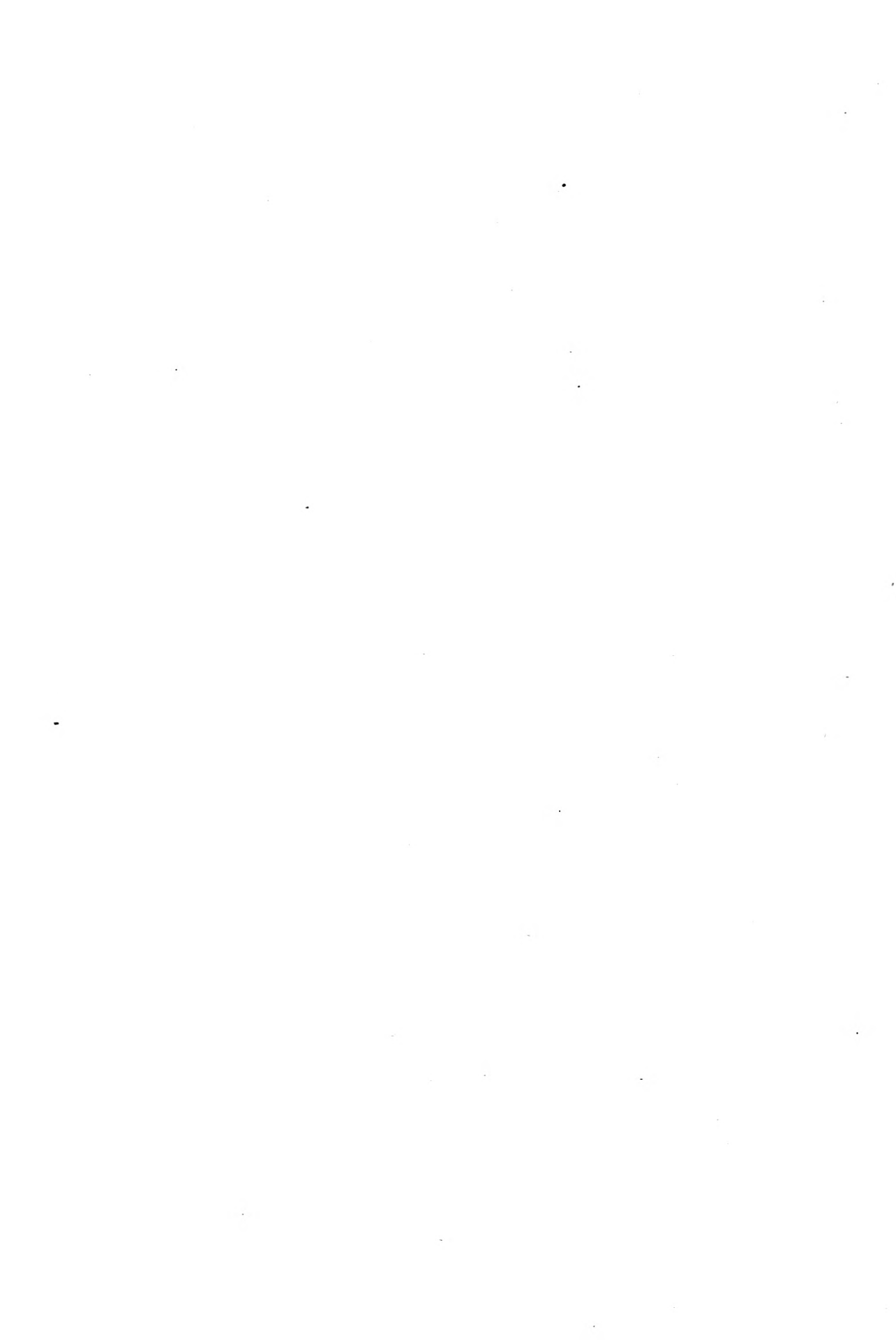
The following from the Missionary report for 1856, gives a graphic picture of the consequences resulting from the continued hostility of the Boers:—

"The Colony of the Cape, under the influence of its present enlightened and benevolent Governor, already exhibits decisive indications of social improvement; and the measures of the Colonial Legislature have generally been distinguished by a spirit of equity and conciliation towards the coloured classes to which aforesaid they have been strangers. In the Eastern District, indeed, sustained by the influence of the Graham's Town Journal, the old calumnies continue to be reiterated against the Missionaries of our Society, and the Native tribes, especially such as are connected with the Missionary Institutions; but it is hoped that the Hottentots and Fingoes, who have embraced the Gospel, will be enabled by well doing to put to silence the ignorance and malignity of their calumniators.

"Beyond the present boundary of British rule, however, the treaty formed in the year 1852 with the Trans Vaal Boers by Major Hogg and Mr. Owen, the Commissioners of our Government, threatens the most dangerous results to the liberty and lives of the aborigines. It will be remembered that while, by this treaty, there was granted to these old adversaries of British interests the free importation from the Colony of fire-arms and ammunition, the same right was strictly denied to the Native tribes; and thus they were left without the means of self-defence against the hostile aggressions of these invaders of their country. The influence on the minds of the natives, thus delivered over to the tender mercies of their enemies, will be seen in the burning words of a Native Chief addressed to Mr. Moffat:—

"Do you not see," said he, "that, without a fault on our part, we have been shot down like game? Do you not see that we are reduced to poverty by the Boers, who are eating our meat, and drinking our milk?" and, raising his voice to a higher key, he asked—"Where are our children? When fathers and mothers lie down at night they ask—'Where are our children?' and when they rise in the morning they ask—'Where are our sons and our daughters?' and because there is none to answer they weep. They have wept this morning, they will weep again to-night. Are the Boers to be permitted to kill us that our children may become their slaves? Did we ever injure them? If we did, let the Boer whom we injured, or whose sheep and goats we stole, come and bear witness. Is it because we have not white skins that we are to be destroyed like *libatana* (beasts of prey). Why do the





English assist the Boers? Why do they give them power over lands that are not theirs to give? Why do the English supply them with ammunition when they know the Boers? You have spoken about what the word of God says; have not the English the word of God? and have not the Boers the Word of God? Are we alone to obey the Word of God because we are black? Are white people not to obey the Word of God because they are white? We are told that the English love all men. They give or sell ammunition, horses, and guns to the Boers, who have red teeth,* to destroy us; and if we ask to buy powder we can get none; no! no! no! black men must have no ammunition, they must serve the white man. Is this their love? The English are not friends to the black man. If I am accusing the English or the Boers falsely tell me. Are these things not so? You know all these things better than we do!"

"From the sorrowful statement of our experienced and judicious Missionary it will appear that these complaints, though strongly uttered, were not exaggerated, and that it is indeed difficult to overrate the future consequences of this ill-judged and unrighteous measure on the interests and existence of the Natives. On this painful subject Mr. Moffat observes:—

"As to whether the countries through which I have passed are likely soon to become fields for Missionary operation I am anything but sanguine. Of *the willingness of the natives* themselves to receive instruction no doubt need be entertained; but at present the prospect is anything but encouraging. Past events show to a demonstration that between the natives and the Trans Vaal Boers there can be no peace, until the former, as far as they can be reached, shall become the vassals of the latter, whose transactions have hitherto been characterised by a deep-rooted enmity to all missionary operations. Why these things are permitted is a problem beyond the wisdom of man to solve; but of one thing we are assured, that the atrocities which of late years have been carried on in the interior are not unnoticed by him who has said, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

"The Mission Churches *within the Colony*, composed chiefly of Hottentots, formerly the slaves of the Colonists, are acquiring consolidation and strength. Since the enjoyment of their freedom they have improved in industry, and have reaped those advantages which it never fails to secure; in many instances they have purchased land, erected comfortable dwellings, and made great advances in all the comforts of civilized life."

The following from Mr. Moffat's report, published in 1851, is in striking contrast with the account he gave of his early experiences at Kuruman, which we quoted in a previous chapter:—

"Our public services, especially on the Sabbath, are well attended; and I

* Teeth red with blood implies great cruelty.

am sure, were you to witness the decorum and fixed attention which characterize our congregations, you would say, what I am often induced to say, such hearers surely cannot always remain hearers only. Knowledge, it is also true, is increasing, and probably extending to a degree we are not aware of. Very great advances have been made in civilization; so that, were those persons who saw the state of things as I saw them at the commencement of the mission, to see them now, they would be amazed at the transformation. But we long to witness more life and energy in the native character. We could wish to see our members more in earnest, and concerned for the salvation of those around them. This season has been one of great drought. Nine months without rain, and no native harvest except on irrigated spots. This, with the general want of grass, and consequent want of milk, has, of course, a very depressing influence on the native mind. We are thankful that rains have begun to fall, and if they continue, there is still time for the hills and plains to be covered with verdure. We are all as busy as we well can be. All my time spared from public engagements is taken up with the work of translation. Brother Ashton, also, when not occupied in direct missionary work, and the charge of the school, is constantly employed in the printing and bookbinding department, besides assisting to correct for the press. A new edition of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Isaiah, has just been printed. I am at the present moment engaged in revising the smaller prophets, Genesis, Exodus, and Deuteronomy, and nearly all the Leviticus, in MS. The work has many interruptions. But if we do not accomplish all we wish, we have the satisfaction that we are doing all we can for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom."

CHAPTER V.

The Kalahari Desert.—Sekomi and his People.—Discovers Lake Ngami.—Visits Sebituane.—Death of Sebituane.—Discovers the Zambesi.

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

The Kalahari desert, which lay between the travellers and the goal of their hopes, covers a space of country extending from the Orange River in the south about 29°, to Lake Ngami in the north, and from about 24° east longitude to near the west coast. It is not strictly speaking a desert, as it is covered with coarse grass and several kinds of creeping plants, with here and there clumps of wood and patches of bushes. It is intersected by dry water-courses, which rarely contain any water, although at no distant period they were the channels by which the superabundant waters caused by the rains farther north found their way to some parent stream, fertilizing the country in their passage. But for the number of bulbous plants which are edible, human life could not be sustained in this now arid region, unless during the most favourable seasons. The more prominent of these are a scarlet-coloured cucumber; the *leroshua*, a small plant with long narrow leaves and a stalk no thicker than the stem of a tobacco pipe, springing from a tuber from four to six inches in diameter, which, "when the rind is removed, we found to be a mass of cellular tissue, filled with a fluid much like that of a young turnip." The *mokuri*, another plant of the same kind, is a creeping plant, to which are attached several tubers as large as a man's head. The water melon is the most important and abundant of these edible plants, vast tracts being literally covered with it in seasons when the rainfall has been larger than ordinary, when it serves both as meat and drink to the passing travellers and their oxen, and affords a plentiful support to the numerous families and little colonies of Bushmen, who have taken refuge in the desert.

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

Tribes of Bushmen, whom Livingstone imagines to be the aborigines of South Africa, inhabit the desert, and a tribe of Bechuanas, called Bakalahari, who had been driven into the desert by the more powerful tribes of their own nation, he also found settled there enjoying that liberty which was denied them in more salubrious regions. The Bushmen are nomadic in their habits, never cultivating the soil but following the herds of game from place to place. Their only domestic animal is a breed of native dogs which assist them in hunting, and which have sadly deteriorated in consequence of the privations to which they along with their masters are exposed.

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

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

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

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

Sekomi was visited after this period by Mr. Gordon Cumming, who carried a message and a present to him from Dr. Livingstone. The appearance of the great chief did not impress Mr. Cumming favourably, he says:—"He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was of middle stature; his distinguishing feature was a wall-eye, which imparts to his countenance a roguish look that does not belie the cunning and deceitful character of the man. As he came up to the waggons, I met and shook hands with him, and wanted him to partake of coffee with me. I could see that he was enchanted at my arrival. He talked at a very rapid pace, and assumed an abrupt and rather dictatorial manner, occasionally turning round and cracking jokes with his councillors and nobility. He was very anxious to ascertain from Isaac the contents of the waggons, and he said that he would buy everything I had brought, and that he would give me a large bull elephant's tusk for each of my muskets."

Mr. Cumming proved the chief's match at a bargain-making, and succeeded in getting his own price for muskets, viz., three tusks for a single musket,

with some powder and a bullet mould thrown in. The value of the single tusk was £30, and the value of a musket £16. The ivory was originally bought by Sekomi on far better terms than these. They were procured from the Bushmen for a few beads, and small articles of daily use among them, and they were carried for many miles by a colony of poor Bakalahari who were subject to him, and who did all his carrying almost without fee or reward.

Previous to this, muskets were almost unknown among them, and the delight of the chief and his head men at becoming possessed of some, was similar to that of a boy when he gets his first pop-gun. "He insisted on discharging each of the muskets as he bought it. It was amusing to see the manner in which he performed this operation. Throwing back his kaross, and applying the stock to his naked shoulder, he shut his good eye, and kept the wall-eye open, to the intense amusement of the Hottentots who were his instructors on the occasion. Each report caused the utmost excitement and merriment among the warriors, who pressed forward and requested that they also might be permitted to try their skill with these novel implements of war."

Sekomi was visited by Mr. James Chapman, author of "Travels in the interior of South Africa," several years after the period of Mr. Cumming's visit. He did not appear to have profited much by the visits of civilized travellers. Mr. Chapman entertained him to breakfast. He says:—

"He seemed not at all at home in the use of knife and fork. Plunging the fork into his meat, he held it up in the air, and cut slices from it, which went flying in all directions, falling on the heads of his admiring followers. I advised him to put the meat on his plate and cut it there; but he soon upset the plate, which lay in his lap, and, nearly plunging the fork into his thigh, spilt the gravy over his naked legs, to be licked off by his nearest follower." The chief had with him a sorcerer, or medicine-man, who is thus described:—

"His neck was ornamented with armlets of lions', lizards', and other reptiles' claws, with snakes' heads and roots, supposed to possess infallible remedies against injuries which the evil-disposed may contemplate against the chief or his tribe. Four small pieces of ivory, figured over with black spots, are used as dice; and at any time when they feel disposed to look into the past or future these dice are consulted, the natives believing implicitly in the pretended prophecies, instead of obeying the dictates of reason and prudence when assailed by danger."

Mr. Chapman relates an instance of magnanimous conduct on the part of Sekomi in sparing the life of a Boer, after the attack on Sechele's town had exasperated the natives to such a degree that every Boer caught on their territory was remorselessly slain. Vilogen, a Boer, who had been in the habit of visiting and trading with Sekomi, arrived with Mr. Chapman at the headquarters of the chief immediately after he had heard of the attack upon Sechele

and his tribe. In sparing his life and dismissing him, Sekomi addressed him to the following effect :—

“ You have ever been kind to me and my people ; your life is spared ; although, if I mistake not, had you been at home you would have joined your countrymen in this unjust war, and after you get home, you will, in all probability, come back and kill me, that is nothing. Go, and carry my defiance to your countrymen. I know I have but one year to live, and will prepare myself to die—but to die the death of a warrior. Go, tell those who left you to be killed, that he who should have done the deed has been your preserver. Sleep well this night, and as the day dawns I shall supply you with a faithful guide. Make for the Limpopo ; from thence cross the Mariqua, and proceed cautiously along the southern banks homewards. Sechele’s men are waiting outside to see you killed, and expect to take back the tidings. They have come here to urge me to do it, but I will not stain my hands with the blood of a friend.”

Mr. Chapman also succeeded in inducing Sekomi to spare the lives of a party of Boers, who were returning from hunting in the interior. When told that the English people considered it cowardly to kill defenceless enemies, the chief replied :—“ Fear not, I have heard your mouth, and, although I have been advised by many to kill them, as they are the worst of the Boers belonging to Enslin’s party, who have done great injuries to the black tribes, and deserve death by our law, and although our kindred have been murdered by our friends at home, still I will take your advice, and not be the first aggressor. I shall, nevertheless, let the Boers know of my displeasure, and, being determined to have no friendly intercourse with them, I shall warn them to keep beyond the limits of my boundary on pain of death.”

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

After reaching the river Zouga their further progress was easy, as they had only to follow its course to find the object of their search, from which it appeared to flow. Sebituane had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, an injunction which did not appear to be needed to ensure them kindly treatment at the hands of the Bayeiye as they were called. On inquiring from whence a large river which

flows into the Zouga from the north came from, Livingstone was told that it came "from a country full of rivers—so many that no one can tell their number." This was the first confirmation of the reports he had previously received from travelled Bakwains, and satisfied him that Central Africa was not a "large sandy plateau," but a land teeming with life and traversed by watery highways, along which Christianity and commerce and the arts of peace would in the future be conveyed to vast regions never as yet visited by civilized man. From that moment the desire to penetrate into that unknown region became more firmly rooted in his mind; and his enthusiastic hopes found vent in his letters to England, to his friends and correspondents.

On the 1st of August, 1849, Livingstone and his companions stood on the shore of Lake Ngami, and the existence of that fine sheet of water was established. It is almost a hundred miles in circumference, and at one time must have been of far greater extent, and it was found to be about two thousand feet above the level of the sea from which it is eight hundred miles distant. They found flocks of water-birds in and about the lake and the country in the neighbourhood of it, and the river running into it abounded in animal life. This was the first successful exploration of Livingstone, which drew the attention of the general public towards him, and for a period of twenty-five years, he was destined to engage the public attention to an extent unprecedented in the annals of modern travel and adventure. Finding it impossible, from the unfriendliness of Lechulatche, chief of the Batawana tribe, to visit Sebituane, as he had intended, the travellers passed up the course of the Zouga, the banks of which they found to be plentifully covered with vegetation and splendid trees, some of them bearing edible fruits. Wild indigo and two kinds of cotton they found to be abundant. The natives make cloth of the latter, which they dye with the indigo. Elephants, hippopotami, zebras, giraffes, and several varieties of antelopes were found in great abundance. A species of the latter, which is never found at any distance from watery or marshy ground, hitherto unknown to naturalists, was met with in considerable numbers. Several varieties of fish abound in the river, which are caught by the natives in nets, or killed with spears. Some of these attain to a great size, weighing as much as a hundred-weight.

The following letter was addressed by Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary, London Missionary Society:—

" Banks of the River Zouga, 3rd September, 1849.

" DEAR SIR,—I left my station, Kolobeng (situate 25° South lat., 26° East long.) on the 1st of June last, in order to carry into effect the intention of which I had previously informed you—viz., to open a new field in the North, by penetrating the great obstacle to our progress, called the Desert, which, stretching away on our west, north-west, and north, has hitherto presented an insurmountable barrier to Europeans.

“A large party of Griquas, in about thirty waggons, made many and persevering efforts at two different points last year; but though inured to the climate, and stimulated by the prospect of much gain from the ivory they expected to procure, want of water compelled them to retreat.

“Two gentlemen, to whom I had communicated my intention of proceeding to the oft-reported lake beyond the Desert, came from England for the express purpose of being present at the discovery, and to their liberal and zealous co-operation we are especially indebted for the success with which that and other objects have been accomplished. While waiting for their arrival seven men came to me from the Batavana, a tribe living on the banks of the lake, with an earnest request from their chief for a visit. But the path by which they had come to Kolobeng was impracticable for waggons; so, declining their guidance, I selected the more circuitous route by which the Bermangucato usually pass, and having Bakwains for guides, their self-interest in our success was secured by my promising to carry any ivory they might procure for their chiefs in my waggon; and right faithfully they performed their task.

“When Sekomi, the Bermangucato chief, became aware of our intention to pass into the regions beyond him, with true native inhumanity he sent men before us to drive away all the Bushmen and Bakalahari from our route, in order that, being deprived of their assistance in the search for water, we might, like the Griquas above mentioned, be compelled to return. This measure deprived me of the opportunity of holding the intercourse with these poor outcasts I might otherwise have enjoyed. But through the good providence of God, after travelling about three hundred miles from Kolobeng, we struck on a magnificent river on the 4th of July, and without further difficulty, in so far as water was concerned, by winding along its banks nearly three hundred miles more, we reached the Batavana, on the Lake Ngami, by the beginning of August.

“Previous to leaving this beautiful river on my return home, and commencing our route across the Desert, I feel anxious to furnish you with the impressions produced on my mind by it and its inhabitants, the Bakoba or Bayeye. They are a totally distinct race from the Bechuanas. They call themselves Bayeye (or men), while the term Bakoba (the name has somewhat of the meaning of ‘slaves’) is applied to them by the Bechuanas. Their complexion is darker than that of the Bechuanas, and of 300 words I collected of their language, only 21 bear any resemblance to Sichuana. They paddle along the rivers and lake in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of single trees; take fish in nets made of a weed which abounds on the banks; and kill hippopotami with harpoons attached to ropes. We greatly admired the frank manly bearing of these inland sailors. Many of them spoke Sichuana fluently, and while the waggon went along the bank I greatly enjoyed follow-

ing the windings of the river in one of their primitive craft, and visiting their little villages among the reeds. The banks are beautiful beyond any we had ever seen, except perhaps some parts of the Clyde. They are covered in general with gigantic trees, some of them bearing fruit, and quite new. Two of the Baobab variety measured 70 to 76 feet in circumference. The higher we ascended the river the broader it became, until we often saw more than 100 yards of clear deep water between the broad belt of reeds which grow in the shallower parts. The water was clear as crystal, and as we approached the point of junction with other large rivers *reported to exist* in the North, it was quite soft and cold. The fact that the Zouga is connected with large rivers coming from the North awakens emotions in my mind which make the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight. It opens the prospect of a highway capable of being quickly traversed by boats to a large section of well-peopled territory. The hopes which that prospect inspires for the benighted inhabitants might, if uttered, call forth the charge of enthusiasm—a charge, by the way, I wish I deserved, for nothing good or great, either in law, religion, or physical science, has ever been accomplished without it: however, I do not mean the romantic, flighty variety, but that which impels with untiring energy to the accomplishment of its object. I do not wish to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality, but I hope to be permitted to work, so long as I live, beyond other men's line of things, and plant the seed of the gospel where others have not planted; though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months. Kolobeng will be supplied by native teachers during these times of absence; and when we have given the Bakwains a fair trial it will probably be advisable for all to move onward.

“One remarkable feature in this river is its periodical rise and fall. It has risen nearly 3 feet in height since our arrival, and this is the dry season. That the rise is not caused by rains is evident from the water being so pure. Its purity and softness increased as we ascended towards its junction with the Tamunakle, from which, although connected with the lake, it derives the present increased supply. The sharpness of the air caused an amazing keenness of appetite, at an elevation of little more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea (water boiled at $207\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ thermometer) and the reports of the Bayeiye, that the waters came from a mountainous region, suggested the conclusion that the increase of water at the beginning and middle of the dry season must be derived from melting snow.

“All the rivers reported to the north of this have Bayeiye upon them, and there are other tribes upon their banks. To one of these, after visiting the Batavana, and taking a peep at the broad part of the lake, we directed our course. But the Batavana Chief managed to obstruct us by keeping all strangers passing *them to tribes beyond*. Sebituane, the chief, who in former

years saved the life of Sechele, *our* chief, lives about ten days north-east of the Batavana. The latter sent a present as a token of gratitude. This would have been a good introduction; the knowledge of the language, however, is the *best* we can have. I endeavoured to construct a raft at a part which was only 50 or 60 yards wide, but the wood, though sun-dried, was so heavy it sunk immediately; another kind would not bear my weight, although a considerable portion of my person was under water. I could easily have swam across, and fain would have done it; but landing without clothes, and then demanding of the Bakoba the loan of a boat, would scarcely be the thing for a messenger of peace, even though no alligator met me in the passage. These and other thoughts were revolving in my mind as I stood in the water—for most sorely do I dislike to be beaten—when my kind and generous friend, Mr. Oswell, with whom *alone* the visit to Sebituane was to be made, offered to bring up a boat at his own expense from the Cape, which, after visiting the chief and coming round the north end of the lake, would become missionary property. To him and our other companion, Mr. Murray, I feel greatly indebted; *for the chief's expense of the journey has been borne by them.* They could not have reached this point without my assistance; but for the aid they have rendered in opening up this field, I feel greatly indebted; and should any public notice be taken of this journey, I shall feel obliged to the directors if they express my thankfulness.

“The Bayeiye or Bakoba listened to the statements made from the Divine Word with great attention, and, if I am not mistaken, seemed to understand the message of mercy delivered better than any people to whom I have preached for the *first* time. They have invariably a great many charms in the villages; stated the name of God in their language (without the least hesitation) to be ‘Oreaja,’ mentioned the name of the first man and woman, and some traditionary statements respecting the flood. I shall not, however, take these for certain till I have more knowledge of their language. They are found dwelling among the reeds all round the lake and on the banks of all the rivers to the north.

“With the periodical flow of the rivers, great shoals of fish descend. The people could give no reason for the rise of the water, further than that a chief, who lives in a part of the country to the north, called Mazzekiva, kills a man annually, and throws his body into the stream, after which the water begins to flow. When will they know Him who was slain, that whosoever will may drink of the water of life freely?

“The sketch, which I enclose, is intended to convey an idea of the River Zouga and the Lake Ngami. The name of the latter is pronounced as if written with the Spanish N, the *g* being inserted to show that the ringing sound is required. The meaning is ‘Great water.’ The latitude taken by a sextant, on which I can fully depend, was 20° 20′ S., at the north-east extremity,

where it is joined by the Zouga; longitude about 24° E. *We do not, however, know it with certainty.* We left our waggon near the Batavana town, and rode on horseback about six miles beyond to the broad part. It gradually widens out into a Frith, about 15 miles across, as you go south from the town, and in the south south-west presents a large horizon of water. *It is reported* to be about 70 miles in length, bends round to the north-west, and there receives another river similar to the Zouga. The Zouga runs to the north-east. The thorns were so thickly planted near the upper part of this river that we left all our waggons standing about 180 miles from the lake, except that of Mr. Oswell, in which we travelled the remaining distance. But for this precaution our oxen would have been unable to return. I am now standing at a tribe of Bakurutse, and shall in a day or two re-enter the desert.

“The principal disease reported to prevail at certain seasons appears from the account of the symptoms the natives give to be pneumonia, and not fever. When the wind rises to an ordinary breeze, such immense clouds of dust arise from the numerous dried-out lakes, called salt pans, that the whole atmosphere becomes quite yellow, and one cannot distinguish objects more than two miles off. It causes irritation in the eyes, and as wind prevails almost constantly at certain seasons, this impalpable powder may act as it does among the grinders in Sheffield. We observed cough among them, a complaint almost unknown at Kolobeng. Mosquitoes swarm in summer, and banyan and palmyra trees give in some parts an Indian cast to the scenery. Who will go in to possess this goodly land in the name of Him whose right it is to reign?”

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.”

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

Writing of this journey from Kolobeng, August 24, 1850, Livingstone says:—

“Mrs. Livingstone and Mebalwe, the native teacher, had joined in my desire to visit Sebituane; and Sechele, our chief, having purchased a waggon, the first service he wished it to perform was to place him in presence of the man who, in former years, when assaulting the Bakwain town, ordered his followers to be sure and spare the lives of the sons of Mochoasele (Sechele’s father). The attack having been made in the dark, Sechele was badly wounded, and lay insensible till the morning. When recognised, Sebituane

gave orders to his doctors to attend to the wounds, and subsequently restored him to liberty. Had we succeeded in reaching Sebituane, the interview between the two chiefs might have been interesting. Our chief sent a present to his former benefactor last year, but his messengers were prevented going in the same way that we were. They have been more successful this year; so, though we have not been able to go as far as we intended, we are thankful to hear that the way has been opened by them.

“Having no apprehension that Sekomi would throw obstacles in our way, we visited his tribe both in going and returning. As he is an old friend, I apologised for passing to the westward of him in our last trip, on the ground that, as I knew he was very much opposed to our finding a passage to the lake (he having twice refused our request to pass), I had determined to go in spite of him, and yet without contention. He replied, ‘U’ntsitle, mi kia boka’ (You beat me, and I thank you, or acknowledge it). His entire conduct was the opposite of what it was last year. We had more intercourse with the Bakalahari, especially with the inhabitants of a large village about 40 miles N. of the Bamangwato; and as we passed through their country in April, before the pools, which are usually filled by the rains, are dried up, we suffered no inconvenience from want of water. After visiting the Bakarutse, who live at the lower end of the Zouga, we crossed that river, and ascended on its northern bank. Our intention in passing along the northern bank of the Zouga was to follow the course of the Tamunakle until we reached Sebituane, but, when near the junction of the two rivers, we were informed by a Bakhoba chief named Palane, that the fly called ‘tsetse’ abounded on the Tamunakle. As its bite is fatal to oxen, horses, and dogs, though harmless to men and goats, and we had no more oxen than were sufficient to draw our waggons, I proposed proceeding alone; but Mrs. L. preferring to wait during my absence among the Batavana, we recrossed the Zouga, and went down towards the lake. Sechulathebe, the chief, furnished guides, and informed us that the distance would be performed partly by land and partly by water, as the Tamunakle had a very zigzag course; that the riding ox would certainly die soon after I returned, in consequence of being bitten by the fly, and promised to furnish my family with meat during my absence, but objected to Sechele going along with me, because his messenger had not yet returned to tell how Sebituane’s mind stood affected towards him. Everything seemed favourable, and, before starting, I took my wife down to take a peep at the lake. We felt rather more curiosity than did an Englishman who came to buy ivory from the Batavana, for, although within six miles of it, he informed us that he had never visited it. On the day following our driver and leader were laid up by fever, and subsequently to that two of our children, and several of the people besides; a young English artist, Mr. Rider, who had taken some views of the lake scenery, and a Hottentot belonging to another

party, died of it. As the malaria seemed to exist in a more concentrated form near the Ngami than in any other part, we were compelled to leave, after spending two Sundays with the Batavana; and as the time at my command would have been spent before I could safely leave my people, the fever and the fly (the tsetse) forced me to return to Kolobeng. I was mistaken last year in supposing the epidemic, of which we heard, to be pneumonia; there is undoubtedly a greater amount of cough on the river than at Kolobeng, but the disease which came under my observation this year was real marsh-fever. The paludal miasma is evolved every year as the water begins to flow and moisten the banks of vegetable matter. When the river and lake are full the fever ceases, but it begins again when evaporation has proceeded so far as to expose the banks to the action of the sun. Our visit was made last year when the river was nearly at its height; but the lake had now retired about 20 feet from the spot on which we stood last year; this might be about 3 feet in perpendicular height. In the natives, the effects of the poison imbibed into the system appear most frequently in the form of a bilious fever, and they generally recover after a copious evacuation of bile. In some it appears as continued fever. In a child there was the remittent form, while in two cases it was simply intermittent. In one case the vascular system of the abdomen was greatly affected, and the patient became jaundiced and died; in another there were only muscular pains and rapid decline of strength; while in several others there was only pain in the head, which a dose of quinine removed. Mr. Wilson, an enterprising trader, who had it in its most severe form, had several violent fits of intermittent fever when recovering from the other, while at a distance of 400 miles from the lake. This disease seems destined to preserve intertropical Africa for the black races of mankind. If the Boers, who have lately fallen upon the plan of waylaying travellers between Kuruman and this, should attempt to settle on either lake or river, they would soon find their graves. As the Ngami is undoubtedly a hollow compared to Kolobeng, and the Teoge, a river which falls into the lake at its N.W. extremity, is reported to flow with great rapidity, the region beyond must be elevated. A salubrious spot must be found before we can venture to form a settlement: but that alone will not suffice, for Kolobeng is 270 miles by the trochameter from Kuruman, and the lake by the same instrument is 600 miles beyond this station. *We must have a passage to the sea on either the eastern or western coast.* I have hitherto been afraid to broach the project, but as you are aware, the Bechuana mission was virtually shut up in a cul-de-sac on the North by the Desert, and on the East by the Boers. The Rev. Mr. Fridoux, of Motito, lately endeavoured to visit the Ramapela, and was forcibly turned back by an armed party. You at home are accustomed to look upon a project as half finished when you have secured the co-operation of the ladies. Well, then, my better half has promised me

twelve months' leave of absence for mine. Without promising anything, I mean to follow a useful motto in many circumstances and 'try again.'

"The following information, gleaned from intelligent natives, may be interesting and probably is not far from the truth, as they could have no object in deceiving me. The Ngami is merely a reservoir for the surplus waters of a much larger lake or marsh, containing numerous islands, about 150 or 200 miles beyond. Sebituane, who was defeated by the Griquas near Motito or Latakoo, in 1824, lives on one of these islands. The river, which falls into the Ngami at its N.W. extremity, is called the Teoge; it runs with so much rapidity that canoes ascend with great difficulty, and when descending no paddling is required, as the force of the current suffices to bring the boats down. Large trees are frequently brought down, and even springboks and other antelopes have been seen whirling round and round in the middle of the stream, as it hurried on their carcasses to the lake. But this flow only occurs at one period of the year, and whence the increase of water in the upper lake is derived no one can tell. Other rivers are reported as existing beyond Sebituane's district, and a large population is said to live on their banks. The names of these tribes are: Bagomae, Barovaia, Barosia, Batongka, Banambia, Banani, Bazatoa, Bachorongka, and Babiko. The people of the last-named tribe are famed for their skill in manufactures, are lighter in colour than the Bakhoba, and have longer hair and beards. All the iron used among the people near the lake comes from the North. Though the Bakhoba are much more inquisitive than the Bechuanas, I never met with one who had even heard of the existence of the sea. They had heard of a people whom we conjectured to be Portuguese, and we saw an old coat which we believed to be of Portuguese manufacture. Although we have seen the Zouga flowing and even rising considerably, the natives assert that soon after the small reservoir near the Bakurutse villages, called Kumatao, is filled by the Zouga, the latter ceases to flow, the rains do not affect it in the least, and in many parts its bed becomes quite dry. This is also the case, according to report, with the Tamunakle and Teoge. During a certain portion of the year the beds of these rivers exhibit only a succession of pools with dry patches between them. The fishes, which we saw so abundant in July and August last year, had not descended from the North in June. The Bakhoba seemed quite sure they would appear in the month following, and they enumerated nine varieties of them in the lake and rivers, two of which are said to attain occasionally the length of a man. Of the five varieties which came under our observation four were very good eating; the fifth, the *Glanis siluris*, had attained a length of about 3 feet. Crocodiles, or alligators, and hippopotami are also found, but the latter are now scarce in consequence of the Bakhoba frequently hunting them; they kill them by means of a large harpoon, to which a strong rope is attached, in somewhat the same manner as whalers do. They use nets made of the libiscus, baskets,

and assegais (spears) for killing fish; their canoes are flat-bottomed, and scooped out of single trees. The banks of the river are in many parts lined with trees of gigantic growth. I observed twelve quite new to us at Kolobeng. The banyan and palmyra were recognised as Indian trees by our friend Mr. Oswell; the baobab, the body of which gives one the idea of a mass of granite from its enormous size, yields a fruit about the size of a quart-bottle; the pulp between the seeds tastes like cream of tartar, and it is used by the natives to give a flavour to their porridge. Three others bear edible fruits, one of which, called 'moporotla,' yields a fruit, an unripe specimen of which measures $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and $7\frac{1}{2}$ in circumference; the seeds are roasted and eaten, and the body of the tree is used for making canoes. Another, called 'motsouri,' is a beautiful tree, and very much resembles the orange, but we did not see the fruit. The natives pound the root of a kind of flag, and obtain flour not greatly inferior to that from wheat in taste and appearance; this flag is called 'tsitla,' and grows abundantly on both lake and river. The root of a water-lily is likewise used as a vegetable, but it is not so agreeable as the tsitla. The people sow when the river has risen high enough to moisten the soil of the flats in which their gardens are situated; they do not require to wait for rain, as the other tribes must do, for they have good crops, though but little rain falls. Rain-makers are consequently at a discount among the Bakhoba. Besides the usual native produce they cultivate an excellent ground-nut.

"The banks of the Zouga are studded with pitfalls, which the Bakhoba dig for the purpose of killing game. Some of these are very neatly smeared over with mud, and if a sharp look out is not kept, one finds himself at the bottom with the sand running down on him, as the first intimation of the presence of the trap; they are from 8 to 10 feet in depth, and the wild animals are so much afraid of them that they drink during the night, and immediately depart to the desert. Elephants abound in large numbers, but previous to our first visit the ivory was of no value; the tusks were left in the field with the other bones. I saw 13 which had been thus left, and which were completely spoiled by the weather. In our first visit the Batavana would have preferred to sell a tusk for a few beads to parting with a goat for twice the amount; they soon, however, acquired a knowledge of the value of ivory. In one village the headman informed me that two of his wives had been killed by elephants entering the village during the night and turning over the huts, apparently by way of amusement. Besides elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, &c., we observed a new species of antelope, called 'leche;' it is rather larger than the pallali, the horns in shape are like those of the waterbuck, the colour of the skin is a beautiful brownish yellow, and its habits are those of the waterbuck. Mr. Oswell has this year secured a new variety of the koodoo.



AN OASIS IN THE SAHARA

“The country beyond the Bamangwato, so far as we have penetrated, is quite flat, only intersected here and there by the dry beds of ancient rivers. The desert does not deserve its name, excepting from its want of water, for it is usually covered with abundance of grass, bushes, and trees; nor is it destitute of inhabitants, as both men and animals exist in considerable numbers. Man, however, has a hard struggle to keep soul and body together. The Bakalahari children are usually distinguished by their large protruding abdomen, and ill-formed legs and arms; their listless eye shows that youth has few joys for them. Although much oppressed by the Bechuanas, who visit them annually in order to collect skins, they are often at variance among themselves. They obtain water in certain hollow parts called “sucking-places,” where there is a stratum of wet sand about 3 feet below the surface, by means of a reed. A bunch of grass is tied round one end of it, to act as a sort of filter; this is inserted in the wet sand and that which was taken out in making the hole is firmly rammed down around it. The mouth applied to the free extremity draws up enough of water to fill a load of ostrich egg-shells. By making wells in these spots we several times obtained water sufficient for our oxen. The natives were always anxious that we should not in digging break through a hard layer at the bottom of the wells, asserting that if we did the water would be lost. The Bushmen of the desert are perhaps the most degraded specimens of the human family: those near the river Zouga look much better; the river supplies them with fish and “tsitla,” and they seem expert in the use of the bow and arrow, for they have killed nearly all the lions. The Botletli are real Bushmen in appearance and language, and about twelve years ago were in possession of large herds of cattle. We saw specimens of the horns of these cattle, which measured from 6 to 8 feet from point to point. The Bushmen are very numerous on all sides of both lake and river, and the language has as much klick as it has further South.

“Of the animals which live in the desert, the eland is, perhaps, the most interesting. It is the largest of the antelope kind, attains the size of a very large ox, and seems wonderfully well adapted for living in that country: for though they do drink a little if they pass near water, they can live for months without a drop: they become very fat, the meat is excellent, and, as they are easily run down by a good horse, it is surprising to me that they have not been introduced into England. The soil is generally sandy; vegetation is not much more luxuriant, except in the immediate vicinity of the river than in this portion of Africa generally. All the rocks we saw consisted of calcareous tufa, travertin, and sandstone. On the banks of the lake there is a rock of igneous origin. The tufa contains no shells, but the salt-pans near the lower end of the Zouga are covered with four varieties of recent shells. It is probable these flats, called salt-pans because sometimes covered with an efflorescence of salt, were reservoirs, such as the Kumatoa is now, at a period when the flow of the

Zouga was greater than it is at present. The country generally is unquestionably drying up. Streams and fountains which, in the memory of persons now living, supplied villages with water, are now only dry water-courses; and as ancient river-beds are now traversed by more modern streams, giving sections which show banks of shells, gravel, and rolled boulders, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to conjecture that an alteration in the elevation of the entire country is taking place. At present, wherever the bed of the Zouga may lead (perhaps towards the Limpopo?), water seldom flows far past the Bakarutse villages."

On the occasion of the third and successful journey, undertaken with the view of meeting Sebituane, his wife and children accompanied him as before. Shobo, a Bushman, undertook to be their guide; but losing his way, his courage failed him, and he refused to proceed, finally disappearing altogether. Driving on at random, the travellers suffered terrible privations. At last knowing that water was near by the number of birds they saw, and the fresh spoor of the rhinoceros, and other animals, they unyoked the oxen, and they knowing the signs, pushed forward until they came to the Matàbe, a tributary of the Tamunakle. Their sufferings were so great for several days that it almost seemed as if his children were doomed to perish before his eyes. This was all the more hard to bear as a supply of water had been wasted by one of the servants. His wife looked at him, despair at the prospect of losing her children in her eyes, but spoke no word of blame. Here the travellers made the acquaintance of that terrible insect, the tsetse, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is of a brown colour, with three or four bars of yellow in the abdomen. Its bite is fatal to the horse, the ox, and the dog. Within a few days the eyes and nose of the bitten animal begin to run, and a swelling appears under the jaws, and sometimes on the belly. Emaciation sets in, and at the end of three months, when the poor beast is only a mass of skin and bone, purging commences, and it dies of sheer exhaustion. Man, and the wild animals which abound in the district, the goat, the mule, and the ass, enjoy a perfect immunity from its bite.

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

In their ignorance they thought little of this; but the death of forty of

their oxen, although not severely bitten, too surely attested his better knowledge.

The great chief Livingstone had so long desired to see was a tall, wiry man, with a deep olive complexion. He belonged originally to the south of Kuruman, where his warlike and undaunted bearing (for he was not born a chief) procured him a small following of bold men, who retreated before the cruel raid of the Griquas in 1824.

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

After he had subdued all the tribes in the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami, his strong desire to open up communication with white men led him to the country of the Zambesi, fighting and conquering every tribe in his line of march. Long before he saw Dr. Livingstone he had determined on opening out a highway for trade with the west coast, and considering the character of the man, we can readily imagine the blow which his untimely death would be to him. No wonder he was adored by all who came in contact with him. Livingstone tells us that, "when a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo around the chief, would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and mixing them in their sight, in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, in a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants included, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. 'He has a heart; he is wise!' were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him," says Livingstone.

He was much gratified at the confidence reposed in him by Livingstone's proposing to leave his wife and children with him, in the event of his pushing further into the interior, or returning to Kolobeng for his household

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

The death of Sebituane was a severe blow to Livingstone. Had he lived, much that was to do which proved difficult, notwithstanding the friendliness of his successor and his people, might have been earlier and more easily accomplished had that noble and enlightened chief lived to second his efforts and possibly share in his journey. "He was," Livingstone says, "the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before, and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly the Judge of all the earth will do right." From sources other than those supplied by Dr. Livingstone, we are enabled to form a very high estimate of the wisdom and humanity of Sebituane. The liberality of his government over the conquered tribes was equalled by his generosity. His policy in war was to spare life as much as possible. If the conquered chief submitted to his rule, he reinstated him in his position, and made him the instrument of carrying out wise laws. At the time of his death the tribes under his rule were living in peaceful and contented dependence. His power was absolute over a wide tract of country, and his rule was so popular that no ambitious rival chief dared, while he lived, attempt to contest his supremacy.

Mr. Chapman thus speaks of Sebituane:—

"He was not only one of the greatest warriors of his nation, but his name is held in respect for his liberal government and generosity to his enemies. He had subjected a great many tribes in these parts, fifteen of which I have heard enumerated. His policy was generally to spare life as much as possible; but the conquered chief he would either kill, or, separating

him from the rest, would place him in a tract of country where he would be always in his power. He would return them their cattle to live on, give them a daughter or relative to wife, and administer his own laws. This liberal plan, unlike that adopted by other tribes, combined with a judicious and uniform treatment, inspired the conquered people with such confidence in, and devotion and reverence for their new chief, that they generally soon preferred his government to the former. In this manner amalgamation took place, and the original tribe of Basutos are now, perhaps, the least of the whole population; and the climate not being congenial to their former habits, they have become the most effeminate of the races under Sekeletu's sway."

The Matabele are very much dreaded by the Bechuanas, and, indeed, by all the neighbouring tribes. They are very blood-thirsty, and when they surprise a village, massacre all the old and middle-aged of both sexes, carrying the young into captivity. No Matabele is looked upon as being a man until he has slain an enemy, and his standing as a warrior is regulated by the number of men he has slain. They sell their captives to the half-caste Portuguese dealers in human flesh, who come up the Zambesi.

Moselekatse, the chief of the Matabele, a warrior nearly as renowned as Sebituane—who had successfully resisted his arms—whose name was a terror to the Bechuanas, and other tribes bordering on his territory, was visited, at his own request, by Mr. Moffat in 1830. Hearing of the white men at Kuruman and their doings, Moselekatse sent two of his head men with some returning traders to invite the great missionary to his town. On his way to visit the chief, Mr. Moffat found a small colony of Bakones, settled among the branches of a huge Baobab tree. He says:—

"My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature, protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others, unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the waggons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which

were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles, about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who having been scattered and plundered by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for firewood.

“As a proof of the necessity of such an expedient as above described, I may add, that during the day, having shot a rhinoceros, we had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night, a large ant-hill was selected for the purpose, and being prepared by excavation and fire, this tit-bit was deposited. During the night, a couple of lions attracted by the roast, drew near, and though it was beyond gun-shot, we could hear them distinctly, as if holding council to wait till the fire went out, to obtain for themselves our anticipated breakfast. As the fire appeared to have gone out altogether, we had given up hope till morning light showed us that the lions had been in earnest, but the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had effectually guarded our steak.”

Mr. Moffat's journey led across many miles of country, which had been devastated by Moselekatse. One of the attendants of a chief man of the latter gave him a graphic account of the overthrow of his tribe by Moselekatse. Pointing to the scantily peopled country around them, he said:—

“There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-coloured cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. ‘I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.’ Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder

heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. The shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle: they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended and killed till their hands were weary of the spear. Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, 'That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle!' 'It is impossible for me,' says Mr. Moffat, 'to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgement. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.'"

Arrived at the town of the great chief, Mr. Moffat was received with much pomp:—

"On riding into the centre of the large fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, we were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, beside two hundred which were concealed in each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. We were beckoned to dismount, which we did, holding our horses' bridles in our hands. The warriors at the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells, and leaping from the earth with kilts around their bodies, hanging like loose tails, and their large shields, frightened our horses. They then joined the circle, falling into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. Here we stood surrounded by warriors, whose kilts were of ape skins, and their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, their shields reaching to their chins, and their heads adorned with feathers.

"Although in the centre of a town all was silent as the midnight hour, while the men were motionless as statues. Eyes only were seen to move, and

there was a rich display of fine white teeth. After some minutes of profound silence, which was only interrupted by the breathing of our horses, the war song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, and they beat time with their feet, producing a sound like hollow thunder, but some parts of it was music befitting the nether regions, especially when they imitated the groanings of the dying on the field of battle, and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. Another simultaneous pause ensued, and still we wondered what was intended, till out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the waggons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. 'The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please.' When the 'moving houses,' as the waggons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the waggon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained, how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. 'My eyes,' he said, 'saw that very hand,' pointing to mine, 'cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them.' A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. 'Does he give medicine to the iron?' was the monarch's inquiry. 'No,' said 'Umbate, 'nothing is used but fire, a hammer, and a chisel.' Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

"Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk, and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honour, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighbouring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth

plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem with long white wands marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration, the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. I could not gratify his vanity by saying I did admire that which excited the most thrilling sensations in his martial bosom, and as to there being balls, public balls, in honour of the great and renowned, I did not choose to acknowledge.

“This public entertainment or display of national glory occupied the greater part of the day, when the chief retired swollen with pride, amidst the deafening shouts of adoring applause, not only of the populace, but of his satraps, who followed at a distance to do him homage at his own abode. Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Buite!* or *Auite!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant,” etc.

Mr. Moffat gives the following account of this Conqueror of the Desert:—

“When a youth his father was the chief of an independent tribe. His people were attacked by one more powerful, and routed. He took refuge under the sceptre of Chaka, who was then rendering his name terrible by deeds of crime. Moselekatse, from his intrepid character, was placed at the head of a marauding expedition, which made dreadful havoc among the northern tribes; but, instead of giving up the whole of the spoils, he made a reserve for himself. This reaching the ears of Chaka, revenge instantly burned in the tyrant's bosom, who resolved to annihilate so daring an aggressor. Moselekatse was half prepared to take flight, and descend on the thickly-peopled regions of the north, like a sweeping pestilence. He escaped, after a desperate conflict with the warriors of Chaka, who killed nearly all the old men, and many of the women. His destructive career among the Bakone tribes has been noticed; but dire as that was, it must have been only a faint transcript of the terror, desolation, and death, which extended to the utmost limits of Chaka's arms. Though but a follower in the footsteps of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native

cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zulu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal (this was Sebituane); and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. Abject representatives came, while I was with him, from the subjugated tribes of the Bamanguato, to solicit his aid against a more distant tribe, which had taken their cattle. By means like these, it may be said, 'He dipped his sword in blood, and wrote his name on lands and cities desolate.' In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger."

Mr. Moffat frequently visited him and his people after this, and was successful in planting Christianity amongst them.

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

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

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Livingston's Letters from Central Africa.—Mr. Clapman on the Country and People Round Lake Ngami.—Journey up the Course of the Zambesi or Lccambye.—Preparations for Journey to the West Coast, &c.

The following letter, dated Banks of the River Zouga, 1st October, 1851, while it repeats to some extent information already given, contains so much interesting matter that we give it entire:—

“ This letter will be forwarded by a party of Griquas who leave this river to-morrow, and proceed direct to Phillippolis. We left our old route at Nahokotsa and proceeded nearly due north, crossed the bed of the Zouga, and certain salt pans remarkable for their extent. One called ‘ Ntivetive ’ was about fifteen miles broad and probably one hundred long. Beyond this we passed through a hard flat country covered with mopane trees, and containing a great number of springs, in limestone rock. A considerable number of Bushmen live in the vicinity, and they seem to have abundance of food. Leaving this district of springs and guided by a Bushman, we crossed an excessively dry and difficult tract of country, and struck a small river called Mabali. Visiting a party of Bushmen and another of Banajoa, we, after some days, reached the Chobe in 18° 20' S., the river on which Sebituane lived. The tsetse (a venomous insect), abounded on the southern bank, and, as the depth is from twelve to fifteen feet, we could not cross with the waggons; the cattle were accordingly taken over to an island, and Mr. Oswell and I proceeded about thirty miles down the river in a canoe. It was propelled by five superior rowers; and to us who are accustomed to bullock waggons, the speed seemed like that of boat races at home.

Sebituane received us kindly, and offered to replace our cattle, which were all believed to be bitten by tsetse. He returned to the waggons with us, and subsequently fell sick, and to our great sorrow, died. He formed one of the party of Mantatees repulsed by the Griquas, at old Lattakoo, and since then he has almost constantly been fighting. He several times lost all his cattle, but, being a man of great ability, managed to keep his people together, and ended his days richer in cattle, and with many more people under his sway, than any other chief we know in Africa. A doctor who attended him interrupted with rudeness when I attempted to speak about death, and his people took him away from the island when not far from his end. Mr. Oswell and I went over to condole

with his people soon after the news of his death came, and they seemed to take our remarks thankfully. We remained two months with them; they are by far the most savage race of people we have seen, but they treated us with uniform kindness, and would have been delighted had we been able to remain with them permanently. Such was my intention when I left Kolobeng, and having understood that there were high lands in that region, to avoid the loss of time which would occur in returning for my family, I resolved that they should accompany me. The deep rivers among which they now live, are a defence to them against the Matabele. To have removed them to the high land would have been rendering them defenceless; and the country itself was so totally different from anything I could have anticipated, I felt convinced that two years alone in it, are required for the successful commencement of a mission. It is for hundreds of miles intersected with numerous rivers, and branches of rivers coming out of these and returning into them again; these are flanked with large reedy, boggy, tracts of country. Where trees abound, if not on an island, the tsetse exists; indeed we seem to have reached the limits of waggon travelling.

“We proceeded on horseback about one hundred miles further than the place where the waggons stood to see the Seshoke or river of the Barotse. It is from three hundred to five hundred yards broad, and at the end of a remarkably dry season, had a very large volume of water in it. The waves lifted the canoes and made them roll beautifully, and brought back old scenes to my remembrance. The town of Seshoke is on the opposite shore; the river itself, as near as we could ascertain by both instruments, $17^{\circ} 28'$ South. It overflows the country periodically for fifteen miles out, contains a waterfall called Mosiatunya (smoke sounds), the spray of which can be seen ten or fifteen miles off. The river of Baslukolompo is about eighty yards wide, and when it falls into the Seshoke the latter is called Zambesi. There are numerous rivers reported to connect the two, and all along the rivers there exists a dense population of a strong black race. That country abounds in corn and honey, and they show much more ingenuity in iron work, basket work, and pottery, than any of the people south of them.

“That which claims particular attention is the fact that the slave trade only began in this region during 1850. A party of people called Mambari, from the west, came to Sebituane bearing a large quantity of English printed and striped cotton clothing, red, green, and blue baize of English manufacture, and with these bought from the different towns about two hundred boys; they had chains and rivets in abundance, and invited the people of Sebituane to go a marauding expedition against the Bashukolompo by saying, you may take all the cattle, we will only take the prisoners. On that expedition they met with some Portuguese, and these gave them three English guns, receiving in return at least thirty slaves. These Portuguese promised to return during

this winter. The people confessed that they felt a repugnance to the traffic, but (the Mambari and Portuguese) refused cattle for their clothing and guns. It seems to me that English manufactures might come up the Zambesi during the months of June, July, and August, or September, by the hands of Englishmen, and for legitimate purposes, as well as by these slave dealers for their unlawful ends. There is no danger from fever if people come after May, and leave before September. The Government might supply information to traders on the coast. I shall write you fully on this subject, as also on another of equal importance, but at which I can only now hint.

“You will see by this accompanying sketch what an immense region God has in His providence opened up. If we can enter in and form a settlement, we shall be able, in the course of a very few years, to put a stop to the slave trade in that quarter. It is probable that the mere supply of English manufactures in this part of the country will effect this, for they did not like it, and promised to abstain. I think it will be impossible to make a fair commencement unless I can secure two years devoid of family cares. I shall be obliged to go southward, perhaps to the Cape, in order to have my uvula excised and my arm mended. It has occurred to me, that as we must send our children to England soon, it would be no great additional expense to send them now along with their mother. This arrangement would enable me to proceed alone, and devote about two, or perhaps three years to this new region; but I must beg your sanction, and if you please, let it be given or withheld as soon as you conveniently can, so that it might meet me at the Cape. To orphanize my children, will be like tearing out my bowels; but when I can find time to write to you fully, you will perceive it is the only way, except giving up the region altogether.”

In the *Missionary Magazine* for June, we have the continuation of his account of his visit to the interior. He says:—

“The confusion which has for a considerable time prevailed on our borders, contains to those who are intimately acquainted with the native tribes, unmistakable evidence of a state of transition; and though not at all anxious to inflict our simple faith as to the ultimate result of the transition process, on those who can see further into a millstone than ourselves, or even desirous to stave off the blame, which such eagerly heap on the agents of the London Missionary Society, we may hint that the process, when conducted by missionaries, untrammelled by the interference of Government, is incomparably the cheapest at least, both with respect to blood and treasure. And the intentions of Providence seem to indicate a wide extension of the process. The Bible will soon be all translated and printed in the Sichuana. The Providence of God fixed the residence of the translator on a spot which became the city of refuge for individuals and families from nearly every tribe in the country. The translation, by this circumstance, became better

adapted for general use, and contains less of a provincial character than it otherwise would have done. It is owing to this circumstance that if a word is objected to, ten to one but the objector is familiar only with a dialect peculiar to a minority of the Bechuana nation.

“Then there is the extensive prevalence of that language and its grammatical exactitude. It is totally different from all European languages, and the Bush or Hottentot. Its forms and inflections are nearly perfect, and tribes, which have through war or other degrading influences lost much of the expressiveness of their dialects, admire the Sichuana Testament on account of the little loss that language has sustained. Sebituane has planted it on the banks of the Zambesi. It is the court language there, as the Norman-French was in our court some centuries ago. He encountered great difficulties in crossing the Kalahari desert. The extreme thirst which his people and cattle underwent in passing along nearly the same route as that at present pursued in our course to the Lake Ngami, resulted in the loss of nearly all his cattle—hundreds in the frenzy of thirst fled back to Mushue, Lopeps, &c., and were captured by tribes living on this side of the desert. He went before us to prepare our way. The existence of the Kalahari desert excludes the shadow of the shade of foundation for the idea that any white man ever crossed it before Mr. Oswell and myself. Even the Griquas, who were well acquainted with the desert, always attempted to go *through* it. Those who succeeded subsequently to the period of our discovery did so with the entire loss of waggons and oxen. The idea of passing, as it were, round the end of the desert instead of through it, never entered any one’s head until we put it in practice.

“In our late journey to the country of Sebituane, or the region situated about two hundred miles beyond the Lake Ngami, we followed our usual route towards the Zouga until we came to Nahokotsa. From thence our course became nearly due north.

“Early on the morning of the 19th of June we found ourselves on the banks of the River Chobe, lat. 18° 20’ south, long. 26° east.

“The extensive regions to the north-north-east and north-west of the Chobe and Sesheke rivers, under the sway of the late Sebituane, and now governed by his people called Makololo, in the name of his daughter, is for hundred of miles nearly a dead level. In passing over one hundred miles from the point where the waggons stood to the River Sesheke, we saw no hill higher than an ant hill. The country is intersected by numerous deep rivers, and adjacent to each of these, immense reedy bogs or swamps stretch away in almost every direction. Oxen cannot pass through these swamps; they sink in up to the belly, and on looking down the holes made by their legs, the parts immediately under the surface are seen to be saturated with water.

“The rivers are not like many in South Africa, mere ‘nullahs,’ con-

taining nothing but sand and stones. All of those we saw contained large volumes of water. The period of our visit happened to be the end of an extraordinary dry season, yet, on sounding the Chobe, we found it to have a regular depth of 15 feet on the side to which the water swung, and of 12 feet on the calm side. The banks below the lowest water mark were more inclined to the perpendicular than those of a canal. It was generally as deep at a foot from the bank as in the middle of the stream. The roots of the reeds and grass seem to prevent it wearing away the land, and in many parts the bank is undermined and hangs over the deep water. Were its course not so very winding, a steam vessel could sail on it. The higher lands in this region are raised only by a few feet above the surrounding level. On these, the people pasture their cattle, make their gardens, and build their towns. The rivers overflow their banks annually. The great drought prevented the usual rise of the water while we were in the country in July, and the people ascribed the non-appearance of the water to the death of their chief. But when the rivers do fill, the whole country is inundated, and must present the appearance of a vast lake with numerous islands scattered over its surface. The numerous branches given off by each of the rivers and the annual overflow of the country, explain the reports we had previously heard of 'Linokanoka' (rivers upon rivers), and 'large waters' with numerous islands in them. The Chobe must rise at least 10 feet in perpendicular height before it can reach the dykes built for catching fish, situated about a mile from its banks, and the Sesheke must rise 15 or 20 feet before it overflows its banks. Yet, Mr. Oswell and I saw unmistakeable evidence of that overflow, reaching about 15 miles out. We were fortunate in visiting the country at the end of a remarkably dry year, but even then the amount of zigzag necessary to avoid the numerous branches of the rivers—the swamps and parts infested by the tsetse—would have frittered away the only season in which further progress, by means of waggons, would have been practicable. As the people traverse the country in every direction in their canoes, and even visit their gardens in them, a boat may be indispensable in the equipment of future travellers.

“The soil seemed fruitful. It is generally covered with rank coarse grass; but many large and beautiful trees adorn the landscape. Most of these were to us entirely new. We claimed acquaintance, however, with the gigantic Baobab, which raises its enormous arms high above all the other forest trees, and makes them by the contrast appear like bushes below it. Large numbers of date trees and palmyras grow on the road to Sesheke. The former were in blossom at the time of our visit, and we saw date seeds under them. Of the new trees, some were very beautiful evergreens; and in addition to numbers of large parasitical plants, we observed two of the orchidian family. One splendid fruit tree particularly attracted our notice, but, unfortunately, all the seeds (about the size of peach stones) were broken

by some animal. In addition to the usual grains grown by the natives, they raise large numbers of a kind of earth-nut called 'motuohatsi' (man of the earth). It is sweet when roasted in the ashes and also when boiled. It has grown well at Kuruman, and has been distributed in the colony of the Cape. The people of the Barotse tribe cultivate the sugar-cane and sweet potato. Wheat, maize, peach, and apricot stones, and other garden seeds, have been left with the Makololo, as they willingly promised to make and sow a garden for our use. As the moisture from the river seems to permeate the soil, it is probable that some of these seeds will vegetate and increase the food of the inhabitants; but of this, their stout appearance seemed to indicate no want.

"The people inhabiting these regions are a black race, totally distinct from the Bechuana. The people of Sebituane are called Makololo, and the black race which we found inhabiting the numerous islands is divided into several tribes, which pass by different names; as the Barotse, Banyeti, Batoko, Bashukulompo, &c. The Makololo are a sort of *omnium gatherum*, of different Bechuana tribes, all speaking Sichuana. The providence of God has prepared the way for us, for wherever we went we found the Sichuana, into which the Bible is nearly all translated, in common use. It is the court language. There are besides the different dialects of the black tribes, viz., those of the Barotse, Batoka, &c.; and though the radicals bear some resemblance to the Sichuana, and are of the same family, none of the Bechuana could understand them when spoken. The Barotse are very ingenious in basket making and wood-work generally. The Banyeti are excellent smiths, making ox and sheep bells, spears, knives, needles, and hoes of superior workmanship; iron abounds in their country, and of excellent quality; they extract it from the ore, and they are famed as canoe builders; abundance of fine, light, but strong wood called molompi, enables them to excel in this branch of industry; other tribes are famed for their skill in pottery; their country yields abundance of native corn, &c.; and though their upper extremities and chests are largely developed, they seem never to have been much addicted to wars. They seem always to have trusted to the defences which their deep reedy rivers afford. Their numbers are very large. In constructing the rough sketch of the country given in the map, we particularly requested of the different natives employed, that they would only mention the names of the large towns. As scores of them were employed by Mr. Oswell and myself, and they generally agreed in their drawings and accounts of the towns, &c., we consider what we have put down, to be an approximation to the truth. The existence of the large towns indicated, derives additional confirmation from the fact that in our ride to Sesheke we saw several considerable villages containing 500 or 600 inhabitants each, and these were not enumerated by our informants as being too small to mention.

European manufactures, in considerable quantities, find their way in from

the east and west coasts to the centre of the continent. We were amused soon after our arrival at the Chobe, by seeing a gentleman walking toward us in a gaudily-flowered dressing gown, and many of the Makololo possessed cloaks of blue, red, and green baize, or of different-coloured prints. On inquiring we found that these had been obtained in exchange for slaves, and that this traffic began on the Sesheke only in 1850. A party of another African tribe, called Mambari, came to Sebituane in that year, carrying great quantities of cloth and a few old Portuguese guns marked 'Legitimo de Braga,' and though cattle and ivory were offered in exchange, everything was refused *except boys about fourteen years of age*. The Makololo viewed the traffic with dislike, but having great numbers of the black race living in subjection to them, they were too easily persuaded to give these for the guns. Eight of these old useless guns were given to Sebituane for as many boys. They then invited the Makololo to go on a fray against the Bashukolompo, stipulating beforehand, that in consideration for the use to be made of their guns in the attack on the tribe, they should receive all the captives, while the Makololo should receive all the cattle. While on this expedition the Makololo met a party of slave-dealers on the Bashukolompo or Mauniche river; these were either Portuguese or bastards of that nation, for they were said to be light coloured *like us* (our complexion being a shade darker than wash leather), and had straight hair. These traders presented three English muskets to the Makololo, and the latter presented them with about thirty captives. The Mambari went off with about two hundred slaves, bound in chains, and both parties were so well pleased with their new customers, that they promised to return in 1851. We entertained hopes of meeting them, but they had not yet come when we left. The Mambari came from the north-west, and live in the vicinity of the sea coast on that side; while the other slave dealers come up the Zambesi, from the east coast. Can Europeans not equal the slave dealers in enterprise? If traders from Europe would come up the Zambesi, the slave dealer would soon be driven out of the market. It is only three years since we first opened a market for the people on the river Zouga and Lake Ngami. We know of nine hundred elephants having been killed in that period on one river alone. Before we made a way into that quarter there was no market; the elephants' tusks were left to rot in the sun with the other bones, and may still be seen, completely spoiled by sun and rain; but more than £10,000 worth of ivory has come from that river since its discovery; and if one river helps to swell the commerce of the colony, what may not be expected from the many rivers, all densely populated, which are now brought to light? 'But the blacks will be supplied with fire-arms and give the colonists much trouble afterwards.' Yes they will, and that too, most plentifully by those who make the greatest outcry against the trade in arms, and the sale of gunpowder. But can the trade in fire-arms be prevented? So long as, according to Cumming's state-

ment, 3,000 per cent. can be made by it, it is in vain to attempt to stop it. The result of all our observation in the matter is, the introduction of guns among the natives has the same effect among them as among European nations; it puts an end to most of their petty wars, and renders such as do occur much less bloody than they formerly were. We do not plead for the trade. We only say stop that, and stop the slave trade, by coercion *if you can*. If any one will risk something in endeavouring to establish a trade on the Zambesi, we beg particularly to state that *June, July, and August* are, as far as our present knowledge goes, the only safe months for the attempt. He who does establish a fair trade will be no loser in the end. We had frost on the Chobe in July, but the winter is very short. We saw swallows on Sesheke in the beginning of August, and the trees generally never lose their leaves."

From Mr. Chapman's travels we are tempted to give here a series of extracts supplementing Livingstone's account of the countries to the south of the Zambesi. Near the streams and lakes the abundance of animal life is very striking. In his account of his approach to Lechulatebes town, Mr. Chapman gives a graphic account of animal and plant life on the Botletlie or Zouga river:—

"The vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and the animals seem to revel in it. The birds, in particular, are seen in countless numbers and of endless varieties. We saw some (Jibbaroos) as large as adjutants, with long red beaks turned upward at the extremity, the plumage black and white. Also three kinds of demoisella cranes, and a large magnificent hawk, with black breast and throat. It is dark sepia grey above, snow white underneath, with black spots. Hundreds of grouse and pheasants, with their young broods, run before us, and hawks are all day snapping them up, while mice and lizards, coming out to bask, are so plentiful that these rapacious birds have no want of food. Wherever the water has pushed over the banks, and formed little swamps and pools, we see hundreds of ducks and geese of several kinds, also the large yellow-billed duck, with glossy green wings, and the large whistling ducks.

"Next morning, which was bitterly cold, with again a southerly wind, I started early, cooped up in a middling-sized ill-shapen canoe, with a Makobo and two little sons with him, one to paddle and the other for company. We poled or paddled, or drifted with the stream, as chance offered, frequently having to tear our way through the dense reeds which shut up our path. For a mile or two the river would be quite free and open, and often so shallow that we had to put back and return by another channel, or get out and drag the boat, so that I somewhat repented that I had not rather undertaken the journey on foot. At times we forced our way through large and picturesque basins, under perpendicular white cliffs, crowned with gigantic over-hanging trees, while the green slopes on the opposite side were clothed with a carpet

of emerald, on which cattle and goats were browsing. The water in these little lakes was almost entirely hidden under the profusion of immense lotus leaves, which lay on its surface, and were buoyant enough to support the weight of stilt legs (a rare bird), snipes, and other aquatic birds, running about in quest of their food. These leaves, large and oblong, are slit at one end as far as the stalk, and though as thin as a sheet of paper, receive their buoyancy from the fact of their outer edges drying and curling up to the sun, so that they float like large ducks in the water; excepting when the wind sometimes lifts one up, causing it to flap like the wings of a bird. Thousands of pretty lotus flowers enliven the scene, while they emit an odour grateful and invigorating to the senses. We passed over some beds of hard sandstone, worn full of round cavities. At times I fancied we were about to bump up against a brown coral-like reef, which, however, yielded before us and proved to be a peculiar aquatic plant. We started some lovely little king fishers, with plumage of most ethereal hues, and I shot a brace of white storks. I got pretty well tired of the boat, and occasionally took a walk on the banks, leaving the boat to pursue its course. . . . By-and-bye we came to a large makuehon tree shading a large circle on the north bank, and I knew another hour would land us at the town. Just here there are many shallows, so that in many parts a waggon can easily cross. There are scarcely any reeds on the banks, and large plains exist which were covered with water and reeds, even so lately as twenty or thirty years ago."

This stream, the Botletie, or Zouga, Livingstone supposed to be the outlet of Lake Ngami, but Mr. Chapman and others, who have been repeatedly round the lake, have found that it has no outlet, and that it is gradually shrinking in dimensions. During the rainy season a portion of the waters of the Zouga flows eastwards, while another portion flows westwards into the Lake; Livingstone must have seen it when the channel lake-wards was full, and the surplus water of the river was flowing to the east. The change of climate is rapidly reducing the waters which flow into it, and in all probability the country round will, within a few generations, assume the character of the Kalahari desert. To the south there is a large shallow salt lake, and all over the country salt-pans, or the beds of former salt lakes are found. The grass-eating animals frequent these salt-pans just as their congeners in North America visit the salt licks. Mr. Chapman has passed twice between Lake Ngami and Walvisch Bay on the West Coast, and next to Dr. Livingstone, has explored the largest amount of South African territory. His two volumes of "Travels in the Interior of South Africa," are most interesting reading. His descriptions of the flora and fauna of the vast regions he has traversed are most copious and valuable, and we take the opportunity here of acknowledging our indebtedness to his graphic and entertaining pages.

Mr. Chapman had thoughts of settling for a time between Lake Ngami

and the West Coast, and endeavouring to make peace between the various warlike tribes of the district, while he traded in ivory and skins, and made a careful study of the natural history of the district, but the wars between the Namaqua Hottentots and the Damaras, rendered it impossible. The following picture of the scene in which he hoped to settle, will give a good idea of the beauty and fertility of vast tracts in Central Africa:—

“In the course of the ensuing fortnight I removed to Wilson’s old place in the Schwagoup river, where my cattle were grazing. I made a pit for the cattle, and one for ourselves, with a garden, &c., and collected material for building a house, in the hope of yet being able to make peace between the hostile tribes, and bring my wife and family to settle in this country, with a view to prosecute for a few more years my researches in natural history, &c.

“The site at the “shambles,” as the spot was called, was a lovely one for a dwelling, surrounded by a park of most gigantic and graceful anna trees. Over these trees, at the back of my residence, peeps out a large smooth mass of granite mountain, towering a thousand feet above the plain; and on the southern or opposite side is another reddish-looking mountain sparsely covered with green grass and bush. In this hill copper has been found. To the westward the hills are crossed with wavy streaks of quartz through soft grey granite. The werft was overrun with dry burr-grasses, the seeds of which, together with a wild vegetable, or spinach, called omboa, constitutes an article of food of the Damaras. Dark and heavy clusters of a creeping or parasitical plant hang gracefully around the thick stems of the anna trees. To the north there are open, undulating, bush-dotted plains, extending for several miles, and terminated by sharp-angled, serrated hills in the distant north and west. Pheasants run cackling about on my homestead by hundreds, destroying my garden, and guinea-fowls and korhaans are heard. The zebra, the koodoo, the ostrich, and other tenants of the wilds, are to be found on the station. The grazing and the water is good and abundant, and nothing is wanting but peace in the country to make this, and a thousand other equally pleasant spots, a delightful place of residence.

“Continual rumours of immediate attack by the Hottentots, however, forbid anything like repose. We are kept in a state of constant alarm, and all exercise of peaceful industry was rendered impossible. This state of suspense which paralysed all useful effort, was succeeded, after some weeks, by a lull, and it was understood that an accommodation had been come to on the part of the respective leaders, and that the strife between the Damaras and Hottentots was virtually at an end. Encouraged by these reports, and finding it impossible to exist in Damara Land, I resolved upon removing my property into the Hottentot country, and as the Damaras were again gaining courage and moving up to Wilson’s and Bessingthwaite’s places, near the Hottentots, I succeeded in getting a few to accompany me to the matchless

copper-mines near Jonker's place,— where they knew there was abundance of food, and a prospect of trade with the Hottentots. Accordingly, I packed up my things and started, on December 6th, for Otjimbengue; a thousand Damaras met me on the road, and their *moro! moro!* (good morning) was always accompanied with *tutu lako* (give me tobacco).

“The country eastward was green and flourishing, the valley of the Kaan teeming with guinea-fowl, of which I shot a great number. I reached Rimhoogte on the evening of the 8th, and, with some delays consequent on the necessity of waiting for my cattle to come up, arrived a few days later at my destination. I found the houses at the mines in a terribly tumble-down condition. But as Mr. Andersson, who had a claim to the buildings, had given me permission to occupy any of them if I felt disposed to run the risk of doing so, I set to work at renovating the best of them, and made a garden while waiting the arrival of Jan Jonker, to whom I had notified my presence there. On the 17th, I received a visit from the chief, who was accompanied by his uncle, old Jan Jonker, with an interpreter and one or two attendants. Jan Jonker himself looked very much improved since I had last seen him: he was smartly dressed, had grown stouter and more manly in figure, and exhibited, in the questions he put to me, a degree of shrewdness and general intelligence which I little expected to find in the debauched youth of bygone years. He evidently sought to extract from me all the information at my disposal; and I could not but admire the assumed air of indifference with which he asked the most important questions. We had much conversation on the disturbed state of the country, and the disputed points between the Damara and Hottentot nations. He denied the alleged grievances of the former people, and resented warmly the interference of English traders in native affairs.

“Jan Jonker and his party left me next morning, the chief promising that he would send to warn the Topnaars not to molest my property, intimating at the same time that they were not his subjects, but a perfectly independent people, over whom he had no direct control. I wished to give him a letter, to be forwarded to Amraal's to meet my brother, who is expected from the lake; but he declines taking charge of it, there being at present no communication with that tribe, owing to the small-pox, which, he says, is making dreadful ravages.

“Having now made all the arrangements I thought necessary to ensure the safety of my people, whom I left in charge of my servant, James Harrison, I left, on the 19th, for the Bay, in order to meet my wife, who was determined in future to be my travelling companion. Passing a day at Mr. Bessingthwaite's house (where a pot of honey-beer, or methlegen, the favourite beverage of the Hottentots, was hospitably brewed in my honour) on the way, and descending by Rimhoogte into the valley of the Kam river, I reached Otjimbengue in time to spend the Christmas there.

“The Kaan, which the road frequently crosses, is a very turbulent mountain torrent; it is one of the largest branches of the Schwagoup river above Otjimbengue, and pours occasionally a large body of water into that river, but, owing to the quick drainage, never offers a long-continued impediment to waggon travelling. When, however, its turbid waves come rolling down with thundering roar after the rains, the traveller has only to wait patiently until its fury is spent

“The Kaan valley offers many a scene of striking interest to the lover of Nature and the pencil of the artist. One of the most striking features in the surrounding scenery is found in the uniform parallel stratifications of schist projecting some distance from the earth, and all bearing in one direction; the intervals are covered with a mixture of last year’s crop of dry grass, blending with the incipient crop of this. An occasional white-stemmed gouty-looking motiudi tree, with its large, pointed, oval, pulpy leaves, strongly serrated, and tall aloes, cacti, and euphorbias are seen. The round and sometimes broken and cliffy hills, dotted with verdant sweet-gums, their bases often washed by the flood, offer pictures which it is pleasant to behold, surrounded, as they often are, with pretty forests of blooming, sweet-scented mimosa from whose black stems the silvery gum is trickling, while their bright blossoms perfume the morning air. The blue jay, with heavy wing, hovers mockingly overhead, vociferating in concert with gay-painted but screeching paroquets and discordant guinea-fowls, whose notes are further augmented by the whir—r—r of pheasants and partridges, which rise on every side, while insects of green and gold buzz and boom amongst the foliage.

“The least interesting part of this valley is clothed with dabby (*Tamarisk*), a few pretty ebony trees, aged and wide-spreading mokalas and anna-booms. Here graceful koodoos are still found browsing and the rock buck perches on the highest pinnacles, and the equally agile mountain zebra (the small black one of the Cape), wary as a cat, barely shows his head over the mountains, ere, tossing his mane and rearing back, he suddenly flings out his heels and plunges forward in mad gallop. The steinboks keep on the lower plains, and baboons are found in large gangs grubbing for bulbs (*lunchies*) and the roots of the purple-blossomed sorrel, which is also abundant, and is a nourishing and wholesome vegetable to man as well. Through such a landscape it is an interesting sight to watch the red wheels of the white-tilted waggons dragging heavily after the sturdy team of parti-coloured oxen, often stumbling and kneeling over the sharp flints; now rolling with the roar of distant thunder down the rocky steps of the mountains, with difficulty maintaining its equilibrium; now grating down the quartz slope with the drag on, the oxen dragging sometimes on their haunches; anon grinding over the pebbly bed of the stream, on emerging from which the sore-footed cattle more firmly tread the soft, red, sandy road, cut through a carpet of emerald, until they bury them-

selves out of sight in the blooming groves, while the mountains re-echo with the driver's harsh voice and the crack of his huge whip.

"We halted during the day at a spot where Isaak, a half-witted Hottentot lad by whom I was attended, noticed a plant of the cactus or euphorbia tribe, known by the name of elephant's trunk. Isaak plucked several of the younger shoots of the plants, and, rubbing off the prickles with a stone, set me the example of eating some. Notwithstanding that I knew the plant to be freely eaten by the Namaquas, I thought, on tasting the first mouthful, that Isaak was bent upon poisoning me, and made some horrible wry faces. Isaak however, devoured several pounds of the nauseous plant."

Livingstone, in pursuance of a design intimated at the close of last chapter, and further alluded to in the letter published in this chapter, accompanied his family to the Cape, from whence they were to be conveyed to England. On his return he was delayed at Kuruman for a fortnight by the breaking of a waggon wheel, which prevented him from being present with Sechele and the friendly Bakwains at Kolobeng, when the long-threatened attack of the Boers, already detailed, was carried into effect. Previous to this, Sechele had sent his children to Mr. Moffat at Kuruman to be educated.

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

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

friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Robus Hae will convey her to you.

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

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

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

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

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

It is facts like these which enable us to form a true idea of the influence of the teaching and example of a noble-minded and self-denying man like Livingstone among the tribes of Central Africa.

On his way to the north, Livingstone found the unfortunate Bakwains suffering severely from the destruction of their property and the plunder of their cattle. Notwithstanding that Sechele had given orders that no violence was to be offered to the Boers during his absence, a band of young men had ventured out to meet a party of Boers, and as the latter were in a minority they ran off leaving their waggons, which the young men brought in triumph to Letubamba, the head-quarters of the tribe. The Boers were alarmed, and sent four of their number to sue for peace, which was granted on their return-

ing Sechele's three children, whom Schloz, the Boer leader, had carried off as slaves. One of them had three large unbound open sores on its body, caused by falling into the fire. This, and the general appearance of the poor children, spoke eloquently of the cruel treatment they had been subjected to.

A larger fall of rain than ordinary having taken place, the travellers found little difficulty in crossing the hem of the Kalahari desert. Water melons and other succulent roots were abundant. They met an English traveller, Mr. J. Macabe, who had crossed the desert at its widest part, his cattle on one occasion subsisting on the water melons for twenty-one days. Macabe had, previous to Livingstone's discovery of Lake Ngami, written a letter in one of the Cape papers, recommending a certain route as likely to lead to it. The Trans-vaal Boers fined him five hundred dollars for writing about "onze velt," *our country*, and imprisoned him until it was paid. Mr. Macabe's comrade, a Mr. Maher, fell a victim to the hatred engendered by the Boers. A tribe of Barolongs having taken him for a Boer, shot him as he approached their village. When informed that he was an Englishman their regret at the misadventure was extreme.

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

Sekeletu was afraid of Mpepe, whose pretensions were favoured by the Mambari tribe and the half-caste Portuguese, who carried on the slave trade between the tribes in the interior and the dealers in human flesh on the coast. All their hopes of being able to carry on their trade lay in the success of his rebellion. Previous to Livingstone's arrival at Linyanti, a large party of Mambari had arrived there; but on the receipt of intelligence that Livingstone was approaching, they fled so precipitately as not even to take leave of

Sekeletu. A marvellous evidence truly of the moral influence of England, even when only represented by one resolute man, on savage men who are seldom amenable to anything save superior force! The Mambari retreated to the north, where several half-caste slave traders, under the leadership of a half-caste Portuguese, had erected a stockade. Through the aid of the fire-arms of the slave traders, Mpepe hoped to be able to make himself the head of the Makololo; while they, in the event of his being victorious, expected to be rewarded by the captives he might make in the course of the struggle.

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

Mpepe, determining to strike the first blow, had armed himself with a battle-axe, avowing his intention of striking Sekeletu down on the occasion of their first interview, trusting to his being exalted to his position as chief, during the panic which would inevitably take possession of the Makololo on his death. At Livingstone's request, Sekeletu accompanied him on a journey, with a view of ascending the Leeambye, and when they had got about sixty miles on their way they encountered Mpepe. At their first interview Livingstone sat between them, and was thus unconsciously the means of saving the life of Sekeletu. Some of Mpepe's friends having informed Sekeletu of his murderous intentions, he despatched several of his attendants to his hut, who, seizing him by the arms, led him about a mile from the encampment, where they speared him. This summary settlement of a grave political difficulty thoroughly established Sekeletu in his position, and removed what could hardly have failed to become a serious hindrance to the carrying out of Livingstone's cherished schemes. Mpepe's men fled to the Barotse, a tribe living in the district Livingstone and Sekeletu were on their way to visit; and they, considering it inadvisable to go there during the commotion excited by that occurrence, returned to Linyanti for a month, when they again set out for the purpose of ascending the river from Sesheke. They were accompanied by a large number of attendants, who are

thus described:—"It was pleasant to look back along the long extended line of our attendants, as it twisted and bent according to the course of the foot-path, or in and out behind the mounds, the ostrich feathers of the men waving in the wind. Some had the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, hussar fashion, and others great bunches of black ostrich feathers, or capes made of lions' manes. Some wore red tunics, or various coloured prints, which the chief had bought from Fleming; the common men carried burdens; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to carry their shields; while the *machaka*—battle-axe men—carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and expected to run all the way." Sekeletu was closely accompanied in marching by his own *mopato*, or body-guard of young men about his own age, who were selected for the personal attendance and defence of the chief, and seated themselves round him when they encamped.

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

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

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

Having collected thirty-three flat-bottomed canoes, capable of conveying one hundred and sixty men, the imposing flotilla, rowed by Makalaka men, who are more skilful watermen than the Makololo, moved rapidly up the broad waters of the Leeambye; the great explorer enjoying an exhilaration of spirits natural to an adventurous man, who, first of all his countrymen, passed up this noble stream, and who saw clearly the great and important part which a magnificent natural highway like this would play in the civilizing of the numerous tribes of Central Africa. At many places the river is more than a mile broad, its surface broken by islands, small and large. The islands and the banks are thickly covered with trees, among which are the date-palm, with its gracefully curved fronds, and the lofty palmyra, with its feathery mass of foliage towering over all. Elephants and the larger species of game were very abundant, but in consequence of the presence of that destructive insect, the tsetse, the villagers on the banks had no domestic cattle. The inhabitants of the valley of the river here are known as Banyete, and are, from their skill in making various utensils, the handicraftsmen of the neighbouring tribes. They make neat wooden vessels with lids, wooden bowls, and, after Livingstone had introduced the custom of sitting on stools, they exercised their taste and ingenuity in the construction of these in a variety of shapes. Wicker baskets made of the split roots of trees, and articles of domestic and agricultural utility in pottery and iron, were also among the products of their skill. Iron ore is dug out of the earth, and smelted, and fashioned into rude hoes, almost the only implement of husbandry known at the time of his visit.

The Banyete never appear to have been a warlike people. War is either

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

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

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

In one of the Barotse towns Mpepe's father lived, and as he and another

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

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

Leaving Sekeletu at Naliele, he proceeded up stream, the chief having presented him with men and rowers, and also a herald to announce his arrival at the villages with proper effect, by shouting at the top of his voice, " 'Here comes the lord, the great lion,' the latter phrase being *tuu e tonu*,

which in his imperfect way of pronunciation became *saw e tona*, and, so like the great sow, that I could not have the honour with becoming gravity, and had to entreat him, much to the annoyance of my party, to be silent." At all the villages the party met with a hearty welcome, as being to them messengers of peace, which they term "sleep." After pushing his way to the junction of the Leeba with the Lecambye, and failing to find a suitable spot for a mission settlement, the party descended to Naliele, but not before Livingstone had made a guess that there lay the high road to the west coast, and that its head waters must be within a hundred and twenty miles of the Coanza, which would lead them down to the coast near Loanda. The Coanza, as he afterwards found, does not come from anywhere near the route he afterwards followed to Loanda.

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

Coming down the river to the town of Ma Sekeletu (the mother of Sekeletu) they found the chief awaiting them. After a short stay, the party started on their voyage down the river, and reached Linyanti after an absence of nine weeks. This being the first visit paid by Sekeletu to that portion of his dominions, the travellers were received with the utmost enthusiasm everywhere, the headmen of the villages presenting him with more eatables and drinkables than even his numerous followers could devour, notwithstanding their wonderful powers in that way. The enthusiasm of the people usually wound up with an extraordinary dance, which Livingstone describes: "It consists of the men standing, nearly naked, in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamp heavily twice with it, then lift the other, and give one stamp with that; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction; and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigour. The continued

stamping makes a cloud of dust around, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood. If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate even as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain ; but the grey headed men joined in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration stream off their bodies with the exertion. . . . The women stand by clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances into the circle composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires."

The effect the experience gained in this journey had upon him, and the reflections induced thereby, are indicated in the following extract. "I had been," he says, "during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarreling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effect of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits which, to a casual observer lie beneath the surface, and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them."

The following account, written by the great traveller of his first passage up the Leeambye, forms a very valuable supplement to the brief narrative we have already given. It is dated Town of Sekeletu, Linyanti, 20th September, 1853:—

"As soon as I could procure people willing to risk a journey through the country lately the scene of the gallant deeds of the Boers, I left Kuruman; and my companions being aware of certain wrathful fulminations uttered by General Piet Scholtz to deter me from again visiting the little strip of country which the Republicans fancy lies between Magaliesberg and Jerusalem, our progress was pretty quick till we entered lat. 19°, at a place that I have marked on my map as the Fever Ponds. Here the whole party, except a Bakwain lad and myself, was laid prostrate by fever. He managed the oxen and I the hospital, until, through the goodness of God, the state of the invalids permitted us again to move northwards. I did not follow our old path, but from Kamakama travelled on the magnetic meridian (N.N.W.), in order to avoid the *tsetse* (fly). This new path brought us into a densely wooded country, where the grass was from 8 to 10 feet high. The greater leafiness of the trees showed we were in a moist climate, and we were most



SAVING THE BEE FROM THE WOLF.

agreedly surprised by the presence of vines growing luxuriantly, and yielding clusters of dark purple grapes. The seeds, as large as split peas and very astringent, leave but little room for pulp, though the grape itself is of good size. The Bakwain lad now became ill; but, by the aid of two Bushmen, we continued to make some progress. I was both driver and road-maker, having either the axe or whip in hand all day long till we came to lat. 18° 4'. Here we discovered that the country adjacent to the Chobe was flooded: valleys looked like rivers, and after crossing several we came to one, the Sanshurch, which presented a complete barrier to further travelling with waggons. It was deep, half a mile broad, and contained hippopotami. After searching in vain for a ford, our two Bushmen decamped. Being very anxious to reach the Makololo, I took one of the strongest of our invalids, crossed the Sanshurch in a small pontoon, kindly presented by Messrs. Webb and Codrington, and went N.N.W. across the flooded country in search of the Chobe. After splashing through about 20 miles of an inundated plain, we came to a mass of reed, which towards the N.E. seemed interminable. We then turned for a short distance in the direction of our former waggon-stand, and from a high tree were gratified by a sight of the Chobe; but such a mass of vegetation grew between the bank and the flowing river, that our utmost efforts failed in procuring a passage into it. The water among the reeds either became too deep, or we were unable to bend down the barrier of papyrus and reed bound together by a kind of convolvulus. You will understand the nature of our struggles, when I mention that a horrid sort of grass, about 6 feet high, and having serrated edges which cut the hands most cruelly, wore my strong moleskin 'unmentionables' quite through at the knees, and my shoes (nearly new) at the toes. My handkerchief protected the former; but in subsequent travelling through the dense grass of the plains the feet fared badly. Though constantly wet up to the middle during the day, we slept soundly by night during the three days we spent among this mass of reeds, and only effected a passage into the open water of the Chobe river on the fourth day. After paddling along the river in the pontoon about 20 miles, we discovered a village of Makololo. We were unexpected visitors, and the more so since they believed that no one could cross the Chobe from the South bank without their knowledge.

"In their figurative language they said, 'I had fallen on them as if from a cloud, yet came riding on a hippopotamus' (pontoon). A vague report of our approach had previously reached the chief, and two parties were out in search of us; but they had gone along the old paths. In returning to the waggons, which we did in canoes and in a straight line, we found the distance not more than 10 miles. Our difficulties were now ended, for a great number of canoes and about 140 people were soon dispatched from the town. They transported our goods and waggons across the country and river, and when

we had been landed on the other side of the Chobe, we travelled northward till within about one day from Sesheké, in order to avoid the flooded lands adjacent to the river. We there struck upon the path which Mr. Oswell and I travelled on horseback in 1850, and turning into it proceeded S.W. until we came to Sकेलेतु's town Linyanti. Our reception here was as warm as could have been expected. The chief Sकेलेतु, not yet 19 years of age, said he had got another father instead of Sebituane; he was not quite sure, however, about learning to read: 'he feared it might change his heart and make him content with one wife only, as in the case of Sechele.' It is pleasant to hear objections frankly stated.

"About the end of July we embarked on our journey to the North, embarking at Sekhose's village on the Zambesi, or, as the aborigines universally name it, the Leeambye, viz., *the river*. This village is about 25 miles West of the town of Sesheké. When I proposed to Sकेलेतु to examine his country and ascertain if there were any suitable locality for a mission, he consented frankly; but he had not yet seen me enough. Then he would not allow me to go alone; some evil might befall me, and he would be accountable. This and fever caused some delay, so that we did not get off till about the end of July. In the meantime I learned particulars of what had taken place here since my last visit in 1852.

"The daughter of Sebituane had resigned the chieftainship into (Sकेलेतु's) her brother's hands. From all I can learn she did it gracefully and sincerely. Influential men advised her to put Sकेलेतु to death, lest he should become troublesome when he became older. She turned from their proposals in disgust, called a meeting, and with a womanly gush of tears, said she had been induced to rule by her father, but her own inclination had always been to lead a domestic life. She therefore requested Sकेलेतु to take the chieftainship, and allow her to marry.

"He was equally sincere in a continued refusal during several days, for he was afraid of being cut off by a pretender, who had the audacity to utter some threatening words in the assembly. I, who had just come from a nine weeks' tour, in company with a crowd who would have been her courtiers, do not now wonder at the resolution of Sebituane's daughter: there was no want of food, oxen were slaughtered almost every day in numbers more than sufficient for the wants of all. They were all as kind and attentive to me as they could have been to her, yet to endure their dancing, roaring, and singing, their jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, murdering, and meanness, equalled a pretty stiff penance.

"The pretender above referred to, after Sकेलेतु's accession, and at the time of my arrival, believing that he could effect his object by means of a Portuguese slave-merchant and a number of armed Mambari, encouraged them to the utmost. The selling of children had been positively forbidden by the

lawful chief Sekeletu, but his rival transported the slave-trading party across the Lecambye river, and gave them full permission to deal in all the Batoka and Bashukulompo villages to the East of it. A stockade was erected at Katongo, and a flag-staff for the Portuguese banner planted, and in return for numerous presents of ivory and cattle, that really belonged to Sekeletu, the pretender received a small cannon. Elated with what he considered success, he came down here with the intention of murdering Sekeletu himself, having no doubt but that, after effecting this, he should, by the aid of his allies, easily reduce the whole tribe."

The circumstances connected with the failure of the conspiracy have already been related, and need not be repeated.

"Another Portuguese slave-merchant came also from the West. He remained here only three days, and finding no market, departed. A large party of Mambari was encamped by Katongo, about the time of our arrival at Linyanti. No slaves were sold to them; and when they heard that I had actually crossed the Chobe, they fled precipitately. The Makololo remonstrated, saying I would do them no harm, but the Mambari asserted that I would take all their goods from them because they bought children. The merchant I first spoke of had probably no idea of the risk he ran in listening to the tale of a disaffected under chief. He was now in his stockade at Katongo, and influential men proposed to expel both him and the Mambari from the country. Dreading the results which might follow a commencement of hostilities, I mentioned the difficulty of attacking a stockade, which could be defended by perhaps forty muskets. 'Hunger is strong enough,' said an under chief—'a very great fellow is he.' As the chief sufferers in the event of an attack would be the poor slaves chained in gangs, I interceded for them, and as the result of that intercession, of which of course they are ignorant, the whole party will be permitted to depart in peace: but no stockading will be allowed again.

"Our company, which consisted of 160 men, our fleet of 33 canoes, proceeded rapidly up the river towards the Barotse. I had the choice of all the canoes, and the best was 34 feet long and 20 inches wide. With six paddlers we passed through 44 miles of latitude, by one day's pull of 10½ hours: if we add the longitude to this, it must have been upwards of 50 miles' actual distance. The river is indeed a magnificent one. It is often more than a mile broad, and adorned with numerous islands of from 3 to 5 miles in length. These and the banks, too, are covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The islands at a little distance seem rounded masses of sylvan vegetation of various hues, reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of the scene is greatly increased by the date palm and lofty palmyra towering above the rest, and casting their feathery foliage against a cloudless

sky. The banks are rocky and undulating ; many villages of Kanyeti, a poor but industrious people, are situated on both of them. They are expert hunters of hippopotami and other animals, and cultivate grain extensively. At the bend of Katima Molelo the bottom of the river bed begins to be rocky, and continues so the whole way to about lat. 16°, forming a succession of rapids and cataracts, which are dangerous when the river is low. The rocks are of hard sandstone and porphyritic basalt. The rapids are not visible when the river is full ; but the cataracts of Kale Bombwe and Nambwe are always dangerous. The fall of them is from 4 to 6 feet in perpendicular height ; but the cataracts of Gonye (hard by) excel them all. The main fall of these is over a straight ledge of rock, about 60 or 70 yards long and 40 feet deep.

“Tradition reports the destruction in this place of two hippopotami hunters, who, too eager in the pursuit of a wounded animal, were with their prey drawn down into the frightful gulf. We also digged some yams in what was said to have been the garden of a man, who of old came down the river and led out a portion of it here for irrigation. Superior minds must have risen from time to time in these regions, but ignorant of the use of letters, they have left no memorial. One never sees a grave nor a stone of remembrance set up. The very rocks are illiterate ; they contain no fossils. All these beautiful and rocky parts of the valley of the river are covered with forest, and infested with the *tsetse* fly ; but in other respects the country seems well adapted for a residence. When, however, we come to the northern confines of lat. 16°, the *tsetse* suddenly ceases, and the high banks seem to leave the river and to stretch away in ridges of about 300 feet high to the N.N.E. and N.N.W., until between 20 and 30 miles apart ; the intervening space, 100 miles in length, is the Barotse country proper : it is annually inundated not by rains but by the river, as Lower Egypt is by the Nile, and one portion of this comes from the Northwest and another from the North. There are no trees in this valley, except such as were transplanted for the sake of shade by the chief Santuru ; but it is covered with coarse succulent grasses, which are the pasturage of large herds of cattle during a portion of the year. One of these species of grass is 12 feet high, and as thick as a man’s thumb. The villages and towns are situated on mounds, many of which were constructed artificially.

“I have not put down all the villages that I visited, and many were seen at a distance ; but there are no large towns, for the mounds on which alone towns and villages are built are all small, and the people require to live separate on account of their cattle. Nailele, the capital of the Barotse country, does not contain 1,000 inhabitants ; the site of it was constructed artificially. It was not the ancient capital. The river now flows over the site of that, and all that remains of what had cost the people of Santuru the labour of many years, is a few cubic yards of earth. As the same thing has happened to another ancient site, the river seems wearing eastwards. Ten feet of rise above low-water mark

submerges the whole valley, except the foundations of the huts, and 2 feet more would sweep away the towns. This never happens, though among the hills below the valley the river rises 60 feet, and then floods the lands adjacent to Sesheke on both sides. The valley contains, as I said, a great number of villages and cattle-stations. These, and large herds of cattle grazing on the succulent herbage, meet the eye in every direction. On visiting the ridges, we found them to be only the commencement of lands which are never inundated: these are covered with trees and abound in fruitful gardens, in which are cultivated sugar-cane, sweet potato, two kinds of manioc, two kinds of yam-bananas, millet, &c. Advantage is taken of the inundation to raise large quantities of maize and Kaffre corn, of large grain and beautiful whiteness. These, with abundance of milk and plenty of fish in the river, make the people always refer to the Barotse country as the land of plenty. No part of the country can be spoken of as salubrious. The fever must be braved if a mission is to be established; it is very fatal even among natives. I have had eight attacks of it; the last very severe: but I never laid by. I tried native remedies in order to discover if they possessed any valuable means of cure; but after being stewed in vapour baths, smoked like a red herring over fires of green twigs in hot potsherds, and physicked *secundum black artem*, I believe that our own medicines are safer and more efficacious. I have not relinquished the search, and as I make it a rule to keep on good terms with my professional brethren, I am not without hope that some of their means of re-establishing the secretions (and to this, indeed, all their efforts are directed) may be well adapted for this complaint.

“I did not think it my duty to go towards *Mosioatunya*, for though a hilly country, the proximity to Moselekatse renders it impossible for the Makololo to live there; but I resolved to know the whole Barotse country before coming to the conclusion now reached that the ridge East of Nailele is the only part of the country that can be fixed on for a mission. I therefore left Sekeletu's party at Nailele, the Barotse capital, and went northwards. The river presents the same appearance of low banks, without trees, till we come to 14° 38' lat. Here again it is forest to the water's edge, and *tsetse*. I might have turned now; but the river Londa, or Leebea, comes from the capital of a large state of the former name, and the chief being reported friendly to foreigners, if I succeed in reaching the West coast, and am permitted to return by this river, it will be water-conveyance for perhaps two-thirds of the way. We went, therefore, to the confluence of the Leebea or Londa (not Lonta as we have written it) with the Leeambye: it is in 14° 11' South. The Leebea comes from the North and by West or N.N.W.; while the Leeambye there abruptly quits its northing and comes from the E.N.E. (The people pointed as its course due East. Are the Maninche or Bashukulompo river and Leeambye not one river, dividing and meeting again

down at the Zambesi?) The Loeti, with its light-coloured water, flows into the Leeambye in $14^{\circ} 18'$. It comes from Lebale, which is probably a country through which a Portuguese merchant informed me he had passed, and had to cross as many as ten considerable rivers in one day: the Loeti comes from the W.N.W. The current of the Leeambye is rapid; 100 yards in 60 seconds of time, or between 4 and 5 miles an hour. Our elevation must have been considerable; but I had to regret having no means of ascertaining how much it was. The country flooded by the river ends on the West bank before we reach the Loeti, and there is an elevated table-land, called Mango, on which grows grass, but no trees. The Barotse country, when inundated, presents the appearance of a lake from 20 to 30 miles broad and 100 long.

“The Makololo quote the precedent of Santuru, who, when he ruled this country, was visited by Mambari, but refused them permission to buy his people as slaves. This enlightened chief deserves a paragraph, and as he was a mighty hunter, you will glance at it with no unfriendly eye. He was very fond of rearing the young of wild animals in his town, and, besides a number of antelopes, had two tame hippopotami. When I visited his first capital, the people led me to one end of the mound and showed me some curious instruments of iron, which are just in the state he left them. They are surrounded by trees, all of which he transplanted when young. ‘On these,’ said the people, ‘Santuru was accustomed to present his offerings to the gods’ (Barimo—which means departed souls too). The instruments consisted of an upright stem, having numerous branches attached, on the end of each of which was a miniature axe, or hoe, or spear. Detached from these was another, which seemed to me to be the guard of a basket-hilted sword. When I asked if I might take it as a curiosity, ‘O no, he refuses.’ ‘Who refuses?’ ‘Santuru.’ This seems to show a belief in a future state of existence. After explaining to them the nature of true worship, and praying with them in our simple form, which needs no offering on the part of the worshipper except that of the heart, we planted some fruit-tree seeds, and departed in peace.

“I may relate another incident which happened at the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye. Having taken lunar observations, we were waiting for a meridian altitude for the latitude, before commencing our return. My chief boatman was sitting by, in order to bind up the instruments as soon as I had finished. There was a large halo round the sun, about $20'$ in diameter. Thinking that the humidity of the atmosphere which this indicates might betoken rain, I asked him if his experience did not lead him to the same view. ‘O no,’ said he, ‘it is the Barimo who have called a picho (assembly). Don’t you see they have placed the Lord (sun) in their centre?’

“On returning towards Nailele, I went to the eastern ridge in order to examine that, and to see the stockade of the Portuguese slave-merchant, which was at Katongo. He had come from the furthest inland station of the

Portuguese, opposite Benguela. I thought of going westward on my further travels in company with him, but the sight of gangs of poor wretches in chains at the stockade induced me to resolve to proceed alone.

“Some of the Mambari visited us subsequently to their flight, of which I spoke before. They speak a dialect very much resembling the Barotse. They have not much difficulty in acquiring the dialects, even though but recently introduced to each other. They plait their hair in threefold cords, and arrange it down by the sides of the head. They offered guns and powder for sale at a cheaper rate than traders can do who come from the Cape Colony; but the Makololo despise Portuguese guns, because different from those in the possession of other Bechuanas—the bullets are made of iron. The slave-merchant seemed anxious to show kindness, influenced probably by my valuable passport and letter of introduction from the Chevalier Duprat, who holds the office of arbitrator in the British and Portuguese mixed commission in Cape Town. This is the first instance in which the Portuguese have seen the Lecambye in the interior. The course of Pereira* must be shifted northwards. He never visited the Barotse: so the son and companions of Santuru assert; and the event of the visit of a white man is such a remarkable affair among Africans, it could scarcely be forgotten in a century.

“I have not, I am sorry to confess, discovered a healthy locality. The whole of the country of Sebituane is unhealthy. The current of the river is rapid as far as we went, and showed we must have been on an elevated tableland; yet the inundations cause fever to prevail very extensively. I am at a loss what to do, but will not give up the case as hopeless. Shame upon us missionaries if we are to be outdone by slave-traders! I met Arabs from Zanzibar, subjects of the Imaum of Muscat, who had been quite across the continent. They wrote Arabic fluently in my note-book, and boldly avowed that Mahomet was greatest of all the prophets.

“At one time, as I mentioned above, I thought of going West in company with the slave-traders from Katongo, but a variety of considerations induced me to decide on going alone. I think of Loanda, though the distance is greater, as preferable to Benguela, and as soon as the rains commence will try the route on horseback. Trees and rivers are reported, which would render travelling by means of a waggon impossible. The Portuguese are carried in hammocks hung on poles; two slaves carry a man. It does not look well.

“I am sorry to say that the Boers destroyed my celestial map, and thereby rendered it impossible for me to observe as many occultations as I had intended. I have observed very few; these I now send to Mr. Maclear, in order that he may verify my lunars. If I am not mistaken, we have placed

* A Portuguese traveller.

our rivers, &c., about 2° of longitude too far East. Our waggon-stand, instead of being 26° East, is not more than 23° 50' or 24°. It is probable that an error of my sextant, of which I was not aware, deranged the calculations of the gentleman who kindly undertook to examine them. I send many lunar observations too, and hope it may be convenient for Mr. Maclear to examine them, and let you know whether I am right or wrong in my calculations.

“Sportsmen have still some work before them in the way of discovering all the fauna of Africa. This country abounds in game; and, beyond Barotse, the herds of large animals surpass anything I ever saw. Elands and buffaloes, their tameness was shocking to me: 81 buffaloes defiled slowly before our fire one evening, and lions were impudent enough to roar at us. On the South of the Chobe, where Bushmen abound, they are very seldom heard: these brave fellows teach them better manners. My boatman informed me that he had seen an animal, with long wide spreading horns like an ox, called *liombikalela*—perhaps the modern bison; also another animal, which does not live in the water, but snorts like a hippopotamus, and is like that animal in size—it has a horn, and may be the Asiatic rhinoceros. And we passed some holes of a third animal, which burrows from the river inland, has short horns, and feeds only by night. I did not notice the burrows at the time of passing, but I give you the report as I got it.

“The birds are in great numbers on the river, and the sand-martins never leave it. We saw them in hundreds in mid-winter, and many beautiful new trees were interesting objects of observation; but I had perpetually to regret the absence of our friend Mr. Oswell. I had no one to share the pleasure which new objects impart, and, instead of pleasant conversation in the evenings, I had to endure the everlasting ranting of Makololo.”

In 1849, the Royal Geographical Society awarded Livingstone a gold chronometer watch for his discoveries, and in 1850 he was awarded a royal premium of 25 guineas for the discovery of Lake Ngami. Several attempts to reach the Lake from the east and from the west, one of which was specially instituted by the Geographical Society, had failed, and many people had begun to look upon the existence of the Lake as a myth, until they were startled by its discovery by Livingstone and his fellow travellers—Messrs. Murray and Oswell. From this time, as his intention of penetrating further into the country was well known, great expectations were formed of the additions he would make to our knowledge of these hitherto unvisited regions; and, as we shall see, these were not disappointed, but more than abundantly gratified.



THE SETULA-TSIPI FEEDING IN CROCODILE'S MOUTH.

CHAPTER VII.

Starts for the West Coast.—Ascends the Leeambye and the Leeba.—Abundance of Animal Life.—Two Female Chiefs.—Visits Shinte.

THIS, the longest journey he had yet undertaken, and during which for many months his safety was to be a matter of painful speculation to his friends and the thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the civilized world who had been watching the doings of the intrepid missionary,—extended from the south coast to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast; and from thence across the continent to Killimane, on the East Coast of Africa.

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

In answer to the question, whether, “In the event of your death, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unhealthy and unknown country of enemies?” Livingstone replied that none of his friends “would blame them, because he would leave a book with Sekeletu, to be sent to Mr. Moffat in case I did not return, which would explain to him all that had happened until the time of my departure.” This book was a volume of his journal, and months afterwards, when the Makololo were despairing of ever seeing or hearing anything of him again, it was delivered, along with a letter, by Sekeletu to a trader to be delivered to Mr. Moffat. No trace of this

journal could be found on his return, which was a matter of much regret, as it contained valuable notes on the habits of wild animals, etc.

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

Wisely resolving that his baggage should be so limited in quantity as not to excite the cupidity of any unfriendly tribe, he took with him only three muskets, a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, with the necessary ammunition; a few biscuits, several pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty pounds of coffee, a beverage greatly relished by the natives. Of wearing apparel, independent of what they wore, they had a small tin canister filled with shirting, trowsers, and shoes, to be donned when the party should reach the neighbourhood of civilization, and another supply in a bag was for use during the journey.

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

four elephants' tusks belonging to Sकेलेतु, by the sale of which they were to test the value of the market on the coast.

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

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

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

In their passage up the river abundance of food and fruit was provided, and several varieties of the latter are worthy of notice. A fruit about the size of an orange contains a number of seeds or pips imbedded in layers of a pleasant juicy pulp. From the pips and bark are derived a variety of nuxvomica, from which strychnia is extracted. A fruit called *mobola*, about the size of the date, when stripped of the seeds and dried forms a very palatable dish, with a flavour of strawberries; in a dried state it can be preserved for a considerable period. The most palatable fruit of the district is called the

mamosho; it is about the size of a walnut. These fruits, which in the Leeambye valley grow on trees, some of them attaining a great size, are found in the Kalahari desert, where they exist as small herbaceous plants. In the well-watered country, plants which in the dry regions of the south are mere shrubs, become great trees; illustrating in a remarkable manner, the effect of the drying up of the numerous water courses in regions once as rich in vegetation as the valleys of the Zambesi and its tributaries. A number of his attendants, with the baggage and oxen of the party, marched by land, the canoe party regulating their advance to suit their rate of progress.

As the trees were putting on their fresh green leaves, the banks of the river were much more beautiful than on the occasion of his previous visit. In case of accident from the attack, or the sudden uprising near them, of the hippopotami, they hugged the banks, often passing under the grateful shade of giant trees, among whose branches the ibis, turtle-doves, and many other birds were perched, careless of the near neighbourhood of the canoes and their occupants. Plovers of various kinds wheeled overhead, raising a great clamour. One of these, from its hard metallic cry called *setula-tsipi*, or hammering wire, is the bird famous for its friendship with the crocodile of the Nile, which it invariably accompanies, boldly entering its terrible jaws, and eating water insects which attach themselves to the roof of the mouth of the brute, and cause it much annoyance. It is provided with a spur on its shoulder (the top of the wing) about half an inch in length, which it uses as a weapon of defence. This bird and its habits were known to Herodotus, and up till twenty years ago, when Mr. St. John actually witnessed it feeding within the iron jaws of the huge reptile, the account was looked upon as fabulous. In places where the banks are steep, several species of birds build their nests in holes which they dig with their bills. Among these, the most notable is the bee-eater, a pretty little bird, a species of sand-martin, and several varieties of king-fishers, one of them as large as a pigeon.

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

The *boomslang*, a species of tree-snake, preys upon the small birds; the noise and chattering of a number of birds fluttering round a tree usually indicate its presence. The birds are unable or unwilling to keep aloof from the dangerous proximity of this reptile, which with its body coiled round a branch,

its head and about a foot of its neck erect, quietly waits until one of them, more reckless than the rest, comes within reach of its spring.

The snake-bird, so called because in swimming the whole body is submerged, and only the head and neck appear above water, floated about them. The fish-hawk and the pelican preyed on the finny tribe on the shoals, the former sometimes relieving the pouch of the latter of its prey when its ungainly bill was temptingly open. Guinea fowls were common on the banks, while snipes, herons, spoon-bills, scissor-bills, flamingoes, cranes, geese, and various other aquatic birds, were met with in great numbers, especially in the uninhabited districts. Vast shoals of fish descended the river with the floods, the rainy season having set in. These are taken by the natives in the shallow creeks, in baskets, nets, and by clumsy hooks. When not eaten fresh, they are preserved by smoke-drying for future use. Several species of mullet are very abundant, and are the most in favour as food. Crocodiles and iguanas, a species of lizard, the flesh of which is greatly relished by the natives, plunged into the water at the approach of the canoes; while in creeks and shady parts hippopotami floundered about, the females carrying their young upon their backs.

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

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

At Ma Sekeletu's town he found Mpololo himself, and being supported by the mother of Sekeletu, he succeeded in getting the captives returned to their homes, and an apology sent to Masiko. A fresh foray, for which a number of men had been collected, was abandoned; and through the influence of Livingstone a cowardly warfare, undertaken for the purpose of plunder, was prevented, and a knowledge of the peaceful and wise designs of Sekeletu disseminated, which could not fail to be of much value to the comfort and happiness of the district.

Mosantu, a Batoko man, was despatched to Masiko with the captives of his tribe, with a message that he (Livingstone) was sorry to find that Santuru had not borne a wiser son; Santuru loved to govern men, but Masiko wanted

to govern wild beasts. Several captives belonging to other tribes further to the north were taken with the party.

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

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

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

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

Among other articles of commerce the Mambari bring Manchester goods

into the valley of the Leeba and Lecambye, which seem so wonderful in the eyes of the simple natives that they could hardly believe that they were the work of mortal hand. No explanation satisfies them. "How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully? Truly, ye are Gods!" It was impossible for them to understand the hard and prosaic toil endured in the manufacture of similar fabrics for years by the white man who stood before them— toil sweetened by the opportunity the remuneration for it gave it to prepare himself for the great work he was to accomplish on their behalf, a work which to the worldly and unthinking brought no adequate reward for these early trials and toils.

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

Wending their way up stream, they arrived at the village of another female chief, Nyamoana, the mother of Manenko and the sister of Shinte, the greatest Balonda chief of the Leeba district. Nyamoana gave Livingstone an audience. She was seated alongside of her husband, on skins, on a raised couch, surrounded by a trench. Round this trench sat about a hundred of her people of all ages, the men armed with bows, spears, and broad swords. After a palaver, Livingstone drew their attention to his hair, which was always a subject of curiosity in the district. They imagined it a wig made of a lion's mane, and could hardly believe it to be hair. He explained to them that his was the real original hair, "Such as theirs would have been, had it not been scorched and frizzled by the sun." In proof of what the sun could do, he uncovered his bosom, and showed them the contrast between its white hue, and his bronzed face and hands. As they go nearly naked and exposed to the sun, this practical lesson enabled them readily to grasp the

idea of a common origin for whites and blacks. This was a familiar illustration of Livingstone's in addressing the natives.

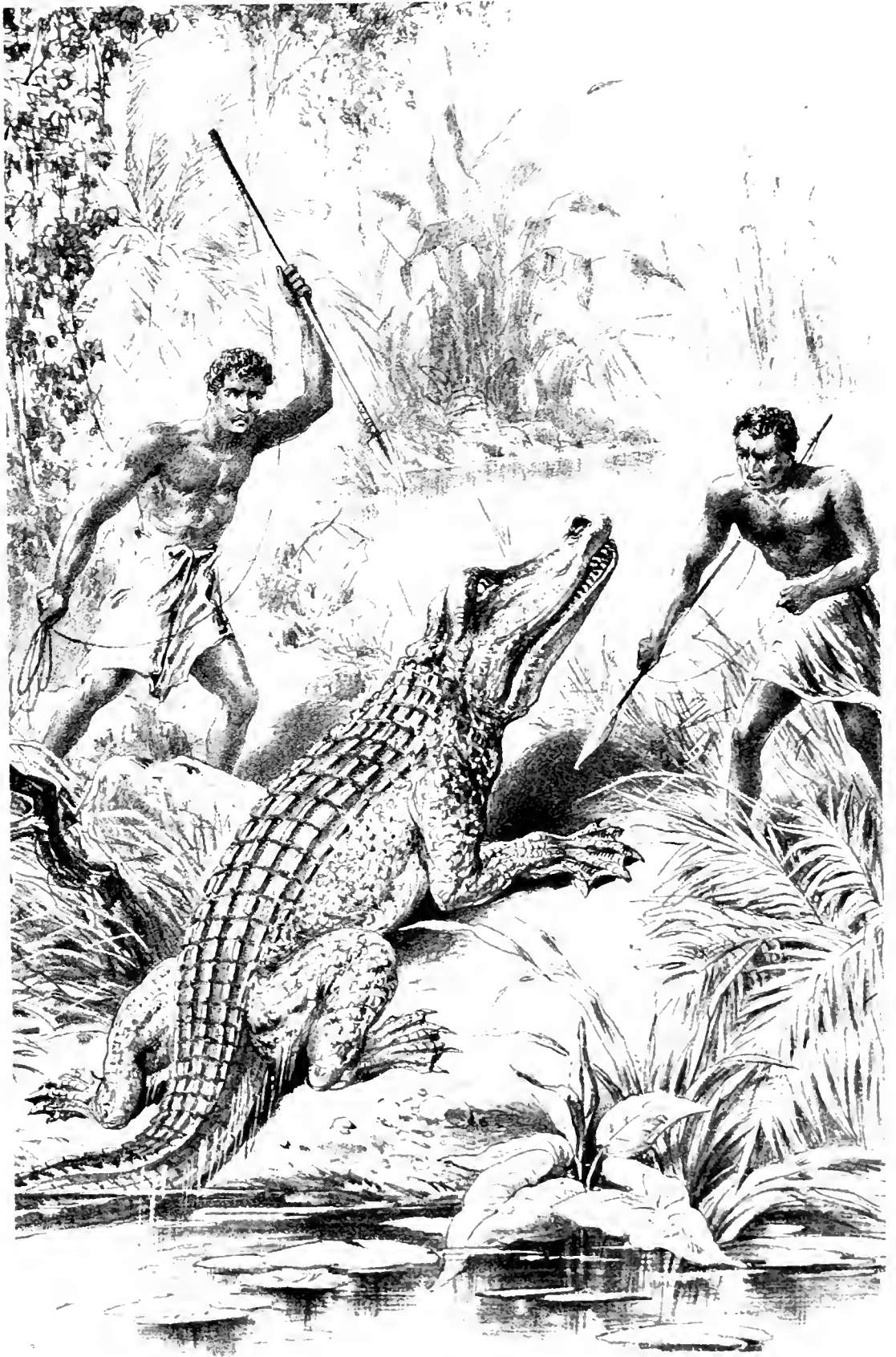
Nyamoana's people were very superstitious, and it was here that he first saw evidence of the existence of idolatry. The idol was a human head rudely carved on a block of wood. His watch and pocket compass were scanned with much curiosity; but although invited to look at them by her husband, the chief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

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

Manenko was a tall, well-formed, hardy, and masculine woman, about twenty years of age; a profusion of ornaments and medicines, supposed to act as charms, being suspended about her person. She scarcely wore any clothing, and her body was smeared with a mixture of fat and red ochre, as a protection against the weather. When asked why she, who could procure plenty of clothing, went about in a state of nudity, she replied that it was necessary for her as chief to show her indifference to the weather. She was a splendid pedestrian, and on a march made her attendants and companions glad when she proposed a halt. Livingstone's people succumbed at once to the strong will of this female ruler: and Livingstone himself, though resolute and inflexible in carrying out his own purposes in his own way, was compelled to give way to her wishes. What could he do or say when a difference arose, when, approaching him, she put her hand on his shoulder in a motherly way, and said, "Now my little man, just do as the rest have done?"

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

An ox was given by Livingstone as a return for his gifts; but the poor under chiefs were so hungry that they wished to kill and eat it. On asking



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his permission to do this, he was reluctantly compelled to decline, as he had nothing he could send instead, and had no food to offer them.

Manenko and her husband Sambanza, accompanied by a drummer, whose duty it was to thump regularly on his drum, in order to acquaint all people they might meet with the fact that a personage of importance was coming, started to escort Livingstone and his party to Shinte's town. The rain poured in torrents, notwithstanding that her husband endeavoured to stop it by various incantations and vociferations. Manenko marched on unconcernedly at such a rate as made it difficult for the men to keep up with her. Livingstone being still weak from fever, which was aggravated by the low diet of the last few days, was on oxback, the indomitable Manenko walking by his side, keeping up a lively conversation. All suffered from want in this journey; the bulk of what they got was begged from the inhabitants of the villages they passed, and they were a sad contrast to the kindly Makololo, for on several occasions they refused to give them even the scantiest supply. Even when, on one occasion, Manenko herself went to beg something for Livingstone she only managed to procure five ears of maize, and this notwithstanding that the headman of the village was a subject of her uncle's.

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

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

Great quantities of edible mushrooms were found in the forest, and as they were pleasant to eat, some of them even when raw, they proved a great blessing in their present half-starved condition. Some of these grow to a great size—as large as the crown of a hat—and several of them are of colours unknown to Europe, one being dark blue. In this district he first saw signs of the insecurity of life and property. The huts were closed with upright stakes, which were removed and replaced as the inmates went in or departed. The dealings with the Mambari in slaves, and the over-reaching nature of their bargainings, had introduced a lower state of morals than he found prevailing among the Bechuanas and the Makololo, where theft and over-reaching

were all but unknown in their transactions with each other, and the relations between the members of each tribe were conducted with primitive simplicity and justice. In all ages and at all times, wherever slavery exists and is fostered by white men, the vices of civilization, without its virtues, become rampant.

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

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

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

On this occasion no communication passed between Livingstone and Shinte. By some mistake, the former was permitted to take a seat at a considerable distance from the latter; and the one being too dignified to approach his guest, and the other imagining that all was according to etiquette at Kabompo, they parted without exchanging a word; but it was remarked by his attendants that Shinte scarcely took his eyes off Livingstone during the interview. Next day Livingstone was commanded to visit him, and found him frank and straightforward; he was about fifty-five years of age, about the middle height, and of dignified bearing. After discussing Livingstone's plans, he signified his approval of them. After the business was over, Livingstone inquired if he had ever seen a white man before. "Never; you are the very first man I have seen with a white skin and straight hair; your clothing, too, is different from any we have ever seen."

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

The magic lantern was a never-failing source of interest and instruction everywhere; the simple savages never tired of looking at the pictures, many of them travelling miles to see them; chiefs and people inquiring minutely as to the meaning of every picture. As many of them were illustrations of Scripture subjects, he found it a ready means of introducing them to Bible truths. A kind of beer or mead is largely drunk among the Balonda, and many cases of intoxication,—a thing unknown further south,—were observed. Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, got hopelessly tipsy on one occasion, and staggered towards the hut of his wife; and although, as Livingstone says, she "had never promised 'to love, honour, and obey him,' she had not been 'nursing her wrath to keep it warm,' so she coolly bundled him into the hut, and put him to bed."

At their last interview, Shinte presented Livingstone with a string of beads, and the end of a common sea-shell mounted with string, "which is considered in regions far from the sea of as great value as the Lord Mayor's badge in London. He hung it round my neck, and said, 'There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship.'" For two such shells he afterwards found a

slave could be bought, and five of them were considered a handsome price for an elephant's tusk worth ten pounds.

The following extract from Livingstone's first letter to Sir Roderick Murchison supplements the above account of his interview with Shinte:—

“We were received in what they consider grand style. The old chief sat under a species of *Ficus Indica*, on a raised seat, having some hundreds of women behind him, all decked out in their best, and that best was a profusion of red baize. Some drums and primitive instruments made of wood, were powerfully beaten; and different bands of men, each numbering about fifty or eighty persons, well armed with large bows and iron-headed arrows, short broadswords and guns, rushed yelling towards us from different quarters. As they all screwed up their faces so as to look very fierce and savage, I supposed they were trying whether they could not make us take to our heels. But they knelt down and made their obeisance to Shinte, which in all this country consists in rubbing dust on the upper and front part of the arms and across the chest. When several hundreds had arrived, speeches were delivered, in which my history, so far as they could extract it from my companions, was given. ‘The Bible containing a message of peace.’ ‘The return of two captives to Shinte.’ ‘The opening of a new path for trade,’ &c., were all described. ‘Perhaps he is fibbing, perhaps not; they rather thought he was.’ ‘But as they were good-hearted, and not at all like the Balobale, or people of Sकेletu, and had never done any evil to any one, Shinte had better treat him well and send him on his way.’ The women occasionally burst forth with a plaintive ditty, but I could not distinguish whether it was in praise of the speakers or of themselves; and when the sun became hot the scene closed.

“Shinte came during the night and hung around my neck a particular kind of shell, which is highly valued as a proof of the greatest friendship; and he was greatly delighted with some Scriptural pictures which I showed him from a magic lantern. The spirit of trade is strong in all Africans, and the Balonda chiefs we visited all highly approved of our journey. Each expressed an earnest hope that the projected path might lead through his town. Shinte facilitated our progress to the next important chief, named Katema.”

After furnishing him with guides, and a stock of provisions, they parted with mutual good wishes, each being serviceable to the other to an extent of which Shinte had little idea.

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

From Kabompo to Katema's town, Livingstone and his party passed across a country rich in woods and fertile plains, the latter covered from a

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

Several remarkable chiefs and headmen were met and conversed with during this stage of the journey. Mozinkwa, a headman of Katema's and his wife (he had only one), were above the ordinary run in character and intelligence. They had a large and well-kept garden, hedged round. The hut and courtyard were surrounded by a living and impenetrable wall of banian trees. Cotton grew round all the premises. Plants used as relishes to the insipid porridge of the district, castor-oil plants, Indian brignalls, yams, and sweet potatoes were carefully and successfully cultivated. Several large trees planted in the middle of the yard formed a grateful shade to the huts of the family, who were fine specimens of the negro race at its best. Livingstone was much touched by the worth and kindness of this family, and amongst other things promised to bring the wife a cloth from the white man's country on his return; but alas! before his return she was dead, and Mozinkwa and his family had forsaken their pleasant huts and gardens, as a Balonda man cannot live in a spot where a favourite wife has died.

In speaking to these people on religious subjects, he found that nothing made so much impression upon them as the fact that the Son of God came down from heaven to die for men, and really endured death in our stead out of pure love, and to tell about God and the place from whence He had come. If this method of interesting them did not succeed, he found it impossible to move them. As human sacrifices had been at one time common among the Balonda, and at the time of Livingstone's visit were still practised to a limited extent, on the occasion of the death of great chiefs, &c., they readily appreciated the extent of the sacrifice made by a great being in submitting himself to death in the place of others.

Quendende, the father-in-law of Katema, a fine old man with long woolly hair reaching to the shoulders, plaited on either side, and the back hair gathered into a lump on the nape of the neck, received a visit which gratified him much. Quendende was a snuff-taker and prepared the titillating powder in a primitive fashion; the leaves of the tobacco plant after being dried at the

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

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

He had a great idea of his own importance, and did not fail to give Livingstone the benefit of it on the morrow. "I am the great Moene (lord) Katema, the father of Matiamvo. There is no one in this country equal to Matiamvo and me; I have always lived here, and my forefathers too. There is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place where you encamped. I never killed any of the traders, they all come to me, I am the great Moene Katema, of whom you have heard."

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

Unlike the chiefs farther to the south, he had a herd of cattle, reared from two he had bought from the Balobale when he was young. They were

fine animals, almost white, and as handsome and nearly as active as Elands. As he did not milk them they were in a semi-wild state; and when he wanted to kill one it had to be stalked and shot.

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

Here several of Livingstone's people suffered from fever, and he had another attack himself. These frequent seizures had reduced his strength, but had not impaired in the slightest degree that resolute and iron will which allowed nothing to interfere with the great end he had in view. Before he was quite recovered he was on the move again accompanied by three guides given by Katema. While here and at Shinte's town they had wanted for nothing the people had to give, and they were able to return the compliment, as while there they killed an ox, a share of which was a great boon to people who seldom tasted flesh meat. The want of cattle throughout a district so admirably adapted for them, on account of the abundance of grass and water, and its freedom from tsetse struck him as singular.

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

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

trunk ere the branches were reached being not uncommon. The ground underneath was covered with a luxuriant crop of green grass, through and over which beautiful flowers of all colours stood out, gladdening the sight and perfuming the air.

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

Food was now getting scarce, as none could be got unless in exchange for something out of their little store. One of the guides caught a blue mole and two mice, which he dressed for his supper, a distinct indication that larger game was scarce, or not to be had. Since his entrance into the country of Balonda the sight of herds of game and even single individuals had become few and far between; and these had become so shy from being hunted, that there was no chance of getting within gun-shot of them without horses and other hunting appliances which he had not got. The weakness caused by the frequent attacks of fever, and the bad setting of his shoulder, which had been shattered by the lion that attacked him at Chounane, left him hardly able to carry or hold his gun straight. Katende, a chief, sent a message to Livingstone that he must give him either a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell, before he would be allowed to pass; to which demand an explanation of his circumstances, and one of his remaining shirts, was sent, together with a message that if he liked he might come and take anything else, in which case he would reach his own chief naked and have to account for it by telling that Katende had taken them. The shirt was detained, and a little meal and manioc, and a fowl sent in exchange to the famishing band.

They passed onward without seeing Katende, and reached a river with

a wooden bridge across it, which Livingstone was surprised to find in the possession of a "pikeman" who demanded toll—a functionary he had not expected to meet with so far from the confines of civilization. A payment of three copper bracelets secured the passage of the party. For days their route was across a country intersected by valleys through each of which flowed a flooded stream, more or less difficult to cross. In passing one of these Livingstone lost his hold of the tail of an ox, and swam unassisted to the other side, to the great joy of his men, who leaped into the water to save him. They had not known till then that he could swim, and expressed their satisfaction and contempt for future difficulties of a similar nature by saying, "We can all swim. Who carried the white man across the river but himself?"

Livingstone's men, who had accompanied him from the Lecambye and the Chobe, and passed through so many miles of country not half so fertile as the region they had been passing through for days, expressed their astonishment at the want of cattle and the non-cultivation of the soil, especially as the country was about as thickly peopled as their own. He came to the conclusion that when wild game was abundant in the district it had been afflicted with tsetse, and that now, on account of the introduction of guns &c., these becoming scarce, the insect plague had ceased, a state of matters of which, up to that time, Shinte, Katemo, and Matiamvo, were the only chiefs who had had the wisdom to take advantage.

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

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

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

For several days he suffered severely from fever, being scarcely able to sit upon his ox, and when quite prostrate from its effects, a mutiny arose among his men, who were dissatisfied on account of some presents he had made to his guides and chief men, who had become disheartened, and whose goodwill and courage were so necessary to the safety of the expedition. Having explained the matter to them, and promised to slay an ox at the next village they reached, he imagined that harmony was restored. Some time after, on recovering from a stupor induced by fever, he found matters in a worse state than ever. Feeling how necessary it was that order should be restored, he staggered from his bed armed with his double-barrelled pistol, and, partly by threats and cajolery, restored amity amongst them. Several days afterwards, the exactions of the Chiboque and the dangers with which they were daily beset sapped the courage of his men, and they demanded to be led back to their homes, as they saw no hope of being able to reach the coast. After using all his power of persuasion without avail, he announced his intention in the event of their deserting him, of proceeding to his destination alone. This had the desired effect; some of them made answer: "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

Those who had accompanied him all the way, said "they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and they would die for me." At every step of his journey we are called upon to admire the wisdom and courage of this heroic man. On many occasions the slightest indiscretion or rashness would have ruined the expedition by exciting the jealous and suspicious nature of those savage tribes; and when real danger threatened, his cool and resolute bearing—offering no violence, but showing unmistakably that if such were absolutely necessary it would be forthcoming—saved them frequently

from plunder and a violent death. A man like this, who knows his own powers thoroughly, and possesses the unusual faculty of commanding himself, his passions and feelings, in all cases, illustrates our highest idea of what "a leader of men" should be. To such men few undertakings, however dangerous, are impossible; their courage and honesty conquer the stranger, while their followers cannot help imbibing these qualities to an extent which makes them capable of efforts they would have shrunk from under inferior guidance.

The travellers passed rapidly over the remainder of their route to the Quango, avoiding villages, as the visiting of these only led to delays, no food being procurable without making sacrifices of their now scanty necessaries. On passing a village, swarms of children would rush out, and run for long distances alongside of them, viewing them with wonder. They suffered greatly from hunger; but the near prospect of reaching Portuguese territory and finding friends, kept them up, and induced them to strain every nerve to reach it as speedily as possible.

On the 30th of March, when so weak from fever and hunger that he had to be led by his men to prevent his falling, Livingstone looked down from the high land upon a valley about a hundred miles wide, through which the broad Quango wound its way to the north-west. This great valley is nearly covered with dark forest excepting along the course of the river, which gleamed here and there from the midst of the green meadows which extend a considerable way from its banks. On the further side lofty mountains rose indistinctly through the haze, while the high ground from which he viewed the magnificent scene was about a thousand feet above the level of the stream. Weary and worn with want and disease, one can readily imagine the feelings of this remarkable man, as he surveyed the magnificent valley spread out before him, and had his eyes refreshed and his spirit stirred by the sight of blue mountain summits, after hundreds of miles of travel through a country all but flat. Beyond that broad stream lay friendly territory! A few days more of trial and difficulty and he would be among a people who would aid him in the completion of his great enterprise, and esteem it an honour to supply him with the comforts and necessaries of which he stood so much in need!

The chief of the Bashinje, a people on the east bank of the Quango, made himself as troublesome as possible, as Livingstone would neither give him a man nor one of the tusks belonging to Sekeletu. Everything they had possessed, save the tusks and his instruments, was gone, and the clothes of the travellers were hanging about them in tatters. The chief, a young man of pleasing countenance, visited Livingstone, who showed him his watch, which so excited his fear and wonder that he declined to see the magic lantern and his pocket compass. Hunger and the near prospect of succour had made the whole party determined to march on, even if they should have to cut their

way through these unfriendly people. In answer to the threats and demands of the chief, he was told firmly that they "should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities, the blame before God would be his;" and Livingstone's interpreter added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" meaning, "You have never killed any white man, and you will find one more difficult to manage than you imagine."

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

Livingstone's tent was pitched in front of Cypriano's dwelling, and in the morning his men were plentifully supplied with pumpkins and maize, while Livingstone was entertained to a breakfast in his dwelling, of ground nuts, roasted maize, and boiled manioc roots, with guavas and honey as a dessert. "I felt sincerely grateful," says Livingstone, "for such a breakfast." Several of Cypriano's friends joined them at dinner, before partaking of which, each guest had water poured on his hands to wash them, by a female slave.

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

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

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

As the party had crossed several streams and had marched for miles among wet grass which grew two feet over their heads, they had a very forlorn appearance as they entered Cassange, the farthest east Portuguese settlement, and presented themselves to the gaze of civilized men. The first gentleman Livingstone met asked him for his passport, "and said it was necessary to take me before the authorities. As I was in the same state of mind in which individuals are who commit a petty depredation in order to obtain the shelter and food of a prison, I gladly accompanied him to the house of the commandant, Senor de Silva Rego. Having shown my passport (letters of recommendation from the Chevalier Du Prat, of Cape Town) to the gentleman, he politely asked me to supper; and as we had eaten nothing except the farina of Cypriano, from the Quango to this, I suspect I appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table." One can readily sympathise with him, when he adds, "Had they not been present, I might have put some in my pocket to eat by night; for after fever the appetite is unusually keen, and manioc is one of the most unsatisfying kinds of food." One of the guests, Captain Antonio Rodrigues Neves, took the worn and exhausted traveller to his house with him, where he remained during his stay, and presented him with a decent suit of clothing. This kindly man also furnished food for the famishing party.

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

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

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

The commander handsomely sent a soldier with the party as a guide to Ambaca, entertained Livingstone to a farewell dinner, and presented his companions with an ox to regale themselves with. The merchants accompanied him some distance in hammocks carried by slaves, and having given him

letters of introduction to their friends in Loanda, they parted with mutual expressions of good-will. Livingstone's guide was a man of colour, a native of Ambaca, and a full corporal in the militia. He was attended by three slaves, two of whom carried his hammock, in which he always reclined in state on entering and leaving a village; the third slave carried a box which contained his dishes, clothing, and writing materials, for he could both read and write, as nearly all his brethren could. Although a pure native himself, when he lost his temper in dealing with any of his slaves, he called him a "negro," as if he meant it as a term of reproach.

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

Arrived at Ambaca, Livingstone was hospitably entertained by the commandant, who recommended wine for his debility; and here he took the first glass of that beverage he had taken in Africa. While sleeping in the house of the commandant he was bitten by an insect called the *tampan*, a kind of tick, varieties of which range in size from a pin's head to a pea. It invariably attacks the parts between the toes, sucking the blood till quite full. Its bite is poisonous, and causes a sensation of pain and itching, which passes up the limb until it reaches the abdomen, when it causes purging and retching. When these effects do not follow, fever often sets in, which frequently results in death. Before starting, the commandant gave them two militia soldiers as guides, to replace their Cassange corporal, who left them here; and provided them with as much bread and meat as would serve them until they reached the next station. With characteristic liberality, Livingstone tells us that the ability of so many of the people of Ambaca to read and write, "is the fruit of the labours of the Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries, for they taught the people of Ambaca; and ever since the expulsion of the teachers by the Marquis of Pombal, the natives have continued to teach each other. These devoted men are held in high estimation throughout the country to this day. All speak well of them; and now that they are gone from this lower sphere, I could not help wishing that their own Roman Catholic fellow Christians had felt it their duty to give the people the Bible, to be a light to their feet when the good men themselves were gone."

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the journey. The Portuguese, without exception, treated the party with the utmost consideration and kindness, which was all the more gratifying to him on account of his debilitated condition. Parties of Mambari were met who did not seem

pleased at finding Makololo men so far from their native Zambesi, and so near a market where they would discover the true value of their elephants' tusks. They tried to induce them to return, by repeating the legend that the white men lived in the sea, and that harm would happen to them. But Livingstone's companions were now proof against such fables; and although full of wonder and doubt as to the new world they were about to enter, and the treatment they might receive, they determined to stand by him to the last.

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

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

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

Livingstone and his party started from Linyanti on the 11th of November, 1853, and reached Loanda on the 31st of May, 1854, the journey thus occupying something more than six months, during which period none of his friends, either savage or civilized, heard anything of him. He had disappeared into the wilderness; and, like many more daring spirits, it was

supposed that he had fallen a victim to the climate or the cruelty of some savage chief. Not the least remarkable fact connected with his journey was, that he had not lost a man in the long and toilsome journey; and, as we shall see, he was equally fortunate in returning.

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

Save in the immediate neighbourhood of the rivers and swamps the natives are subject to fewer diseases than Europeans. In return for the comforts and industrial appliances of civilized life they could give cotton, indigo, skins, ivory, etc.; and a legitimate and mutually helpful trade of this kind with the civilized centres of the world would do more in ten years towards the suppression of the traffic in human flesh than all the money Great Britain has spent for this object since the abolition of slavery in her dependencies.

This great district he found as thickly populated as the Bechuana country by tribes ranking high among savages in intelligence, who, in the main, led peaceable and blameless lives,—cultivating their gardens, feeding their cattle, catching the fish in the rivers, and hunting the game of the plains, and cherishing traditions of wise and distinguished forefathers of their tribes. To the west, through their connection with the slave traders of the coast, and the evil passions which invariably follow this inhuman traffic, he found a people who had lost the peaceful and patriarchal simplicity of their brethren of the interior; but amongst them he found wise and intelligent chiefs and headmen, with whom it appeared to him easy, given the opportunity of bringing the proper teaching and experience before them through missionary and commercial effort, to introduce a purer and nobler life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Livingstone's Letters Home Detailing his Discoveries.—Receives the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medal for the Year.—The Province of Angola, &c.

THE *Missionary Magazine* for October, 1855, was able to give the following brief account of Dr. Livingstone's great journey:—

“Our enterprising missionary has, since the early part of 1853, been engaged on his fourth tour of exploration in the interior of Africa. Arriving at the town of the Chief Sekeletu, on the river Liuyanti, in September of that year he proceeded in a north-westerly direction, in company with a detachment of the followers of that chief, in search of an outlet on the west coast, and, after surmounting great difficulties and hardships, he at length reached St. Paul de Loanda at the end of May, 1854.

“In consequence of the loss of some of Dr. Livingstone's letters, by the wreck of the vessel in which they were despatched, the detailed account of his extended journey has not yet come to hand; but our readers will be gratified by the notice of its more recent incidents embodied in the subjoined extracts from his last communication.

“Under date, Cassange, Angola, West Africa, 14th January, ult., Dr. Livingstone writes:—

“As soon as I was sufficiently recovered from the severe indisposition which kept me prostrate for a long time after my arrival at Loanda, I wrote you a full account of the journey, concerning which you have probably received information from other sources. I regretted that you had not received the earliest intelligence directly from my own hand, and that regret was increased on learning a few days ago at Punjo Andonjo, that all my letters and maps had been lost in the wreck of the ‘*Forerunner*,’ off Madeira.

“Having left the river Zambesi or Leeambye in latitude 14°11' S., and longitude 23°40' E., we ascended the Leeba until we had the country at Lobale on our left, and Loanda on our right. We then left the canoes and travelled N.N.W. on oxback till we reached the latitude of this place, viz., 9°37', whence proceeding westwards we at last reached Loanda.

“In passing through a part of Loanda we found the people exceedingly kind, and generally anxious that we should succeed in opening up a new road to the coast; they belong to the negro race and are more superstitious than any of the southern tribes; they would not eat with us, and near every village we

observed an idol, consisting either of a clay figure of a lion or alligator, or a block of wood on which a human face was rudely carved. In cases of sickness or failure in any pursuit, offerings of food are presented and drums beat before them during whole nights. The Balonda invariably go armed with short broadswords, large bows and arrows, and guns, and seem to possess but little sense of security in their own country. Cases of kidnapping of children occurred while we were passing, and these with persons who flee from one chieftain to another are generally sold to half-blood Portuguese who visit the country as slave dealers. The country appeared to contain a large population, and it abounds in the necessaries of life. The soil is fertile, and the climate admits of the crops appearing in all the different stages all the year round.

“The time of our visit was unfortunately the season of the heavy rains, which appear to follow the course of the sun in his progress north. Our experience can scarcely be considered a fair criterion of what may occur during the rest of the year: perpetual drenchings, a hot sun (the temperature never under 84° in the shade), quickly drying our clothing, and frequently sleeping in damp beds, prevented my forming a reliable idea of the salubrity of the climate. My companions, all native Zambesians, had nearly as much sickness as myself—intermittent fever being the complaint from which we all suffered most. The country, however, is elevated, and, abounding in flowing streams, is moreover of great fertility and beauty. The time spent in the way was also longer than may be required at other seasons, because we had to halt early in the afternoons, in order to allow the men to build little huts for shelter during the night. The dense-tangled forests, however, presented an insurmountable obstacle to travelling in waggons, but the plains on our west may not be similarly obstructed.

“When we came into the vicinity of the Portuguese settlements, the native tribes treated us rather badly. Some levied heavy fines on the most frivolous pretences; others demanded payment for leave to pass at all. I parted with everything I could dispense with, and my men gave all their ornaments and most of their clothes, either for food, fines, or ferries. But when we explained we had nothing to part with besides, it did not in the least appease the violence of the mobs which surrounded us, we must pay either a man, an ox, or a gun, and were looked upon as interlopers, wishing to cheat them out of their dues. At last, on reaching the river Quango, by the generous assistance of a young Portuguese sergeant of Militia, we entered the territory of Portugal, and received the kindest treatment from all classes all the way to Loanda.

“In that city I arrived nearly knocked up, and suffering from fever and dysentery. Edmund Gabriel, Esq., Her Majesty’s Commissioner for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, and the only Englishman I know in the city, most generously received me and my twenty-seven companions into his house.

I shall never forget the delicious pleasure of lying down on his bed, after sleeping six months on the ground, nor the unwearied attention and kindness, through a long sickness, which Mr. Gabriel invariably showed. May God reward him! My companions were struck with awe at the sight of a city, and more especially when taken on board Her Majesty's ships of war. The kindness of the officers of the cruisers removed the last vestige of fear from their minds; for finding them to be all my countrymen, they saw the fallacy of the declarations of the negroes of every village we came to west of Cassange, 'that the white man was taking them to the sea, and would sell them all, to be taken on board ship, fattened, and eaten.' They were afterwards engaged in discharging coals from a ship for wages, and will marvel to the end of their lives at the prodigious quantity of 'stones that burn' one ship could contain. They previously imagined their own little canoes on the Zambesi the best vessels, and themselves the most expert sailors in the world.

"His excellency the Bishop of Angola, then the acting governor of the province, received my companions with great kindness, and assured them of his protection and friendship as well as desire to promote commercial intercourse with the country of Sekeletu. He also sent a present of a horse and handsome dress for that chief, and showed very great attention to myself in my sickness. The merchants too, of Loanda, took the opportunity of our return, to send presents to Sekeletu; and as they give much more for the produce of his country than can be or is done by merchants from the Cape colony, it is to be hoped that intercourse with either Cassange or Loanda, will promote the civilization of the interior. . . . I have been remarkably well treated by the Portuguese. The Government did everything in its power to facilitate my progress through the province. . . . I visited several of the 'extinct convents,' or, as we should say, deserted missionary stations. The churches are standing in some instances, and would require but little to put them in good repair. South American fruit trees grow in the neat gardens which the missionaries laid out, the bedsteads stand in the dormitories as they left them, and the chests in which the brethren stowed their provisions; but there were no books nor any inscriptions on the graves which would enable one to learn something of the dust which sleeps beneath. But turning to the people we soon recognise their memorials in the great numbers who can both read and write. There are few of the people of Ambaca who cannot use their pen, and the sight is not uncommon in that district of a black man sitting in the evening with a fire-stick in one hand, and a pen in the other, writing in a beautiful hand a petition to a commandant. I looked upon these relics of former times with peculiar interest. . . . Among the benefits conferred on the country by the missionaries may be mentioned coffee. A few mocha seeds were planted, and it has now extended itself over the whole country. Plantations of it are daily discovered in the forests, and only require to be

cleaned to yield as good quality of fruit as can be found in the world. A few months ago it was discovered at Cassange, 300 miles inland. . . . I return because I feel that the work to which I set myself is only half accomplished. The way out to the eastern coast may be less difficult than I have found that to the west. If I succeed, we shall at least have a choice. I intend, God helping me, to go down the Zambesi or Lecambe to Killimane. I may, in order to avoid the falls of Mosioatunya, and the rapid and rocky river above that part, go across from Sesheke to the Mauniche-Loenge or river of the Bashokolompo, and then descend it to the Zambesi. If I cannot succeed I shall return to Loanda, and thence embark for England. I expected letters at Loanda, and feel much disappointed at receiving none. I asked my friends to write to that place, and now suppose they believed I should never reach it. I shall feel obliged if you will send a letter to Killimane. I know not whether I shall reach it. I mean to try."

The following extracts from a letter written by Dr. Livingstone to Dr. Tidman give a graphic account of the countries and peoples he had visited previous to October, 1855, the date of the letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—The excessive heat and dust which prevail previous to the commencement of the rainy season, have prevented my departure from the town of Sekeletu, as I intended at the beginning of this month, in order to descend the Lecambe or the Zambesi. And though often seized with sore longing for the end of this pilgrimage, the certainty that the present weather would soon lay me up with fever, at a distance from friends, almost reconciles the mind to the delay. As I now possess considerable knowledge of the region to which I have devoted some years of toil, I will employ my present comparative leisure in penning a sort of report, which may enable you to form a clear idea of inter-tropical Africa as a missionary field.

"PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

"It may be advantageous to take a glance at the physical features of the country first, in order to be able to appreciate the nature of the obstacles which will have to be surmounted by those whom God may honour to introduce Christianity into this large section of the heathen world. The remarks made for this purpose must be understood as applying exclusively to the country between 18° and 10° S. latitude, and situated towards the centre of the continent. The region thus indicated may be described as an extensive plain, intersected in every direction by large rivers, with their departing and re-entering branches. They bear on their bosoms volumes of water, such as are totally unknown in the south, and never dry up as the Orange and most other African rivers do. They appear as possessing two beds, one of inundation, and another cut out exactly like the Clyde above Bothwell bridge. They overflow annually during the rainy season in the north, and then the beds of

inundation—the haughs or holms—are all flooded, though, as in the Barotse valley, they may be more than 20 miles broad. The main body of the water still flows in the now very deep low water bed, but the rivers look more like chains of lakes than streams. The country between this and Sheseke was, during the present year, nearly all under water. The parts which remained dry are only a few feet above the general level, and canoes went regularly from Linyanti to Sheseke, the distance being in a straight line more than 120 miles. It was an unusually wet year, and the plains are not yet free from large patches of stagnant, foul-smelling water; though we expect the rains of another season to begin during the present month. The inundation, if I may judge from my own observation, is by no means partial. The exceptions are where overtopping rocks form high banks, and there we have rapids and cataracts, which impede navigation, and have probably been the barriers to inland trade. When the supply of water from the north diminishes, the rivers are confined to the low water channels, and even at their lowest are deep enough to prevent invasion by enemies who cannot swim or manage canoes. Numerous lakes, of considerable size, are left on the lately flooded meadows by the retiring rivers, and these are either fringed with reeds or covered with mat rushes, papyrus plants, the Egyptian arum, the lotus, and other water-loving plants. They are always drying up, but are never altogether dry ere the next wet season begins.

“The country over which the rivers never rise is nearly two hundred feet higher than the holms.

“THE INHABITANTS, THEIR ACCESSIBILITY TO CHRISTIANITY.

“In regard to the people inhabiting this large and populous territory, it is difficult in the absence of all numerical data to present a very precise idea. The tribes are large, but divided into a great number of villages. So thickly were these dotted over the country, that in travelling in a straight line in which we could rarely see more than a mile on each side, we often passed ten or twelve hamlets in a single day. Occasionally, however, we marched ten miles without seeing any. In no part of the south I have visited is such a population seen. Angola contains 600,000 souls, and Loanda seemed more populous and of larger extent than it. The Cape Colony, with 200,000 souls, possesses some hundreds of missions and other Christian instructors and schoolmasters, but it will bear no comparison with Loanda as a missionary field. The Makololo territory has several tribes—Batoka, Barotse, Bashubca, Banyeti, Makalaka, &c.—and there is no impediment to immediate occupation by missionaries; and to such as aspire to the honour of being messengers of mercy to the actual heathen, there is no more inviting field in South Africa. I am not to be understood as meaning that any of these people are anxious for the Gospel. They are quite unlike the intelligent inquiring race of the Punjab, or the

vivacious islanders of the Pacific. But there is not such callous indifference to religious truth as I have seen elsewhere, nor yet that opposition which betokens progress in knowledge. But there is a large population, and we are sure, if the word of life is faithfully preached, in process of time many will believe. I repeat again, that I know of no impediment to immediate efforts for their instruction. Every headman and chief in the country would be proud of the visit or residence of a white man. There is security generally for life and property. I left by mistake a pontoon in a village of Loanda, and found it safe eighteen months afterwards. Some parcels sent by Mr. Moffat, by means of Matebele, lay a whole year on an island in the Zambesi, near Mosioatunya. It is true, it was believed, that they contained medicine, which might bewitch, but regular rogues are seldom scared by such preservatives. The Balonda are a friendly industrious race, and thousands of the Balobale find an asylum among them from the slave-dealing propensities of their chiefs. They seem to possess a more vivid conviction of their relation to the unseen world than any of the southern tribes. In the deep dark forests near their villages, we always met with idols and places of prayer. The latter are spots about four feet broad and forty long, kept carefully clear of vegetation and falling leaves. Here, in the still darkness of the forest night, the worshipper, either male or female, comes alone and prays to the gods (Barimo) or spirits of departed relatives, and when an answer to the petition seems granted, meal or other food is sprinkled on the spot as a thank offering.

“The Balonda extend to 7° south latitude, and their paramount chief is always named Matiamvo. There are many subordinate chiefs all nearly independent. The Balobale possess the same character, but are more warlike, yet no prudent white man would be in the least danger among them. It seems proper to refer to the Chiboque, Bashingo, and Bangala, who treated us more severely than any I had previously met with in Africa. Sometimes they levelled their guns at us, and it seemed as if we must fight to prevent entire plunder and reduction to slavery. But I thank God we did them no harm, and no one need fear vengeance on our account. A few more visits on this principle would render them as safe as all other tribes, concerning which it may confidently be stated, that if one behaves as a Christian and a gentleman he will invariably be treated as such. Contrary conduct will give rise to remarks and treatment of scorn.”

LANGUAGES.

“Reference has been made to the Barotse, Batoka, &c., as of the true negro race which occupies the interior of the continent. By their subjection to the Makololo, they have acquired considerable knowledge of the Sichuana language. We have thus a very important field open in a tongue into which

the whole of the Sacred Scriptures will, it is hoped, soon be translated, and the time necessary for learning and reducing the negro language may not be so barren as is usually the case. The Barotse, Batoka, Balonda, and Ambonda dialects (or language spoken by the Angolese), with those spoken in Luba and beyond, as also those of the people on the east coast, are all undoubtedly cognate with the Bechuana tongue and Kaffre. The very considerable number of words exactly alike or only slightly varied in their inflections, can only be explained on that hypothesis, for there has been no intercourse between these tribes, at least for centuries past. Each of the negro tribes readily learns the language of the others. The Bechuanas, however, often fail to acquire that of the negroes though living among them. Yet my companions acquired it in Angola as readily as I could a smattering of Portuguese, and failed entirely in the latter. The influence of the Sacred Scriptures in the true negro language will be immense. If we call the actual amount of conversion the *direct* results of missions, and the wide diffusion of better principles the *indirect*, I have no hesitation in asserting that the latter are of infinitely more importance than the former. I do not undervalue the importance of the conversion and salvation of the most abject creature that breathes, but viewing our work of wide sowing of the good seed, relatively to the harvest when all our heads are low, there can, I think, be no comparison.

“It might be premature to contemplate the probability of any results from the circulation of the edition of the Testament which was furnished to Park; but the circumstances are somewhat similar, seeing that all the Arabs I have met with are able to read and write. We may accomplish that which he was not permitted to do. It will, at all events, be working in the right direction.

OPENINGS FOR THE ULTIMATE SPREAD OF CIVILIZATION AND CHRISTIANITY.

“The Africans are all deeply imbued with the spirit of trade. We found great difficulty in getting past many villages; every artifice was employed to detain us, that we might purchase our suppers from them. And having finished all the game, they are entirely dependent on English calico for clothing. It is retailed to them by inches; a small piece will purchase a slave. If they had the opportunity of a market they would raise on their rich soil abundance of cotton, and zingoba beans for oil. I cannot say they were lazy, though they did seem to take the world easy. Their hair was elaborately curled; many of their villages were models of neatness, and so were their gardens and huts. Many were inveterate musicians. The men who went with me to Loanda did so in order to open up a path for commerce, and without any hope of payment from me. Though compelled to part with their hard-won earnings in that city for food, on our way home I never heard a murmur. The report they gave of the expedition, both in public and

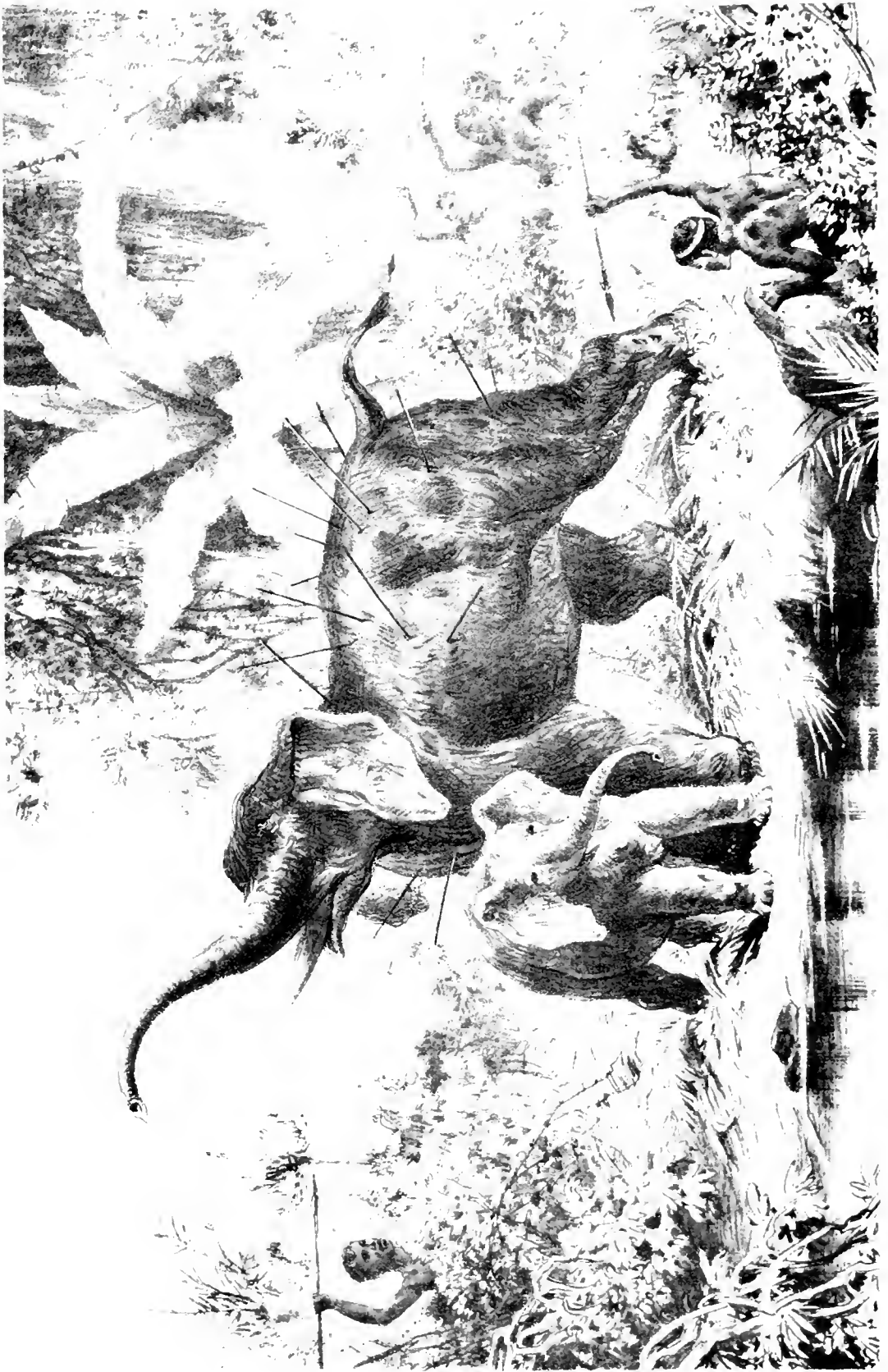
private, and very kind expressions towards myself, were sufficiently flattering. A fresh party was dispatched with ivory, under the guidance of an Arab from Zanzibar, and two days only given for preparation; and when they return, or even sooner, my companions are to start again. That their private opinions are in accordance with their public professions, I have evidence in the number of volunteers who offer themselves to go to the east with me, knowing I have not wherewith to purchase food even. And they are not an enthusiastic race either; there is not the least probability of any mere adventurer attaining much influence among them. If the movement now begun is not checked by some untoward event, the slave trade will certainly come to a natural termination in this quarter, our cruisers have rendered slaves so little value now on the coast. Commerce has the effect of speedily letting the tribes see their mutual dependence. It breaks up the sullen isolation of heathenism. It is so far good. But Christianity alone reaches the very centre of the wants of Africa and of the world.

“Theoretically I would pronounce the country about the forks of the Leeba and Leeambye, or Kabompo, and the river of the Bashukolompo, as a most desirable central point for the spread of civilization and Christianity. And unfortunately I must mar my report by saying I feel a difficulty as to taking my children there without their own intelligent self-dedication. I can speak for my wife and myself only—we will go whoever remains behind.”

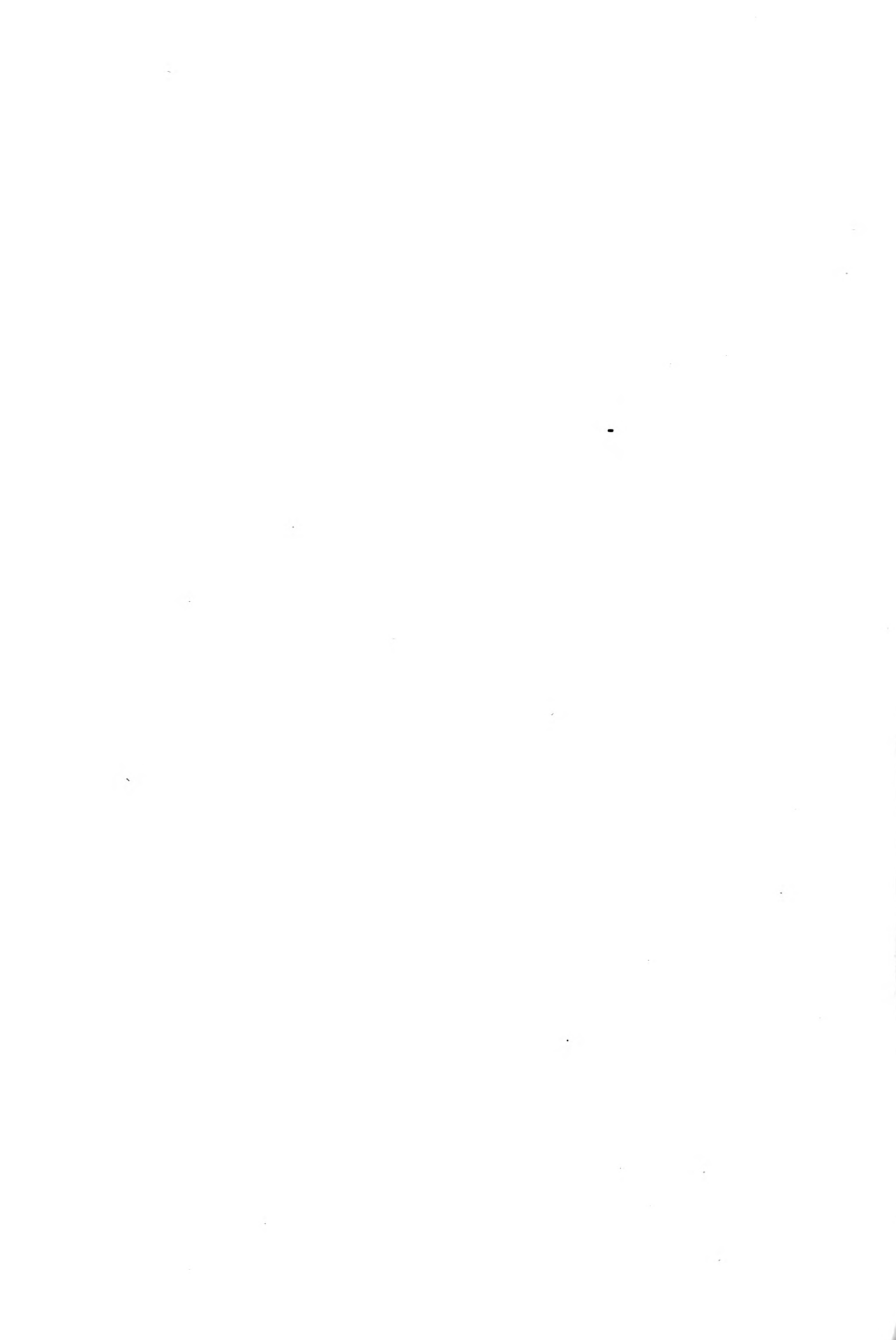
We give a few extracts from an interesting letter written by Dr. Livingstone, and addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison. It is the earliest of that series of letters between these two distinguished men we have been able to recover:—

“The commerce of the country over which Sekeletu now reigns, and that of numerous tribes situated more to the East, have been until lately completely neglected by Europeans. A large waterfall, called Mosioatunya, is conjectured to have prevented the Portuguese from ascending the Zambesi; and the Desert presented an insurmountable obstacle to commercial enterprise in the south. Accordingly, when we first visited the country we saw many instances in which valuable ivory had been allowed to rot with other bones, just where the animal had fallen. Indeed tusks went by the name of “mere bones” (marapohela= bones only); and, though the inhabitants soon acquired an idea of their superior value, they have not, up to the present time, received prices sufficient to stimulate them to proper efforts to procure large supplies. Elephants abound in the land, and there are many daring hunters; but a few pieces of cloth present only a very small indication that the tusks are of more value than the flesh. The elephants have always been killed more for food than for profitable barter; and other articles of trade, such as beeswax, which abounds in some parts of the country, are thrown aside as useless.

“The common methods of killing elephants may be mentioned. The



NATIVE SPEARING AN ELEPHANT



hunters having observed the path by which certain elephants or a herd go to water, select the highest overhanging trees as best adapted for their purpose. They are armed with spears having very long handles, made of very light wood, and blades about two feet long, furnished with a barb on the shaft. As the animals generally drink during the night, the men perch themselves on branches hanging nearly over the path, and, when the elephant comes unsuspectingly along, plunge their spears into his body. The wounded animal rushes madly away, and, as the spear is held in by the barb, the motion of the body causes the long handle to swing in different directions. Contact with trees produces the same effect; and, as the motions of the blade are uniform with those of the handle, the numerous internal gashes soon bring this strong animal to the ground. Another method is by means of a log of wood, having a poisoned spear-head inserted. It is suspended on a branch above the elephant's path by means of a cord, which again is secured to a small wooden catch on the ground. When the catch is touched by the foot of the elephant in passing along, the beam falls on his back, and the barbed spear-head remains. In this case the trust of the hunter lies in the poison. Still another method is that of deep, wedge-shaped pitfalls, carefully covered over and plastered, so as to have the same appearance as the rest of the path. Many females and young animals are destroyed by this last means; but it is evident that with better arms and the prospect of a speedy and profitable sale of the ivory, much more produce would appear. The present means are often rendered futile by one elephant helping another out of a pitfall, or by the sagacious beast snuffing danger in the wind, and abruptly leaving the country. Even when successful, it can only be with one animal, for the others at once forsake the district if one of their number falls a victim.

“The inhabitants of the Balonda country, belong to the true woolly-headed negro race, and differ remarkably from the Bechuanas and other tribes in the south in their treatment of females and in the practice of idolatry. They swear by their mothers, and never desert them; they allow the women a place and voice in their public assemblies, and frequently elevate them to the chieftainship.

“The Bechuanas, on the contrary, swear by their fathers, glory in the little bit of beard which distinguishes them from the sex which they despise, and, though they have some idea of a future state, it exerts but little influence on their conduct. Their supreme God is a cow, and they never pray.”

After giving details of his intercourse with Shinte, which we have already quoted, Dr. Livingstone goes on to explain the river system of the country. He struck the Leeba after leaving Shinte's town:—“It had,” he says, “assumed the same easterly and westerly course as the Leeambye. After crossing it we were obliged to go almost due North, in consequence of the

plains of Lobale on our West being flooded and impassable. It happened to be the rainy season, and never did twenty-four hours pass without frequent drenching showers. All the streams were swollen, so as to appear considerable rivers; but as they were generally furnished with rustic bridges, we may infer their flow to be perennial. Several extensive plains were crossed with the water standing more than a foot deep; and broad valleys also, along which the water flowed fast towards the Leeba, deep enough to wet our blankets, which we used as pads on the oxen instead of saddles. Both this and the water in the rivers were so clear, that, in using the bridges over the latter, though they were submerged breast-deep, we could easily see the sticks on which to place our feet. This clearness of the water, which we observed in the Zouga, Chobe, and Leeambye, at the times of inundation, is the result of the rains falling on a mat of grass so thick as to prevent the abrasion of the soil. As the tropical rains cause the plains of Lobale to present a similar phenomenon, it may not be unreasonable to conclude that the water of inundation of the Barotse valley and lower parts of the Zambesi, is supplied by copious rains in the North, and, as the natives reported, comes chiefly from Lobale.

“We suffered less detention than might be expected from the swollen state of the rivers; for though we had to swim some of them, all except two boys knew the art; and we never stopped to dry our clothes, unless it were in the afternoons. We got drenched, either by rains or rivers, two or three times every day; but the sun was hot, and we suffered no inconvenience. If, however, we arrived at our sleeping-place damp, or got our blankets wet, intermittent fever was sure to follow.

“The country of the Balonda through which we passed was both fertile and beautiful. Dense forests alternate constantly with open valleys covered with grass resembling fine English meadows. The general surface, though flat, seems covered with waves disposed lengthways from N.N.E. to S.S.W. The crest of each of these earthen billows is covered with forest 4 or 5 miles broad; while the trough, about a mile wide, has generally a stream or bog in the centre, with the habitations and gardens of the inhabitants on the sides. The forests consist of lofty evergreen trees, standing close together, and interlaced with great numbers of gigantic climbers. The trees, covered with lichens, and the ground with mosses and ferns, indicate a much more humid climate than is to be found in the south. The only roads through these dense thickets are small winding footpaths; and as an attempt to stop an ox suddenly, only makes him rush on, we were frequently caught by the overhanging climbers, and came to the ground head foremost. On this account I never trusted to the watch alone for longitudes.

“The streams with which the country is well supplied differ remarkably in the directions in which they flow. Many were flowing southwards; but a

distance of about 20 miles brought us to streams running N.E., and in much deeper valleys. I suspected that we were travelling on an elevated table-land, because the current of the Zambesi and other rivers was rapid, and we had large Cape-heath and rhododendrons, which grow on elevated positions, together with a wonderful lack of animal life. This proved to be the fact, for when we were about 40 miles E.S.E. of the Quango we came upon a sudden descent, perhaps about 2000 feet, which to me seemed about the same height as Table Mountain at the Cape. Ninety or one hundred miles West from this descent appeared as it were a range of mountains; but it is only the edge of a similar table-land, identical with that on the margin of which we stood. This presents the same mountainous appearance to a person coming from the West. The intervening valley is called Cassange, and through it flows the Quango and other rivers.

“Only when we reached the declivity which forms the valley of Cassange could I conceive why all the rivers that flowed North N.E., or N.W., ran in much deeper valleys than those which followed an opposite course. The slopes down to the feeders of the Kasai and Quango are more than 500 yards long and pretty steep, while the beds of the branches of the Leeba are never more than 10 yards below the level of the surrounding country. The whole valley of Cassange seems to have been a work of denudation, for on all sides the declivity presents the same geological peculiarities, viz., a covering of brown hæmatite, mixed with quartz pebbles, lying upon bright-red friable clay slate. This, differing only in hardness and paleness of colour, continues to the bottom; but towards the centre of the valley it takes the form of argillaceous schist. A detached mountain, 7 or 8 miles S.S.W. of Cassange, called Kasala, and having perpendicular sides all round, possesses the same structure. I regret much having no instruments to measure the elevations of these parts; but, after ascending again at Tala Mungongo, we appeared to descend again all the way to Ambaca, where we met primitive and secondary rocks, the latter containing metals.

“This country, as compared with that to the South, is well peopled. We came to villages every few miles, and often passed as many as ten in a day. Some were extremely neat; others were so buried in a wilderness of weeds, that, though sitting on the ox in the middle of the village, we could see only the tops of the houses. There is no lack of food; manioc or the tapioca plant is the staff of life, and requires but little labour for its cultivation. The seasons seemed to allow of planting or reaping all the year round. The Balonda were all extremely kind; and, indeed, had they been otherwise, we should have starved; for there is no game, and all the goods which I had brought from the Cape were expended before we started, excepting a few beads.

“When we came near to the Portuguese possessions, the tribes altered very

much for the worse; and the Chibouque so annoyed us by heavy fines levied on the most frivolous pretences, that we changed our course from N.W. to N. This did not relieve us long, for, when we came nearer Cassange, we found our route obstructed by the M'bangala, who demanded payment of 'a man, an ox, or a gun,' for leave to pass at all. A refusal on our part was sometimes followed by a whole tribe surrounding us, brandishing their swords, arrows, and guns, and tumultuously vociferating their demands. The more we yielded, the more unreasonable the mob became, till at last, in order not to aid in robbing ourselves, we ceased speaking, after telling them that they must strike the first blow. My men, who were inured to fighting by Sebituane, quickly surrounded the chief and councillors. These felt their danger, and speedily became more amicable. They never disputed the proposition that the ground they cultivated alone belonged to them, and all the rest of the country to God. This being the idea in the native mind, they readily admitted that they had no right to demand payment for treading on the soil of our common Father. But they pleaded custom; 'slave-traders always gave them a slave.' My companions being all free subjects of Sekeletu, had as good a right to give me as I had to give one of them; and the affair usually ended by our agreeing to give each other food in token of friendship. I had to part with an ox; and their part of the contract was sometimes fulfilled by sending us two or three pounds of the meat of our own animal, with many expressions of regret at having nothing else to give. It was impossible to avoid laughing at the coolness of the generous creatures. I had paid away my razors, shirts, and everything I could dispense with; but, though I showed these extortioners the instruments and all we had, as being perfectly useless to them, the oxen, men and guns still remained. 'You may as well give what we ask for, as we shall get the whole to-morrow, after we have killed you;' or, 'You must go back from whence you came, and say we sent you;' were some of the witticisms, which, with hunger, were making us all sulky and savage. If Sekeletu had allowed my companions to bring their shields, I could not have restrained them; but we never came into actual collision, and, as far as we are concerned, the way is open for our return. On the last occasion on which we parted with an ox, objections were raised against one which had lost his tail, because they imagined a charm had been inserted in the stump, which might injure them; and the remaining four, still in our possession, very soon exhibited the same peculiarity of their caudal extremities. Attempts have frequently been made by the Balonda and other distant tribes to open up commercial intercourse with the Portuguese, and these have always been rendered abortive by the borderers."

The value and magnitude of the discoveries made by Dr. Livingstone left the members of the Royal Geographical Society in no dubiety as to who should be the gold medallist for the year. At the annual meeting the president of the

Society, Lord Ellesmere, after handing the medal to Dr. Tidman, who represented the London Missionary Society, said:—

“After the observations which have been addressed to this Meeting, on the subject of Dr. Livingstone’s merits, by a Right Reverend Prelate, the Bishop of Oxford, a Fellow of this Society, it has become scarcely necessary for me to say anything in justification of an award, which I know will meet with an assent as unanimous in this assembly as it did in our Council-room. If its further vindication were necessary, I should appeal rather to the eye than the ear. I should point to the pregnant sketches of the routes of recent South African discoverers on our walls; and borrowing from the epitaph of Wren the simple word ‘Circumspice,’ request you to search for yourselves, where Dr. Livingstone entered on the terra incognita of South Africa, and where, at Loanda, he emerged. The satisfaction with which I pronounce the award of our Society, unanimous as I am sure it is, is only alloyed by the circumstance that Dr. Livingstone is not here in person to receive it, as he might have been, but for that noble spirit of perseverance and fidelity to his engagements with a native chief, which has launched him again on his adventurous career. It is some consolation to feel that, in his absence, I could not more appropriately confide this Medal than to the hands of Dr. Tidman, the distinguished Secretary of the London Missionary Society, which has found and sent forth an instrument for their sacred purposes, so illustrious as Dr. Livingstone. Your character, Sir, and your functions remind me, that if Dr. Livingstone has incidentally done that for science which has deserved from us, as a scientific Society, our highest reward, he has gone forth with even higher objects than those which we specially pursue. Your presence here reminds me that his object has been the introduction of Christian truth into benighted regions, and that the means and method of his action have been strictly appropriate to his ends. Within these two days a volume in the Portuguese language has been placed in my hands, the record of a Portuguese expedition of African exploration from the East Coast. I advert to it to point out the contrast between the two. Colonel Monteiro was the leader of a small army—some 20 Portuguese soldiers and 120 Kaffres. I find in the volume no reason to believe that this armed and disciplined force was abused to any purpose of outrage or oppression; but still the contrast is as striking between such military array and the solitary grandeur of the missionary’s progress, as it is between the actual achievements of the two; between the rough knowledge obtained by the Portuguese of some 300 leagues of new country, and the scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted Englishman has left his mark on so many important stations of regions hitherto a blank, over which our associate Mr. Arrowsmith* has sighed in vain. To you then, Sir, I gladly confide this mark

* Mr. Arrowsmith, a great Geographer and Constructor of Maps.

of our Society's appreciation of Dr. Livingstone's merits; and I would fain hope that our award will add somewhat to the satisfaction, you and your fellow-labourers must indulge, in having selected and sent forth such an instrument of your high and holy designs."

The Rev. Dr. Tidman replied:—

"My Lord,—In receiving this mark of honour on behalf of Dr. Livingstone, I can but very inadequately express the gratification which I feel that my intrepid and devoted friend should have secured the distinguished commendation of the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society.

"When I had the pleasure on a former occasion of receiving, as Dr. Livingstone's representative, the award of a chronometer watch from your Society, I ventured to express the sanguine expectation that, if his life were spared, he would hereafter accomplish more extended labours for the exploration of the interior of Southern Africa. That expectation was founded on the knowledge I have long possessed of the indefatigable industry and dauntless courage of Dr. Livingstone; his ardent love of science; and above all, his disinterested Christian benevolence toward the aboriginal tribes of that hitherto unexplored region: for I need not inform your lordship and this meeting, that, how anxious soever our missionary traveller may be to ascertain the geographical facts and physical features of the country, his first and ultimate object is with *the people*, by introducing them to a knowledge of that inspired volume which is the true source of civilization and happiness in the present life, no less than of immortal hope and joy beyond it.

"When Christian missionaries half a century since commenced their work of mercy in Southern Africa, the native tribes possessed no symbol, or visible form of thought; and the Rev. Robert Moffat and others had to acquire the knowledge of their rude speech, not by the eye, but by the ear; to make the hut of the savage their study, and by a nice comparison of utterances and sounds, to learn, by slow degrees, the thoughts and feelings of the natives. But over these difficulties their ardour and perseverance triumphed; and they have given back to these aborigines, in their own tongue, various treatises on education and useful knowledge, together with that inspired volume which can make men wise unto salvation.

"Dr. Livingstone, in the course of his extended journey, found his knowledge of the *Sichuana* language invaluable; for notwithstanding the variety of dialects which prevailed among different tribes, he was able to hold easy and intelligent intercourse with all; but, in addition to the charm which the traveller bears about him who can speak the language of the people whom he visits, Dr. Livingstone carries with him the stronger charm of truthfulness, rectitude, and disinterestedness—these have secured for him a good name, and throughout his journey, with rare exceptions, he was received with confidence and treated with kindness by the natives.

“I sympathise deeply in the pleasure expressed by the Bishop of Oxford, who moved the adoption of your report, that this most successful effort to explore the *terra incognita* of Southern Africa has been accomplished by a Christian missionary; and I can confidently assure your lordship and this meeting, that you will find in these devoted labourers, in every field of their efforts, the true friends of science and social improvement, no less than the faithful teachers of religion.

“It would be premature to offer an opinion on the probable results of Dr. Livingstone's researches in the future extension of civilization and Christianity in South Africa; but it is a benevolent and noble enterprise to seek out these myriads, who have remained for ages unknown to the great family of man; and as they are now brought within our sympathy, so we may hope, by God's help, to extend to them hereafter the blessings of knowledge and of true religion.”

In his annual address delivered to the members of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Ellesmere alluding again to the labours and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, said:—

“Dr. Livingstone's unparalleled journey from the Cape of Good Hope through the interior has, since the last anniversary, been continued with perfect success as far as Loanda in the Portuguese territory on the West coast. His map arrived here safely, but unfortunately the journals and communications which had been transmitted to the Society through our associate Licut. Bedingfield, R.N., were lost in the ‘Forerunner.’ Dr. Livingstone had left his friend Sekeletu with 27 men and oxen, as well as a consignment of ivory, entrusted to him by that chief. With this party he ascended the Lecambye and a portion of the Leeba flowing from the northward, as far as the Balonda country, which he found populous and well governed under a powerful chief named Matiamvo. Here the party left the boats and proceeded on oxback. The natives continued to exhibit great kindness as far as the borders of the Portuguese settlements, when exorbitant payments for passage were demanded, in accordance with the practice of these border tribes, which has hitherto effectually obstructed commerce, but which, it is hoped, will be overruled. After vainly endeavouring to avoid these plunderers, he succeeded in reaching the Quango, where a fortunate meeting with a Portuguese settler obtained him protection till he reached Cassange, in lat. 9° 37' 30" South and long. 23° 43' East. From thence he proceeded without difficulty to Loanda, where he was received with unbounded favour and hospitality by the Portuguese authorities and the whole population.

“Heavy rain constantly occurred throughout the journey. The whole route passed over a plateau of extreme fertility, well watered, and populous, and great hopes are entertained of its being laid open to commerce and civilisation.

“Dr. Livingstone has left Loanda to return with his party to Sekeletu, with a present of trade goods for that worthy chief from the Portuguese merchants. From thence it was the traveller’s intention to follow the Leeambye, in the expectation of reaching Killimane on the West coast, where he hoped to find some means of returning to England, and begged that inquiries might be made for him by one of H.M.’s ships on the station.

“In connection with Dr. Livingstone’s adventures, a communication has just been received by the London Missionary Society from his father-in-law, the veteran missionary Robert Moffat, who is stationed at Kuruman, and has spent nearly forty years in South Africa. Finding that letters and parcels which had been transmitted for Livingstone through a native chief had been detained, Dr. Moffat started from Kuruman with supplies for his brave son-in-law in June, 1854, accompanied by two traders, Messrs. Chapman and Edwards. This journey occupied seven months, and it is alone of great interest, relating to a beautiful, wooded, and well-watered country, occupied by a very powerful chief and warlike people. The dominions of this ruler, named Moselekatse, extend from the river Zambesi southwards, over an immense territory, to the river Limpopo, and eastwards towards the river Shash, a tributary of the Limpopo. It is inhabited by Matabele, or Zulus of the original stock, and by several other tribes, including the Bakone on the South, the Mashona on the North, the Batonga, &c. The town of Matlokoitloko in the Mashona country, where Moselekatse was residing, is ten days to the southward of the Zambesi river. The Mashona speak the language of the Makalaka, a dialect of the Sichuana, which was reduced to a written form by Dr. Moffat, who has also translated and printed the Bible in that widely-spread tongue. Dr. Moffat succeeded in forwarding the supplies for Dr. Livingstone to his friend Sekeletu at Linyanti. He learned that the traveller was still on his journey to the West coast, and was expected to return when the summer rains commenced. Dr. Moffat established the most friendly relations with Moselekatse, who could scarcely be persuaded to part with him, and at last gave him an escort and supplies for the entire journey to Kuruman. Further accounts of this interesting journey will, we hope, be made known from Dr. Moffat’s journals.”

The Senatus Academicus of Glasgow University—Livingstone’s *Alma Mater*—unanimously conferred upon him the degree of M.D. immediately after the receipt of the intelligence of his arrival at Loanda had reached this country.

The Portuguese would appear to have been more successful in their colonising efforts on the west coast of Africa than they have been on the east coast, as we shall see when we follow Dr. Livingstone to the mouth of the Zambesi. The following is his account of Angola:—

“The province of Angola possesses great fertility and beauty, and its

capabilities, both agriculturally and commercially, are of a very high order; indeed, I do not fear contradiction in asserting it to be the richest in resources of Western Africa.

“As I have now had the advantage of passing through the province twice, and have honestly endeavoured to obtain correct knowledge of the country, I venture to give you my impressions, as not calculated to mislead any except those whose general views of the world are much more gloomy than mine.

“As we proceed from the coast inland, the country, except in the vicinity of rivers, presents a rather arid appearance. There are not many trees, but abundance of hard, coarse grass. But the low meadow-lands, of several miles width, lying adjacent to the rivers, are sufficiently fertile, and yield annually fine crops of sugar-cane, different vegetables and manioc (the staff of life through all this part of Africa), also oranges, bananas, and mangoes, of excellent quality. Proceeding eastwards, we enter on a different sort of country, about longitude 14° E. It is mountainous, well watered with perennial streams, and mollified by fogs deposited from the western winds, which come regularly to different places at different hours every day. Near the Muria we enter dense forests, whose gigantic trees, covered with scarlet or other coloured blossoms, and giving support to numerous enormous climbers, with the curious notes of strange tropical birds, present the idea of excessive luxuriance, and recall the feelings of wildness produced when standing in similar sylvan scenery in the interior of Brazil. The palm which yields the oil of commerce grows everywhere. Pine apples, bananas, and different kinds of South American fruit-trees first introduced by the missionaries, flourish in the woods, though apparently wild and totally uncared for. Most excellent coffee, from a few seeds of the celebrated Mocha, propagates itself spontaneously in the forests which line the mountain-sides. Cotton of rather inferior quality finds itself so well suited with climate and soil, that it appears as if indigenous. Provisions are abundant and cheap. Ten pounds of the produce of the manioc plant, which, under the *classical* appellation ‘Revalenta Arabica,’ sells in England for twenty-two shillings, may, in the district referred to, be purchased for one penny. Labour, too, is abundant and cheap; twopence per day is considered good wages by carpenters, smiths, potters, &c., as well as by common labourers. The greatest drawback the population has in developing the resources of the country, is the want of carriage-roads for the conveyance of produce to markets. The slave-trade led to the neglect of every permanent source of wealth. All the merchandise of the interior was transported on the shoulders and heads of the slaves, who, equally with the goods, were intended for exportation. And even since the traffic has been effectually repressed by our cruisers, human labour for transport has alone been available. This is a most expensive and dilatory system, as the merchants and persons of smaller means, on whose industry access to a

proper market would have a most beneficial effect, possess no stimulus for exertion in cultivation. Some use is made of the river Zenza by means of canoes, and considerable trade is carried on between the districts on the Coanza and Loanda by the same means; but the bars at the mouths of both rivers present serious obstacles to speedy transit.

“The country still further inland becomes gradually more open. Ambaca presents an undulating surface, with ranges of mountains on each side in the distance. It possesses a great number of fine little streams, which might be turned to much advantage for water-power and irrigation. Both it and Pungo Adongo abound in cattle. The latter seems more elevated; for, as we cross the Lotete, the boundary between the two districts, we enter upon the same vegetation and trees which characterise Lunda. Wheat, grapes, and European vegetables, grow in nearly the same spots with bananas and other tropical fruits. Indeed, by selecting proper localities, cotton, sugar, coffee, and other products of hot climates, might be raised to any amount in this fine and beautiful country, together with many of the grains and fruits of colder regions. No attempts have hitherto been made to develop its internal resources. It is but lately that coffee-plantations were turned to as a source of wealth. Some were discovered during my progress, and the actual extent of the tree is still unknown: I saw it at Tala Mungongo, nearly 300 miles from the coast. Different kinds of gum abound, as gum elemi, *India rubber*, &c., and, among metals, very superior iron is found all through the country. Rich copper ore exists in the interior of Ambriz, and there are indications of coal.

“Cassange is at present the farthest inland station of the Portuguese. It may be called the commercial capital of the interior. Trade in ivory and wax is carried on with great vigour and success; and large quantities of English cotton goods are sent into the country beyond, by means of natives or half-blood Portuguese. The merchants treat their customers with great liberality. At the time I write, Captain Neves is preparing presents, consisting of cloth, beads carpets, furniture, &c., of upwards of £50 value, for Matiamvo, the most powerful potentate east of this. This chief lives about long. 24°, and monopolises the trade which, but for him, might pass to tribes called Kanyika beyond him.

“The deep valley of Cassange is wonderfully fertile, but success in trade prevents the merchants from paying any attention to agriculture. The soil, so far as present experience goes, would place Mr. Mechi's pipes for liquid manure at a discount, for it requires nothing but labour; the more it is worked, the more fruitful it becomes.

“The government of the country may be described as a military one, and closely resembles that which Sir Harry Smith endeavoured in vain to introduce among the Kaffres. The imposts are exceedingly light, consisting of a tax of eightpence on each hearth, and sixpence on each head of cattle. Something

is also levied on gardens near the coast, and on weavers and smiths. The population is large, between 500,000 and 600,000 souls being under the sway of the Portuguese; and of this large number, the majority are free-born. In those districts to the statistics of which I had access, the slaves did not form 5 per cent. of the entire population, and a very large proportion was dependent on agriculture alone. There are very few whites comparatively; and, from the polite way in which persons of colour are addressed and admitted to the tables of the more affluent, it might be inferred that there is as little prejudice against colour as in any country in the world. Nothing struck me as more remarkable than the change produced on convicts by their residence in this colony. No sooner do they arrive than they are enlisted into the 1st regiment of the line, and perform similar duties to our Foot Guards in London. The 11,000 inhabitants of Loanda go comfortably to bed every night, although they know that the citadels and all the arms of Loanda are in the hands of convicts, many of whom have been transported for life. The officers are not supposed to have been guilty of any offence against the laws of their country, and probably they may have considerable influence with the men; but their testimony even is, that the men perform their duty well, and are excellent soldiers. Some ascribe the remarkable change to the utter hopelessness of escape, the certainty of detection and punishment of any crime, and the fear of being sent to the deadly district of St. Jose de Encoge (something like our Norfolk Island, but not so bad); but, however accounted for, the beneficial change in the men is unquestionable.

“Another pleasing feature in the population is the ability of many to read and write. It is considered a disgrace in Ambaca for a free man of either colour to be unable to write. This general diffusion of education is the result of the teaching of the Jesuit missionaries, who were expelled the country by the Marquis of Pombal. If the results of their teaching have been so permanent, without anything like a proper supply of books, we may be allowed to indulge the hope that the labours of Protestants of all denominations, who endeavour to leave God’s word behind them, will be not less abiding.

“The commerce of Angola has been remarkably neglected by the English; for, though the city of Loanda contains a population of 11,000 souls, clothed chiefly in the produce of English looms, and though, in many parts of the interior, cheap Glasgow and Manchester goods constitute the circulating medium, there is not a single English house established at the capital. For this anomaly various reasons are assigned: the most cogent of these appears to be, that those who first attempted to develop a trade, unfortunately accepted bills on Rio Janeiro in part payment of their cargoes, at a time when the increased numbers and vigilance of our cruisers, caused the bankruptcy of many houses both in Rio and Loanda. Heavy losses were sustained,

and Angola got a bad name in the mercantile world in consequence. No attempt has ever been made since. Still, with the same difficulties and burdens as the English encountered, the Americans carry on a flourishing trade with Loanda. A very large proportion of the goods imported in other ships are English manufactures, taken in exchange for colonial produce, which has gone by the expensive and circuitous route of Lisbon, *i. e.* produce on which the expense of port-dues, freight, commission, &c., is paid from Loanda to Lisbon, and again thence to London. As the same round of expenses is incurred on English manufactures, a British merchant carrying merchandise direct to and from England, and dealing in Loanda in a liberal spirit, would almost certainly establish a lucrative trade."

Several of Dr. Livingstone's letters which we have drawn upon so largely in this chapter were written after his return to Linyanti, but as they refer to the journey, the first part of which he had at this stage of our narrative so successfully completed, we have given them a place here. We must now accompany him and his native party on their way back to Linyanti, where they had been given up as lost. We cannot too much admire the spirit which impelled him to return from whence he had come in redemption of the pledge he had given to Sekeletu and his people. After months of arduous travel, and constant attacks of sickness, we could scarcely have blamed him if he had been tempted to go home to England for a time to recruit. The great secret of his success as a traveller, and the confidence the native tribes reposed in him, was the dependence they felt they could place in his word. With few exceptions, his word was never doubted by a native African. Higher compliment than is conveyed in this fact could not be passed upon him.

CHAPTER IX.

Stay at Loanda.—Starts on return Journey.—Dr. Livingstone again attacked with Fever.—The Makololo suffer from Sickness.—Descent of the Leeba and Leeambe.—Arrival at Livyanti.—Dr. Moffat's Visit to Mossekatse's Country.

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

The respect in which Livingstone was held by every one in authority increased their reverence for him, and added to their own importance as the servants and companions of a man so highly esteemed among white men. This tended to enhance their devotion for him; and as this and the other wonders they saw did not lose in the rehearsing to their friends on the Chobe and the Leeambe, the influence and standing of Livingstone among the tribes of Central Africa were greatly increased.

Compassionating Livingstone's emaciated condition, Captain Bedingfield, of H.M.S. *Pluto*, who was returning to England on board the *Forerunner*, an African mail steamer, in consequence of the shattered state of his health, which had suffered through a long and arduous service on the coast, offered him a passage home. This kind offer Livingstone, true to his idea of duty, was compelled to decline. The twenty-seven subjects of Sकेletu had come

thus far with him on the understanding that he should take them back again to their own country if that were possible. In addition to this, he felt that the long land journey through swamps and forests from the Leeba to the Quango, made the passage from the centre of the continent to the west coast one of extreme difficulty; and he had already begun to think of a more easy route down the valley of the Zambesi to the east coast, which he could explore after his return to Linyanti.

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

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

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

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

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

Crossing the Coanza and several of its tributaries, they reached Tala Mungongo, where they made a short stay, and suffered from a plague of red ants, which were so numerous and so formidable that slaves were obliged to sit up all night burning fires of straw round the slaughtered carcase of a cow, otherwise the insects would have devoured it. These march in a compact band, several inches wide, and attack man and every animal crossing their track with determined pugnacity. The stinging pain caused by their bites is compared by Livingstone to that produced by sparks of fire falling upon the bare skin. They perform considerable service in devouring any carrion they come across, and by eating the white ants, rats, and mice, small snakes, and even the large pythons, when they find them in a state of surfeit. They do not form hills like the white ants, but construct their nests in burrows at some distance from the surface of the ground.

At Cassange he was again hospitably entertained by Captain Neves; and during his short stay he finished the re-writing of his journal, and to his great joy received a packet of the *Times* newspaper, which gave him, among other news, "an account of the Russian war up to the terrible charge of the light brigade. The intense anxiety I felt to hear more may be imagined by every true patriot; but I was forced to live on in silent thought, and utter my poor prayers for friends who, perchance, were now no more, until I reached the other side of the continent." When he next came within reach of news from

home, the Russian war was ended, and the Indian mutiny was the absorbing topic of interest and anxiety among his countrymen. This complete isolation from all news from the civilized quarters of the world was not the least of the trials to which his adventurous career exposed him.

But for the prevalence of fever, which perhaps improved cultivation might tend to diminish, Livingstone speaks of Angola as being "in every other respect an agreeable land, and admirably adapted for yielding a rich abundance of tropical produce for the rest of the world." He further says that, "had it been in the possession of England, it would now have been yielding as much or more of the raw materials of her manufactures, as an equal extent of territory in the cotton-growing states of America. A railway from Loanda to this valley (the Quango) would receive the trade of most of the interior of South Central Africa." Livingstone's men, during their passage through Angola, collected better breeds of fowls and pigeons than those in their own country. The native tribes of Angola are very superstitious; and notwithstanding the vigilance of the Portuguese government, practise many of their inhuman rites,—notably the ordeal for witchcraft, which consists in the accused party drinking the sap of a poisonous tree, a test which very frequently proves fatal.

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

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

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

Kawawa, a Balonda chief, being balked in his endeavours to extract black-mail from the party, sent forward four of his men to the ferry across the Kasai, with instructions to the ferrymen that they should not be carried across the stream, which was about a hundred yards broad and very deep, unless they got a man, an ox, a gun, and a robe. At night, Pitsane, who had seen where the canoes were hidden among the reeds on the opposite side of the stream, secured a canoe, in which they all passed safely across, to the chagrin of the ferrymen and Kawawa's messengers, who could hardly guess how they managed to cross, as the canoes were all safe on their side of the stream,—Pitsane had replaced the canoe after it had done its work, and swam across to join his comrades, some beads being left in it as payment for a small quantity of meal got from the ferryman on the previous day. In their mortification at being so completely worsted Kawawa's people shouted across to them, "Ah, you are bad!" to which the Makololo returned for answer, "Ah, ye are good! and we thank you for the loan of your canoe."

The country before them might now be considered as friendly territory in which the simple inhabitants could be trusted to assist them in their onward progress, and whose generous kindness would render less serious the exhausted condition of their stores of baggage and ornaments, which had disappeared through the exactions of the unfriendly chiefs and tribes whose territory they had passed through since crossing the Quango, and the payment for provisions during the long delays caused by the ill health of the party. The goods and ornaments the Makololo had received in presents, or had purchased out of

their earnings at Loanda, had nearly all gone, together with the iron they had purchased for Sekeletu.

The open plains of the Balonda country were comparatively clear of water, save in low-lying spots, and as the vegetation was less dense than they had found it farther to the east, their progress was more easy. Animal life became more abundant as they proceeded, giving cheering token of the land of plenty to which they were approaching—vultures sailed overhead; swifts and several varieties of swallows flitted about; wild ducks and other waterfowl were seen in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood of the streams and pools; small herds of the larger game, rendered very shy in consequence of being regularly hunted by the natives, were frequently seen; and jet black larks made the air musical with their song in the early mornings. The plain was radiant with flowers; one Livingstone specially noticed which grows in such numbers as to give its hue to the ground. The variety of colour of this flower was remarkable. A broad band of yellow on being closely examined would resolve itself into individual flowers, exhibiting every variety of colour from the palest lemon to the richest orange. A hundred yards of this rich carpeting would be succeeded by another broad band of the same flower of a blue colour, made up of every variation of that tint from the lightest to the darkest blue, and even purple. The colour of the birds was as variable in this and other districts as that of the flowers.

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

At Shinte's town the party were most hospitably entertained by that intelligent chief; and Nyamoana, his sister, who had changed the site of her village in consequence of the death of her husband, treated them with every kindness and gave them the loan of five small canoes in which to proceed down the Leeba. Livingstone's companions also bought several light sharp-prowed canoes for hunting animals in the water. Manenko was unable to visit the party in consequence of a burn in the foot, but her husband, Sambanza, came

instead, and as an earnest of good-will performed the ceremony called *kasendi*—Pitsane and Sambanza being the parties engaged. The hands of the parties were joined, and small incisions sufficient to cause bleeding made in the hands, on the pits of the stomachs, the right cheeks, and the foreheads. Drops of blood were conveyed from the wounds of each on a stalk of grass and dipped in beer—the one drinking the beer mixed with the other's blood. During the drinking of the beer members of the party beat the ground with clubs and muttered sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. This ceremony constitutes the parties engaging in it blood relations, each being bound to warn the other of impending evil, even if it involved the disclosure of an intended attack on the tribe of the other by his own chief. After the ceremony they exchanged presents—Pitsane getting an abundant supply of food and two shells, and Sambanza receiving Pitsane's suit of green baize, faced with red.

Below the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye the party met some native hunters, well provided with the dried flesh of the hippopotamus, buffalo, and the crocodile. They stalk these animals among the reeds with a cap made of the skin of the head of an antelope, with the horns attached, and the breast and shoulder skin, or with the neck and head attached, of a species of crane. By adopting these stratagems, they get within bow shot of the animal they wish to kill. They presented Livingstone with three fine water turtles, one of which had upwards of forty eggs in its body. The eggs and flesh of these turtles are most excellent, and were joyfully accepted by the party. Here Livingstone had a narrow escape from a bull buffalo, which charged him at full speed. In rounding a bush the animal exposed his shoulder into which he sent a bullet. "The pain must have made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded past me into the water, where he was found dead."

At Libonta they were received with every demonstration of joy and thankfulness for their return. For months they had been given up as dead; such a scene of kissing and hand-shaking ensued, as made Livingstone glad when they were all quietly seated in the kotla to hear the report of their adventures. He wisely declined to be the spokesman of the party himself, but Pitsane enlarged for a whole hour on the wonders they had seen, and the adventures they had come through. The members of the party had with pardonable vanity throughout all their trials preserved a suit of white European clothing with red caps, and these were donned for the occasion and excited the admiration of their friends. Next day they had two religious services in the kotla, where Livingstone "addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the dangers of strange tribes and disease." The men presented them with two fine oxen, and the women brought abundance of milk, meal, and butter. They explained the total expenditure of their means

in the return journey, as a reason for their giving nothing in return; and the good Libontese answered—"It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep (peace)."

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

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

Arriving at Linyanti in September, Livingstone found his waggon and goods standing where he had left them more than twelve months before. Not an article had been touched, although they all possessed great value in the eyes of the Makololo. Chief and people were loud in their demonstrations of joy at the unlooked-for return of the wanderers. A great meeting was held to receive their report and the presents sent from the Governor and merchants of Loanda. The wonderful story of their adventures lost nothing in the telling at the hand of the Makololo who had accompanied him; and the presents sent to the chief filled them with unbounded admiration. Sekeletu was proud of his colonel's uniform, and when he donned it at the first religious service held after their arrival, his splendid suit attracted more attention than the sermon. The two donkeys were greatly admired, as they promised to be the

parents of a flock of domestic animals of great value. They had borne the long journey with that patient and untiring endurance so characteristic of their species, and took very kindly to the abundant vegetation of their new home.

For a great part of the journeys now so happily closed, Dr. Livingstone, on account of his weakness, rode on ox-back. The back of an ox is a very uneasy seat, and slow and sedate as the animal usually appears, he can be skittish and mischievous enough. Sinbad, Dr. Livingstone's ox, was not by any means free from the vices of his kind. "He had," he says "a softer back than others, but a much more intractable temper. His horns were bent downwards, 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; if you jerk this back, it makes him run faster on; if you pull it to one side, he allows his head and nose 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 over 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."

Before reaching the Leeba on the return journey when food was scarce, the question of devouring Sinbad was frequently mooted, but the traveller had come to like this dumb companion of his wanderings. Possibly as he always liked to be overcoming something, the daily encounters with Sinbad helped to relieve the tedium of his journey. Never was so long a journey accomplished with so few accidents. Near Naliele his canoe was nearly upset by a hippopotamus. When proceeding along the shore, he says:—

"At midnight, a hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one half of it quite out of the water, so as nearly to overturn it. The force of the butt she gave, tilted Mashanana out into the river; the rest of us sprang to the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, I saw her come to the surface a short way off, and look to the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. It was a female, whose young one had been speared the day before. This is so unusual an occurrence, when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that my men exclaimed, 'Is the beast mad?' There were eight of us in the canoe at the time, and the shake it received shows the immense power of this animal in the water."

The buffalo is at all times a dangerous animal, and one of the Makololo men had a narrow escape from one on the outward journey. Three buffaloes on a wild stampede dashed through their lines. "My ox," Livingstone says, "set off at a gallop, and when I could manage to glance back, I saw one of the men

up in the air about five feet above a buffalo, which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When I got back to the poor fellow, I found he had lighted on his face, and, though he had been carried about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced nor was a bone broken. When the beasts appeared he had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and, before he could use a tree for defence, carried him off. We shampooed him well, and then went on, and in about a week he was able to engage in the hunt again."

Save an unsuccessful attack on one of the party by a crocodile, already alluded to, and a severe bite received by another from a non-poisonous snake, there are no other mishaps to chronicle. Hunger and fever and unfriendly tribes were the most dangerous enemies they had to encounter, and they had passed safely through them all.

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

He was all but destitute, and was indebted to the faithful Makololo for everything he required while amongst them; and he could not carry out his intention of passing to the coast without their aid in men, oxen, and material. Nor were these wanting. Explaining to Sekeletu the method of preparing sugar, the latter asked him if he could purchase a mill for him at the East coast. On his replying that he had nothing with which to buy a mill, Sekeletu and his councillors said, "The ivory is all your own; if you leave any in the country, it will be your own fault." Sekeletu then gave him an order for a sugar mill, "and for all the varieties of clothing he had ever seen, and especially a Mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass wire, etc., and any other beautiful thing you may see in your own country." As he had found the two horses left with him when Livingstone started for Loanda of great use, especially in hunting, he was anxious to have more; and these Livingstone expected to be able to get for him at the nearest Portuguese settlements.

The mother of Sekeletu, who had joined her son at Linyanti, prepared a

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

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

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

Dr. Moffat's account of his expedition through the country of Moselekatse, and his intercourse with that great chief and his people, already alluded

to by Dr. Tidman in his speech before the members of the Geographical Society, is so interesting that we find room for several lengthy extracts. The influence Dr. Moffat had over this powerful and cruel savage chief is evidenced by his consenting to visit his enemies the Makololo with him. We cannot help regretting that difficulties—as we shall see—prevented their reaching Linyanti. It would have been interesting to notice how the Makololo and Matabele, who had been enemies for nearly forty years, would have departed themselves, when meeting in their unwonted character of friends. Mr. Chapman, whose travels we have drawn upon so frequently, and Mr. Edwards, another English traveller, accompanied Dr. Moffat. The party started in June, 1854; on June 20th they reached Sekomi's town:—

“This morning, at an early hour, Sekomi, who had been often heard to say that he would not give up the letters and papers until Livingstone himself should come with a large reward, sent down the parcels, the very sight of which grieved me. Most of them ought to have been sent a twelvemonth ago. Soon after a number of men presented themselves before my waggon, and a rather insignificant person saluted me, to which I answered by remarking that I was going to see the chief. He laughed, and added, ‘I am Sekomi!’ I remarked that he was beforehand with me, as it was my duty to wait on him as my superior, according to custom. He admitted this with something like a smile, but appeared quite at a loss to know what to say. He felt he had got into a difficulty and lost my esteem (if ever I had any for him), by not forwarding Livingstone's parcels, for which he knew well he would be rewarded. He tried to get out a sentence or two in palliation of his ungrateful conduct to Livingstone, who, I knew, had been kind to him, but made such a bungling excuse, that I recommended him to confess at once that he had behaved badly, and I should then hope he would improve some day. I tried to convince him how sorry I was, but he only laughed, and tried to divert my thoughts from the subject, by telling me how glad he was to see me. The subject of Christian instruction was introduced, and its importance enlarged upon, but it proved most unwelcome.”

On the 10th of July they came across several Bamanguato—subjects of Moselekatse.

“We got two of them to guide our waggons to a neighbouring village of the same people, where they said were some cattle, and an officer belonging to Moselekatse. With grateful hearts we saw that all was right, and much sooner than we yesterday anticipated. After advancing several miles we were met by a company of the same people, who requested us to halt till they should communicate with a chief man at a village about five miles beyond. To their inquiries as to what they were to say to the chief man, they were told that I was Moffat, or Moshete, as they pronounce it, of the Kuruman. Though no one of the scores who were standing round had seen me, they

appeared quite familiar with the name, and all knew that their sovereign was anxious to see me. The messenger must have been a swift one, as the Matabele made his appearance in an hour and a half with several attendants. He saluted with rather an awkward, but hearty shake of the hand. He assured me, again and again, of the delight Moselekatse would have on hearing of my long looked-for arrival. On mentioning the names of some Matabele I knew, and inquiring about their welfare, he snapped his fingers apparently with great satisfaction, as this was an additional proof that I was the veritable Moffat, for, as I afterwards learned, if he had taken a counterfeit Moffat to his master, his days would have been numbered in a few seconds. He said he would send messengers to head-quarters to request that persons should be sent who knew me; that he had seen me when he was a boy, but I had then a long black beard. We started again for the village where he was residing *pro tempore* to collect taxes, which we reached the same evening.

“Mr. Edwards and I took our guns and walked out to the woody heights and cornfields lately harvested, to seek pheasants and guinea fowls. We were struck with the beauty and fertility of the country. We also found hundreds of acres of new ground prepared for next year’s sowing. The trees were hewn down and the branches laid round the bottom of the trunks to be burned when sufficiently dry. The ground is all made up in ridges about 15 in. high, and from 4 to 6 ft. apart, so as to allow the water to run off. The grain is sown on the tops of the ridges, where it appears to grow luxuriantly. The whole country, as far as the eye can reach, is very mountainous, and these mostly isolated, and frequently composed of enormous blocks and boulders. Blocks may be seen 30 or 40 ft., standing on one end on the top, and sometimes on the brow of hills, which the slightest touch of an earthquake would bring thundering down hundreds of feet. Though these mountains are rugged, they look fine, being partially or nearly wholly covered with trees, many of which are evergreens, or in leaf nearly the whole year. Trees may be seen, chiefly of the ficus tribe, growing on the solid granite rock, and with trunks running up perpendicular walls of a great height, and adhering so close to the rocks, and being of the same colour, it requires a near approach to convince one that they are not parts of the rock itself. A fine field for the botanist as well as the geologist! I saw some trees and shrubs entirely new to me, but, not being in flower at the time, could not tell to what genus they belonged. Granite of various grain predominates; indeed the foundations of the whole country appear to be granitic, with enormous blocks of quartz, which is also found filling up large rents and furrows in the solid rock; also slaty gneiss and pieces of basalt in the bottoms of rivers, as if washed down from higher places. It would appear as if grain might be cultivated anywhere, even at the tops of hills, where the soil is frequently very rich. Though rain has not fallen for months I found some places quite damp, and the débris of the

granite hills and the sand afford an easy passage for the water to the numberless small rivers, so that the water is, except during the rainy season, undergoing a constant filtration. In the evening two Matabele women came down from the village to see the friend of their chief. They are altogether different in their dress to that of the other tribes. On asking if they knew me, they said, 'We know your size, your nose, and your eyes, but what has become of the long black beard?' they inquired. I found that these two respectable-looking matrons, and two others, had been charged with bewitching at headquarters, and were banished to this distant outpost. This, to say the least, is a merciful punishment for the Matabelian tyrant.

"Having got in readiness we started again with a company of Bamanguato, who were to be our guides and assistants under one who is their chief, called Mapongko (words or news), and, being as familiar with the Matabele language as his own, he will serve as interpreter. After having passed through a picturesque country—fine water and abundance of pasture—we halted at what is called the M'akue river, having travelled 18 miles in 9 hours, with frequent hindrances from cutting down trees and seeking roads across ravines. Last night we slept near some large masses of granite, near a range of pools; the night cold, with heavy dew, although the atmosphere appeared dry during the day. The country exceedingly picturesque, and the mountains and trees numberless as their shapes. Wherever the eye is directed nothing but hills on hills rise in endless succession; nearly all are covered with enormous granite blocks and trees, though, to a superficial observer, there appears to be scarcely any soil. We also passed hills, some not less than 6 miles in circumference, exactly resembling the half or third part of a perfect sphere above the ground, solid granite, and, to the eye, as smooth as an orange, without a single tuft of grass or loose pebble on the whole surface. Having scrambled part of the way up such granite globes it appeared to me that not a particle, not even grains of sand had lain on them since washed by the waters of the flood. The alluvial deposits accumulated in the valleys between these hills are exceedingly rich, and send forth luxuriant brushwood and grass. Sometimes the granite crops out in large flat masses, and having been washed by the rains of some thousand summers, these are employed as threshing-floors, in the vicinity of the native gardens. Blocks rising above trees, on the tops of hills, might, without much effort of the imagination, be taken for ancient castles, surrounded with broken ramparts. I examined a single block near to where we passed, on an entirely level surface of rich soil. It exhibited a perpendicular face of 50 by 40 ft., smooth as if it had been chiseled, and looked as if intended for a base to some stupendous monument. Among the débris of the surrounding hills are large quantities of quartz, blue stone, mica, slate. It is very evident, from the appearance of these mountains, that there have been no earthquakes here since a very remote period, or otherwise thousands of boulders of great

magnitude would have been hurled from the dizzy heights, where they seem to tremble with a breath of air.

“Last night, when about retiring to rest, two messengers from Moselekatse arrived, who had left yesterday morning, and had travelled most of the night. The principal one delivered the message with great animation, and with many extravagant expressions about the delight the news of my arrival had imparted to the sovereign. Observing him to be evidently much fatigued with his run, I remarked that, instead of starting early to-morrow, we should defer till the afternoon following, that he might rest. To this he would on no account agree, adding, ‘No rest for me. I want none till I see you in the presence of Moselekatse.’ We accordingly started early, and, after much winding, got through a range of high precipitous hills. All the rivers we passed, since leaving the Banguaketse, run to the East and E.S.E. We have passed to-day rivers which all flow to the N.N.W., while farther to the right there are still tributary streams going to the Limpopo. We are thus travelling along the backbone, or highest place of this part of Africa, between 27° and 29° E. long. All the rivers to the N.W. turn North and fall into the Zambesi.

“Last night, after having all got fast asleep, a man arrived from the town with an ox to be slaughtered. The native idea was, that we must kill and eat the whole night, and start on the coming morn. It was kindly intended, but not according to our way of doing things. On we went, and as we passed some towns, out rushed men and women to see us. It was a favourable opportunity; for no one dares to come to head-quarters, except on special business, so they made the best of the time they had. Early in the forenoon, as we approached the royal residence, we met men with shields and spears coming in procession to inform us of the king’s happiness at our arrival. We, as a matter of course, expected to see some such display as I had witnessed on my former visits. Being considerably in advance of the waggons we entered the large public fold, and, following a chief man, were led to the opposite side, where sat in different parties about 60 chief men. The town appeared new, or rather half finished. There was nothing like the finish I had seen before in regal towns. We stood for some minutes at a doorway in the fence, which seemed to lead to premises behind, where some kind of preparations were going on. While our attention was directed to the waggons, Moselekatse had been moved to the entrance where we were standing. On turning round there he sat on a kaross, but how changed! The vigorous and active monarch of the Matabele, was now aged, lame in the feet, incapable of standing, or even moving himself along the floor. I entered, and he grasped my hand, gave me an impressive look, drew his mantle over his eyes, and wept. Some time elapsed before he could even speak or look at me. In the meantime Mr. Edwards, who had gone to direct the waggons,

came up, little expecting to see the hero of so many battles, and the conquering tyrant of so many tribes, bathed in tears, which he endeavoured in vain to hide, probably from some of his wives who stood behind him, and his nobles who stood waiting in silence without. After some minutes spent in this way he repeated my name several times, adding, 'Surely I am only dreaming that you are Moffat.' I remarked that God, whom I served, had spared us both, and that I had come once more to see him before I should die, and, though very sorry to see him so ill, I was thankful to God that we were permitted to meet again. He pointed to his feet, which I had observed to be dropsical, and said that they, as well as other parts of his body, were *killing* him, adding, 'Your God has sent you to help me, and heal me.'

"Moselekatse's dominion extends from the Shashe River on the South to the Zambesi on the North, and all the numerous canoes and boatmen on the southern bank acknowledge his authority. On account of the tsetse, or fly, much of the country towards the Zambesi cannot possibly be occupied with cattle; they are swept off immediately by that small but overwhelming insect. The scattered inhabitants have abundance of game, and are able to keep sheep and goats, which do not suffer; it is remarkable that this should be the case, for though their hair or wool is thicker than other animals, there are vulnerable parts, which the tsetse can easily reach; dogs immediately fall victims.

"This morning I said to my interpreter, and to another who might be called the king's aide-de-camp, that I wished to convey to Moselekatse all my plans, and what I wished to accomplish during my stay. When I mentioned Linyanti, and that, as I had goods, &c., for Livingstone, I intended to go thither, or as near the Makololo as I could, in order to forward his supplies, the proposal seemed to operate on them like an electric shock, and they supplicated me most humbly, for the sake of their lives, not to send them to their master with such a message; that I must on no account whisper such a thing—the king must first see me for a month or two to come. The day had been so windy, cold, and damp, his majesty had kept within doors, and one or two, who might be considered sheriffs, being absent, some women from the harem, and others who had brought beer, &c., to the town, took the favourable opportunity of drawing near to have a look at me. Though cold, they had nothing like dress on the upper part of their bodies, and, according to the Matabele custom, very little anywhere else. They appeared very cheerful and happy, most of them with arms over each other's necks. They acted with great decorum, and when they retired they said they were glad I had come, and were thankful for the opportunity of seeing me. By far the greater part of his people are not pure Matabele, but belong to the tribes whom Moselekatse had subjugated during his long career.

"The Mashona have more or less intercourse with the Portuguese, and

with tribes contiguous, for they barter from that quarter coarse cottons, though they themselves make garments of cotton of a very coarse texture. I also saw among them two musical instruments, consisting of about forty notes, composed of as many strips of iron fastened to a small board within a large calabash, into the opening of which the two hands are introduced, playing in the same manner as one would on the pianoforte. The instrument exhibits considerable ingenuity, and, for a people so barbarous, is a successful one. Their dress, though rude enough, is much more decent than that of the Matabele, and indeed they seem to be an entirely different people. Their language is the same as the Makalaka tribe, of which, though a branch of the Sichuana, I could understand but little. The Mashona say their fathers emigrated from the south-east, beyond the land of the Baraputsi. Some of their customs are peculiar, and different from any other tribe I know.

“I had some conversation with Moselekatse, and tried to make him understand that the world moved, and not the sun; that the earth was a globe, and not a flat; that people could go round and round, and, were a hole pierced through its centre to the other side, he would find people on what would also appear to him a plain or sea. He looked rather bewildered at these facts, for he had no idea that I was deliberately telling falsehoods. I described to him the speed with which waggons travelled in England, and ships on the sea; but it seemed like multiplying words to no purpose, as it was far above his conception. He, however, freely admitted the superior wisdom of the white men, which afforded me an excellent text to explain to him the process by which the Maengelise, as he calls them, have reached their present state of refinement and wisdom.

“In the course of another conversation with Moselekatse I had handed to him some tin vessels I had made, which he admired, and no doubt viewed me as a perfect genius of a tinker. I had before conversed with him about Livingstone, and now stated plainly that it was my purpose to go to Sekeletu's country, or as near it as I could get, in order to hear if he had returned from the journey to the west coast, and to convey goods and letters I had brought for him. This resolution was to him like a dose of assafœtida; he replied that he was my son, and I must not leave him, especially as he was sick—that there was no one, even among his own people, whom he loved and confided in like myself, and he could not give his consent to my undertaking such a journey. He then began to number up bugbears, with the hope of frightening me, and talked of fevers which pervaded all the rivers and swamps through which I must pass—crocodiles, and savage hordes. Putting on a very grave face, I said, ‘Moselekatse, Livingstone is my child, and he is a servant of God; if I return without seeing him, or hearing certainly about him, I shall return with a heavy heart, and tell my friends Moselekatse does not love me.’ I added, that if he had any fears of my perishing on the road, I should

leave a letter, which he could send to the Kuruman, which would tell Mamele, as he called Mrs. Moffat, that it was entirely my own fault.

“Two young girls, about ten years of age, daughters of Moselekatse, of different mothers, came from a neighbouring town to see him, or rather me. He kissed each of them on the brow and then on each cheek. I observed others kiss them on each cheek, the brow, and chin. This seems to be the mode of Matabele kissing; it is done by men, too, when they meet after a long absence. The girls seemed the very picture of health; though they drank beer daily, their countenances exhibited great childish sweetness, while their bodies, well washed and anointed with oil, presented the most perfect female symmetry; but the women in general are no beauties.

“Moselekatse said, that as he had sent men to inquire respecting the road, and as they would go till they could learn something about Livingstone, he would wish me to defer my journey till they had returned. Supposing this to be a plan, like others, to prolong my stay, I could not agree, especially as the hot weather would soon commence, and the rainy season in the month of October, which would render travelling in a country like this next to impossible. He showed me a number of elephants' tusks, which he said he intended to present to me as a token of the gratitude he felt for the kindness he had received from me since he first knew me. I replied, that though I could fully appreciate his kind intentions, I felt I could not accept of anything of the kind till I should have accomplished my purpose in getting Livingstone's goods, &c., conveyed to him, and, if it were possible, seeing him myself. I added, that if he aided me in this undertaking, I should esteem his help more valuable than his present, and that I should be more ready to make him a present than to receive one, and that I should return to the Kuruman rich without a single tusk. These remarks made him look unusually grave, and, after a pause, he said, ‘Verily you love Livingstone, and you love me too;’ and, taking me by the hand, said, ‘You shall go.’ I snapped my fingers in Matabelian fashion, and thanked him with all my heart.

“In the morning, when about to start in search of Livingstone, Moselekatse got into my waggon, followed by some parcels of presents which he had received from one and another, and which were deposited within. He sat down very composedly, and requested that the waggons might start. I supposed he was intending to go only to the next town, as he was followed by most of the men, some of them rather too advanced in years to proceed far. Bidding adieu to my kind-hearted fellow-traveller—who would have been happy to accompany me, but, being in partnership with Mr. Chapman, he felt it his duty to remain a while longer—away we went, with about 100 men and nearly half that number of dogs, large and small. Passing the first town without halting, we came to a pass between two hills, commanding a beautiful and

rather extensive view. Here we halted under an ancient sycamore till the chief's own waggon, which he had sent for, should arrive. To my surprise, the waggon no sooner arrived, than he requested that we should proceed to where there were bushes and firewood. On its joining us we again set off—his sable majesty keeping possession of my bed or stretcher, which, by its creaking, gave token that it had got an unusual load. After winding through considerable thickets along the base of hills, we descended into a pretty valley, where was every requisite for a comfortable bivouac. During the last two hours we had been followed by some carrying karosses, others food, and about twenty women with large calabashes of beer on their heads. Moselekatsé's waggon being placed alongside of mine, the people then, as at every halting-place during the journey, commenced hewing and tearing down branches from trees, principally evergreens. Of these, very commodious booths were formed in all directions, leaving an open space in the centre for the cattle to sleep in. On the left of my waggon was a booth for my four men, in which Moselekatsé chooses to sleep, and not in his waggon, or among his own people. To the right of my waggon was what may be called a royal pavilion of evergreens, where he sometimes sat, and his personal attendants reposed. Immediately in front of my waggon was another large circular fence, where there were about nine of his wives, and twenty other women—beer-carriers. Several large companies occupied other portions of the encampment, which, lighted up by the blazing fires, presented an animated spectacle. Before dark a troop of fat cattle were brought, of which two were slaughtered, and strips of meat soon garnished the live coals at every fire-place; and if human masticators were busy, tongues were performing their part to some purpose, which never seemed to incommode the sovereign of all, who walked about evidently much pleased.

“After passing half the night meditating plans, I got up and found our governor in excellent spirits. When I asked him what he thought we were to do, ‘Let us go on,’ was the reply. While we were sitting together, eating a royal dish of meat—paunch cooked with fat, not invitingly clean, but such as travellers get accustomed to—the men who had been sent to ascertain the state of the country arrived. Their intelligence at once settled the point as to our advance. Water was not to be had for oxen until the fourth day, and then only amongst the tsetse. We talked and reasoned long on the subject, till I asked the chief what he thought was best to be done. He replied, ‘I am here to serve you; you must say what you wish, and I shall do it or order it.’ The idea of sending men with Livingstone's goods at that moment struck me, on which I inquired how far it was to Linyanti; and if messengers were sent, when would they return; or, if I were to go on foot, how long should I be absent? ‘Twenty or thirty days,’ was the reply; and if to the Barotse country, where Sकेletu might be, it would be a much longer time. I rose,

and said, 'I must think alone,' and I should tell him the result of my cogitations. I soon after received the same testimony from William, and another individual upon whose word I could rely; for I knew well that if Moselekatse said Linyanti was just three steps on the other side of the moon, all his people would say so too. I returned to Moselekatse and proposed to go on foot if he would give me a certain number of his men. To this he would on no account agree; and declared that if I went he would go too, and would be carried when he could no longer walk. I then made the proposal that, if he would give me men sufficient to carry all Livingstone's goods and papers to Linyanti, I should divide them into packages such as they could manage. To this he promptly agreed, and the next moment ordered a man to make a selection of individuals best acquainted with the country. The whole day was employed in making arrangements, and orders were given for twenty men and an officer to be in readiness. There were seventeen packages. The men, after hearing my instructions, repeated and re-repeated them, placed the bags, boxes, &c., some on their heads, others on their shoulders, and, taking their shields and spears, marched off. They were well supplied with food to enable them to pass through perhaps as wild and desolate a region as can well be found; to go through forests, over mountains and morasses to the country of those who are their enemies. No persons of any tribe with which I am acquainted would have dared to attempt such a thing. It is more than I had anticipated. Having thus done all in my power to supply the wants of Livingstone, who doubtless will find all most acceptable should he be spared to receive them, I began to think how I could make the best of my time in the company of Moselekatse, who had given such unmistakable proofs of his willingness to serve me. On the departure of the men, I turned to him and said, 'How happy and how thankful I now feel! for with one word you have rolled off the big stone which lay on my heart.' This remark made him smile with unwonted cheerfulness. We soon unyoked and returned about twelve miles by the way we came. He remained with me at my waggon most of the evening, which afforded the opportunity of talking to him on the all-important subject of religion. He had heard me say that, but for the desire I felt to show him how grateful I was for his kindness, I should prefer taking a direct course homewards, instead of returning to Matlokoitloko, but that now I should return with him thither with all my heart. He remarked that he wished to show me still more kindness. I replied that the greatest kindness he could now show was to allow me to deliver to him and his people the message of God, which was the great object I had in view in my present journey; that if he consented to this, I should desire nothing else. On hearing this he appeared thoughtful, stood up, and walked off to another part of the encampment.

"I have just now learned, with thankfulness, that Livingstone had, with

extraordinary perseverance, reached St. Paul de Loanda, and was to return to Linyanti. It affords me no little gratification to see that I was directed by a wisdom, far other than that of man, in what I was able to accomplish on his account. If he be spared to return to Linyanti, he will have the satisfaction of receiving supplies for the outer, as well as the inner man.

“As to whether the countries through which I have passed are likely soon to become fields for missionary operation, I am anything but sanguine. Of the willingness of the natives themselves to receive instruction no doubt need be entertained; but at present the prospect is anything but encouraging. Past events show to a demonstration that between the natives and the Trans-Vaal Boers there can be no peace, until the former, as far as they can be reached, shall become the vassals of the latter, whose transactions have hitherto been characterised by a deep-rooted enmity to all missionary operations. To me the case appears more hopeless than ever, since the inhabitants of the Sovereignty, or Free State, have with heart and hand espoused the cause of the Trans-Vaal Republic, and are lending their aid in the work of exterminating the Aborigines. If a road were opened up from Sebituane’s or Moselekatse’s country to the East coast, and permission obtained there for free intercourse with the interior, a wide field would be opened for missionary enterprise. The Matabele having traded with Englishmen, who come up the Zambesi from the coast in boats, shows what could be done. Between the country of Moselekatse and the Zambesi, there is, however, an insuperable barrier to travelling with either oxen or horses, on account of the tsetse, so often referred to in these pages, and described by Livingstone in his former journeys. They commence South of the Limpopo river, run North till near the Zambesi, and then stretch along between that and the country which I traversed towards the country of Sebituane. The Makalaka, Bakurutse, Mashona, Becuabi, Masuase, Batonga, and other tribes, with whom I came into contact among the Matabele, did not appear to exhibit anything very savage in their disposition.

“It is the character of the Matabelan warfare, and the nature of their government, that make them a terror to the surrounding tribes.

“Nothing remains but to seek to reach the interior tribes by the East or West coast, and any missionary who has witnessed the deteriorating influence of a juxtaposition with the civilized communities would a thousand times prefer isolation, notwithstanding the difficulties it would involve in obtaining supplies. The most part of Moselekatse’s country I should suppose to be healthy, especially the higher portion of it, principally of granite foundation. That the fever prevails in the more northern portions, especially in wet seasons, there is no doubt; but not with the virulence witnessed by Livingstone farther to the N.W. On the whole the country is beautiful, and would present a rich treat to the geologist, as well as to the botanist—but how

much more to the Christian missionary, with its numerous inhabitants, living and dying under a twofold tyranny!"

With the following extracts we exhaust Dr. Livingstone's allusions to his memorable journey to Loanda and back, and its results and probable consequences. The letter from which these extracts are taken was addressed to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

“By a note dated Cabango, in August last, I endeavoured to convey an idea of the country between Cassange and that point, and, if the rough tracing enclosed reached its destination, you will have remarked that there was little absolutely new to communicate. The path followed is that usually trodden by native Portuguese, who are employed by Angolese merchants to trade with Matiamvo—the ‘Muata-ya-nyo’ of some—the paramount chief of the negro tribes called Londa (Lunda) or Balonda. There is another and straighter course situated a little farther north, and I suppose it is there the scarcity of water mentioned by others is experienced. We never found it necessary to carry a supply, and almost always spent the night at villages situated on streams or rivulets. A Portuguese merchant and planter, Senhor Graça, of Monte Allegre, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, was once a visitor to Matiamvo; and his notes, having been published in the Government Gazette or ‘Boletim’ of Loanda, might, I conceive, still be found in Lisbon. A severe and long-continued attack of fever, soon after crossing the Quango, made me so very feeble and deaf, that I was glad to avail myself of the company and friendly aid of three native Portuguese, whose employer, Senhor Neves of Cassange, very politely enjoined them by letter to forward my plans by every means in their power. The virtue of the Chiboque was thereby not much exposed to temptation to take advantage of my weakness—a temptation which often proves rather too powerful for the goodness of more enlightened specimens of humanity. The most then I could effect in the circumstances was to put down the rivers with greater precision than any of my predecessors, who have uniformly been unfurnished with instruments.

“The rate of travelling of such traders may be interesting to those who examine their accounts of journeys to otherwise unknown regions. I found the average between a great number of regular sleeping stations to be 7 geographical miles. The average time required was $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and the speed 2 geographical miles an hour. The stoppages from all causes amounted to 20 days monthly; so that a month's journey means actually one of 10 days, or 70 miles. The carriers are very unwilling to help each other; hence the sickness of one man often stops the march of the whole party. When we parted with them, our own rate was $10\frac{1}{2}$ geographical miles per day. This required an average of five hours' march at the rate of two geographical miles an hour, and we travelled twenty days each month. The negro step was quicker than ours, but we generally overtook them while resting, and arrived in equal times.

If we kept going for 6 successive days, both men and oxen showed symptoms of knocking up, although they were a most willing company, and all were anxious to get home. It was therefore necessary to give another day weekly for rest, besides Sunday. The starchy nature of the food had, I believe, considerable influence on the rate of progress. In winding through forest, I could not make any approach to a reckoning of distance; an observation was always necessary. The zigzag would make the day's march to be probably not much under 20 miles in these cases.

“I had indulged the hope of proceeding to the head-quarters of Matiamvo, who seems to be located 19 days east-north-east of Cabango, or on lat. $8^{\circ} 20' S.$, long. $22^{\circ} 32' E.$ But the long delay had now made such an inroad into our stock of goods that we saw clearly, by the time of our arrival there, we should be unable either to give a suitable present to the prince, or pay our way afterwards to the south. This alone would not have proved a barrier, for a branch of the Leeambye or Zambesi is reported to flow southwards from a part a few days east of his town, 23° or $24^{\circ} E.$ long. (?), and it would have been of great importance to have discovered water conveyance all the way down to the country of the Makololo. But it is universally asserted and believed that Matiamvo will on no account permit any white man, or even native trader, to pass in that direction; it is his own principal resort for ivory. The tribes living there kill many elephants, and bring the ivory to him as tribute. They are called Kanyika and Kanyoka, or Banyika and Banyoka. Having but slender acquaintance with the Londa dialect, we felt that neither pay nor persuasion could be effectively employed to secure permission to follow our object; so we decided on leaving Cabango to proceed south-east to our friend Katema, and thence down the Leeba.

“The people among whom we now travelled being Balonda only, we got on very comfortably, except in one instance, in which a chief named Kawawa, who had heard of our treatment by the Chiboque in going north, presumed on his possessing the fords of the Kasai, so far as to demand tribute from the white man. Nothing could exceed the civilities which passed between us on the Sunday of our stay in his town. But when we offered to cross the river he mustered all his forces to compel payment of ‘a gun, an ox, a man, a barrel of powder, a *black coat!* or a book which would tell him if Matiamvo had any intention of sending to cut off his head.’ Unless we had submitted to everything, as the Mambari do, and given a bad precedent for all white men afterwards, we were obliged to part with ‘daggers drawn.’ The canoes were all concealed among the reeds, but my men were better sailors than his; and having taken the loan of one by night, in order to show how scrupulously honest we were, we left it and a few beads on their own side of the river, and thanked them next morning for their kindness amidst shouts of laughter.

“The route we followed to Katema, being considerably to the east of that

by which we went to Loanda, a curious phenomenon, which then escaped our notice, was now discovered, viz., that of the river Lotembwa flowing in two nearly opposite directions. By the tracing sent from Angola, you will see it as if rising in the small lake Dilolo. Such seemed the fact as far as the southern portion of the river is concerned. Our former route having led us to the Kasai, at some distance west of the northern portion, we were not aware of its existence. In returning, however, we were surprised at being obliged to cross the Lotembwa before we reached Lake Dilolo. It was more than a mile broad, three or four feet deep, and full of Arum Egyptianum, lotus, papyrus, mat-rushes, and other aquatic plants. Not being then informed of the singular fact that it actually flows N.N.W. into the Kasai, I did not observe the current, simply concluding it was a prolongation of the Lotembwa beyond the lake, and that it rose in a long flat marsh, as most of the rivers in this quarter do. But we were positively informed afterwards that the flow was to the Kasai, and not into Dilolo. I have no reason to doubt the correctness of this information. I could not ascertain whether Lake Dilolo gives much water to the northern Lotembwa; but if there had been a current of one-fourth the strength of that which flows into the southern Lotembwa, I must have observed it. It looks like an arm of the lake where I crossed it, and probably flows faster when nearer the Kasai. The southern Lotembwa proceeds from an arm of the lake, half a mile broad, and at the part where most of the water flows it is chin deep. We crossed the river above its confluence with the latter arm, and the great body of flowing deep water it contained there (from 80 to 100 yards wide) made me suppose that it receives a supply from the northern as well as from the southern end of Dilolo. The fever having there caused vomiting of large quantities of blood, I could not return and examine the curious phenomenon more minutely; but I consider it as almost quite certain that Lake Dilolo divides its waters between the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. A portion flows down the Kasai—Zaire, or Congo, and another down the Leeba to the Zambesi. The whole of the adjacent country is exceedingly flat. In coming to the Lotembwa from the north we crossed a plain 24 miles broad, and so level that the rain-water stands on it for months together; and when going north we waded through another plain to the south of the northern Lotembwa, 15 miles broad, with about a foot of water on it, and the lotus flowers in bloom therein.

“As the Royal Geographical Society receives geographical information from every quarter, and then acts on the eclectic principle of securing the good and true from the heaps of materials which travellers abroad and loungers at home may send to the crucible, I have, with less diffidence than I should otherwise have felt, resolved to state some ideas which observation and native information have led me to adopt as to the form of the southern part of the continent. It is right to state also distinctly that I am now aware that the same views were clearly expressed in the anniversary speech of 1852, by the

gentleman to whom this letter is addressed. Yet having come to nearly the same conclusions about three years afterwards, and by a different method, the reasons which guided my tortoise pace may, though stated in my own way, be accepted as a small contribution to the inferences deduced by you (Sir Roderick Murchison) from the study of the map of Mr. Barnes.

“In passing northwards to Angola, the presence of large Cape heaths, rhododendrons, Alpine roses, and more especially the sudden descent into the valley of the Quango, near Cassange, led me to believe we had been travelling on an elevated plateau. I had hopes then of finding an aneroid at Loanda; but having been disappointed in this, from my friend Colonel Steel having gone to the Crimea, I had to resort, on my return, to observations of the temperature of boiling water as a means of measuring elevations.

“The highest point in the district of Pungo Andongo is given to show that it is lower than the ridge, which I believe is cut through by the valley of Cassange, in which the Quango now flows. And the top of the ascent of Tala Mungongo—which, to the eye, looks much higher than the eastern ascent, if we may depend on the point of ebullition as an approximation—is in reality much lower; indeed not more elevated than Lake Ngami, which is clearly in a hollow. In coming along this elevated land towards the Quango, we were unconsciously near the crest of a large oblong mound, or ridge, which probably extends through 20° of latitude, and gives rise to a remarkable number of rivers: thus, the Quango on the north; the Coanza on the west; the Langebongo, which the latest information identifies with the Loeti, and the numerous streams which unite and form the Chobe, on its south-east; all the feeders of the Kasai and that river itself on the east; and probably also the Embara or river of Libebe on the south. Yet this elevation is by no means mountainous. The general direction of all these rivers, except the Coanza and Quango, being towards the centre of the continent, with a little northing or southing in addition, according as they belong to the western or eastern main drains of the country, clearly implies the hollow or basin form of that portion of intertropical Africa. The country about Lake Dilolo seems to form a partition in the basin; hence the contrary direction of its drainage.

“Viewing the basin from this (Linyanti) northward, we behold an immense flat, intersected by rivers, in almost every direction, and these are not the South African mud, sand, or stone rivers either, but deep never-failing streams, fit to form invaluable bulwarks against enemies who can neither swim nor manage canoes. They have also numerous departing and re-entering branches, with lagoons and marshes adjacent, so that it is scarcely possible to travel along their banks without the assistance of canoes. We brought two asses as a present from certain merchants in Loanda to Sekeletu, and as this animal is not injured by the bite of the tsetse, they came as frisky as kids through all the flowing rivers of Loanda; but when we began to descend

the Leeambye, dragging them almost hourly through patches of water or lagoons, they were nearly killed, and we were obliged to leave them at Naliele. These valley rivers have generally two beds, one of low water and another of inundation. The period of inundation does not correspond with the rainy season here, but with a period in the north subsequent to that. The flood of the Leeambye occurs in February and March, while that of the Chobe, from its being more tortuous, is a month later. We hear of its being flooded 40 miles above Linyanti, eight or ten days before it overflows there. When these rivers do overflow, then the valley assumes the appearance of being ornamented with chains of lakes. This is probably the geologically recent form which the great basin showed, for all the low-water channels in the flats are cut out of soft calcareous tufa, which the waters of this country formerly deposited most copiously. The country adjacent to the beds of inundation is, except where rocks appear, not elevated more than from 50 to 100 feet above the general level.

“That the same formation exists on the eastern side of the country appears from the statements of Arabs or Moors from Zanzibar. They assert that a large branch of the Leeambye flows from the country of the Banyassa (Wun’yassa) to the south-west, and passes near to the town of Cazembe; it is called Luapula. The Banyassa live on a ridge parallel to the east coast; and though they have no lake in their own country, they frequently trade to one on their N.N.W. My Arab informants pass this lake on their way back to Zanzibar. It is said to be ten days’ north-east of Cazembe, and is called Tanganyika, and is said to be connected with another named Kalague (Garague?). Both are stated to be so shallow that the canoes are punted the whole way across, and the voyage occupies three days. Will it be too speculative to suppose that these large collections of fresh water are the residue of greater and deeper lakes, just as Lake Ngami is, the openings in the eastern ridge not being deep enough to drain those parts of the basin entirely?”

“In a foray made by the Makololo to the country about east of Masiko’s territory, during our visit to Loanda, they were accompanied by the Arab Ben Habib, from whom I received much of the above information. This party saw another river than the Luapula, coming from the north-east, with a south-west course, to form a lake named Shuia (Shooea). A river emerges thence, which, dividing, forms the Bashukulompo and Loangwa rivers. There is a connection between these and the Leeambye too, a statement by no means improbable, seeing the country around Shuia (lat. 13°, long. 27° or 28° E. ?) is described as abounding in marshes and reedy valleys. When there, the Arab pointed to the eastern ridge, whence the rivers come, and said, ‘When we see that, we always know we are about to begin the descent of ten or fifteen days to the sea.’”

“I am far from craving implicit faith in those statements, for my

informants possess a sad proneness to 'amiability,' and they will roundly assert whatever they think will please you. For example:—'Are you happy as a slave?' 'O, infinitely more so than when I was free;' and then run away from their masters. But my object in making inquiries was unknown; and, when supported by the testimony of the Makololo, the statements may be taken as supporting the view that the central parts of Africa south of the equator, though considerably elevated above the level of the sea, form really a hollow in reference to two oblong ridges on its eastern and western sides. As suggestive of further inquiry only, I may mention, though not pretending to have examined the pretty extensive portions of the country which came under my observation with the eye and deep insight of a geologist, that the general direction of the ranges of hills appears to be parallel to the major axis of the continent. The dip of the strata down towards the centre of the country led to the conclusion, before I knew of the existence of the ridges, that Africa had in its formation been pressed up much more energetically at the sides than at the centre. The force which effected this, I supposed, may have been of the same nature as that which determined most recent volcanoes to be in the vicinity of the sea. This seems to have been the case in Angola at least; and having probably been in operation over a vast extent of coast, decided the very simple littoral outline of Africa. I am induced to make this suggestion because, when the ridges are situated far from the coast, they do not seem to owe their origin to recently erupted rocks. There is a section of the western ridge, near Cassange, nearly a thousand feet in height; and except a capping of hæmatite mixed with quartz pebbles, it is a mass of the red clay shale termed in Scotland 'keel,' the thin strata of which are scarcely at all disturbed. This keel is believed to indicate gold. Had I met with a nugget I would have mounted a mule instead of the ungainly beast (his ox Sinbad) I rode.

"I have mentioned the locality of Lake Dilolo as forming a sort of partition in the central valley, but it is not formed by outcropping rocks, as one may travel a month beyond Shinte's without seeing a stone; but in proceeding south of Ngami, the farther we go the greater has been the filling up by eruptive traps. The 25th parallel of latitude divides a part of the valley, containing 1000 feet more filling up than that north of Kolobeng; and, strangely enough, the only instance of a large transported boulder occurs just at the edge of the more hollow part. The plains to the south of that are elevated perhaps 5000 feet above the level of the sea. But the erupted rocks, as that on which Kuruman stands, have brought up fragments of the very old bottom rocks in their substance.

"As I am not aware that the late Dr. Buckland made any public use of a paper which I sent to him in 1843, on the gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country, it may not be improper to mention, in support of the actual drying up of all the rivers which have a westerly course, that I had pointed

out the bed of a still more ancient river than those trickling rills which now pass by the name. It flowed from north to south, exactly as the Zambesi does now, and ended in a large lake, which must have been discharged when the fissure was made through which the Orange river now flows. At the point of confluence between river and lake some hills of amygdaloid caused an eddy, and in the eddy we have a mound of tufa and travertin full of fossil bones. From these I had hopes of ascertaining the age of the river; but, in addition to my time being much restricted by sacred duties, I had no instrument with me when I discovered these beautiful fossils, which stand out in relief on the rock. On the second occasion I was called off by express to the child of another missionary, and galloped a hundred miles to find him in his grave. To crown all, some epiphyses and teeth, which I sent with specimens to illustrate the geology of the interior, though taken to England by the Rev. H. H. Methuen, were stolen from the railway before reaching Dr. Buckland's hands. As it is not likely that I shall ever visit the spot again, I may mention that the mound is near Bootschap, and well known to the Rev. H. Helmore, who would willingly show it to any one desirous of procuring specimens. They are perfectly fossilised, and about the same size as zebras or buffaloes.

“With respect to the spirit in which our efforts have been viewed by the Makololo, I think there is no cause for discouragement. The men of my company worked vigorously while at Loanda, and their savings appeared to them to be considerable. But the long journey back forced us to expend all our goods, and on arriving at the Barotse we were all equally poor. Our reception and subsequent treatment were, however, most generous and kind. The public reports delivered by my companions were sufficiently flattering to me, and their private opinions must have been in unison, for many volunteers have come forward unasked to go to the east. A fresh party was despatched with ivory for Loanda, and only two days were allowed for preparation. They are under the guidance of the Arab from Zanzibar already alluded to, and the men have no voice in the disposal of the goods; they are simply to look and learn. After my late companions have rested some time, it is intended for them to return as independent traders. This was not my suggestion—indeed I could scarcely have expected it, for the hunger and fatigue they endured were most trying to men who have abundance of food and leisure at home. But the spirit of trade is strong in the Africans, and they are much elated with the large prices given at Loanda.

“If no untoward event interferes, a vigorous trade will certainly be established. The knowledge of the great value of ivory puts a stop to the slave-trade in a very natural way. As our cruisers on the west coast render property in slaves of very small value there, the Mambari, who are generally subjects of Kanguombe of Bihe, purchase slaves for domestic purposes only; but to make such a long journey as that from Bihe to the Batoka country, east

of the Makololo, at all profitable, they must secure a tusk or two. These can only be got among certain small tribes who depend chiefly on agriculture for subsistence, and are so destitute of iron that they often use hoes of wood. They may be induced to part with ivory and children for iron implements, but for nothing else. The Mambari tried cloth and beads unsuccessfully, but hoes were irresistible. The Makololo wished to put a stop to their visits by force, but a hint to purchase all the ivory with hoes was so promptly responded to, that I anticipate small trade for the Mambari in future. If any one among the tribes subject to the Makololo sells a child now, it is done secretly. The trade may thus be said to be pretty well repressed. A great deal more than this, however, is needed. Commerce is a most important aid to civilisation, for it soon breaks up the sullen isolation of heathenism, and makes men feel their mutual dependence. Hopes of this make one feel gratified at the success which has attended my little beginning. But it is our blessed Christianity alone which can touch the centre of the wants of Africa. The Arabs, it is well known, are great in commerce, but not much elevated thereby above the African in principle. My Arab friend Ben Habib, now gone to Loanda, was received most hospitably by an old female chief called Sebola Makwaia; and she actually gave him ivory enough to set him up as a trader; yet he went with the Makololo against her to revenge some old feud with which he had no connexion."

The Victoria Falls were viewed with dread by the natives living at a distance. They supposed them to be the haunt of some powerful and mysterious deity. Dr Livingstone says:—

"The former name of the spot was Shongwe, the meaning of which I cannot ascertain. The Makololo, in passing near it, said, "Mosi oa tunya," "smoke does sound." Very few of them ever went near to examine the cause before my visit. When the river is in flood, the vapour is seen and the sound heard ten or more miles distant. Although I have not felt at liberty to act on my conviction on the subject of names, I think all rivers and hills discovered by Englishmen ought to have English names. The African name is known only to people in the locality. I could not get the name Zumbo lately from the people among the ruins, and passed Dambarari on the opposite side of the river, nobody having ever heard the name before. The same would have happened of course had they been English or Portuguese names, but we should not have the nonsense with which, by mis-spelling, we and the printers disfigure the maps. See how many ways Bechuanas are mentioned—Booshuanas, Bootjouanas, Bertjouanas, &c.: Makrakka for Makabe; Marelata for Moretele; Wanketzeens for Bangwaketse; Beza (God) for Reza. We on the spot are often misled getting information from (native) foreigners, who pronounce names according to their own dialects, and are thereby often guilty of leading those at home astray. English names, too, are surely better than the round Dutch

names,—‘sand,’ ‘stone,’ ‘mud,’ or ‘reed’ rivers. I do not urge the point, but I think it merits consideration.”

The value of ivory showed clearly how far the slave-traders had advanced. Where ivory was common and had no value attached to it, it was a certain indication that the place had not been visited by half-caste traders from the east or west coast. No traders had been at or near the Falls prior to his visit. He says:—

“That trade has never extended thus far from either the east or western coasts, is, I believe, extremely probable from the grave of the elder Sekote being still seen on Kalai Island, ornamented with seventy large elephants’ tusks planted round it, and there are about thirty tusks over the resting-places of his relatives. Indeed, ivory was used only to form the armlets and grave-stones of the rich, and it is now met with in a rotten state all over the Batoka country. This fact I take as corroborative of the universal assertion, that no trader ever visited the country previous to the first and unsuccessful attempt of the Mambari to establish the slave trade with Santuru, the last chief of the Barotse.”

CHAPTER X.

Start for the East Coast.—The Victoria Falls.—The Batoka Tribes.—Reaches Zumbo, a Deserted Portuguese Settlement.

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

Writing to Sir Roderick Murchison about this touching incident and the general kindness of Sekeletu, he uses words which, at the risk of repetition, are worth quoting:—"When passing Sheseke on our way down the river in November last, Sekeletu generously presented ten slaughter-cattle and three of the best riding oxen he could purchase among his people, together with supplies of meal and everything else he could think of for my comfort during the journey. Hoes and beads were also supplied to purchase a canoe, when we should come to the Zambesi again, beyond the part where it is constricted by the rocks. These acts of kindness were probably in part prompted by the principal men of the tribe, and are valuable as showing the light in which our efforts are viewed; but as little acts often show character more clearly than great ones, I may mention that—having been obliged to separate from the people who had our luggage, and to traverse about 20 miles infested by the tsetse during the night—it became so pitchy dark, we could only see by the frequent gleams of lightening, which at times revealed the attendants wandering hither and thither in the forest. The horses trembled and groaned, and after being thoroughly drenched by heavy rain we were obliged to give up

the attempt to go farther, and crawled under a tree for shelter. After the excessive heat of the day one is peculiarly sensitive to cold at night. The chief's blanket had fortunately not gone on; he covered me with it, and rested himself on the cold, wet ground until the morning. If such men must perish before the white race by an immutable law of heaven, we must seem to be under the same sort of 'terrible necessity' in our 'Kaffre wars' as the American professor of chemistry said he was when he dismembered the man whom he murdered."

On the island of Kalai, they found the grave of Sekote, a Batoka chief, who had been conquered by Sebituane, and had retreated to this place, where he died. The ground near the grave was garnished by human skulls, mounted on poles, and a large heap of the crania of hippopotami—the tusks being placed on one side. The grave was ornamented with seventy large elephants' tusks, planted round it with the points inwards, forming an ivory canopy; and thirty more were placed over the graves of his relatives. As they neared the point from which the party intended to strike off to the north-east from the river, Livingstone determined to visit the falls of Mosioatunya, known as the falls of Victoria since his visit. He had often heard of these falls from the Makololo. None of them had visited them, but many of them had been near enough to hear the roar of the waters and see the cloud of spray which hangs over them. The literal meaning of the Makololo name for them is, "smoke does sound there," or "sounding smoke."

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

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

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

The scene round the falls is exceedingly beautiful. The banks and islands are covered with vegetation, through which the giants of the African forest rear their lofty crests. The baobab, each of whose arms would form great trees, the palmyra, with its feathery leaves, the mohonou, in form like the cedars of Lebanon, the cypress-like motsouri, and other varieties of trees similar to our own oaks, elms, and chestnuts, stand out clear against the background of smoke cloud, which during the day glows in the sun, and is surmounted by magnificent rainbows, and at night shines with a yellow sulphurous haze, shadowed by clouds of pitchy blackness, as if belched from the crater of a burning mountain. No wonder the ignorant natives look upon this scene, so grand and so terrible in its beauty and majesty, as the abode of their God Barimo; it is the highest manifestation of the power and grandeur of nature with which they are acquainted. The untutored savage worships power and mystery; and here these are presented to him in a form which cannot fail to impress his imagination.

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

We cannot resist giving Dr. Livingstone's account of the Victoria Falls, as furnished to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

“Our convoy down to Mosioatunya consisted of the chief and about 200 followers. About 10 miles below the confluence of the Chobe and Lecambye or Zambesi, we came to the commencement of the rapids. Leaving the canoes there, we marched on foot about 20 miles further, along the left or northern bank, to Kalai, otherwise called the island of Sekote. It was decided by those who knew the country well in front, that we should here leave the river, and avoid the hills through which it flows, both on account of tsetse and the extreme ruggedness of the path. By taking a north-east course the river would be met where it has become placid again. Before leaving this part of the river I took a canoe at Kalai, and sailed down to look at the falls of Mosioatunya, which proved to be the finest sight I have seen in Africa. The distance to the ‘Smoke-sounding’ Falls of the Zambesi was about 8 miles in a S.S.E. direction, but when we came within 5 miles of the spot we saw five large columns of ‘smoke’ ascending 200 or 300 feet, and exhibiting exactly the appearance which occurs on extensive grass-burnings in Africa. The river above the falls is very broad, but I am such a miserable judge of distances on water that I fear to estimate its breadth. I once showed a naval officer a space in the bay of Loanda which seemed of equal breadth with parts of the river which I have always called 400 yards. He replied, ‘That is 900 yards.’ Here I think I am safe in saying it is at least 1000 yards wide. You cannot imagine the glorious loveliness of the scene from anything in England. The ‘Falls,’ if we may so term a river leaping into a sort of straight-jacket, are bounded on three sides by forest-covered ridges about 400 feet in height. Numerous islands are dotted over the river above the falls, and both banks and islands are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form.

“At the period of our visit many of the trees were spangled over with blossoms, and towering above them all stands the great burly baobab, each of whose (sycemite-coloured) arms would form the bole of a large ordinary tree. Groups of graceful palms, with their feathery-formed foliage, contribute to the beauty of the islands. As a hieroglyphic, they always mean ‘far from home;’ for one can never get over their foreign aspect in picture or landscape. Trees of the oak shape and other familiar forms stand side by side with the silvery Mohonono, which in the tropics looks like the cedar of Lebanon. The dark cypress-shaped Motsouri, laden with its pleasant scarlet fruit, and many others, also attain individuality among the great rounded masses of tropical forest. We look and look again, and hope that scenes lovely enough to arrest the gaze of angels may never vanish from the memory. A light canoe, and men well acquainted with the still water caused by the islands, brought us to an islet situated in the middle of the river and forming the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Creeping to the verge, we

peer down into a large rent which has been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and there we see the stream of a thousand yards in breadth suddenly compressed into a channel of fifteen or twenty. Imagine the Thames flanked with low tree-covered hills from the tunnel to Gravesend, its bed of hard basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a rent or fissure made in the bed, from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, to a depth of 100 feet, the lips of the fissure being from 60 to 80 feet apart. Suppose farther, the narrow rent prolonged from the tunnel to Gravesend along the left bank, and the Thames leaping bodily into this gulf, compressed into 15 or 20 yards at the bottom, forced to change its direction from the right to the left bank, then turning a corner and boiling and roaring through the hills, and you may conceive something similar to this part of the Zambesi.

“In former days the three principal falls were used as places where certain chiefs worshipped the Barimo (gods or departed spirits). As even at low water there are from 400 to 600 yards of water pouring over, the constancy and loudness of the sound may have produced feelings of awe, as if the never-ceasing flood came forth from the footstool of the Eternal. It was mysterious to them, for one of their canoe songs says,

‘The Leeambye—nobody knows
Whence it comes or whither it goes.’

“Perhaps the bow in the cloud reminded them of Him who alone is unchangeable and above all changing things. But, not aware of His true character, they had no admiration of the beautiful and good in their bosoms. Secure in their own island fortresses, they often inveigled wandering or fugitive tribes on to others which are uninhabited, and left them there to perish. The river is so broad, that, when being ferried across, you often cannot see whether you are going to the main land or not. To remove temptation out of the way of our friends, we drew the borrowed canoes last night into our midst on the island where we slept, and some of the men made their beds in them.

“Before concluding this account of the falls, it may be added that the rent is reported to be much deeper further down, perhaps 200 or 300 feet; and at one part the slope downward allows of persons descending in a sitting posture. Some Makololo, once chasing fugitives, saw them unable to restrain their flight, and dashed to pieces at the bottom. They say the river appeared as a white cord at the bottom of an abyss, which made them giddy and fain to leave. Yet I could not detect any evidence of wear at the spot which was examined, though it was low water, and from seven to ten feet of yellow discolouration on the rock showed the probable amount of rise. I have been led to the supposition by the phenomena noticed by both Captain Tuckey and

Commander Bedingfield in the Congo or Zaire, that it, as well as the Orango River, seems to be discharged by a fissure through the western ridge. The breadth of the channel among the hills, where Captain Tuckey turned, will scarcely account for the enormous body of water which appears farther down. Indeed, no sounding can be taken with ordinary lines near the mouth, though the water runs strong and is perfectly fresh.

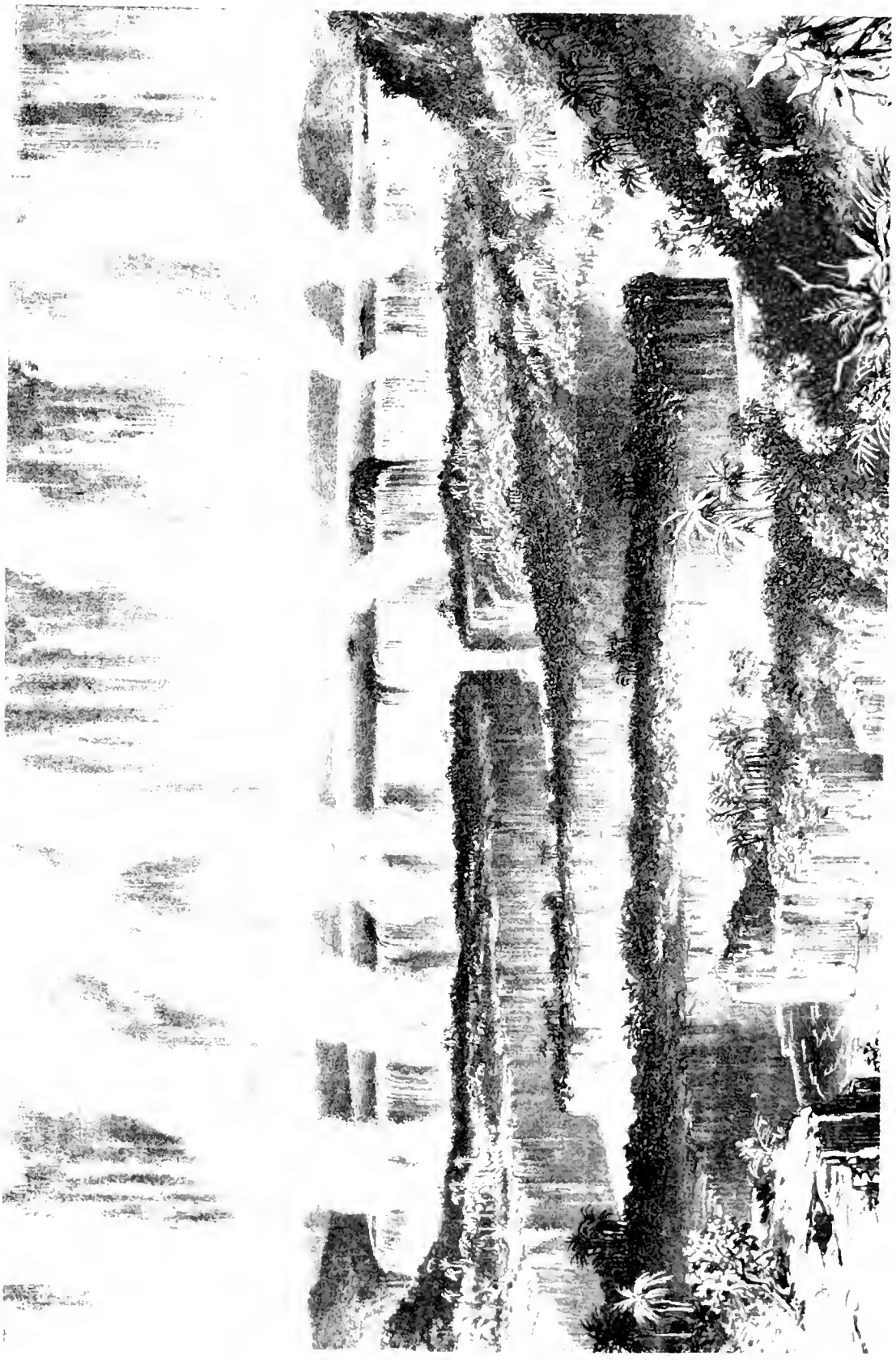
“On the day following my first visit I returned to take another glance and make a little nursery garden on the island; for I observed that it was covered with trees, many of which I have seen nowhere else; and as the wind often wafted a little condensed vapour over the whole, it struck me this was the very thing I could never get my Makololo friends to do. My trees have always perished by being forgotten during droughts; so I planted here a lot of peach and apricot stones and coffee-seed. As this island is unapproachable when the river rises, except by hippopotami, if my hedge is made according to contract, I have great hopes of Mosioatunya’s ability as a nuseryman. On another island close by, your address of 1852 remained a whole year. If you had been a lawyer, instead of a geologist, your claims to the discovery would have been strong, as ‘a bit of your mind’ was within sight and sound of the falls very long before the arrival of any European.* I thank you for sending it.”

Mr. Chapman, who visited the falls several times, gives the following as his impression on the second visit. His introduction to the falls at a distance occurred under the following circumstances:—

“When we halted for the night, under a gigantic tree by the path-side, we had no idea that we were so near the falls, but as the boisterous laughter and merry frolicking of our little Makalaka subsided, there gradually arose in the air a murmuring, and at length a roaring sound, increasing as the night advanced, and sounding like the dashing of a mighty surf upon a rock-bound coast. So much does the sound resemble this, that a stranger, unacquainted with the existence of a waterfall here, and unaware of his distance from the sea, could not be persuaded to the contrary. It was one everlasting roar, broken occasionally by the thundering, like successive cannonading in the distance; and thus it sounded all through the night. . .

“I should remark that on sailing down the river, one ignorant of the fact may approach to within a very few yards of the falls, without dreaming of being on the verge of such a chasm, owing to the strange and mysterious manner in which the whole stream, of nearly a mile in breadth, has suddenly disappeared before the eyes, vanishing as if it had been swallowed by the earth. In all falls that I have seen, a perspective view of the water

* Sir Roderick’s address was contained in the packages sent by Dr. Moffat from Moselekatse’s country, all of which Livingstone found carefully preserved on an island in the Zambesi on his return from the west coast.



WATERFALLS OF THE ZAMBESI

below has always been visible, but there is nothing of the kind here. You see land before you on your own level, which seems as if springing out of the stream on which you are sailing, and proceed in utter unconsciousness of the danger ahead, discovering at length that it is on the opposite side of the rent. But for this circumstance, the Victoria Falls, presenting one unobstructed view, would not alone have been the most magnificent, but the most stupendous sight of the kind on the face of the globe."

In another place he says:—

"As I neared the falls from the north, the sound issuing from the crack is more subdued; the smoke during the heat of the day less; but although we can sometimes hardly hear the roaring of the water, though within half a mile of it, we can feel very distinctly a quivering sensation in the earth, like the distant rumbling of an earthquake. But the sound of the waters is very different under the various circumstances in which it is heard, whether from a height or from a valley; wake up at any time during the night, and you may hear it like the roaring of a mighty wind, or the commotion of a strong sea. I have since heard it at the distance of fifteen miles on an elevated region in the south.

"There are a thousand beauties to be seen here which it is impossible to describe. My senses became truly overwhelmed with crowding sensations while gazing on these wondrous works of God, but I cannot describe them. In passing, we again peep down into the depths of the yawning chasm at the west end, belching forth its dense clouds of vapour, and follow with our eyes through the blinding brilliancy of the rainbow the boiling, roaring, dashing, splashing, gushing, gleaming, bounding stream, and exclaim, 'How beautiful!' 'How terrible!' These rainbows, seen from a distance of about two miles at 4 p.m., their depth being then very much enlarged on the rising spray, impart a most startling effect. On observing it for the first time from this point, it looked so much like sulphurous fire issuing from the bowels of the earth, that I was on the point of exclaiming to my companion, 'Look at that fire.' The many streams of vapour flying fast upwards through the broad and vivid iris of the rainbows looked so like flames, that even I was for the moment mistaken. We passed the Three Rill Cliff, and came again to the first extensive fall of water. Here the stream, pouring over the edge of the precipice, tumbles like gigantic folds of drapery. I have never seen anything with which I can compare it. Here green, there convolute streams pour down in heavier volumes, bearing behind in their flight a thousand comet-like sparkles of spray. . . Here and there a deeper channel has been worn, down which a larger body of water falls into the basin below, again to rebound, boiling, to the surface, over which rose swift volumes of smoke from the falling mass, puffed out like great discharges of musketry, and enveloping the scene in an aerial misty shroud, through which the oblique rays of the sun

are seen in ever-shifting perspective. But while watching intently to catch every charm of these falls, it vanishes on the instant. The view is always changing, yet ever recurring. Creep again to the uppermost pinnacle over the outlet—a giddy height—and peer into the crack to the right and left; here large, heavy, fleecy masses chase one another down like phantoms chasing phantoms, and then dissolve into thin air before they are overtaken. Wherever the large broad masses fall, the height does not seem so stupendous as where the streams are smaller.”

At some points the spectator can look down into the chasm for a distance of three hundred feet, but when a large body of water raises clouds of spray the eye can penetrate only to about a third of that area. From the surface of the water to the bottom of the rent, the distance must be very great, considering the enormous quantity of water which flows into it. Before the disruption of the earth which formed the crack, the whole of the Makololo country and the valley of the river, as Dr. Livingstone pointed out, must have been under water; and, from his observations and those of others, it is evident that the falls are of recent formation, and may not date many generations back.

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

Speaking of the country he was now passing through in his letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Livingstone says:—

“The sources of the rivulets, which have all a mountain-torrent character, as well as the temperature of the boiling water, showed that we were ascending the eastern ridge. The first stream is named Lekone, and is perennial. It runs in what may have been the ancient bed of the Zambesi, before the fissure was made. I could examine it only by the light of the moon, but then it seemed very like an ancient river channel. The Lekone runs contrary to the direction in which the Zambesi did and does now flow, and joins the latter five or six miles above Balai. If little or no alteration of level occurred when the fissure was formed, then, the altitude of the former channel being only a little higher than Linyanti, we have a confirmation of what is otherwise clearly evident, that the Zambesi was collected into a vast lake, which included

not only Lake Ngami in its bosom, but spread westwards beyond Libele, southwards and eastwards beyond Nehokotsa. Indeed, in many parts south of Ngami, when an anteater makes a burrow, he digs up shells identical with those of mollusca now living in the Zambesi. And all the surface indicated is covered by a deposit of soft calcareous tufa, with which the fresh waters of the valley seem to have formerly been loaded. The water in the Barotse valley was probably discharged by the same means; for Gonye possesses a fissure character, and so does another large cataract situated beyond Masiko in the Kabompo country.

“It would be interesting to ascertain if these rents were suddenly made and remain in their original state, or whether they are at present progressive. I had a strong desire to measure a point of that of Mosioatunya, but had neither the means of accurate measurement, nor of marking the hard rock afterwards. They have proved drains on a gigantic scale; and if geologists did not require such eternities of time for their operations, we might hazard a hint about a salubrious millenium for Africa.

“Shall we say that they are geologically recent, because there is not more than 3 feet worn off the edge subjected to the wear of the water? and that they are progressive, as the gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country shows a slow elevation of the ridges? No one will probably think much of the negative fact, that there is no trace of a tradition in the country of an earthquake. The word is not in the language; and though events, centuries old, are sometimes commemorated by means of names, I never met any approach to a Tom Earthquake or Sam Shake-the-ground among them. Yet they do possess a tradition which is wonderfully like the building of the Tower of Babel, ending differently, however, from that in the Bible, the bold builders having got their heads cracked by the giving way of the scaffolding. There is also the story of Solomon and the harlots; and all trace back their origin to a time when their forefathers came out of a cave in the north-east in company with animals. The cave is termed Loe (Noe?), and is exceptional in the language, from having masculine pronouns.”

In the valley of the Lekone, a considerable river which falls into the Zambesi below the falls, they rested a day at the village of Moyara, whose father had been a powerful chief, with many followers and large herds of cattle and goats. His son lives among the ruins of his town, with five wives and a handful of people, while the remains of his warlike and more powerful father are buried in the middle of his hut, covered with a heap of rotting ivory. Bleached skulls of Matebele, evidences of his power and cruelty, were stuck on poles about the village. The degraded condition of the Batoka among the more powerful tribes was exemplified by the fact that a number of them were introduced into his party by Sekeletu to carry his tusks to the nearest Portuguese settlement.

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

The Batoka, like the Makololo and other inland tribes, smoke the *mutokwane*, a species of hemp, which produces a kind of intoxication, which sometimes leads to a fit of mad frenzy. So strongly are they addicted to this practice, that even Sekeletu and his head men could not be persuaded by Livingstone to abandon it.

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

The ruins of many towns were passed, proving the density of the population before the invasion of the country by Sebituane, and his being driven out of it by the Matabele and other rival tribes. At the river Dila they saw the spot where Sebituane had lived. The Makololo had never ceased to regret their enforced departure from this healthy, beautiful, and fertile region; and Sekwebu had been instructed by Sekeletu to point out to Livingstone its advantages as a position for their future head quarters. Beyond the Dila they reached a tribe hostile to the Makololo, but, although they assumed a threatening attitude, the party, owing to Livingstone's courage and firmness, passed through unharmed. Save on this occasion, the Batoka were most

friendly, great numbers of them coming from a distance with presents of maize and fruit, and expressing their great joy at the first appearance of a white man amongst them. The women clothe themselves much as the Makololo women do, but the men go about *in puris naturalibus*, and appeared to be quite insensible to shame. The country got more populous the farther east they advanced, but the curiosity and kindness of the people fell off as they proceeded. Food was abundant; the *masuka* tree was plentiful, and its fruit was so thickly strewn about the ground that his men gathered and ate it as they marched. Everywhere among these unsophisticated sons of nature, who had all they wished for in their genial climate—plentiful herds, and abundant crops of maize and fruit—the cry was for peace. Before the advent of Sebituane the country had been swept by a powerful chief named Pingola, who made war from a mere love of conquest; and the memory of their sufferings had entered deeply into their hearts. A sister of Monze, the head chief of the tribes in the district they were now traversing, in expressing her joy at the prospect of being at peace, said “It would be so pleasant to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing them with a spear.”

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

Livingstone’s own sketch of the country, and the mode of travel, etc., in one of his letters, merits a place here:—

“Still ascending the western side of the ridge (to the north of the Zambesi), we cross another rivulet named Unguesi, which flows in the same direction as Lekone, and joins the Zambesi above the point where the rapids begin. The next tributary, called Kalomo, never dries; and being on the top of the ridge, runs south, or south and by east, falling into the Zambesi below the falls. Lastly, we crossed the Mozuma, or Dela, flowing eastwards. We continued the eastern descent till we came to the Bashukulompo River, where it may be said to terminate, for we had again reached the altitude of Linyanti. We intended to have struck the Zambesi exactly at the confluence, but we were drawn aside by a wish to visit Semalembue, who is an influential chief in that quarter. The Bashukulompo River is here called Kchowhe, and further down it is named

Kafue. Passing through some ranges of hills, among which the Kafue winds, we came to the Zambesi, a little beyond the confluence. It is here much broader than that part of it called Lecambye, but possesses the same character of reedy islands, sandbanks, and wonderful abundance of animal life. It was much discoloured by recent rains; but as we came down along the left bank, it fell more than two feet before we had gone thirty miles. It is never discoloured above Mosioatunya. Hence I conclude the increase or flood was comparatively local, and effected by numerous small feeders on both banks east of the ridge. When we ascended the Zambesi, towards Kabompo, in January, 1854, the annual flood which causes inundation had begun, and with the exception of sand, which was immediately deposited at the bottom of the vessel, there was no discolouration. Ranges of hills stand on both banks as far as we have yet seen it. The usual mode of travelling is by canoe, so there are generally no paths, and nothing can exceed the tedium of winding along through tangled jungle without something of the sort. We cannot make more than two miles an hour; our oxen are all dead of tsetse, except two, and the only riding ox is so weak from the same cause as to be useless. Yet we are more healthy than in the journey to Loanda. The banks feel hot and steamy both night and day, but I have had no attack of fever through the whole journey. I attribute this partly to not having been 'too old to learn,' and partly to having had wheaten bread all the way from the waggon at Linyanti. In going north we braved the rains, unless they were continuous; and the lower half of the body was wetted two or three times every day by crossing streams. But now, when rain approaches, we halt, light large fires, and each gets up a little grass shed over him. Tropical rains run through everything, but, though wetted, comparatively little caloric is lost now to what would be the case if a stream of water ran for an hour along the body. After being warmed by the fire, all go on comfortably again, and the party has been remarkably healthy. In the other journey, too, wishing to avoid overloading the men, and thereby making them lose heart, I depended chiefly on native food, which is almost pure starch, and the complete change of diet must have made me more susceptible of fever. But now, by an extemporaneous oven, formed by inverting a pot over hot coals, and making a fire above it, with fresh bread and coffee in Arab fashion, I get on most comfortably. There is no tiring of it. I mention this because it may prove a useful hint to travellers who may think they will gain by braving hunger and wet.

"From the longitudes, I estimate the distance from top to top of the ridges to be about 600 geographical miles. I purposely refrain from mentioning any of my own calculations of lunar observations, because it would appear so presumptuous to allow them to appear on the same page with those of Mr. Maclear, who, moreover, undertakes the labour with such hearty good-will, that I fear the appearance even of undervaluing his disinterested aid.

“The eastern ridge seems to bend in to the west at the part we have crossed, and then trends away to the north-east, thereby approaching the east coast. It is fringed on some parts by ranges of hills, but my observations seem to show they are not of greater altitude than the flats of Linyanti. I cannot hear of a hill *on* either ridge, hence the agricultural phrase I employ. And if the space between the ridges is generally not broader than 600 miles, instead of calling the continent basin-shaped, it may be proper to say that it has a furrow in the middle, with an elevated ridge on each side, each about 150 or 200 miles broad, the land sloping on both sides thence to the sea.

“I have referred to the clay-shale, or ‘keel’ formation, of which I got a glance in the western ridge. In the eastern we have a number of igneous rocks, with gneiss and mica-slate, all dipping westwards; then large rounded masses of granite, which appear to change the dip to the eastward. I bring specimens of both classes of rocks along with me. Is this granite the cause of elevation?

“I shall refer to but one topic more. The ridges are both known to be comparatively salubrious, closely resembling in this respect that most healthy of healthy climates, the interior of Southern Africa, adjacent to the desert. The grass is short; one can walk on it without that high, fatiguing lift of the foot necessary among the long tangled herbage of the valley. We saw neither fountain nor marsh on it; and, singularly enough, we noticed many of the plants and trees which we had observed on the slopes of the western ridge.

“If my opinion were of any weight, I would fain recommend all visitors to the interior of Africa, whether for the advancement of scientific knowledge, or for the purposes of trade or benevolence, to endeavour to ascertain whether the elevated salubrious ridges mentioned are not prolonged farther north than my inquiries extend, and whether sanatoria (health stations) may not be established on them. At present I have the prospect of water-carriage up to the bottom of the eastern ridge. If a quick passage can be effected thither during a healthy part of the season, there is, I presume, a prospect of residence in localities superior to those on the coast. Did the Niger expedition turn back when near such a desirable position for its stricken and prostrate members?

“I have said that the hills which fringe the ridge on the east are not of great altitude. They are all lower than the crest of the ridges, and bear evident marks of having been subjected to denudation on a grand scale. Many of the ranges show on their sides, in a magnified way, the exact counterparts of mud-banks left by the tides. A coarse sandstone rock which contains banks of shingle and pebbles, but no fossils, often exhibits circular holes, identical with those made by round stones in rapids and water-falls. They are from 3 to 4 feet broad at the brim; wider internally, and 6 or 8 feet deep. Some are convenient wells, others are filled with earth; but there is no agency now in operation in the heights in which they appear which could

have formed them. Close to the confluence of the Kafue there is a forest of silicified trees, many of which are five feet in diameter; and all along the Zambesi to this place, where the rock appears, fragments of silicified wood abound. I got a piece of palm, the pores filled with silica, and the woody parts with oxide of iron. I imagined it was one of the old bottom rocks, because I never could see a fossil in it in the valley; but at and about Tete I found it overlying beds of coal!"

As buffaloes and elephants were plentiful, one was now and again shot, so that the party seldom wanted flesh meat. A party of his men on one occasion slaughtered a female elephant and her calf with their spears, native fashion. The mother had much the appearance of a huge porcupine, from the number of spears sticking into her flesh when she fell exhausted by the loss of blood. This was a needlessly cruel method of recruiting their stores of food, and Livingstone did not encourage it; although he found shooting the larger game for food both trying and hazardous, as he could make little use of the arm which had been fractured by the lion when among the Bakwains. His skill was very much impaired, and was provokingly enough at its lowest ebb when meat was most wanted.

"I never before saw," he says in one of his letters, "elephants so numerous or so tame as at the confluence of the Kafue and Zambesi. Buffaloes, zebras, pigs, and hippopotami, were equally so, and it seemed as if we had got back to the time when megatheriæ roamed about undisturbed by man. We had to shout to them to get out of the way, and then their second thoughts were—'It's a trick.' 'We're surrounded'—and back they came, tearing through our long-extended line. Lions and hyænas are so numerous that all the huts in the gardens are built on trees, and the people never go half a mile into the woods alone."

They had now got into a district where rains were frequent, and so much had they been spoiled by the beautiful dry weather and fine open country they had passed through, that at first, as he has told us above, they invariably stopped and took shelter when it fell.

It was on the 18th December they reached the Kafue, the largest tributary of the Zambesi they had yet seen. It was about two hundred yards broad, and full of hippopotami. Here they reached the village of Semalembuc, who made them a present of thirty baskets of meal and maize, and a large quantity of ground nuts. On Dr. Livingstone explaining that he had little to give in return for the chief's handsome gift, he accepted his apologies politely, saying that he knew there were no goods in the country from which he had come. He professed great joy at the words of peace which Livingstone addressed to him, and said, "Now I shall cultivate largely, in the hope of eating and sleeping in peace." The preaching of the gospel amongst these people gave them the idea of living at peace with one another as one of its effects. It was not

necessary to explain to them the existence of a Deity. Sekwebu pointed out a district, two and a half days' distance, where there is a hot fountain which emits steam, where Sebituane had at one time dwelt. "There," said he, "had Sebituane been alive, he would have brought you to live with him. You would be on the bank of the river, and by taking canoes, you would at once sail down to the Zambesi, and visit the white people at the sea."

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

As they approached the Zambesi, the ground became more and more thickly covered with broad-leaved brush-wood, and water-fowl rose out of the pools and streams and flew overhead in large numbers. On again reaching the river, they found it greatly increased in volume, and flowing at the rate of four and a half miles an hour. When Sekwebu was a boy, this region was thickly inhabited, and all the natives had plenty of cattle. The return to it of the larger game, after the depopulation of the country, had introduced the dreaded insect, "tsetse," which rapidly destroyed the cattle.

Every village they passed furnished two guides, who conducted them by the easiest paths to the next. Along the course of the Zambesi, in this district, the people are great agriculturists—men, women, and children were all very busily at work in their gardens. The men are strong and robust, with hands hardened by toil. The women disfigure themselves by piercing the upper lip, and inserting a shell. This fashion universally prevails among the Maran, which is the name of the people. The head men of the villages presented the party freely with food, and one of them gave Livingstone a basinful of rice, the first he had seen for a long time. He said he knew it was white man's meal, and refused to sell a quantity unless for a man. Strange that his first introduction to one of the products of civilisation in this, to him, new region, should be simultaneous with the appearance of a hateful

commerce, fostered by a race holding themselves so much superior to the savage tribes of the interior through which they had passed, who held it in abhorrence.

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

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

Beyond the river they came upon the ruins of stone houses, which were simply constructed, but beautifully situated on the hill-sides commanding a view of the river. These had been the residences of Portuguese traders in ivory and slaves when Zumbo, which they were now approaching, had been a place of considerable importance as a Portuguese trade settlement. Passing

Zumbo, they slept opposite the island of Shotanaga in the Zambesi, and were surprised by a visit from a native with a hat and jacket on, from the island. He was quite black, and had come from the Portuguese settlement of Tete, which they now learned to their chagrin was on the other side of the stream. This was all the more awkward, as he informed them that the people of the settlement had been fighting with the natives for two years. Mpende, a powerful chief, who lived farther down the river, had determined that no white man should pass him. All this made them anxious to cross to the other bank of the river; but none of the chiefs whose villages lay between their present position and Mpende's town, although in every other way most friendly, dared to ferry them across, in dread of offending that powerful chief.

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

Fearing a skirmish, Livingstone slaughtered an ox, according to the custom of Sebituane, with the view of raising the courage of his men by a plentiful meal. Although only half-armed, in rags, and suffering from their march, yet inured as they were to fatigue, and feeling a confidence in their superiority over the Zambesi men, notwithstanding all drawbacks in comfort and circumstances, Livingstone had little fear of the result if fight he must; but in accordance with his constant policy, he was bound to accomplish his object in peace, if that were possible. His men were elated at the prospect of a fight, and looked forward to victory as certain, and the possession of corn and clothes in plenty, and of captives to carry their tusks and baggage for them. As they waited and ate the meat by their camp-fire, they said, "You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men."

By the time breakfast was dispatched, Mpende's whole tribe was assembled

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

Through the intercession of one of these men, Sindese Oalea, the head man of a neighbouring village, Mpende, after a long discussion with his councillors, was induced to believe Livingstone's account of himself and his intentions, and to treat him and his party with great generosity and kindness. Skwebu was sent to the chief with a request that he might be permitted to buy a canoe to convey one of his men who was ill. Mpende said, "That white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions." "Ah!" said Sekwebu, "if you only knew him as well as we do who have lived with him, you would understand that he highly values your friendship, and that of Mburuma, and as he is a stranger, he trusts in you to direct him." He replied, "Well, he ought to cross to the other side of the river, for this bank is hilly and rough, and the way to Tete is longer on this than on the opposite bank." "But who will take us across if you do not?" "Truly," replied Mpende, "I only wish you had come sooner to tell me about him; but you shall cross." And cross they did, leaving the place in very different spirits from those with which they had approached it.

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

A little way down the river they arrived opposite an island belonging to a chief called Mozinkwa; here they were detained by heavy rains, and the

illness of one of the Batoka men, who died. He had required to be carried by his fellows for several days, and when his case became hopeless they wanted to leave him alone to die; but to such an inhuman proposal Livingstone could not of course give his consent. Here one of the Batoka men deserted openly to Moziukwa, stating as his reason, that the Makololo had killed both his father and his mother, and that he would not remain any longer with them.

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

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

Before leaving the land of a chief named Nyampungo, who had enter-

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

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

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

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

who wields supreme power is a wise and prudent ruler, the result is highly beneficial.

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

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

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

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

Had Livingstone set out on his journey several months earlier he would have arrived in the neighbourhood of Tete during the war between the natives and the Portuguese, when he would have had little chance of escaping with his life. His arrival was not unexpected at Tete, as through Lord Clarendon and the Portuguese minister, Count de Lavradio, the Portuguese authorities on the Zambesi were warned of his expected appearance. A short time previous to his arrival, some natives came down the river to Tete and said, alluding to the sextant and artificial horizon, “that the Son of God had come;” and that he was “able to take the sun down from the heavens and place it under his arm.” Major Sicard then felt sure that this was the man mentioned in Lord Clarendon’s despatch.

CHAPTER XI.

Stay at Tete.—Senna.—Arrival at Kilimane.—Letters to Sir Roderick Murchison Concerning the People of South and Central Africa, their Language, etc., etc.—Departure for England.

AS Livingstone was in a very emaciated state, and fever was raging at Kilimane, the point on the coast to which he was bound, he was induced to remain at Tete for a month, during which time he occupied himself by making several journeys in the neighbourhood, visiting a coal-field, etc., etc. The village of Tete he found to consist of a large number of wattle-and-daub native huts with about thirty European houses built of stone. The place had declined greatly in importance through the introduction of the slave trade. In former times considerable quantities of wheat, maize, millet, coffee, sugar, oil, indigo, gold dust, and ivory were exported, and as labour was both abundant and cheap the trade was profitable. Livingstone says, "When the slave trade began, it seemed to many of the merchants a more speedy mode of becoming rich to sell off the slaves, than to pursue the slow mode of gold-washing and agriculture; and they continued to export them until they had neither hands to labour nor to fight for them. . . . The coffee and sugar plantations and gold-washings were abandoned, because the labour had been exported to the Brazils." The neighbouring chiefs were not slow to take advantage of the impoverished state of the Portuguese and half-caste merchants of Tete. "A clever man of Asiatic and Portuguese extraction, called Nyaude, had built a stockade at the confluence of the Luonya and Zambesi; and when the commandant of Tete sent an officer with his company to summon him to his presence," they were surrounded and bound hand and foot. The commandant "then armed the whole body of slaves and marched against the stockade of Nyaude," but before they reached it, Nyaude despatched a strong party under his son Bonga, who attacked Tete, plundered and burned the whole town, with the exception of the house of the commandant and a few others, and the church and fort. The women and children having taken refuge in the church were safe, as the natives of this region will never attack a church. The news of this disaster caused a panic among the party before the stockade of Nyaude, and they fled in confusion, to be slain or made captives by Katolosa the head chief of the district to the west of Tete.

Another half-caste chief, called Kisaka, on the opposite bank of the river, near where the merchants of Tete had their villages and principal plantations.

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

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

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

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

Ten of the smaller tusks belonging to Sekeletu were sold to purchase calico and brass wire for the use of his attendants at Tete, the remaining twenty being left with Colonel Nunes, with orders to sell them and give the proceeds to them in the event of his death or failure to return to Africa. Livingstone explained all this to the Makololo, who had accompanied him to Kilimane, when they answered, "Nay, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekeletu." Their mutual confidence was perfect; they promised to remain at Tete until he returned to them, and he assured them that nothing but death would prevent his rejoining them. The kindness and generosity of the Portuguese merchants and officers have already been alluded to; a continuance of the same was promised to his men during his absence, and it was understood that the young King of Portugal, Don Pedro, as soon as he heard of their being in his territory, sent orders that they

should be maintained at the public expense of the province and Mozambique, until Livingstone should return to claim them.

The following remarks on the influence of locality on the character of peoples, as exemplified by the African tribes he had come in contact with, their language, habits, etc., are extracted from Dr. Livingstone's letters to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

“Perhaps nowhere else do hills seem to exert a more powerful and well-marked influence on national character than they do in Africa. Every one is aware of the brave resistance offered by the Kaffre mountaineers to the British soldiers, than whom I believe there are none more brave beneath the sun. And the whole of the hill tribes, with but few exceptions, possess a similarity of character. They extend chiefly along the eastern side of the continent. Those among whom I have lately travelled have been fighting with the Portuguese for the last two years, and have actually kept the good men of Tete shut up in their fort during most of that time. They are a strong, muscular race, and, from constant work in the gardens, the men have hands like those of English ploughmen. Like hill people in general, they are much attached to the soil. Their laws are very stringent. The boundaries of the lands of each are well defined, and, should an elephant be killed, the huntsman must wait till one comes from the lord of the land to give permission to cut it up. The underlying tusk and half of the carcase are likewise the property of him on whose soil the elephant fell. They may well love their land, for it yields abundance of grain, and here superior wheat and rice may be seen flourishing side by side. Their government is a sort of republican-feudalism, which has decided that no child of a chief can succeed his father. A system of separating the young men from their parents and relatives would have pleased the author of the *Cyropædia*: yet the frequent application of the ordeal to get rid of a wife no longer loved shows that Xenophon's beau ideal does not produce gallantry equal to that which emanates from the birch of a wrathful village dominie among ourselves. The country towards Mozambique supports people of similar warlike propensities; and if these are owing to an infusion of Arab blood in their veins, that mixture does not seem to have had much influence on their customs, for those are more negro than aught else. They all possess a very vivid impression of the agency of unseen spirits in human affairs, which I believe is especially characteristic of the true negro family.

“Situating more towards the centre of the continent, we have the Bechuana tribes, who live generally on plains. Compared with the Kaffre family, they are all effeminate and cowardly; yet even here we see courage manifested by those who inhabit a hill country. Witness, for example, Sebituane, who fought his way from the Basuto country to the Barotse and to the Bashukulompe. Moshesh showed the same spirit lately in his encounter with English troops. These stand highest in the scale, and certain

poor Bechuanas, named Bakalahari, are the lowest. The latter live on the desert, and some of their little villages extend down the Limpopo. They generally attach themselves to influential men in the Bechuana towns, who furnish them with dogs, spears, and tobacco, and in return receive the skins of such animals as they may kill either with the dogs or by means of pitfalls. They are all fond of agriculture, and some possess a few goats; but the generally hard fare which they endure makes them the most miserable objects to be met with in Africa. From the descriptions given in books, I imagine the thin legs and arms, large abdomens, and the lustreless eyes of their children, make the Bakalahari the counterparts of Australians.

“But though it is all very well, in speaking in a loose way, to ascribe the development of national character to the physical features of the country, I suspect that those who are accustomed to curb the imagination in the severe way employed to test for truth in the physical sciences would attribute more to race or breed than to mere scenery. Look at the Bushmen—living on the same plains, eating the same food, but oftener in scantier measure, and subjected to the same climatorial and physical influences as the Bakalahari, yet how enormously different the results! The Bushman has a wiry, compact frame; is brave and independent; scorns to till the ground or keep domestic animals. The Bakalahari is spiritless and abject in demeanour and thought, delights in cultivating a little corn or pumpkins, or in rearing a few goats. Both races have been looking at the same scenes for centuries. Two or three Bechuanas from the towns enter the villages of the Bakalahari, and pillage them of all their skins of animals without resistance. If by chance the Bechuanas stumble on a hamlet of Bushmen, they speak softly, and readily deliver up any tobacco they may have as a peace-offering, in dread of the poisoned arrow which may decide whether they spoke truly in saying they had none.

“Again, look at the river Zouga, running through a part of the Bushman and Bakalahari desert. The Bayeiye or Bakoba live on its reedy islets, cultivate gardens, rear goats, fish and hunt alternately, and are generally possessed of considerable muscular development. Wherever you meet them they are always the same. They are the Quakers of the body politic in Africa. They never fought with any one, but invariably submitted to whoever conquered the lands adjacent to their rivers. They say their progenitors made bows of the castor-oil plant, and they broke; ‘*therefore* (!) they resolved never to fight any more.’ They never acquire much property, for every one turns aside into their villages to eat what he can find. I have been in their canoes and found the pots boiling briskly until we came near to the villages. Having dined, we then entered with the pots empty, and they looked quite innocently on any strangers who happened to drop in to dinner. Contrast these Friends with the lords of the isles, Sekote and others, living among identical circumstances, and ornamenting their dwellings with human skulls.

“The cause of the difference observed in tribes inhabiting the same localities, though it spoils the poetry of the thing, consists in certain spots being the choice of the race or family. So when we see certain characters assembled on particular spots, it may be more precise to say we see the antecedent disposition manifested in the selection, rather than that the part chosen produced a subsequent disposition. This may be evident when I say that, in the case of the Bakalahari and Bushmen, we have instances of compulsion and choice. The Bakalahari were the first body of Bechuana emigrants who came into the country. They possessed large herds of very long-horned cattle, the remains of which are now at Ngami. A second migration of Bechuanas deprived them of their cattle and drove them into the desert. They still cleave most tenaciously to the tastes of their race; while, for the Bushman, the desert is his choice, and ever has been from near the Coanza to the Cape. When we see a choice fallen on mountains, it means only that the race meant to defend itself. Their progenitors recognised the principle, acknowledged universally, except when Kaffre police or Hottentots rebel, viz., that none deserve liberty except those who are willing to fight for it. This principle gathers strength from locality, tradition develops it more and more, yet still I think the principle was first, foremost, and alone vital.

“In reference to the origin of all these tribes, I feel fully convinced, from the very great similarity in all their dialects, that they are essentially one race of men: the structure, or we may say the skeletons, of the dialects of Kaffre, Bechuana, Bayeiye, Barotse, Batoka, Batonga or people of the Zambesi, Mashona, Babisa, the negroes of Londa, Angola, and people on the west coast are all wonderfully alike. A great proportion of the roots is identical in all.

“The Bushman tongue seems an exception, but this, from the little I can collect of it, is more apparent than real. While all the others are developed in one and nearly the same direction, this deviates into a series of remarkable clicks. The syllable on which, in other dialects, the chief emphasis is put, in this sometimes constitutes the whole word. But though the variations lie in clicks, the development is greater than in the other dialects. They have for instance, the singular, plural, and dual numbers; the masculine, feminine, and neuter genders; and the aorist tense; which the others have not.

“Tending in the same way as this indisposition to diseases which decimate tribes which are passing away, is the fact that the Africans are wonderfully prolific. The Bushmen are equally so, but the Bechuanas are an exception which the introduction of Christianity may remove. As this has not, it is reported, happened in the Pacific, the data on which our hopes are founded may prove deceptive.

“With respect to the perpetuity of the African race, we have stronger hope than in the case of the South Sea Islanders, and other savage nations in

contact with Europeans. The well-known preference that fever manifests for the natives of Northern Europe, and the indisposition it exhibits to make victims of Africans, would lead persons resident in one region of this continent to say that the white race was doomed to extinction. However to be explained, the Africans who have come under my observation are not subject to many of the diseases which thin our own numbers. Smallpox and measles paid a passing visit through the continent some thirty years ago; and though they committed great ravages, they did not remain endemic nor return. They did not find a congenial soil; and though the period preceding the rains is eminently epidemic in its constitution, excepting hooping cough, no epidemic known in Europe appears. There is an indisposition independent of climatic influences, which becomes, I imagine, evident, when a certain loathsome disease is observed to die out spontaneously in Africans of pure blood; and those of mixed blood are subjected to all its forms with a virulence exactly proportioned to the amount of European blood in their veins.

“Strangers are so liable to be unintentionally misled by the careless answers of uninterested inhabitants, I would fain have subjected every important point to the test of personal examination, but except in the cases of gold, coal, iron, and a hot fountain, which did not involve any additional fatigue, I had to rely on the information of others alone. The difference of climate must account for the disproportionate exhaustion experienced by myself and companions from marches of a dozen miles, compared with that produced in our naval officers by those prodigious strides we read of having been performed in the Arctic Circle. Indeed I was pretty well ‘knocked up’ by not much more than a month on foot; the climate on the river felt hot and steamy, water never cools, clothes always damp from profuse perspiration; and as the country is generally covered with long grass, bushes, and trees, the abundance of well-rounded shingle everywhere renders it necessary to keep the eyes continually on the ground. Pedestrianism under such circumstances might be all very well for those whose obesity calls for the process of Pressnitz; but for one who had become as lean as a lath, the only discernible good was that it enabled an honest sort of man to gain a vivid idea of ‘a month on the treadmill.’”

Dr. Livingstone soon concluded that Kilimane was not the proper position for the port of the Zambesi, but he was not then aware that another and a better mouth of the river, only known to themselves, was used for the exportation of slaves. He says:—

“The Portuguese, in extenuation of the apparent disadvantage of building the ‘capital of the rivers of Senna’ (Kilimane) where it possesses such slender connection with the Zambesi, allege that the Mutu in former times was large, but it is now filled up with alluvial deposit. The bar, too, was safer then than it is now. To a stranger it looks remarkable that the main stream of the

Zambesi, sometimes called Cuama and Luabo, which is, at least, three quarters of a mile broad at the mouth of the Mutu, should be left to roll on to the ocean unused. It divides, it is true, below that into six or seven branches; but two of these named, near the sea, Melambe and Catrina, present comparatively safe harbours at their mouths and free passage into the interior for large launches during the entire year. These harbours are not more insalubrious than Kilimane and Senna.

“With respect to Kilimane, one could scarcely have found a more man-killing spot than it. The village is placed on a large mudbank, so moist that water is found by digging two feet deep, and it is surrounded by mango-bushes and marsh. The walls of the houses, too, sink gradually, so as to jam the doors against the floors. That the subject of securing a better harbour for the commerce of the magnificent country drained by the Zambesi merits the attention of the Portuguese Government, as interested in its prosperity, a glance at the articles which might be exported to a great amount will sufficiently show.

“*Coal.*—The disturbances effected by the eruptive rocks in the grey sandstone have brought many seams of coal to the surface. There are no fewer than nine of these in the country adjacent to Tete, and I came upon two before reaching that point. One seam in the rivulet Muatise is 58 inches in diameter; another is exposed in the Morongoze, which, as well as the Muatize, falls into the Revubue, and that joins the Zambesi from the north about two miles below Tete. The Revubue is navigable for canoes during the whole year, and but for a small rapid in it, near the points of junction with these rivulets, canoes might be loaded at the seams themselves. Some of the rocks have been ejected in a hot state since the deposition of the coal, for it is seen in some spots converted into coke, and about ten miles above Tete there is a hot fountain emitting abundance of acrid steam; the water at the point of emergence is 158° Fahr., and when the thermometer is held in it half a minute it shows steadily 160°. When frogs or fish leap into it from the rivulet in which it is situated, they become cooked, and the surrounding stones were much too hot for the bare feet of my companions.

“The remarks about the absence of any tradition of earthquakes in my last letter must be understood in reference to the country between the ridges alone, for I find that shocks have frequently been felt in the country of the Maravi, and also at Mozambique, but all have been of short duration, and appeared to pass from east to west.

“*Iron.*—In addition to coal, we have iron of excellent quality in many parts of the country. It seems to have been well roasted in the operations of nature, for it occurs in tears or rounded masses, admitting of easy excavation with pointed sticks, and it shows veins of the pure metal in its substance. When smelted it closely resembles the best Swedish iron in colour and tough-

ness. I have seen spears made of it strike the crania of hippopotami and curl up instead of breaking, the owner afterwards preparing it for further use by straightening it, while cold, with two stones.

“*Gold.*—If we consider Tete as occupying a somewhat central position in the coal-field, and extend the leg of the compasses about $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, the line which may then be described from north-east round by west to south-east nearly touches or includes all the district as yet known to yield the precious metal. We have five well-known gold-washings from north-east to north-west. There is Abutua, not now known, but it must have been in the west or south-west, probably on the flank of the eastern ridge. Then the country of the Bazizula, or Mashona, on the south, and Manica on the south-east. The rivers Mazoe, Luia, and Luenya in the south, and several rivulets in the north, bring gold into the coal-field with their sands; but from much trituration it is generally in such minute scales as would render amalgamation with mercury necessary to give it weight in the sand, and render the washing profitable. The metal in some parts in the north is found in red clay-shale which is soft enough to allow the women to pound it in wooden mortars previous to washing. At Mashinga it occurs in white quartz. Some of the specimens of gold which I have seen from Manica and the country of Bazizula (Mosusurus) were as large as grains of wheat, and those from rivers nearer Tete were extremely minute dust only. I was thus led to conclude that the latter was affected by transport, and the former showed the true gold-field as indicated by the semicircle. Was the eastern ridge the source of the gold, seeing it is now found not far from its eastern flank?

“We have then at present a coal-field surrounded by gold, with abundance of wood, water, and provisions—a combination of advantages met with neither in Australia nor California. In former times the Portuguese traders went to the washings accompanied by great numbers of slaves, and continued there until their goods were expended in purchasing food for the washers. The chief in whose lands they laboured expected a small present—one pound’s worth of cloth perhaps—for the privilege. But the goods spent in purchasing food from the tribe was also considered advantageous for the general good, and all were eager for these visits. It is so now in some quarters, but the witchery of slave-trading led to the withdrawal of industry from gold-washing and every other source of wealth; and from 130 to 140 lbs. annually, the produce has dwindled down to 8 or 10 lbs. only. This comes from independent natives, who wash at their own convenience, and for their own profit.

“A curious superstition tends to diminish the quantity which might be realised. No native will dig deeper than his chin, from a dread of the earth falling in and killing him; and on finding a piece of gold it is buried again, from an idea that without this ‘seed’ the washing would ever afterwards prove unproductive. I could not for some time credit this in people who know right

well the value of the metal; but it is universally asserted by the Portuguese, who are intimately acquainted with their language and modes of thought. It may have been the sly invention of some rogue among them, who wished to baulk the chiefs of their perquisites, for in more remote times these pieces were all claimed by them.

“*Agriculture.*—The soil formed by the disintegration of igneous rocks is amazingly fertile, and the people are all fond of agriculture. I have seen maize of nearly the same size of grain as that sold by the Americans for seed in Cape Town. Wheat, for which one entertains such a friendly feeling, grows admirably near Tete, in parts which have been flooded by the Zambesi, and it doubles the size of the grain at Zumbo. When the water retires the sowing commences. A hole is made with a small hoc, a few grains dropped in, and the earth pushed back with the foot. This simple process represents all our draining, liming, subsoil-ploughing, &c.; for with one weeding a fine crop is ready for the sickle in four months afterwards.

“Wheat, sugar, rice, oil, and indigo were once exported in considerable quantities from Tete. Cotton is still cultivated, but only for native manufacture. Indigo of a large kind grows wild all over the country. There are forests of a tree which acts as the cinchona near Senna. Does not this show the Divine care over us?—where fever prevails the remedy abounds. We have also sarsaparilla, calumba-root, and senna leaves in abundance; the last I believe to be the same as is exported from Egypt.

“It may not be out of place here to call attention to native medicines as worthy the investigation of travellers. I have always had to regret the want of time to ascertain which were efficacious and which were not, and whether there are any superior to our own. It is worthy of note that the bark, which is similar in properties to that which yields the quinine, has been known as a potent febrifuge by the natives from time immemorial. Our knowledge of the virtues of the bark is comparatively recent. Some may think we have more medicines in the Pharmacopœia than we know well how to use, but the fact of well-educated persons resorting to Homœopathy, Holloway’s ointment, Morison’s pills, and other nostrums, may indicate an actual want, to be supplied by something more potent than either raillery or argument. Few such I imagine would in cool blood prefer Parr’s life pills to quinine in intermittent fever; and if we had a remedy for cholera only half as efficacious as quinine in Kilimane fever, it would be esteemed a universal blessing. Many native remedies are valueless, perhaps the majority are so; but they can cure wounds inflicted by poisoned arrows. In Inhambane and Delagoa Bay a kind of croup prevails: it is probably the *Laringismus stridulus*, as it attacks and proves very fatal to adults. Singularly enough, it was unknown till the first visit of Potgeiter’s Boers to Delagoa Bay, who brought it from parts to the south-west where it prevails, and left it there, though none of

them were suffering from it at the time. It is still unknown here. This case is analogous to ships leaving diseases at the South Sea Islands. After many had perished, a native doctor pointed out a root which, when used in time, effects a speedy cure. The Portuguese now know the remedy and value it highly. I am not disposed to believe everything marvellous; but from excoriations having been made, by means of the root, on the tongue of the patient, and abstraction of blood so near the seat of the disease having been successful in this very intractable disease, I think the black doctor deserves some credit. The fact, too, that certain plants are known by widely separated tribes all over the country as medicinal, is an additional reason for recommending those who have nothing but travel and discovery on hand to pick up whatever fragments of aboriginal medical knowledge may come in their way.

“In addition to the articles of commerce mentioned above, I saw specimens of gum copal, orchilla-weed, caoutchouc, and other gums. There are two plants, the fibres of which yield very strong thread and ropes. Bees abound beyond Tete, but the people eat the honey and throw the wax away. There are several varieties of trees which attain large dimensions, yielding timber of superior quality for durability in shipbuilding. I saw pure negroes at Senna cutting down such trees in the forest, and building boats on the European model, without the superintendence of a master. Other articles of trade are mentioned by writers, but I refer to those only which came under my personal observation.

“I feel fully persuaded that, were a stimulus given to the commerce of the Zambesi by a small mercantile company proceeding cautiously to develop the resources of this rich and fertile country, it would certainly lead to a most lucrative trade. The drawbacks to everything of this sort must, however, be explicitly stated: and though anxious to promote the welfare of the teeming population of the interior by means of the commercial prosperity and intercourse of the coasts, I should greatly regret any undue expectations from unconsciously giving a too high colouring to my descriptions. I shall therefore try to explain the causes of the miserable state of stagnation and decay in which I found the Portuguese possessions.

“I have already stated that the slave-trade acted by withdrawing labour from every other source of wealth in this country, and transferring it to the plantations of Cuba and Brazil. The masters soon followed the slaves; hence this part of Africa contains scarcely any Europeans possessing capital and intelligence or commercial enterprise. Of those who engaged in the slave-trade in both eastern and western Africa, it is really astonishing to observe how few have been permanently enriched by it. There seems a sort of fatality attending these unlawful gains, for you again and again hear the remark, ‘He *was* rich in the time of the slave-trade.’ Beyond all question, it has impoverished both the colonists and the country. And when our cruisers, by their

indomitable energy, rendered the traffic much more perilous than any other form of gambling for money, they conferred a double benefit. The slave was prevented from being torn from his home and country, and the master was compelled to turn to more stable sources of income and wealth. But when this took place it was found that the strong arms which washed for gold and cultivated coffee, cotton, wheat, indigo, sugar, earthnuts for oil, &c., were across the Atlantic, and a civil war breaking out completed the disorder.

“Our explanations were, however, considered satisfactory; indeed, when we could get a palaver, they were never unreasonable until we came close to Tete; but it was unpleasant to be everywhere suspected. The men belonging to some chiefs on the Zambesi never came near us unless fully armed; others would not sit down, nor enter into any conversation, but after gazing at us for some time with a sort of horror they went off to tell the chief and great men what they had seen. We appeared an uncouth band, for the bits of skins, *alias* fig-leaves, had in many cases disappeared, and my poor fellows could not move about without shocking the feelings of the well-clothed Zambesians. The Babisa traders (Muizas) bring large quantities of cotton cloth from the coast to the tribes beyond Zumbo. Both Moors and Babisa had lately been plundered too. They could not have taken much from us, for the reason contained in the native proverb, ‘You cannot catch a humble cow by the horns.’ We often expected bad treatment, but various circumstances conspired to turn them from their purposes.

“It is impossible to enumerate all the incidents which, through the influence of our Divine protector on the hearts of the heathen, led to our parting in friendship with those whom we met with very different sentiments; but I must not omit the fact that, if our cruisers had accomplished nothing else, they have managed to confer a good name on our country. I was quite astonished to find how far the prestige had spread into the continent; and in my case they had ocular demonstration of more than a hundred evidently very poor men going with one of ‘that white tribe’ without either whip or chain. My headman speaks the language perfectly, and being an intelligent person, he contributed much by sensible explanations to lull suspicion. We had besides no shields with us; this was often spoken of, and taken as evidence of friendly intentions; and for those who perversely insisted that we were spies, we had forty or fifty gallant young elephant-hunters, and the extraordinary bravery they sometimes exhibited seemed to say it would scarcely be wholesome to meddle with such fellows. The personal character of some chiefs led at once to terms of friendship. With others we spent much time in labouring in vain to convince them we were not rogues and vagabonds: they were in the minority, as the utterly bad are everywhere else. With fair treatment the inhabitants on the Zambesi would, I believe, act justly; they are not powerful as compared with our Kaffres of the Cape.”

After waiting about six weeks at Kilimane, the *Frolic* arrived, bringing abundant supplies for all his needs, and £150 to pay his passage home, from the agent of the London Missionary Society at the Cape. The admiral at the Cape sent an offer of a free passage to the Mauritius, which Livingstone gladly accepted. As six of the eight of his attendants who had accompanied him to Kilimane had, by his instructions, gone back to Tete to await his return, while the other eight who had accompanied him as far as the delta of the Zambesi had also returned, only two were left with him when the *Frolic* arrived. One of these was Sekwebu, who had been so useful throughout the journey that he determined to take him to England with him, so that he might be able to tell Sekeletu and the Makololo what sort of country England was, and further increase the confidence and trust already reposed in him and in his countrymen generally. The other one begged hard to be permitted to accompany them, and it is a matter for regret that the expense alone prevented Livingstone from acceding to his wishes. There was a heavy sea on when they crossed the bar to the *Frolic*, and as this was Sekwebu's first introduction to the ocean he appeared frightened. On board ship he seemed to get accustomed to his novel situation, picked up a few words of English, and ingratiated himself with the crew, who treated him with great kindness.

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

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

ceding his arrival the *Times* informed the country that—"The Rev. Dr. Livingstone had arrived at Marseilles from Tunis, on the 6th inst., and was then in good health; his left arm is, however, broken and partly useless, it having been torn by a lion. When he was taken on board the *Frolic* on the Mozambique coast, he had great difficulty in speaking a word of English, having disused it so long while travelling in Africa. He had with him a native from the interior of Africa. This man, when he got to the Mauritius, was so excited with the steamers, and various wonders of civilization, that he went mad, and jumped into the sea and was drowned. Dr. Livingstone had been absent from England seventeen years. He crossed the great African continent almost in the centre, from west to east, has been where no civilized being has ever been before, and has made many notable discoveries of great value. He travelled in the twofold character of missionary and physician, having obtained a medical diploma. He is rather a short man, with a pleasing and serious countenance, which betokens the most determined resolution. He continued to wear the cap which he wore while performing his wonderful travels. On board the *Candia*, in which he voyaged from Alexandria to Tunis, he was remarkable for his modesty and unassuming manners. He never spoke of his travels except in answer to questions. The injury to his arm was sustained in the desert while travelling with a friendly tribe of Africans. A herd of lions broke into their camp at night, and carried off some of their cattle. The natives, in their alarm, believed that a neighbouring tribe had bewitched them. Livingstone taunted them with suffering their losses through cowardice, and they then turned to face and hunt down the enemy. The Doctor shot a lion, which dropped wounded. It afterwards sprang on him, and caught him by the arm, and, after wounding two natives who drew it off him, it fell down dead. The wounded arm was not set properly, and Dr. Livingstone suffered excruciating agony in consequence."

CHAPTER XII.

Dr. Livingstone in England—Special Meeting of the Geographical Society—Enthusiastic Reception—Farewell Banquet—Sir Roderick Murchison's Estimate of Dr. Livingstone and his Labours.

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

In England, curiosity had been excited by the appearance of short paragraphs in the newspapers treating of his discoveries, but it was not until a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on which occasion the Society's gold medal was presented to the distinguished traveller, that the magnitude of his discoveries and the heroic character of the man came to be properly understood.

It was on the 15th of December, 1856, that the special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held to receive and do honour to Dr. Livingstone. The proceedings at this meeting were of so singularly exceptional a character, that we do not hesitate to re-produce the report of it here as it appeared in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society."

Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the Society, was in the chair, and the room was filled with a distinguished assemblage. In opening the meeting the President said:—

GENTLEMEN,—We are now specially assembled to welcome Dr. Living-

stone, on returning from Southern Africa to his native country after an absence of sixteen years, during which, while endeavouring to spread the blessings of Christianity through lands never before trodden by the foot of a British subject, he has made discoveries of incalculable importance, which have justly won for him, our Victoria or Patron's Medal.

When that honour was conferred in May, 1855, for traversing South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, by Lake Ngami and Linyanti to Loanda on the west coast, the Earl of Ellesmere, then our president, spoke with eloquence of the "scientific precision, with which the unarmed and unassisted English missionary had left his mark on so many important stations of regions hitherto blank."

If for that wonderful journey, Dr. Livingstone was justly recompensed with the highest distinction we could bestow, what must be our estimate of his prowess, now that he has re-traversed the vast regions, which he first opened out to our knowledge? Nay, more; that, after reaching his old starting point at Linyanti in the interior, he has followed the Zambesi, or continuation of the Leeambye river, to its mouths on the shores of the Indian Ocean, passing through the eastern Portuguese settlements to Kilimane—thus completing the entire journey across South Africa. In short, it has been calculated that, putting together his various journeys, Dr. Livingstone has not travelled over less than eleven thousand miles of African ground.

Then, how does he come back to us? Not merely like the far-roaming and enterprising French missionaries, Huc and Gabet, who, though threading through China with marvellous skill, and contributing much to our knowledge of the habits of the people, have scarcely made any addition to the science of physical geography; but as the pioneer of sound knowledge, who, by astronomical observations, has determined the site of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all hitherto unknown to us.

In obtaining these results, Dr. Livingstone has farther seized upon every opportunity of describing to us the physical features, climatology, and geological structure of the countries he has explored, and has made known their natural productions, including vast breadths of sugar-cane and vine-producing lands. Pointing out many new sources of commerce, as yet unknown to the enterprise of the British merchant, he gives us a clear insight into the language, manners, and habits of numerous tribes, and explains to us the different diseases of the people, demonstrating how their maladies vary with different conditions of physical geography and atmospheric causes.

Let me also say that he has realised, by positive research, that which was necessarily a bare hypothesis, and has proved the interior of Southern Africa to be a plateau traversed by a network of lakes and rivers, the waters of which, deflected in various directions by slight elevations, escape to the eastern and western oceans, by passing through deep rents in the hilly,

flanking tracts. He teaches us that these last high grounds, differing essentially from the elevated central region, as well as from the rich alluvial deltas of the coasts, are really salubrious, or, to use his own language, are perfect *sanatoria*.

I have thus alluded, in the briefest manner, to the leading additions to our knowledge which have been brought before you by Dr. Livingstone. The reading of the last letters, addressed to myself, was, by the direction of my lamented predecessor, Admiral Beechey, deferred until the arrival of the great traveller; in order that the just curiosity of my associates might be gratified by having it in their power to interrogate him upon subjects of such deep importance; and, above all, that we might commit no mistakes in hastily constructing maps from immature data; certain sketch maps having been sent to us, before it was possible to calculate his observations and reduce them to order.

Passing then from this meagre outline of the results to science, what must be our feelings as men, when we mark the fidelity with which Dr. Livingstone kept his promise to the natives who, having accompanied him to St. Paul de Loando, were reconducted by him from that city to their homes? On this head my predecessors and myself have not failed, whenever an opportunity occurred, to testify our deep respect for such noble conduct. Rare fortitude and virtue must our medallist have possessed, when—having struggled at the imminent risk of life through such obstacles, and escaping from the interior, he had been received with true kindness by our old allies the Portuguese at Angola—he nobly resolved to redeem his promise, and retrace his steps to the interior of the vast continent. How much, indeed, must the moral influence of the British name be enhanced throughout Africa, when it has been promulgated that our missionary has thus kept his plighted word to the poor natives who faithfully stood by him!

Turning to Dr. Livingstone, the PRESIDENT then said—Dr. Livingstone, it is now my pleasing duty to present to you this our Patron's or Victoria Medal, as a testimony of our highest esteem. I rejoice to see on this occasion, such a numerous assemblage of geographers and distinguished persons, and that our meeting is attended by the ministers of foreign nations. Above all, I rejoice to welcome the representative of that nation whose governors and subjects, in the distant regions of Africa, have treated you as a brother, and without whose aid many of your most important results could not have been achieved. Gladdened must be the hearts of all the geographers present, when they see you attended by men, who accompanied and aided you in your earliest labours. I allude particularly to our own fellows, Colonel Steele, Mr. Cotton Oswell, and Captain Vardon, who are now with us. As these and other distinguished African travellers are in this room, and among them Dr. Barth, who alone of living men, has reached Timbuctoo and returned, may

not the Geographical Society be proud of such achievements? I therefore, heartily congratulate you, sir, on being surrounded by men, who certainly are the best judges of your merits, and I present to you this medal, as a testimony of the high admiration with which we all regard your great labours.

DR. LIVINGSTONE replied:—Sir, I have spoken so little in my own tongue for the last sixteen years, and so much in strange languages, that you must kindly bear with my imperfections in the way of speech-making. I beg to return my warmest thanks for the distinguished honour you have now conferred upon me, and also for the kind and encouraging expressions with which the gift of the gold medal has been accompanied. As a Christian missionary, I only did my duty, in attempting to open up part of southern inter-tropical Africa to the sympathy of Christendom; and I am very much gratified by finding in the interest, which you and many others express, a pledge that the true negro family, whose country I traversed, will yet become a part of the general community of nations. The English Government and the English people, have done more for Central Africa than any other, in the way of suppressing that traffic, which has proved a blight to both commerce and friendly intercourse. May I hope that the path which I have lately opened into the interior, will never be shut; and that in addition to the repression of the slave trade, there will be fresh efforts made for the development of the internal resources of the country? Success in this, and the spread of Christianity, alone will render the present success of our cruisers in repression, complete and permanent. I cannot pretend to a single note of triumph. A man may boast when he is pulling off his armour, but I am just putting mine on; and while feeling deeply grateful for the high opinion you have formed of me, I fear that you have rated me above my deserts, and that my future may not come up to the expectation of the present. Some of the fellows of your society—Colonel Steele, Captain Vardon, and Mr. Oswell, for instance—could, either of them, have effected all that I have done. You are thus not in want of capable agents. I am, nevertheless, too thankful now, that they have left it to me to do. I again thank you for the medal, and hope it will go down in my family as an heirloom worth keeping.

The RIGHT HON. H. LABOUCHERE, M.P., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, then said,—Sir Roderick Murchison, I thought it a great privilege to be allowed to attend to-night upon your invitation; and certainly with little expectation that I should be called upon to address you on this interesting occasion. I am happy to say, however, that the resolution which has been put into my hands, and which I have been requested to propose to the meeting, is one that I am sure will require no arguments of mine to recommend it to your very cordial adoption. You have heard from the president, how the distinguished traveller, who is here to-day to give an account of the achievements which he has performed on the field of Africa,

you have heard, how cordially and usefully he was assisted by the Governors of the Portuguese Establishments on the coast of Africa. There is, perhaps, no nation which can boast more than Portugal, of having largely contributed to early geographical enterprise, to our better knowledge of the globe which we inhabit, and to the spread of commerce throughout the earth. I may also say that the mention of the name of Portugal, is always agreeable to British ears, because there is no country with which we are united by an older, by a closer, and, I trust, by a more enduring connection. I think it is fortunate and gratifying to us, on the present occasion, that we have the advantage of having among us, the distinguished nobleman who represents Portugal in this country; therefore, we shall be able to convey to the Portuguese authorities, through him, the acknowledgment which, I am sure, we must be all anxious to make on the present occasion. I am too well aware of the value of your time, and of the superior claims that others have upon it, to be desirous of addressing you at any length. Of the importance of the discoveries made in Africa, I am sure we must all feel the strongest and deepest sense; it is, at all events, a matter of liberal curiosity to all men, to obtain a better knowledge of our earth. But there are interests very dear to the people of this country, which are closely connected with everything that relates to a better knowledge of Africa. There is none, I believe, which has taken a faster hold on the people of Britain than, not only to put a stop to the horrible traffic in slaves, which was once the disgrace of our land as much, if not more than of any other; but also, as far as possible, to repay to Africa the debt which we owe her, by promoting in every manner, with regard to her inhabitants, the interests of civilization and commerce. We must feel how important a better knowledge of the internal resources and of the condition of Africa must be, in all the efforts which Parliament or statesmen can make in that direction. I will not trespass longer upon your time, but conclude by reading the resolution which has been placed in my hands, and which is one that I am sure will meet from you, a very cordial reception:—

“That the grateful thanks of the Royal Geographical Society be conveyed, through his Excellency Count de Lavradio, the Minister of the King of Portugal, to His Majesty’s Authorities in Africa, for the hospitality and friendly assistance they afforded to Dr. Livingstone, in his unparalleled travels from St. Paul de Loanda to Tete and Kilimane, across that continent.”

Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, F.R.G.S., then said—Sir, I could have wished that the task of seconding the resolution had been confided to abler hands; but since the president has issued his orders—orders which are equivalent to the laws of the Medes and the Persians, with which I am tolerably well acquainted,—I am obliged humbly to bow to the task. After the eloquent description you have heard of the merits of the Portuguese nation, it would

ill become me to intrude long upon your time ; but I would wish to call your attention to the really great obligations which science is generally under to the Portuguese, especially with regard to the geography of Africa. We are too apt to forget the debt of gratitude which we owe to them for our knowledge of the interior of Africa, almost up to the present time, when Dr. Livingstone has completed the chain of their discoveries. We must remember that it was Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese, in the first instance, who doubled the Cape of Good Hope. The Portuguese have established settlements throughout Southern Africa from the earliest times down to the present, and until Dr. Livingstone has laid down all his discoveries upon the map, the old Portuguese maps of the interior of Africa, especially the southern portion, are the best available. It is singularly interesting and gratifying to find, that it should be to the Portuguese Governors, that we are indebted for the hospitable reception, which they gave to our distinguished traveller, Dr. Livingstone, and which has enabled him to return home in safety, and acquaint us with the results of all his discoveries. As you are about to hear from Dr. Livingstone some brief account of his travels, I will not longer trespass on your time, but merely second the resolution which has been submitted to your notice.

The resolution having been put from the chair, was carried unanimously.

The Count de Lavradio then rose, and after a brief apology in English for his want of fluency in our language, thus spoke in French :—

“MR. PRESIDENT,—As I did not expect to have the honour of speaking before you, it is with great hesitation and timidity that I rise to address a few words to you, in order to express my gratitude for the resolution you have just adopted. My first duty is to return my sincere and hearty thanks to the Right Hon. Mr. Labouchere, in the name of the Sovereign, whom I have the honour to represent, and in that of the Portuguese nation, to which I belong, not only for the resolution which he has proposed—that the Royal Geographical Society should adopt—but also for the sentiments of admiration and esteem which he has so well expressed for the memory of the intrepid and learned Portuguese navigators, who, in discovering seas and lands, till then unknown, carried everywhere the germs of civilization, and rendered very great services to science. I also beg Sir H. Rawlinson to accept my best thanks for the kindness with which he has supported the proposition of Mr. Labouchere, in recalling to the remembrance of the society the important discoveries made by the Portuguese. My warmest thanks are also due to you, Mr. President, for the good-will with which you have submitted the proposition of Mr. Labouchere to the society ; and to you, gentlemen, the members of the Royal Geographical Society, for the unanimity of your approbation. I assure you, I shall hasten to transmit to my Government the resolution just adopted, and I feel sure it will be much flattered by it. When

I learned that Dr. Livingstone was going to endeavour to traverse Southern Africa from the western to the eastern shore, I wrote to my Government, praying it to dispatch the most positive orders, that all the Portuguese colonies should lend Dr. Livingstone all the protection he should require, to enable him to pursue his travels in a safe and comfortable manner. I am happy to learn that the orders of my Government have been executed. And now, Mr. President, and gentlemen, the members of the Royal Geographical Society, permit me to thank you in my own name, for the honour you have conferred upon me in inviting me to this assembly. At any time I should be very happy and highly honoured to find myself among the *elite* of the learned English geographers and travellers; but, to-day, my happiness is still greater since this august assembly is particularly called to celebrate the return of Dr. Livingstone to Europe—this courageous savant—this friend of humanity, who, braving the greatest dangers, exposing himself to all sorts of privations, employed the best years of his life in exploring Central Africa, with the single-minded and noble aim of enriching science and of diffusing in far-off lands the morality of the Gospel, and with it, the benefits of true civilization. Men, such as Dr. Livingstone, are, permit me the expression, veritable Providences, which Heaven, in its mercy grants us, to console us for the many useless or wicked persons who inhabit a part of the earth. Everybody knows that it is nearly four centuries and a half since some Portuguese navigators, as courageous, and as learned, undertook and accomplished some great discoveries. The names of Zamo, of Prestrillo, of Dias, of the great Vasco de Gama, and of many others, are well known; but everybody does not know, that, at the same time that these navigators were crossing the seas, surveying the coasts, and trying to make the tour of Africa in order to reach Asia, others were endeavouring to arrive at the same result, by crossing the interior of Africa. Before the year 1450, by the orders and instructions of the great and immortal Infante Don Henri of Portugal, the greatest and most learned prince of his time, Jean Fernandez penetrated into the interior of Africa, where, shortly after, he was joined by Anton Gonsalves. Some years after, several other Portuguese penetrated into the interior of Africa; some searching for Timbuctoo, and others in various other directions. History has preserved the names of several of these travellers, and it may be said that the Portuguese have never relinquished their endeavours to penetrate into the interior of Africa. Towards the end of the last century, the learned Dr. Lacerda, furnished with good instruments, proposed to traverse Southern Africa, from the eastern to the western shore; unfortunately, death surprised him in the midst of these learned travels, in the country of the King of Cazembe. Afterwards, other travellers undertook to cross Africa, and from 1806 to 1811, Pedro Jean Baptista and Amaro Jose, with the instructions of Colonel Francisco de Castro, went from the western to the eastern shore, and

returned to Loanda by the same road, after an absence of more than four years. The journal of their travels has been printed, but, unfortunately, they were not sufficiently well-informed to be able to determine astronomically the position of the different places they had crossed.* Gentlemen, I must conclude, and if I have cited these facts and these names, it is by no means for the purpose of diminishing the glory that belongs to Dr. Livingstone; but, on the contrary, to recognise that he has obtained results more complete than those who preceded him. The name of Dr. Livingstone is already inscribed in the history of the civilization of Southern Africa, and it will always occupy a very distinguished place there.

“Honour then to the learned Dr. Livingstone!

“Mr. President and gentlemen, I beg your pardon for having trespassed so long on your time and attention, and thank you for the kindness with which you have condescended to listen to me; but before sitting down, allow me to ask you to accept of my best wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Geographical Society, which has rendered so many and such great services to science, to commerce, and to civilization. Accept also my best wishes for the British Empire—may this land of order and of liberty—this country, where all the unfortunate find a safe and generous asylum, always preserve its power! I offer these wishes as the representative of the oldest, most constant, and most faithful ally of England; I offer them also as a private individual.”

The SECRETARY then read extracts from the three last communications, addressed by Dr. Livingstone from Africa to Sir Roderick Murchison, which had been reserved for that occasion. They were full of minute and graphic details relating to the regions explored by the traveller, and were listened to with the utmost interest. (In the preceding chapter we have drawn largely upon these letters.)

The PRESIDENT said: We return thanks to Dr. Livingstone for having communicated these able documents to us, a very small portion of which has been read by Dr. Shaw. It is impossible, on an occasion like the present, fully to estimate the value of Dr. Livingstone's communications; but there are so many subjects, some of them of deep interest to persons here assembled, and others of vast importance to the world at large, that I hope Dr. Livingstone will explain to us, *viva voce*, some of those remarkable features in his travels, on which he would wish most to dwell. I particularly invite him to indicate to the meeting, those portions of the country, the produce of which is likely to

* In regard to this Dr. Livingstone said afterwards:—“After the first European had traversed the African continent the Portuguese Minister claimed the honour for two black men (trading persons of colour), and these blacks, in the memory of a lady now living at Tete, came thither dressed and armed as the people of Loanda, but proceeded no further. They thus failed by about 400 miles of what was claimed for them.”

be rendered accessible to British commerce. I wish him to point out, on the diagram made for this occasion by Mr Arrowsmith, the lines of those ridges which he describes as perfect *sanatoria* or healthy districts, distinguished from the great humid or marshy region in the interior, and as being equally distinguished from the deltas on the coast, in which the settlements of Europeans have hitherto been made. It is important to observe that large tracts of this country are occupied by *coal-fields*, of which we have had the first knowledge from our distinguished traveller. There are indications throughout the flanking ranges, of great disturbance of the strata, by the intrusion of igneous rocks which have very much metamorphosed them. The strata upon the two sides of Africa, dip inwards, and the great interior region thus forms an elevated plateau arranged in basin-shape. This vast basin is occupied by calcareous tufa, the organic remains in which seem to indicate that at a period not remote in the history of the globe, this great marshy region has been desiccated, leaving in these broad plateaus of calcareous tufa, the remains of lacustrine and land animals, which are still living in the country. I hold in my hand a geological map of the Cape territory as prepared by Mr. Bain, which, coupled with the discovery of Lake Ngami, led me to offer to you that speculation on the probable physical condition of the interior of Africa which the observations of Dr. Livingstone have confirmed.

DR. LIVINGSTONE then rose, and, pointing to the diagram of Africa, said: The country south 20° is comparatively arid; there are few rivers in it, and what water the natives get, is chiefly from wells. But north of 20°, we find a totally different country, wonderfully well watered, and very unlike what people imagine Central Africa to be. It is covered by a network of waters, which are faintly put down in the map, and chiefly from native information. The reason why we have trusted to native information in this case, is this: when Mr. Oswell and I went up to the Chobe in 1851, we employed the natives to draw a part of the Zambesi in the centre of the country, which had hitherto been unknown to Europeans. They drew it so well, that although I have since sailed up and down the river several times, and have taken observations all along, I have very little to add to that native map. The natives show on their maps that you can go up one river and get into another. You can go up the Kama, for instance, and get into another, the river of the Banyenko. You can go up the Simah and get into the Chobe, and can come down into the Zambesi, or Leeambye. You can go up the river Tcoge, and round again by the Tzo to Lake Ngami. If you go up the Loi, you can get into the Kafue. And they declare that if you go up the Kafue in a canoe, you can get as far as the point where that river divides from the Loangua. All these rivers are deep and large, and never dry up as the South African rivers do. Some will say that the natives always tell you that one river comes out of another. Yes, if you do not understand the language you may

say so. I remember when Colonel Steele and I were together, the natives pointed him out as still *wild*, and said I was *tame*, because I understood the language. Now, I suppose, when a geographer tells you that, when the natives say, "one river runs into or out of another," they don't mean what they say; but, in reality, the natives mean that the geographer is still *wild*, he is not *tame*, *i. e.* he does not know the language. I found the natives to be very intelligent; and, in this well watered part, to be of the true Negro family. They all had woolly hair, and a good deal of it, and they are darker than those who live to the south. The most remarkable point I noticed among them, was the high estimation in which they hold the women. Many of the women become chiefs. If you ask a man to do something for you, he will perhaps make some arrangements about payment; but before deciding to do it, he is sure to say, "Well, I will go home and ask my wife." If the wife agrees to it, he will do what you want; but if she says no, there is no possibility of getting him to move. The women sit in the public council, and have a voice in the deliberations. Among the Bechuanas the men swear by their fathers, but among the true negroes they swear by their *mothers*. Any exclamation they make is, "Oh, my mother!"—while among the Bechuanas and the Kaffres they swear by their father. If a woman separate from her husband, the children all go with the mother—they all stick by the mother. If a young man falls in love with a young woman of another village, he must leave his own village and live with her; and he is obliged to keep his mother-in-law in firewood. If he goes into her presence, he must go in a decent way, clapping his hands in a supplicatory manner; and if he sits, he must not put out his feet towards her—he must bend his knees back, and sit in a half-bent position. I was so astonished at this, that I could scarcely believe their own statements as to the high estimation in which they held the ladies, until I asked the Portuguese, if they understood the same, as I did. They said, exactly the same; they had been accustomed to the natives for many years, and they say that the women are really held in very great estimation. I believe they deserve it; for the whole way through the centre of the country, we were most kindly treated by them. When I went up the Zambesi, I proceeded as far as the 14th degree, and then returned to Linyanti. I found the country abounding in all the larger game. I know all the country through which Mr. Gordon Cumming and others have hunted, and I never saw anything before like the numbers of game that are to be found along the Zambesi. There are elephants all the way to Tete, in prodigious numbers, and all the other large game, buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, and a great variety of antelopes. There are three new species of antelope that have never been brought to Europe.

Seeing the country was well supplied with game, I thought it was of little use burdening my men with other provisions; I thought I could easily

supply our wants with the gun, and I did not wish to tire them and make them desire to return before we had accomplished our journey; so we went with scarcely anything. All the way up the river we had abundance of food, and any one who is anything of a shot, may go out and kill as much in two or three hours, as will serve for three or four days. The animals do not know the gun, and they stand still, at bowshot distance. We got on very well in this way, until we came to Shinte. There we found that the people, having guns, had destroyed all the game in the district, and that there was nothing left but mice; you see the little boys and girls digging out the mice. I did not try to eat them, but we were there obliged to live entirely upon what the people gave us. We found the women remarkably kind to all of us; the same in going down the Zambesi. Whatever they gave, they always did it most gracefully, very often with an apology for its being so little. Then, when coming to the eastward, we found it just the same. They supplied us liberally with food wherever we went, all the way down, till we came near to the settlements of the Portuguese. In the centre of the country, we found the people generally remarkably civil and kind; but as we came near to the confines of civilization, then they did not improve. We had a good deal of difficulty with different tribes, as they tried to make us pay for leave to pass. It so happened that we had nothing to pay with. They wanted either an ox, a gun, or a man. I told them that my men had just as good a right to give me, as I had to give one of them, because we were in the same position—we were all *free men*. Then they wanted an ox, and we objected to it, saying, "These oxen are our legs, and we cannot travel without them; why should we pay for leave to tread upon the ground of God, our common Father?" They agreed it was not right to ask payment for that, but said it had always been the custom of the slave-traders, when they came in, to give a slave or an ox, and we ought to do the same. But I said, "We are not slave-dealers, we never buy nor sell slaves." "But you may as well give us an ox," they replied, "it will show your friendship; we will give you some of our food, if you give us some of yours." If we gave them an ox, they very often gave us back two or three pounds of our own food; this is the generous way they paid us back. But with the women we never found any difficulty.

Let me mention the punishment which women inflict upon their husbands in some parts. It is the custom of the country for each woman to have her own garden and her own house. The husband has no garden and no house, and his wives feed him. I have heard a man say, "Why, they will not feed me; they will give me nothing at all." A man may have five wives, and sometimes the wives combine and make a strike against him. When he comes home he goes to Mrs. *One*. She says, "I have nothing for you; you must go to Mrs. *Two*." He then goes to Mrs. *Two*, and she says, "You can go to the one you love best;" and in this way the husband is sent from one

to the other, until he gets quite enraged. In the evening I have seen the poor fellow get up in a tree, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole village, cry out, "I thought I had married five wives, but I find I have married five witches; they will not let me have any food." The punishment a woman receives for striking her husband, I thought very odd, the first time I saw it in the town of Sechele. The chief's place is usually in the centre of the town. If a woman happens to forget herself so far as to give her husband a blow, she is brought into the centre of the town, and is obliged to take him on her back and carry him home, amid the jeering and laughter of the people, some of the women crying out, "Give it to him again."

Slavery exists in the country, *i. e.*, domestic slavery; but the exportation of slaves is effectually repressed. I found in Angola, that slaves could scarcely be sold at all. I saw boys of 14 years of age, sold for the low sum of 12s. If they could send these to Brazil, they would fetch a very much higher price, perhaps 60 dollars. In passing along, we went in company with some native Portuguese, who were going into the interior, and who had eight slave women with them, and were taking them towards the centre of the country to sell them for ivory. It shows that the trade is turning back towards the interior. In passing through the country, I found that the English name had penetrated a long way in. The English are known as the tribe "*that likes the black man.*" The Portuguese, unfortunately, had been fighting with them near Tete; but the natives had been aided by half-breeds, and kept the Portuguese shut up at Tete, two whole years. In coming down the river, I knew nothing of this war. Once we saw great numbers of armed men going along the hills and collecting into a large force, and all the women and children sent out of the way. When we got to where they were, some of the great men came to ask what I was? "Are you a Mozungo?"—that is the name they apply to the Portuguese; I did not know it, however, at that time. "No," I said, "I am a Lekoa." "Then," they said, "they did not know the Lekoa." I showed them my arm. I could not show my face as anything particularly white, but I showed my arm, and said, "Have the Mozungo skin like that?" "No, no; we never saw such white skin." "Have they long hair like mine?"—the Portuguese make a practice of cutting the hair short. "No; you must then be one of the white tribe '*that loves the black man.*'" "Yes, I am." I was then in the midst of the belligerents, without having any wish to engage in the quarrel. They finally allowed me to pass.

Once when we came to a tribe, one of my head men seemed to have become insane and ran away, and we lost three days seeking for him. This tribe demanded payment for leave to pass, and I gave them a piece of cloth. In order to intimidate us they got up the war dance, and we made them another offer, and gave another piece of cloth. But this was not satisfactory, and then they got up their war dance in full armour, with their guns and drums and

everything quite warlike, in the sight of our encampment. My men had been perfectly accustomed to fighting; they were quite veterans, but in appearance they were not near so fine as these well-fed Zambesians. They thought they were intimidating us, but my men were perfectly sure of beating them. One of my chief men seemed to be afraid, because they never make a war dance without intending to attack, and got up during the night and said, "There they are, there they are!" and ran off, and we never saw him again.

The country is full of lions, and the natives believe that the souls of their chiefs go into the lion, and consequently when they meet a lion they salute and honour it. In travelling, the natives never sleep on the ground; they always make little huts up in the trees. We had a good many difficulties of the nature I have described, with the different tribes on the confines of civilization. The people in the centre of the country seem totally different from the fringe of population near the coast. Those in the centre are very anxious to have trade. You may understand their anxiety in this respect when I inform you, that the chief of the Makololo furnished me with 27 men and 15 oxen, canoes, and provisions, in order to endeavour to form a path to the West Coast; and on another occasion the same man furnished 110 men, to try and make another path to the East Coast. We had found the country so full of forest, and abounding with so many rivers and so much marsh, that it was impossible to make a path to the west, and so we came back and endeavoured to find one to the east. In going that way, we never carried water a single day. Any one who has travelled in South Africa, knows the difficulty of procuring water, but we were never without water a single day. We slept near water, passed by water several times during the day, and slept near it again.

The western route being impracticable for waggons, we came back, and my companions returned to their friends and relatives. I did not require to communicate anything about our journey, or speak even a word about what we had seen; as my men got up in all the meetings which were held, and told the people of what had passed. One of the great stories they told was, "We have been to the end of the world. Our forefathers used to tell us that the world has no end, but we have been to the end of the world. We went marching along, thinking that what the ancients had told us was true, that the world had no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me; there is only sea in front.'" All my goods were gone when I got down into the Barotse valley, among the Makololo, and then they supplied me for three months; and in forming the eastern path, which I hope will be the permanent one into the interior of the country, the chief furnished me with twelve oxen for slaughter and abundance of other provisions, without promise or expectation of payment. At one time it was thought, instead of going down the way we came, we should go on the other

or south side of the river. But this river forms a line of defence against the Matabele, where my father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, went. I was persuaded by some to go in that direction. But when I had heard the opinions of all who knew the country, and those who had lived in that direction, I resolved to go north-east, and strike the Zambesi there.

In passing up towards Loanda, we saw that the face of the country was different, that it was covered with Cape heaths, rhododendrons, and Alpine roses, showing that we must be on elevated ground. Then we came to a sudden descent of 1,000 feet, in which the river Quango seemed to have formed a large valley. I hoped to receive an aneroid barometer from Colonel Steele, but he had gone to the Crimea. In going back, therefore, I began to try the boiling point of water, and I found a gradual elevation from the west coast until we got up to the point, where we saw the Cape heaths and rhododendrons; then, passing down inland, we saw the rivers running towards the centre of the country, and the boiling point of water showed a descent of the surface in that direction too. This elevated ridge is formed of clay slate. In going north-east, towards the Zambesi, we found many rivulets, running back towards the centre of the country. Having gone thither, we found the elevation the same as it was on the western ridge, and the other rivers, as described by the natives, flowing from the sides into the centre, showing that the centre country is a valley—not a valley compared to the sea, but a valley with respect to the lateral ridges. There were no large mountains in that valley; but the mountains outside the valley, although they appeared high, yet, actually, when tried by the boiling point of water, were not so high as the ridges, and not much higher than the valley.

THE PRESIDENT: Will you describe the White Mountains?

DR. LIVINGSTONE: They lie to the north-east of the Great Falls. They are masses of white rock somewhat like quartz, and one of them is called "Tabacheu," which means "white mountain." From the description I got of its glistening whiteness, I imagined that it was *snow*; but when I observed the height of the hill, I saw that snow could not lie upon it.

THE PRESIDENT: The society will observe that this fact has an important application.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: I observed to them, "What is that stuff upon the top of the hill?" They said it was stone, which was also affirmed to me while I was at Linyanti, and I have obtained pieces of it. Most of the hills have this coping of white quartz-looking rock. Outside the ridges the rocks are composed of mica and mica-slate, and crystalline gneiss at the bottom. Below we have the coalfield, which commences at Zumbo. Higher up there are very large fossil trees, of which I have brought specimens.

THE PRESIDENT: The point to which I called your attention with reference to the white rocks, is important, as it may apply to the mountains

towards the eastern coast of Africa, which have been supposed to be covered with snow, and are commonly called the "Mountains of the Moon." It seems that the range of white-capped hills, which Dr. Livingstone examined, trended towards those so-called mountains, and it may prove that the missionaries, who believe that they saw snowy mountains under the equator, have been deceived by the glittering aspect of the rocks under a tropical sun. I would also ask Dr. Livingstone if he has formed any idea of that great interior lake, which is said to be 600 or 700 miles long; and whether the natives gave him any information respecting it?

DR. LIVINGSTONE: When I was on my way from Linyanti to Loanda, I met with an Arab, who was going to return home towards Zanzibar across the southern end of the lake "Tanganyika," and who informed me that in the country of the Banyassa (Wuu' Yassa?) there is an elevated ridge which trends towards the N.N.E. The lake lies west of it, and in the northern part is called Kalague. They cross the southern end of it, and when crossing they punt the canoe the whole way, and go from one island to another, spending three days in crossing. It seems, from the description I got from him, to be a collection of shallow water, exactly like Lake Ngami, which is not deep either, as I have seen men punting their canoes over it. It seems to be the remnant of a large lake, which existed in this part, before the fissure was made to allow the Zambesi to flow out. That part of the country is described by many natives as being exceedingly marshy. The Makoloko went up to the Shuia Lake and found all the country exceedingly marshy, and a large lake seems to be actually in existence, or a large marsh with islands in it. But it can scarcely be so extensive as has been represented, as in that case I must have crossed part of it or heard more of it.

MR. F. GALTON, F.R.G.S.: I should be glad to ask Dr. Livingstone, whether, in his route across Africa, he fell in with any members of the Hottentot race. In old maps the northern limit of the Hottentot race is placed but a short distance beyond the Orange River; later information has greatly advanced their boundary, and in my own travels, I found what appeared to be an important headquarters of that people, at latitude 18° South. There they were firmly established in the land, and were on intimate terms with their negro neighbours, the Ovampo. These Hottentots asserted that their race was equally numerous still farther to the northward of the most distant point I was able to reach, and I have been unable as yet, to obtain any information by which any northern limit to the extension of the Hottentot race can, with certainty, be laid down.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: When I went up to discover Lake Ngami with Mr. Oswell, I found people who have the "click" in their language, and who seem to be Hottentots; they had formerly large quantities of cattle, and

intermarry with the Bushmen. Again, two Portuguese of Loanda described to me a people in 12° South as Bushmen, but I did not see them.

MR. GALTON: I might mention in corroboration of Dr. Livingstone's report of a gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country, that the Damaras entertain a precisely similar belief. They say that within the existing generation, their country has become dried up to a marked extent; hence, without doubt, this same physical phenomenon affects the entire breadth of Southern Africa.

DR. LIVINGSTONE: You not only see remains of ancient rivers all through the country, but you find actually the remains of fountains; you see holes made in the solid rock, where the water has fallen, when flowing out of these fountains, and you find in the sides of some of the holes, pieces of calcareous tufa, that have been deposited from the flowing of the water.

PROFESSOR OWEN: I have listened with very intense interest to the sketches of those magnificent scenes of animal life, that my old and most esteemed friend, Dr. Livingstone, has given us. It recalls to my mind the conversation I had the pleasure to enjoy with him in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, seventeen years ago. I must say, that the instalment which he has given us of his observations on animal life this evening, more than fulfils the highest expectations that I indulged of the fruit that science would receive from his intended expedition. It has, so far, exceeded all our expectations; but it is not only in reference to those magnificent pictures of mammalian life,—that reference is to those new forms of that peculiar family of ruminants, the antelopes; but it is to those indications of the evidence of extinct forms of animal life which interest me still more. I hope some fragments will yet come to us of those accumulated petrified remains of animals, which it has been Dr. Livingstone's good fortune, among many very wonderful and unique opportunities of observing nature, to have seen.

MR. J. MACQUEEN, F.R.G.S., observed—Lacerda does not give either the longitude or the latitude of Tete. He gives the latitude of Maxenga to the north of Tete, $15^{\circ} 19'$ South, the estimated distance to which from Tete, according to the rate of time in travelling, places Tete, by my calculation, in $16^{\circ} 20'$ South lat. Dr. Lacerda gives the latitude of the Isle of Mozambique, at the western entrance of the Lupala, $16^{\circ} 31'$ South. Dr. Livingstone gives it $16^{\circ} 34'$, a concordance which proves the accuracy of both. Dr. Lacerda's accuracy, thus established, is of great importance, because he gives us two important astronomical observations far to the northward. The first, at Mazavamba, $12^{\circ} 33'$ South lat., and $32^{\circ} 18'$ East long., and 20 miles south of the Arroanga of the north, 260 miles from Tete, which is the same river as that designated the Loangua by Dr. Livingstone, at its junction with the Zambesi. The second observation was made at Muira Achinto, now called Chama, lat. $10^{\circ} 20'$ South, and long. $30^{\circ} 2'$ East, from which point Gamitto's

daily bearings and distances enable us to fix the capital of Cazembe with sufficient accuracy. Westward of Mazavamba, about 60 miles, is the great mountainous chain of Maxinga, or Muchinga, rising from 16,000 to 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. A branch of it runs north-east, another to the westward, and a third to the S.S.W., by the Zumbo, stretching southward to the mountains of Chidam and those called Mushome.

The accounts of the Embarah are fully substantiated by Brocheda and the journeys of Ladislaus. Embarah is the Aimbara, or the chief tribe and ruler of the great province of Quanhama, situated to the westward of the great river Cubango. This river rises in Nanno, near the sources of the Cunene, but instead of joining that river, as hitherto supposed, it pursues its way on the westward of Bihe to the south-east, and joins the Lecambye, and is doubtless the parent stream of the Chobe. This may give a great water communication from the western portion of Bihe to the Indian Ocean, which is important. The land to the east of Bihe is very high. It is, properly speaking, the Libale. In July and August, the hills are reported to be covered with snow, and the lakes and rivers to be completely frozen over. This degree of cold so near the equator (14° to 15° South lat.) gives a very high elevation. Ladislaus in his southern journey penetrated to $22^{\circ} 5'$ South lat., and $22^{\circ} 43'$ East long., at which point he must have been at one time only about three days' journey distant from the point where Dr. Livingstone was at that time, and who was probably the white man of a party described as riding on an ox. Ladislaus has also penetrated northwards and north-eastwards around the Cassaby to $4^{\circ} 41'$ South lat., and $25^{\circ} 43'$ East long.

It affords me great pleasure to see Dr. Livingstone among us. I have closely followed his journeys since I heard of him on the top of the volcanic Bakkaluka hills riding on the ox, convinced that he would soon send us most important information. Dr. Livingstone has travelled more in Africa than any other traveller ancient or modern, while he has laid down with geographic accuracy every point over which he travelled from sea to sea—the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.

CAPTAIN VARDON, F.R.G.S.: I beg to supply an omission which my friend, Dr. Livingstone, has made this evening. He has expatiated at great length on the amiability of the African ladies; but there is one lady whom I met in South Africa, and from whom, I believe, many South African travellers, whom I see in this room, experienced the greatest kindness and hospitality. Dr. Livingstone has not made any allusion to her, and I rise to do so. This lady, I need scarcely say, is his own wife. I observe here Colonel Steele, Mr. Oswell, Mr. Gordon Cumming, and others, who will bear me out in saying that we received the greatest kindness from Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone; their hospitality was unbounded, and I am glad of having this opportunity of publicly thanking them before the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. Living-

stone has said, with his usual modesty, that he has not done much, that any of us might have done as much. I beg to differ from him. As to my own small excursion on the Limpopo, after what I have heard to-day, I feel so ashamed of myself, that I fancy I have only just returned from Blackheath.

COLONEL STEELE, F.R.G.S. : My travels in South Africa were much like Captain Vardon's. Dr. Livingstone was my earliest companion in Africa, but we travelled such a short distance in company, that I am afraid any remarks I could offer, beyond again returning my best thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone for their hospitality, would be of no importance to the society.

The PRESIDENT : Colonel Steele's modesty has prevented him from stating that without the instruments with which he had provided Dr. Livingstone, he could not have made the excellent observations which have been obtained.

MR. GORDON CUMMING begged to confirm what Captain Vardon had said with respect to the kindness with which Dr. Livingstone received all parties who visited him. He was not aware that Dr. Livingstone had alluded to the insect (the tsetse) whose bite is fatal to cattle. One year, while hunting in the mountains, he, Mr. Cumming, lost all his horses and oxen from the bites of this fly, and if it had not been for the kindness of Dr. Livingstone in at once sending him his own cattle, he would scarcely have been able to have extricated himself from his dilemma and returned to Europe.

MR. J. CRAWFURD, F.R.G.S. : Perhaps Dr. Livingstone will have the goodness to give us some notion of the state of society among these people, especially among the tribes that inhabit the plateau valley. That ought to be a place in which there is a considerable civilisation with a decent form of government. They seem to have many advantages, an excellent climate, excellent soil, and an excellent supply of water. What is the state of the arts among those people? Do they understand the art of making malleable iron or steel? Do they know the use of any other metal, or the use of alloys, as those of copper? Can they weave, or make bread? What plants do they cultivate? And what are they likely to produce in exchange for our merchandise? I strongly suspect, from what Dr. Livingstone has said respecting the women, that the great portion of the labour, even of the field, is left to them, and is not performed by the men, otherwise how could the women be able to feed the men? They must work in order to procure that with which the men are fed. I expect the men are idle and the women laborious. Some men would appear to have as many as five wives. How come they to monopolise so many?

DR. LIVINGSTONE said : The new articles of commerce that I observed are chiefly fibrous substances, some of them excessively strong, and like flax. They abound in great quantities on the north bank of the Zambesi. There are also great quantities of a tree, the bark of the root of which is used by the Portuguese and natives as the Cinchona. It has been employed in fever

by the aborigines of the country from time immemorial, and both the Portuguese and my companions and myself found it very efficacious. It is remarkable that where the fever most prevails, there the tree, which I believe to be a cinchona, abounds. It seems the remedy is provided for the disease, where it prevails most. Now, in connection with the opening up of this river and the fever, I have seen on the banks of the Zambesi whole forests of this Cinchonaceous tree, particularly near Senna. A decoction of the bark of the root has been found to act exactly as quinine: it is excessively bitter, and may prove a good substitute. There is also Calumba root, which the Americans purchase, to be used as a dye, and it is found in large quantities. A species of sarsaparilla is to be found throughout the whole country. The sugar-cane grows abundantly, but the natives have no idea of sugar, although they have cultivated the cane from time immemorial. The chief of the Makololo sent about thirty elephant tusks down to the coast, and gave me a long list of articles, which I was to buy for him in the white man's country. As I had been entirely supported by him for several months, I thought it my duty to accept his commission, and I intend to obtain these articles for him. Among other things he ordered a sugar-mill. When he found that we could produce sugar from the cane, he said, "If you bring the thing that makes sugar, then I will plant plenty of cane, and be glad."

Then, again, indigo grows all over the country in abundance. The town of Tete has acres of it; in fact, it is quite a weed, and seems to be like that which grows in India, for before the slave trade became so brisk indigo was exported from Tete. The country also produces the leaves of senna, and, as far as I could ascertain, exactly like that which we import from Egypt. There is plenty of beeswax through the whole country; and we were everywhere invited by the honey-bird to come to the hives. Any one who has travelled in Africa knows the call of the honey-bird. It invites travellers to come and enjoy the honey, and if you follow it, you are sure to be led to the honey. Some natives have given it a bad character. Sometimes, when a man follows the bird, he comes in contact with a lion or a serpent, and he says, "It is a false bird, it has brought me to the lion." But if he had gone beyond the lion, he would have come to the honey. The natives eat the honey and throw the wax away. In Angola it is different. There, a large trade in wax is carried on, and the bees are not so numerous as in the eastern parts of the country; but here they have no market. It was the same with ivory when Lake Ngami was discovered. They will not throw away an ounce of it now. Then, again, there are different metals found. There is a very fine kind of iron ore; and at Cazembe there is much malachite, from which the natives extract copper. Then there is gold round about the coal-field, and gold has been procured by washing from time immemorial. In former times the Portuguese went to different places for gold with large numbers of slaves. It was before the time

of the great exportation of slaves began. The chiefs had no objection to their washing for gold, provided they gave a small present first. Then there is coal near Tete; no fewer than eleven seams exist, one of which I found to be 58 inches in diameter. The coal has been lifted up by volcanic action. There is also a hot spring there. The thermometer stands at 160°. The coal from two of these seams could be easily exported, as they are situated on a small river, about two miles below Tete, and the coal could with very little trouble be brought down. When you go up the Luabo, or largest branch, the river is rather narrow, but as you ascend it gets much broader. The Mutu is another river that joins the Zambesi. At the point of junction of the Mutu or Kilimane river with the Zambesi, the beginning of the Delta, that river is three-quarters of a mile broad. When I passed down to that point it was a deep, large river, as it was then full. The Portuguese tell me there is always a large body of water in the river, during certain months in the year. This great body of water, spread over a large space, is in the dry season shallow, except in the channel, which is rather winding. At some seasons the channel changes its course. There are many reedy islands in it, and these are sometimes washed away. During five months of the year there is plenty of water for navigation, and during the whole year there is water enough for canoes. A vessel of light draught like the Portuguese launches, could go up to about 20 miles beyond Tete with the greatest ease, during those months. At Kebrabasa in Chicova, there are rapids, caused by certain rocks jutting out of the stream. I did not see them, as we were obliged in our descent to leave the river, on account of the rivulets being filled by the large river coming into flood, and to pass down by land all the way from the hill Pinkue to Vunga, and thence to Tete. There is another rapid called Kansala. Beyond that the river is smooth again, until you come to the "Great Falls of Victoria," where it would be quite impossible for any one to go up, as it is a deep fissure or cleft.

MR. CONSUL BRAND, F.R.G.S.: I am unwilling to be altogether silent on the present interesting occasion, having resided a good many years in that part of the West Coast of Africa which Dr. Livingstone visited, and where our associate Mr. E. Gabriel still resides. I had been obliged by ill health to leave the country shortly before Dr. Livingstone's arrival; but the Doctor could not have fallen into better hands than into those of Mr. Gabriel. It was from a letter addressed by Mr. Gabriel to Lord Ellesmere, that this society first heard of Dr. Livingstone's arrival at Cassange. Mr. Gabriel immediately sent an invitation to the Doctor to take up his abode with him, during his stay at Loanda, and at his house the Doctor and his faithful companions found a home. The Doctor's first report from Loanda to the London Missionary Society, was written at his sick-bed by Mr. Gabriel's own hand. He accompanied the Doctor part of the way on his return journey through

Angola, and from that time up to the present, I have been in the habit of receiving from him letters manifesting the deepest interest in the Doctor's progress in the interior of Africa. I wish to mention these facts in justice to Mr. Gabriel, because on my arrival the other day in England, I received a letter from him simultaneously with Dr. Livingstone's arrival, in which he expresses the utmost anxiety for the Doctor's safety. I have written, and a letter is now on its way to Loanda, announcing the Doctor's safe arrival among us. But it is not only to Mr. Gabriel that I would allude; for when Dr. Livingstone arrived at Loanda, I was delighted to hear how he had been received by the Portuguese. I resided nearly nine years among this people, and I can testify that I never received greater acts of kindness from any other nation, than from them. I had among them some of my best friends, whose friendship was unequivocally tested under trials and in sickness, and I was delighted to hear that the same kindness which I had experienced at their hands had been experienced by Dr. Livingstone. I am glad to have this opportunity of testifying, in the presence of the Portuguese Minister, my gratitude for the kindness I received from his countrymen during my residence in the province of Angola.

But the consequences resulting from Dr. Livingstone's journey, are calculated to contribute so much to the interests of the Portuguese African Colonies, that I am sure in time, they will be more than repaid for the kindness they showed him. Dr. Livingstone's arrival at Angola I look upon, as one of those opportune events, which sometimes have an important influence on the destinies of a country; at no period could such a visit have been more fortunate. The minds of men were unsettled in consequence of the depressed condition of the peculiar traffic which had so long been paramount, and the attention of thinking persons was turned to legitimate trade and the development of the resources of the country. Farther, the Portuguese Government had passed a measure for registering and gradually emancipating the slaves in their colonies. Those who take an interest in the progress of the African race will be glad to hear of this fact.

Dr. Livingstone arrived about this time, and showed that by opening up a communication with the interior of Africa, a rich trade might be carried on, that would more than compensate for the loss the colony was likely to sustain from the abolition of the slave trade. The Doctor prophesied that, very soon after his journey had become generally known, an attempt would be made on the part of the tribes in the interior, to communicate with the coast. This prophecy has been fulfilled; for I learn from a communication from Mr. Gabriel that a caravan of negroes, fitted out by Sekeletu and led by one of the Arabs, who crossed from the coast of Zanzibar to Benguela in 1851, had arrived at Loanda by way of Bihe. This expedition has not, it would seem, been very profitable, owing to causes incident, I should hope, only to first

attempts; but I trust that experience will render the next more successful. I shall not, at this late hour, read Mr. Gabriel's very interesting communication, but limit myself to stating the fact it announces, which proves that the inland tribes are anxious to open up a communication with the coast, and shows how correctly Dr. Livingstone calculated the result.

I wish to mention another result of Dr. Livingstone's visit. At Loanda we had but one small newspaper; the Doctor wrote a series of articles for it, which appears to have stimulated a literary taste, and you here see the "*Loanda Aurora*, a literary journal," printed at the Government press, and, I believe, one of the fruits of Dr. Livingstone's visit to that city.

The PRESIDENT: I have now only to congratulate the meeting upon having received so much instruction from Dr. Livingstone. I may well say he has communicated to us the outlines of a book, which I hope will soon be published for the information of the British public. I am glad to add that there is no person fuller of gratitude to the Portuguese than Dr. Livingstone himself. If he has not here expatiated upon that subject, I can testify that in private letters which he has addressed to me, he has uniformly dwelt upon the very kind and liberal conduct of the Portuguese authorities, officers, and people to himself and party. He was also most kindly received by General Hay, commanding Her Majesty's forces in the Mauritius, and restored to health by the hospitality of our countryman.

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

A great meeting was held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of raising a fund towards presenting a testimonial to Dr. Livingstone. Upwards of £450 was subscribed in the room. This sum was ultimately raised to one thousand guineas. In Scotland a special Livingstone Testimonial Fund was instituted, and £1000 collected. Addresses poured in upon the great traveller from all quarters. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred the degree of D.C.L. and LL.D. on him respectively. In his own country—Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hamilton &c., presented him with the freedom of their corporations, and entertained him at banquets, &c., &c. The Geographical Society of France presented him with the gold medal for the year, and throughout the civilized world the magnitude and importance of his discoveries were ungrudgingly admitted, while the dauntless intrepidity of his character and the manly simplicity of his bearing tended greatly to enhance the general estimate of his

worth. His appearance and manner on the platform at this time were thus described in the *Nonconformist* newspaper:—

“A foreign-looking person, plainly and rather carelessly dressed, of middle height, bony frame, and Gaelic countenance, with short-cropped hair and moustachios, and generally plain exterior, rises to address the meeting. He appears to be about forty years of age. His face is deeply furrowed, and pretty well tanned. It indicates a man of quick and keen discernment, strong impulses, inflexible resolution, and habitual self-command. Unanimated, its most characteristic expression is that of severity; when excited, a varied expression of earnest and benevolent feeling and remarkable enjoyment of the ludicrous in circumstances and character passes over it. . . . When he speaks, you think him at first to be a Frenchman; but as he tells a Scotch anecdote in true Glasgowegeian dialect, you make up your mind that he must be, as his face indicates, a countryman from the north. His command of his mother tongue being imperfect, he apologises for his broken, hesitating speech, by informing you that he has not spoken your language for nearly sixteen years; and then he tells you, as but a modest yet earnest man can, concerning his travels. . . . His narrative is not very connected and his manner is awkward, excepting once when he justifies his enthusiasm, and once when he graphically describes the great cataract of Central Africa. He ends a speech of natural eloquence and witty simplicity by saying that he has ‘begun his work, and will carry it on.’ His broken thanks are drowned by the applause of the audience.”

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

“For seventeen years, smitten by more than thirty attacks of fever, endangered by seven attempts upon his life, continually exposed to fatigue, hunger, and the chance of perishing miserably in a wilderness, shut out from the knowledge of civilized men, the missionary pursued his way, an apostle

and a pioneer, without fear and without egotism, without desire of reward. Such a work, accomplished by such a man, deserved all the eulogy that can be bestowed upon it. For nothing is more rare than brilliant and unsullied success."

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

On the 18th of February, 1858, a *Farewell Livingstone Festival* took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair. Three hundred and fifty gentlemen, representing the *elite* of English society in literature, science, art, politics, &c., sat down to dinner. The gallery was occupied by a brilliant assemblage of ladies.

The toasts were given with all the honours, and the band of the Grenadier Guards and the Duke of Argyle's piper played Scotch and other airs. After the usual loyal and formal toasts, Sir Roderick Murchison rose amidst great applause, and said:—

"I rise, gentlemen, to propose the toast of the evening—'Health to the excellent man who sits on my right hand, and success to his expedition.' (Vehement and long continued applause.) When this farewell dinner to my distinguished friend was suggested ten days ago only, by a few ardent Geographers, with a request that I would take the chair, it might well have been supposed that in so brief a space of time it would be difficult to obtain an attendance worthy of the great occasion; but I felt assured that the name of Livingstone alone would attract an assembly larger than any room in London could contain. (Cheers.) My anticipation, gentlemen, was correct; and it truly gratifies me to see that this impromptu '*coup de voyageur*' has brought together men of real distinction in all the great classes of the British public. (Cheers.) The only weak part of the programme, I said to my friends, would be that of your chairman (cries of 'No, no'); but at all events,

you know, gentlemen, that my geographical friends and myself have done our best to honour the great traveller and good missionary. (Cheers.)

“ At any public meeting held a year and a half ago, it would have been necessary to dwell upon the merits of Livingstone ; but now his name has become a household word among my countrymen, and no efforts of mine can raise him higher in that esteem which he has won for himself, and especially I rejoice to say by the sale of 30,000 copies of the work issued by the flourishing firm of Murray, Livingstone, and Co. (laughter), and by which he has secured independence for himself, and a provision for his wife and family. (Cheers.)

“ My eminent friend has not only made us thoroughly well acquainted with the character and disposition of the inhabitants and the nature of the animals and plants of the interior of Africa, but has realised that which no missionary has ever accomplished before ; since with consummate talent, perseverance, and labour he has laid down the longitude as well as latitude of places hitherto unknown to us, and has enriched every department of knowledge by his valuable and original discoveries. These are great claims upon the admiration of men of science ; but, great as they are, they fall far short of others which attach to the name of the missionary who, by his fidelity to his word, by his conscientious regard for his engagements, won the affections of the natives of Africa by the example which he set before them in his treatment of the poor people who followed him in his arduous researches through that great continent. (Loud cheers.)

“ Sitting by my side (laying his hand on Dr. Livingstone’s shoulder) is the man who, knowing what he had to encounter—who having twenty or thirty times struggled with the fever of Africa—who, knowing when he reached the western coast, at St. Paul de Loanda, that a ship was ready to carry him to his native land, where his wife and children were anxiously awaiting his arrival, true to his plighted word, threw these considerations, which would have influenced an ordinary man, to the winds, and reconducted those poor natives who had accompanied him through the heart of the country back to their homes !—thus by his noble and courageous conduct leaving for himself in that country a glorious name, and proving to the people of Africa what an English Christian is. (Loud and long continued cheering.)

“ So much for the character of the man of whom, as a Scotchman, I am justly proud ; and now a few words with regard to his present expedition, of which I may say that no enterprise could have been better organized than it has been, under the recommendation of my distinguished friend, aided by the countenance and hearty co-operation of Lord Clarendon, and the very judicious arrangements of Captain Washington, the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, on whom fortunately has fallen the chief labour of its organization. (Loud cheers.) The naval officer of the expedition is Commander Bedingfeld,

a man well known to geographers for his successful explorations of the coast and rivers of Western Africa, especially the Congo, and my dear friend will no doubt receive substantial assistance from that gallant officer. (Cheers.) Dr. Kirk, of Edinburgh, an accomplished botanist, zoologist, and physiologist, also accompanies the expedition; whilst my clever young friend Richard Thornton will, I doubt not, do good service as the mining geologist. (Cheers.) Mr. Baines, too, whose previous travels in Africa and North Australia and striking sketches are well known to the public, will be there; and last but not least in usefulness among the members of the expedition let me mention Mrs. Livingstone. (Loud and long continued cheering.)

“When I remember the efforts which have been made in the cause of Christianity and for the diffusion of knowledge by that exemplary lady (loud cheers), when I know how she, the daughter of that faithful missionary, the venerable Moffat, has educated her children, and when I see the spirit with which she is again going to cross the broad seas and to share all the toils and perils of her husband, I cannot but think that the services of Mrs. Livingstone (acquainted as she is with many of the languages of South Africa) will tend materially to the success of the expedition.* (Loud and protracted cheering.)

“But, gentlemen, I would not, however, wish you to raise your hopes too high as to the immediate results of this expedition, which is in truth one of an exploratory character only. It is, in fact, merely the sowing of the seed which, under God’s Providence, may produce an abundant harvest. We must not look to a sudden importation of indigo or of cotton, and those raw materials which we manufacture in this country, nor must we expect suddenly to light upon a new El Dorado; though I believe that my friend may find districts which abound in gold and copper, and good thick coal-seams.

“Yet if, after all, those expectations to which the commercial world looks should fail—if we gain nothing more than the implanting in Africa of that good name which Dr. Livingstone is sure to leave (cheers), and that accession to our knowledge which the discoveries of our great explorer are certain to supply, and which it would be a disgrace to Britain not to endeavour to obtain, even then I say that the Livingstone expedition will have a great and a glorious issue. (Loud and long continued cheering.) I propose, therefore, the health of our eminent friend Dr. Livingstone, and success to his noble enterprisc. (The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm; and after the cheering had ceased, at the suggestion of a gentleman in the body of the room, three more hearty cheers were given for Mrs. Livingstone.)”

The name of Sekeletu, chief of Livingstone’s Makololo friends, was announced at the bottom of the room, and a cheer was claimed for him.

* As we shall see further on, Mrs. Livingstone did not go to Africa until Dr. Livingstone had been for some time in the interior.

Dr. Livingstone, in rising to return thanks, showed unmistakeably how much he was affected by the reception which he had met with. He said :—

“When I was in Africa I could not but look forward with joyous anticipation to my arrival in my native land ; but when I remember how I have been received, and when I reflect that I am now again returning to the scene of my former labours, I am at a loss how to express in words the feelings of my heart. (Loud cheers.) In former times, while I was performing what I considered to be my duty in Africa, I felt great pleasure in the work ; and now, when I perceive that all eyes are directed to my future conduct, I feel as if I were laid under a load of obligation to do better than I have ever done as yet. (Loud cheers.) I expect to find for myself no large fortune in that country (renewed cheers), nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country ; but I do hope to find in that part of the country which I have partially explored, a pathway by means of the river Zambesi which may lead to high lands where Europeans may form a healthful settlement, and where by opening up communication and establishing commercial intercourse with the natives of Africa they may slowly, but not the less surely, impart to the people of that country the knowledge and the inestimable blessings of Christianity. (Loud cheers.)

“I am glad to have connected with me in this expedition my gallant friend Captain Bedingfeld (hear, hear), who knows not only what African rivers are, but also what are African fevers. (A laugh.) With his aid I may be able to determine the principles of the river system of that great continent ; and if I find that system to be what I think it is, I propose to establish a depot upon the Zambesi, and from that station more especially to examine into that river system, which, according to the statements of the natives, would afford a pathway to the country beyond, where cotton, indigo, and other raw material might be obtained to any amount.

“I am happy also in being accompanied, as Sir Roderick has told you, by men experienced in geology, in botany, in art, and in photography, who will bring back to England reports upon all those points, which I alone have attempted to deal with, and with very little means at my disposal. (Loud cheers.)

“The success—if I may call it success—which has attended my former efforts (renewed cheering) to open up the country mainly depended upon my entering into the feelings and the wishes of the people of the interior of Africa. I found that the tribes in the interior of that country were just as anxious to have a path to the seaboard as I was to open a communication with the interior, and I am quite certain of obtaining the co-operation of those tribes in my next expedition. Should I succeed in my endeavour—should we be able to open a communication advantageous to ourselves with the natives of the interior of Africa, it would be our duty to confer upon them those great

benefits of Christianity which have been bestowed upon ourselves. (Cheers.) Let us not make the same mistake in Africa that we have made in India (renewed cheering), but let us take to that country our Christianity with us. (Cheers.)

“I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope for any speedy result from this expedition, but I am sanguine as to its ultimate result. (Cheers.) I feel convinced that if we can establish a system of free labour in Africa, it will have a most decided influence upon slavery throughout the world. (Loud cheers.) Success, however, under Providence, depends upon us as Englishmen. I look upon Englishmen as perhaps the most freedom-loving people in the world, and I think that the kindly feeling which has been displayed towards me since my return to my native land has arisen from the belief that my efforts might at some future time tend to put an end to the odious traffic in slaves. (Loud cheers.) England has, unfortunately, been compelled to obtain cotton and other raw material from slave States (cheers), and has thus been the mainstay and support of slavery in America. Surely, then, it follows that if we can succeed in obtaining the raw material from other sources than from the slave States of America, we would strike a heavy blow at the system of slavery itself. (Loud cheers.)

“I do not wish, any more than my friend Sir Roderick, to arouse expectations in connexion with this expedition which may never be realised, but what I want to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge (cheers), and then leave it to be driven home by English energy and English spirit. (Loud cheers.)

“I cannot express to you in adequate language the sense which I entertain of the kindness which I have received since my return to this country, but I can assure you that I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the way you have received me on the eve of my departure from my native land. (Cheers.)

“Reference has been made in language most kind to Mrs. Livingstone. (Cheers.) Now, it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife (laughter), but I can only say that when I left her at the Cape, telling her that I should return in two years, and when it happened that I was absent four years and a half, I supposed that I should appear before her with a damaged character. (Laughter.) I was, however, forgiven. (Laughter and cheering.) My wife, who has always been the main spoke in my wheel, will accompany me in this expedition, and will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa, she is able to work, she is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to everything. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that at the missionary's station the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I

indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel. (Loud cheering.) Allow me, in conclusion, to say one word in reference to our excellent chairman. In packing up my things a few days ago, I found the identical address which he delivered to the Geographical Society in 1852, and which he had the impudence to send out to me in the heart of Africa, where it lay upon an island a whole year before I got it. In that address my distinguished friend actually foreshadowed a great portion of my discoveries; and all I can now say is, that I hope he will not do the same again. (Laughter and long continued applause.)”

The company then gave “Three times three for Mrs. Livingstone,” and that lady, from the gallery, bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

The Duke of Argyle, in returning thanks for the House of Lords, said:—

“I deem it a great honour, gentlemen, to any Government and to any Parliament to be able to assist in that noble enterprise to which Dr. Livingstone has devoted his best energies, and to which he is now willing to devote his life. Perhaps no enterprise of modern times has attracted so large an amount of public attention; and this because it includes within itself almost every variety and degree of interest. First and foremost there is the interest which attaches to the character of the man; and it is right, gentlemen, that this should be the first and foremost interest of all. The progress of the world depends upon its great men; and happy is that people which knows them when they appear. (Cheers.)

“Dr. Livingstone has to-night told us, with that moderation and sobriety of expectation which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of his mind, that he looks for no great immediate results; but he hopes, he says, to be able to serve as the ‘small end of the wedge.’ Now, gentlemen, I say that at all times and in all successful movements for the improvement of the human race, ‘the small ends of the wedge’ have been individual men of great endowments for their special work. (Loud cheers.)

“I will not dwell on some of those features in the character of Dr. Livingstone which have been referred to with so much feeling by our chairman; but I think I cannot go far wrong when I say that one thing at least for which he is admired by his countrymen is for that lofty and enduring courage—that true British pluck—for there is no better word—of which we have lately seen many noble examples, but which has never been exhibited in a nobler form than that which—not under the strong incitement of a desire to preserve the lives of those nearest and dearest to him, or of the pride, the just pride of national dominion, but for objects hid in the far distant future—has sustained Dr. Livingstone for years through the deserts and the swamps of Africa. Then, as another great source of public interest, there is the love of natural science. I recognise around me the faces of many who are devoted to that science in its various branches: nor is there one of them who may not

reasonably expect material additions to his knowledge from the researches of our guest. Dr. Livingstone has told us how our chairman, in two great branches of inquiry in which he is almost equally distinguished, had in some degree anticipated and forestalled the result of his (Dr. Livingstone's) discoveries; and sharing as I am sure our chairman does in the higher interests of this expedition, he cherishes also, I suspect, a secret hope that it may add another province to the already extended dominions of the Silurian king. (Laughter.) I see at this table my distinguished friend Professor Owen. He also, gentlemen, is well able—no man more able—to appreciate the 'higher ends' of our guest's exertions; but mingled with his interest in these, he too perhaps has an eye open to special pursuits—and to bones which may extend the range of his favourite 'homologies.' (Laughter.)

“But the real source, gentlemen, of the interest taken by the public in the enterprise of Dr. Livingstone, is the deep and abiding interest which they take in that great cause with which it is specially connected—that great cause to which their attention was roused in the last generation by the eloquence of Wilberforce and his associates—the cause of the African race. (Cheers.) I have been astonished during this last week to receive from America a journal containing the report of a discussion which has lately taken place in the Senate of that great Republic, in which it was asserted that there were evident symptoms of a change of feeling upon this subject in England. And I was even more surprised to see the reply made to that assertion by another member of the same body, which was to the effect that he did not believe there was any change on the part of the people of this country, although he feared there was a change of policy on the part of its Government. Now, gentlemen, there is nothing I am more anxious to say on this occasion than to give an emphatic denial to both assertions. (Cheers.) There is no change in the feeling of the people—as little is there any change in the policy of the Government. I need hardly say that as regards slavery in America the Government of this country neither has, nor can have, any policy at all. There can be no doubt that any public or official interference on our part upon that subject would only tend to add to the many powerful motives already arrayed on the side of slavery, the just susceptibilities of national independence. But as regards the policy of the Government with reference to the slave-trade, and generally towards the African race, it is the same as it has ever been since this country was awakened to her duty. I think I could appeal to the keenest opponent of Lord Palmerston whether, during his long and distinguished public career, there has been any subject on which he has shown more constantly his characteristic energy and tenacity of purpose. (Cheers.) I can sincerely say that the great motive which has induced him and my noble friend Lord Clarendon, and the other members of the Government, to support the enterprise of Dr. Livingstone, has been the hope that

it may tend to promote the civilization and improvement of the people of Africa. (Loud applause.)

“Before I sit down, gentlemen, I trust I may be allowed to refer for a moment to a matter which has been touched upon by our chairman. I am proud of Dr. Livingstone not only as a Scotchman, but as a native of that part of the country with which I am more particularly connected. Dr. Livingstone has himself informed me that at a very recent period his family came from the little island of Ulva, on the coast of Argyllshire, an island belonging to what Sir Walter Scott has called

“the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.”

And I deem it, gentlemen, a circumstance not altogether unworthy of remark, that Ulva stands in very close proximity to another island which was one of the earliest seats of missionary enterprise in our own country. Most of you will probably recollect the famous sentence in which the great moralist and philosopher of England, Dr. Johnson, records his visit to that celebrated spot. I think I can remember it with substantial accuracy. ‘We were now treading that illustrious island whence roving tribes and rude barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. The philosophy of that man is but little to be envied whose patriotism would not kindle on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.’ If such be the feelings with which we should tread upon the spot which at the distance of so many centuries has been hallowed by the footsteps of the Christian missionary, surely it is with something of the same feelings of reverence with which we should assemble here to-night, to bid God-speed to one whose name will be remembered in after ages, and perhaps by millions of the human race, as the first pioneer of civilization and the first harbinger of the Gospel.”

In proposing the toast of the various missionary societies, Sir Benjamin Brodie said:—

“I shall not occupy your time, gentlemen, for more than a few minutes before I name the toast which I have undertaken to propose.

“We recognize in Dr. Livingstone the intrepid and enterprising traveller, exploring regions which, in great part at least, had not been before explored by Europeans, contributing to the general stock an abundance of valuable information in geography, in natural history, in geology; associating with races of mankind of whom we had little or no previous knowledge, conversing with them in their own language, familiarising himself with their habits, institutions, and modes of thought; and thus promoting the advancement of that most important of all the sciences, the science of human nature. (Cheers.)

“Nor was Dr. Livingstone thus occupied, as in the case of ordinary

travellers, for a few months or for one or two years, but for many successive years. During this long period he continued his researches with unabated zeal; without being appalled by danger, or disheartened by the privations to which he was subjected, or the difficulties which he had to encounter; not the least of these being, repeated and severe attacks of bodily illness. (Cheers.)

“But Dr. Livingstone is also presented to us under another aspect, as a Christian missionary, using his endeavours to extend the advantages of civilization, not after the fashion of the Roman conquerors of Gaul and Britain, by transplanting, at the cost of rapine and bloodshed, the arts and sciences of an older and more civilised people into the conquered country, but by communicating knowledge, promoting education, and inculcating the principles of a religion which enjoins the exercise of kindness, charity, and justice, which tells us that we are to forgive our enemies, and do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

“There are others in Africa engaged in the same pursuits, who, however occupied with their duties as missionaries, have found leisure from time to time to transmit to Europe important information on other subjects, and to whom science is much indebted; and I have to propose to you as a toast—‘The Members of the Missionary Societies who by their Christian labours have so much enlarged our acquaintance with Africa and its inhabitants.’” (Cheers.)

The Bishop of Oxford, in proposing the health of Sir Roderick Murchison, said:—

“In proposing, therefore, gentlemen, to you the health of our chairman, I know that I have with me the universal concurrence of all the members of this great gathering. (Cheers.) In truth, sir, for reasons which connect themselves immediately with our important object to-night, you are the fittest man amongst us to occupy that post. For you as a most distinguished geologist and geographer, and as the head of the Royal Geographical Society, have done more by far than any who have not carefully examined the whole matter can conceive, both to support our enterprising friend Dr. Livingstone during his arduous undertakings, and finally to crown them with success. (Cheers.)

“Gentlemen, I need but draw your attention for a single moment to the pregnant words in which Dr. Livingstone has dedicated his recent volume to our chairman in order to convince you of this. Weigh well these words, ‘as a token of gratitude for the kind interest he has always taken in the author’s pursuits and welfare;’ and then remember the simple-hearted, truth-speaking writer from whose pen they flowed, and you will be more able to estimate what were really our chairman’s services in this great undertaking. (Cheers.)

“Truly it does need the combination of different men and different faculties before any such vast undertaking as this can be achieved. There

must be, first, the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual faculties combined in one person, which are so eminently combined in Dr. Livingstone, before the actual agent in such explorations can be provided. But then beyond these personal qualifications he must have support from home; there must be the mere physical support, as I may call it, of money, means, ships, companions, goods for presents, and the like; and then, far beyond these, there must be that internal consciousness of possessing the sympathy of hearty, generous, trusting friends at home; that inward stirring of a true national life within the individual; the reflection within himself of the outcoming towards him of the strong national life at home which makes the poet, or the hero, or the great explorer. In how many times of trial, difficulty, and despondency does the stirring of this inward life again invigorate the far-off man in the midst of his lonely wanderings in the desert! (Cheers.)

“But then the existence of this home remembrance must, in a great degree, depend on there being at home some few who are able and willing generously to keep alive the home remembrance of the absent man and an interest in his work. For at home all things are moving so fast that things out of sight are soon things out of mind. The world round us goes at such speed, its objects, its cares, its pleasures, its amusements, its entanglements, shift and vary with such rapid and endless permutation, that unless there be some ‘sacred prophet’ evermore at hand to sing to us of the absent, he passes out of remembrance; and this work for Dr. Livingstone was done by our chairman: from the chair of the Geographical Society, amongst men of science, amongst statesmen, he kept alive the interest which was due to Livingstone and his work. And how well qualified above other men he was to do this, the rest of that dedication shows: for it embalms the really remarkable fact already alluded to, that our chairman by his mere scientific deductions had arrived at the true hypothesis as to the physical conformation of the African continent which Livingstone verified by actual observation. And so, for these discoveries, there were combined the various necessary conditions—(Cheers)—the Geographical Society, headed by its president, to solicit the Government to keep alive the interest of the public, and so to support the enterprising traveller. He, too, combined in himself rare faculties for his work of stepping out, if I may so express it, as to African explorations the first track of civilized feet on the dangerous and untrodden snows, which at any moment might be found to have merely loosely covered fathomless abysses. He had the physical strength needed for such work. He had the capacity for understanding the greatness of his enterprise, and, gentlemen, I believe him to be full of the truest greatness. (Cheers.)

“You will not think that I speak too strongly when I say that I believe we owe a debt of unparalleled magnitude to our dark brethren dwelling in

that great continent. For we, as a nation, were of old the great founders and the great conductors of the accursed slave-trade. Complete at last, thank God! but late as well as complete, was our repentance, and all that we can do we are bound to do to remedy the wrongs we have inflicted. And fearful have they been. How humiliating is it to us in our talk of the onward march of civilization, and of piercing with our discoveries into the heart of African barbarism, to learn from Dr. Livingstone that he can trace by the presence of vice, and crime, and rapine, and distrust, and insecurity of property and life, the very limits of the past intercourse of the black savages of Africa with the white Christians of Europe! (Cheers.) For it was not only on the coast line that deep injury was inflicted by that accursed trade; but far within that coast line, wherever the agents of that traffic penetrated, there were contamination and destruction. And how can this evil be undone? Much may be done by our naval squadron, and for doing anything by any means I am convinced that its vigorous maintenance is essential; but the best successes of that blockade can only create the calm necessary for the working of other influences, and amongst the very first, if not actually as the very first, of those influences I esteem the establishment of lawful commerce. (Cheers.)

“Now, this Livingstone had the grasp of mind to perceive; to see that he should be most effectually opening the way for the future evangelisation of Africa, if he first opened a path by which lawful Christian commerce could pass and repass into those hitherto separated regions. (Cheers.)

“Well, but in addition to this he had many other faculties, which all made up together the combination necessary to qualify him to act as the true discoverer of Africa. For, besides what I have named already, he had a clear, shrewd, strong understanding, great simplicity, great power of mastering languages, great courage, great power of influencing others, great gentleness by which he won on their affections, and, above all, he had, to qualify him for his work, downright, straightforward, sterling British truth and honesty. (Great cheering.)

“For supporting, then, this man as he has supported him, we owe, I think, all thanks and honour to our chairman, and I call upon you to drink with all the honours long life and happiness to him.”

Professor Owen, in proposing the toast of “The Universities and Scientific Bodies,” which have united the geographers to honour Livingstone, said:—

“I rise to express the pleasure with which I avail myself of the opportunity I am favoured with of publicly acknowledging the deep sense of the obligation which, in common with all men of science, and more especially the cultivators of natural history, I feel towards the distinguished traveller we have this day assembled to honour. (Cheers.)

“During the long and painful journeyings by which the great geographi-

cal discoveries were made that place the name of Livingstone among the foremost in that science—though harassed by every difficulty, enfeebled by sickness and encompassed by dangers—in perils of swamps and waters, in perils of noxious and destructive beasts, or of crafty and hostile men—yet no phenomenon of nature, whether meteoric or living, appears to have escaped the clear glance and self-possessed cognition of the determined explorer. (Loud cheers.)

“In regard to zoology, I must state that I never perused the work of any traveller from which I had to take, from the same number of pages, so many extracts of new and original notices of the living habits of rare animals, as from the volume of African travels of which Mr. Murray now announces the ‘Thirtieth Thousand.’ In this work the South African colonist and the entomologist are alike benefited by the most precise and authentic evidence yet obtained of the terrible tsetse-fly, and its fatal effects on the ox, horse, dog, and other animals indispensable to colonising progress. The scientific staff about to accompany Livingstone in his second exploration of the Zambesi will doubtless, aided by his experience, clear up all the mystery of this most extraordinary property attributed to an insect no bigger than the house-fly. In the same unpretending volume we find a rich store of new facts in natural history, told with the charm of direct transcript from nature, and with the raciness of original power, and that humour which is so often the concomitant of great and simple minds. In regard to the singular economy of the ants and termites, with what interest we read of the unhooking of the wings by the insect itself after the nuptial flight, when the bride, her one holiday excursion ended, lays down her ‘limber fans’ of glistening gauze, and betakes herself henceforth to the duties of domestic life,—of the untiring activity of the workers, under the scorching sun, which unweariedness the deep-thinking traveller illustrates by comparison with the beating of the heart, perhaps unconscious of the profound physiological truth embodied in this comparison of insect movements with the involuntary or reflex muscular action in higher animals! How mysterious seems that power of most rapid diffusion of a subtle penetrating effluvium, which Livingstone notices as the defence of certain ants, with experimental determinations of distance and rate of progress of the emanation! (Applause.) The same faculty of exact inquiry is manifested in the experiments, which remind us of those of Hunter—born, like Livingstone, in the parish of Kilbride—by which our traveller determined the independent source of the fluid secretion of the tree-insect, from which it dripped in such extraordinary quantity, both whilst attached to the twig and when insulated from its sap-vessels. The ornithologist has wondered at the seeming monstrous beaks of the hornbills, little dreaming of that strange economy manifested in the voluntary imprisonment of the incubating female, plastered up with her nest in the cleft of a tree, a

fissure only being left through which she can protrude the tip of her long bill to receive food from her attendant mate, and he, reciprocally, poke his into the procreative prison to tempt her with some dainty. (Applause.)

“Of the ostrich much has been written; yet we wanted Livingstone’s testimony of the vocal power of the wild male, roaring like the lion, and only, as our traveller tells us, distinguishable by being heard in broad day instead of by night. (Continued applause.) Of the king of beasts himself the volume contains the richest storehouse of facts, from direct and varied observations of him in his native wilderness.

“Perhaps, however, this is the part of our friend’s book that has failed to give unmixed satisfaction to the British public. We dislike to have our settled notions disturbed by provokingly unvarnished, uncompromising assertions of facts that militate against a cherished prepossession. Some of us feel rather sore at our notions of the majesty of England’s old emblematic beast being upset by the sum of our guest’s opportunities of intimate acquaintance with the natural disposition and habits of the lion of South Africa. (Laughter.) Fearfully intimate, indeed, was part of his experience! That direful grip—which since has left one arm a dangling appendage—when the dishevelled mane of the irate monster was tossed about his victim’s head, and the hot breath driven with deafening roar into his ear!—did it shake all respect for the traditional nobility of the lion out of the Doctor’s mind? Certain it is, the sum of his recorded observations shows the lion to be a slothful, skulking, cruel beast of prey,—by no means the psychical compound we have delighted to associate with our national emblem. (Laughter.) Perhaps, however, I have a word of comfort for those who would still glorify its type. Species differ in habits. The British lion is not a mere heraldic monster, but was once a grim flesh-and-blood reality. I have had the satisfaction of determining that the *Felis spelæa* of our Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire bone-caves was a veritable lion, surpassing in bulk, and with paws of twice the relative size, of those of the largest living lion of North or South Africa. The old British species has passed away—at least he now only shakes his mane and roars in metaphor (continued laughter); but the extinct antetype may have possessed all the qualities which his most ardent admirer would have ascribed to him. (Cheers.)

“It is hard for the naturalist, when on his favourite topic, to forbear gleaning from Livingstone’s full and rich storehouse of facts about buffaloes, rhinoceroses, elephants, and so forth. But the hour reminds me that time has fled apace—quickly because so pleasantly.

“Our excellent chairman has pointedly adverted to one quality in Livingstone—his inflexible adherence to his word. (Cheers.) It is shown in small as well as great things. When, eighteen years ago, the young missionary was preparing himself for his task, he devoted part of his short

leisure in London to studying the science of comparative anatomy in the Hunterian Museum, then under my charge. On taking leave of me he promised to bear me in mind if any particular curiosity fell in his way. Such an one did in the course of his Zambesi travels—the tusk of an elephant with a spiral curve. It was a heavy one; and you may recall the difficulties of the progress of the weak, sick traveller, on the bullock's back. Every pound weight was of moment; but Livingstone said, 'Owen shall have this tusk,' and he placed it in my hands in London. (Loud cheers.)

“In the perusal of the missionary's travels it is impossible not to infer the previous training of a strong and original mind richly and variously stored; not otherwise could science have been enriched by such precious records of wanderings in a previously untrod field of discovery. Our honoured guest may feel assured that whilst the cultivators of science yield to no class of minds in their appreciation and reverence of his dauntless dissemination of that higher wisdom which is not of this world, such feelings enhance their sense of obligation for his co-operation in the advancement of that lower wisdom which our great poet defines as 'resting in the contemplation of natural causes and dimensions.' (Applause.)

“Every man to whom it has been given to add to human knowledge looks back with grateful feelings to the school or college where he acquired his elements of the sciences. With the same feeling that Livingstone may recall the old lecture halls at Glasgow, so do I those of Edinburgh. We may both rejoice that the natural sciences have always had so large a share of the teachings in those universities. At the same time we cannot forget that we have both been honoured by a degree from the oldest and most classical university of England.”

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, subsequent to Livingstone's departure for the Zambesi, Sir Roderick Murchison indicated the objects he had in view, and his fitness for carrying them to a successful issue, in the following:—

“Having observed in the character of my friend Dr. Livingstone a happy union of simplicity, patience, unruffled temper, and kindness, with quickest perception, and the most undaunted resolution, I feel persuaded that, vast as have been his achievements, he is still destined to confer great advantages upon South Africa and his own country. His aim, when he returns to Kili-mane and Tete, in the spring of 1858, or the first period of the healthy season, and after he has rejoined his old companions the Makololo, who are anxiously waiting for him, will be to endeavour to establish marts or stations beyond the Portuguese colony, to which the inhabitants of the interior may bring their goods for sale, and where they may interchange them for British produce. At these stations, which will be in those flanking, high grounds of the African continent that he has described as a perfect sanatoria, he will en-

deavour to extend the growth of cotton, as well as to teach the natives how to till their land, taking out with him for these intents cotton-seed, gins, ploughs, &c. He will further endeavour to bring to the English market a vegetable called Buaze, which possesses so tough and fibrous a tissue as to render it of great value even to the natives in their rude manufactures. Specimens of this plant, which grows in profusion on the north bank of the Zambesi, have been converted into a substance that has been pronounced by a leading manufacturer to be worth, when prepared, between fifty and sixty pounds per ton, and applicable to all purposes for which flax is employed. In this material, therefore, alone, to say nothing of indigo, cotton, beeswax, ivory, and the ores of iron, with much good coal, we have sufficient indication that no time should be lost in establishing a regular intercourse with the natives of so prolific a region.

“ Thus, acting as the pioneer of civilisation, Dr. Livingstone will first engage the good will of the natives through their love of barter, and, having secured their confidence by honesty of purpose, he will the more readily be able to lead them to adopt the truths of that religion of which he is a minister, and of the value of which his whole life is a practical illustration.

“ Fortunate is it for our country that we have in the Earl of Clarendon a Minister of Foreign Affairs, who not less than the noble Premier has been the consistent and vigorous supporter of every measure tending to root out the trade in slaves; and impressed as our Government is with the desire to sow those seeds of civilization among the natives, and probably realise the cheering prospect of a great production of the raw material necessary for our manufactures by the independent nations of Africa, let us hope that, whilst the Niger or Kwara Expedition under Baikie, to which I have adverted, is working towards that good end upon the West, the benevolent and enterprising Livingstone, already so dear to the natives, may be sent back to reside among his friends the Makololo, as the ‘ Agent of the Queen of the people who love the Black Man.’ ”

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Livingstone and His Fellow Travellers Leave for Africa.—Ascend the Zambesi.—Difficulties of Navigation.—Ascend the Shire.—Discover Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa.

THE interest felt by the public in the second mission of Dr. Livingstone to Africa was shared by the Government of the day. Lord Palmerston, who was then at the head of Her Majesty's Government, readily assented to rendering assistance to enable him to prosecute his researches in the valley of Zambesi. Lord Clarendon then held the seals of the Foreign Office, and under his auspices a mission was formed and means furnished to enable Dr. Livingstone to provide himself with efficient assistance and equipment for the proper prosecution of his new enterprise. This provision included his brother, the Rev. Charles Livingstone, who had joined him from the United States, Dr. Kirk, as botanist, since well-known to the public as Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, Mr. R. Thornton, as geologist and naturalist, Mr. Baines, as artist, and Captain Bedingfeld, as navigator and surveyor of the river systems. A small steamer constructed of steel, and christened the *Ma-Robert* in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, was specially designed for the navigation of the Zambesi.

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

Dr. Livingstone's manly exposure of the deception practised by the Portuguese Government for the purpose of encouraging the slave trade, excited the wrath and jealousy of the Portuguese Government officials, who have vainly

endeavoured to throw discredit upon his discoveries. This feeling was not shared by the local authorities, who were, or pretended to be, really ignorant of the existence of the true channel, and showed their appreciation of his discovery by establishing a fort at the mouth of the Kongone.

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

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

When the water became too shallow for the passage of the *Pearl*, she left the party; Mr. Skead and a Mr. Duncan, who had accompanied them from the Cape, returning with her. Several members of the expedition were left on an island, which they named Expedition Island, from the 18th of June until the 13th of August, while the others were conveying the goods up to Shupanga and Senna. This was a work of some danger, as the country was in a state of war—a half-caste chief, called Mariano, who ruled over the country from the

Shire down to Mazaro at the head of the Delta, having waged war against the Portuguese for some time previous to their visit. He was a keen slave-hunter, and kept a large number of men well armed with muskets. So long as he confined himself to slave-hunting forays among the helpless tribes, and carried down his captives in chains to Kilimane, where they were sold and shipped as "free emigrants" to the French island of Bourbon, the Portuguese authorities did not interfere with him, although his slave-hunting expeditions were conducted with the utmost atrocity, he frequently indulging his thirst for blood by spearing large numbers of helpless natives with his own hand. Getting bolder, he began to attack the natives who were under the protection of the Portuguese, and then war was declared against him. He resisted for a time; but fearing that he would ultimately get the worst of it, he went to Kilimane to endeavour to arrange for peace with the governor; but Colonel da Silva refused his proffered bribes, and sent him to Mozambique for trial. When Livingstone's party first came in contact with the rebels at Mazaro, they looked formidable and threatening; but on being told that the party were English, they fraternised with them, and warmly approved of the objects of the expedition.

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

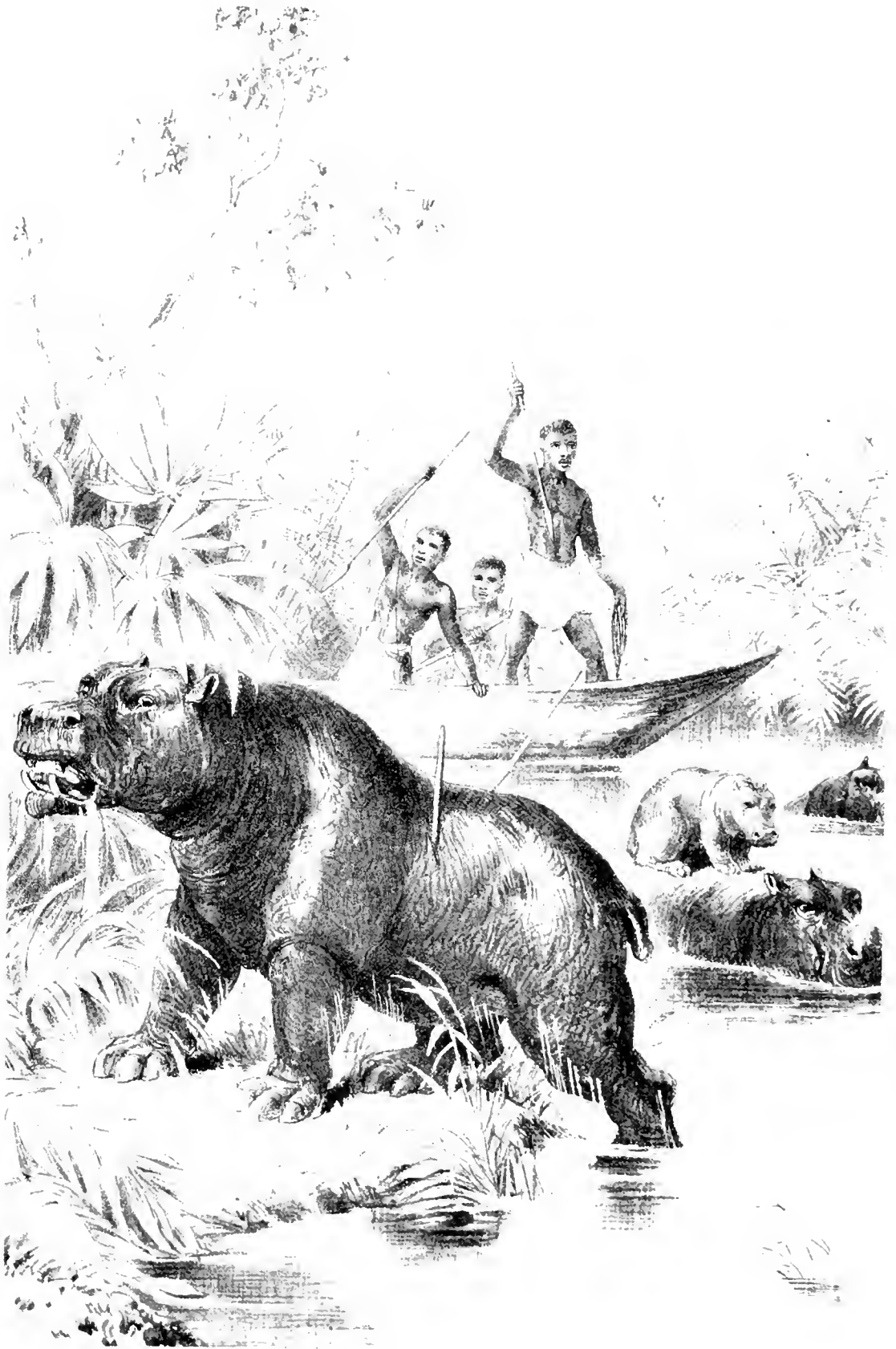
For miles before reaching Mazaro, the scenery is uninteresting, consisting of long stretches of level grassy plains, the monotony of which is broken here and there by the round green tops of stately palm-trees. Sandmartins flitted about in flocks, darting in and out of their holes in the banks. On the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

yawns, sounding a loud alarm to the rest of the herd, with notes as of a monstrous bassoon."

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

Livingstone's old friends, Colonel Nunes and Major Sicard, received the traveller and his party with much goodwill, causing wood to be cut for fuel for the steamer. The wood used for this purpose was lignum vitæ and African ebony; Rae, the engineer, knowing the value of these at home, "said it made his heart sore to burn woods so valuable." The india rubber tree and calumba root were found to be abundant in the interior; and along the banks of the river, indigo was growing in a wild state. The *Ma-Robert* turned out a failure, the builder, having deceived Livingstone as to her power, &c. It took hours to get up steam, and she went so slowly that the heavily-laden native canoes passed more rapidly up the river than she did. One can hardly think with temper on a misadventure like this, and can readily sympathise with his feeling of annoyance when he found that for all practical purposes she was worse than useless. Near the mouth of the Shire, Bonga, with some of his principal men visited the party; and in addition to assuring them that none of his people would molest them, presented them with some rice, two sheep, and a quantity of fire-wood. Within six miles of Senna, the party had to leave the steamer, the shoal channel not being deep enough for her draught. "The narrow winding path, along which they had to march in Indian file, lay through gardens and patches of wood, the loftiest trees being thorny acacias. The sky was cloudy, the air cool and pleasant, and the little birds in the gladness of their hearts, poured forth sweet strange songs, which, though equal to those of the singing birds at home on a spring morning, yet seemed somehow as if in a foreign tongue. We met many natives in the wood, most of the men were armed with spears, bows and arrows, and old Tower muskets; the women had short-handled iron hoes, and were going to work in the gardens: they stepped aside to let us pass, and saluted us politely, the men bowing and scraping, and the women, even with heavy loads on their heads, curtsying—a curtsy from bare legs is startling!"

On an island near Senna they visited a small fugitive tribe of hippopotami hunters, who had been driven from their own island in front. They are an



SPEARING HIPPOPOTAMI

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

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

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

At Tete, the party took up their abode in the Residency House, and received the most generous hospitality from Major Sicard and all the Portuguese residents. A singular case of voluntary slavery came under Livingstone's notice here. Chibanti, an active young fellow, who had acted as pilot to the expedition, sold himself to Major Sicard, assigning as a reason that he had neither father nor mother, and that Major Sicard was a kind master. He sold

himself for three-and-thirty yard-pieces of cloth. With two of the pieces he bought a man, a woman, and a child; afterwards he bought more slaves, and owned a sufficient number to man one of the large canoes with which the trade of the river is carried on. Major Sicard subsequently employed him in carrying ivory and other merchandise to Kilimane, and gave cloth to his men for the voyage. The Portuguese, as a rule, are very kind to their slaves; but the half-castes are cruel slave-holders. Livingstone quotes a saying of a humane Portuguese which indicates the reputation they bear:—"God made white men, and God made black men; but the devil made half-castes."

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

Dr. Livingstone's account of the rapids and the country in the neighbourhood, as given in his letters to the Foreign Offices, is so interesting that we give several extracts here:—

"They were not seen by me in 1856, and, strange as it may appear, no one else could be found who could give an account of any part except the commencement, about 30 miles above this. The only person who had possessed curiosity enough to ascend a few miles, described it as a number of detached rocks jutting out across the stream, rendering the channel tortuous and dangerous. A mountain called Panda Maboia (Copper Mountain—a mass of saccharine marble at the top, contains joints of the green carbonate of copper, which is said to have been worked—hence the name) stretches out towards the range of hills on the eastern bank, so as to narrow the river to 60 or 80 yards. This is the commencement of Kebra, or, more correctly, Kebra-basa. We went about four miles beyond Panda Maboia, in this little steamer, and soon saw that the difficulty is caused by the Zambesi being confined by mountains to a bed scarcely a quarter of a mile broad. This bed, viewed from a height,

appears covered with huge blocks of rock, interspersed with great rounded boulders. Large patches of the underlying rock, which is porphyry and various metamorphic masses huddled together in wild confusion, are also seen on the surface; and winding from side to side in this upper bed there is a deep narrow gorge, in which, when we were steaming up the usual call of the man at the lead was, "no bottom at ten fathoms." Though the perpendicular sides of this channel are generally of hard porphyry or syenite, they are ground into deep pot-holes, and drilled into numerous vertical grooves similar to those in Eastern wells, where the draw-rope has been in use for ages; these show the wearing power of the water when the river is full. The breadth of this channel was from 30 to 60 yards, and its walls at low water from 50 to 80 feet high. At six or seven points there are rocky islands in it which divide the water into two or three channels for short distances. The current, which we generally found gentle, increases in force at these points to four or five knots, and as our vessel has only a single engine of 10-horse power, it can scarcely stem that amount in open water; and besides, being of an extremely awkward and unhandy 'canoe-form,' and only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, it is evident we cannot risk her in any but the gentlest currents. The attempt to haul her through would have doubled her up, so we left her at the beginning of the first rapid, and went forward to examine the parts above on foot. The usual course traders have pursued is to come to a point below, where we left the steamer in canoes, and leaving them there, go overland through the level Shidima country, well away from the mountains which skirt the river, and when they reported an impediment to navigation, they referred to the unwieldy canoes only in common use on the lower parts of the Zambesi. These cannot paddle against a 4-knot stream; nor can they punt at a depth of 60 feet, nor tow along a precipice often 80 feet high, and always smooth, slippery, or jagged. But though there is an impediment to canoe-navigation, it would prove none during four or five months each year to a steamer capable of going 12 or 14 knots an hour.

"With Dr. Kirk, Mr. Rae, and some Makololo in company, we marched about 12 miles nearly North from the entrance, at Panda Maboia. The upper bed, in which we were travelling, was excessively rough, but we occasionally got glances of the river at the bottom of the groove, and saw four rapids. The people having all fled from some marauding party, we could neither get provisions nor information, and returned in order to organize a regular exploration of the whole difficulty.

"Major Sicard having found out that a native Portuguese, Sr. Jose Santa Anna, had, when young, hunted elephants among the mountains which confine the Zambesi, engaged him to accompany us in our second expedition, which consisted of the seven members of our party and ten Makololo.

Leaving the steamer at a safe spot above Panda Maboia, we proceeded up the left bank, the different members pursuing their several avocations as much as the roughness of the march would allow. A careful sketch and a photograph were made of the worst rapid we had then seen; there was a fall of about 5 feet in 20 yards, but on our return a rise of the river of between 3 and 4 feet had made it nearly level.

“Crossing the Luia, a small river coming into the Zambesi from the North-east (lat. 15° 37' South), we turned Westwards, and soon reached the beginning of the range Shiperizioa, which, without knowing the name, we had previously seen. This part of the river our guide had only once seen from a distant mountain, and supposed what was now only a small, and by no means steep rapid, to be a large waterfall. The range Shiperizioa, appearing to end in a fine peak at least 2300 feet high, we resolved to ascend it and get a view of the river beyond. A hippopotamus having been killed, a party was left to cut up the meat while we went on to the peak. It was found inaccessible from the river-side. It forms the most prominent feature in the landscape, and we thought it right to pay a compliment to our Portuguese friends, by naming it Mount Stephanie, after their young Queen. As our guide, Sn. Jose, had hunted all along the river to Chicova, and a party of natives who came to beg meat, agreed with him in asserting that no waterfall existed above Mount Stephanie, we began our return to the steamer. But after one day's march homewards one of the Makololo mentioned that he had received information of the existence of a larger cataract than any we had seen, and that too from one of the above-mentioned party of natives, it was at once resolved that Dr. Kirk and I should return and verify this while the rest of the party worked their way downwards.

“Accompanied by four Makololo, we now proceeded by the back or northern side of Mount Stephanie, and were fortunate enough to find a village situated in a beautiful valley, with a fine stream of water running through it. The people are called Badema, and though mountaineers, possess but little of that brave character which we are accustomed to ascribe to such people. They generally flee from strangers; their gardens were seen on the highest parts of the mountains; some of them on slopes at an angle of 70°, where there was very little soil. They cultivate the native cotton in preference to the imported, as the former, though yielding less, has by far the strongest fibre, and the plants continue yielding annually, though burned down to the ground. They support the branches which remain by trellice-work, as we do grape-vines; their looms are of the most primitive description, but they value the cloth made from them much more than they do our more beautifully woven fabrics.

“Zandia, the head man of this village, furnished us with two guides to take us to Pajodzi, the point to which canoes are accustomed to descend; for though he asserted that there was no waterfall, we considered it our duty to

see all the difficult part by descending from that point before reporting to Her Majesty's Government. The next village we came to gave a totally different account; the men asserted that there was a waterfall so frightful as to be perfectly unapproachable: 'no elephant had ever gone near it, nor hippopotamus; not even an alligator could reach it, and a man might perish with thirst in sight of, but unable to approach it.' On asking how they happened to get near this frightful abyss, they replied that it was more accessible from the other side. They had a political reason for not showing us the river; the Banyai, on the opposite lands (Shidima) have been in the habit of exacting large payments from the traders for leave to pass. Eighty fathoms of calico are sometimes paid to a single village, and the villagers here were afraid that blame would be imputed by the Banyai to them in the event of our opening a path whereby their exactions would be avoided. By insisting that our two guides from Zandia should fulfil their bargain, they went on, but led us to a point near Mount Stephanie, where, emerging from the mountains, we found ourselves a good thousand feet above the Zambesi; the mountains on both sides slope at a high angle down to the water, and there is no upper or flood-bed. The water, about 300 yards broad, appeared to us at the height we first saw it, not more than a third of this width. The guides pointed to a rapid, caused by two rocks about eight feet high in the middle of the stream, as the waterfall; but refusing to credit them, we resolved to go up along the bank westward.

"On descending to the water's edge we found the steep sloping bank covered with enormous boulders, with a black glaze, as if they had recently been smeared over with tar. Wherever the water flows over rocks for a long time this peculiar glaze appears; it has been observed in the Congo, and has been mentioned by Humboldt in the Orinoco. The guides declared that it was totally impossible to go further, though their soles were furnished with a thick cracked skin similar to that of the elephant. The marks of these cracks were visible on the sand they trod upon. The Makololo head-men—very willing fellows—showed me their feet on which the blisters were broken by the hot rocks over which we had climbed, and said they were fairly done up; that it was evident the villagers magnified the difficulty from political motives; and that there was no impediment save such as we had already seen. On urging them to make another effort, they said that they 'always imagined I had a heart till then; they were sorry Kirk could not understand them, for he would acquiesce in their views and go back—I had surely become insane;' and next day they endeavoured by signs to induce him to return. Leaving them there Dr. Kirk and I went on alone; but while striving with all our might we could not make more than one mile in three hours. It was in truth the worst tract I ever travelled over; our strong new English boots were worn through the soles. The sun's rays were converged by the surrounding hills into a sort of focus, and

the stones were so hot the hand could not be held on them a moment, though we were in danger of being dashed down into the crevices by letting go for an instant. The reflection from the rocks felt exactly like the breath of a furnace. I felt sure that if I had come down this way in 1856 instead of through the level Shidima country, I should have perished before reaching Tete; for now, with but a fortnight's exposure, and an examination of about 30 miles, we all returned as lean and haggard as if we had been recovering from serious illness. One of the Makololo came up to us in the afternoon, and seeing farther progress to be impracticable, we were returning, when we met the rest of the party. After sleeping among the hot rocks, where no covering is necessary, we next day induced the guides and Makololo to go on through the spurs from the mountain, along whose flank we were toiling, until they became perpendicular cliffs, requiring a great deal of dangerous climbing to get past; in the afternoon we were rewarded by the sight of a cataract called Morumbua, the only one we had seen deserving the name; on both sides there are perpendicular walls of rock, along the face of which no towing-line could be carried. The inaccessible sides are 500 or 600 feet high. The cataract itself presents a fall (as nearly as we could guess at a distance of 500 yards) of 30 feet, and the water comes down at an angle of 30°. When the river is full it is at least 80 feet higher than when we saw it, and no cataract is visible at the place we saw the broken water. We stood in a pot-hole and dropped down a measuring-tape 53 feet to the level of the water. In flood the river at that same pot-hole is at least 30 feet deep. We witnessed on our return the effect of a three feet rise, in rendering a cataract already mentioned, of five feet, nearly level. It is quite a moderate computation to say the perpendicular rise among the hills is 80 feet. This, while it obliterates some rapids, will, in all probability, give rise to others; and the disparity of statement among the natives may partially be accounted for by their having seen the river at different stages of flood. Resolving to return and examine the whole when the river is in full flood in February, we commenced the ascent of the high mountain behind us, and were three hours in cutting our way through the tangled forest which covers it and all the mountains here. The rains are unusually late this year, but the trees had put on fresh leaves, and rendered the scenery of a lively light-green appearance. Looking northwards from the heights we reached, we saw an endless succession of high hills, chiefly of the conical form. This district may be called the beginning of the really healthy region. We slept for a fortnight in the open air, and seldom put on a blanket till towards morning; nor did we use quinine: yet all returned in good health, and have remained so.

“We have ascertained nothing to invalidate the opinion which I have expressed, that the highlands beyond this are healthy, and fit for the residence of Europeans. The only ailments the party has been subject to, with the

exception of one slight sun-stroke, have been colds, modified by the malaria to which we were exposed in the Delta. Dr. Kirk and I have enjoyed uninterrupted good health. The only cases of real fever we have seen have been among the Kroomen, and, as far as our experience goes at present, Europeans are more likely to be safe and useful than Kroomen.

“The geologist reports having found three fine beds of coal; the first seven feet thick, the second thirteen feet six inches, and the third twenty-five feet in thickness. They are all in cliff sections, and the last was fired a few years ago by lightning, and burned a long time. I have already reported on its good quality, though obtained only from the surface. Mr. Thornton will run a shaft some distance in order to ascertain its quality there. There are immense quantities of the finest iron-ore in the same district.

“I was not aware that sugar was manufactured by the natives till lately, but I bought six pots of it, at the rate of two yards of calico for twenty pounds. This is only the beginning of the fine country, and I naturally feel anxious that my companions should have an opportunity of verifying my statements respecting both its productions and people. As for the inhabitants near the Portuguese, I almost despair of doing anything with them. My hopes are in my own countrymen and the natives of the central regions.

“The Zambesi being now about twelve feet above low-water mark in November, it was difficult to recognise it as the same river. It is truly what Captain Gordon called it, ‘more like an inland sea than a river,’ and exhibits none of those sand-banks to the view which, in trying to depict it at its lowest ebb, we have marked in the tracings sent home.

“On the day after our arrival here Messrs. C. Livingstone and Baines returned from Kebra-basa: their reports coincide exactly with what I stated in No. 12 as to the effect of a rise of the river on the rapids. It thoroughly obliterates formidable cataracts; but a vessel of good steam-power is necessary to stem the current in the middle and resist the suction of the eddies. On hearing that the rapid was so much changed that, but for the mountains which had been sketched, the situations of the cataracts would not have been known, I felt strongly inclined to attempt hauling the vessel up; but she can carry no cargo, and, besides the risk of her breaking up in the attempt, we should very soon be destitute of supplies after we had succeeded.”

Finding it impossible to take their steamer through the Kebra-basa Rapids, the party forwarded from Tete, to which they had returned, information to that effect to the English Government, requesting that a more suitable vessel for the ascent of the river should be sent out to them. In the meantime, they determined on ascending the Shire, which falls into the Zambesi about a hundred miles from its mouth. The Portuguese could give no information about it, no one ever having gone up it for any distance, or found out from whence it came. Years ago, they informed him, that a

Portuguese expedition had attempted to ascend it, but had to turn back on account of the impenetrable masses of duck-weed which grew in its bed and floated in shoals on its surface. The natives on its banks were reported to be treacherous, thievish, and bloodthirsty; and nothing but disaster was predicted as the end of such a foolhardy expedition.

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

Following the winding course of the river for about two hundred miles, their farther progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, to which the party gave the name of "The Murchison," in honour of the great friend of the expedition, Sir Roderick Murchison. In going down the stream, the progress of the *Ma-Robert* was very rapid. The hippopotami kept carefully out of the way, while the crocodiles frequently made a rush at the vessel as if to attack it, coming within a few feet of her, when they sank like a stone, to re-appear and watch the progress of the unknown invader of their haunts, when she had passed.

Although narrower than the Zambesi, the Shire is much deeper and more easily navigated. The lower valley of the Shire is about twenty miles wide, and very fertile; the hills which enclose it on either side are covered with wood, in many cases to their summits; some of these hills rise to a height of 4000 feet above the level of the sea. They visited one of the loftiest of the hills, called by the natives Morambala. On the wooded sides of this mountain Dr. Kirk found thirty species of ferns. In the forests near its base, monkeys, antelopes, rhinoceroses, and several varieties of the larger birds were abundant. "A hot fountain boils up on the plain, near the north end. It bubbles out of the earth, clear as crystal, at two points, or eyes, a few yards apart from each other, and sends off a fine flowing stream of hot water. The tem-



MURCHISON FALLS

perature was found to be 174° Fahr., and it boiled an egg in about the usual time." Two pythons coiled together among the branches of a tree were shot, the largest was ten feet long. Their flesh is greatly relished by the natives. The people who dwelt on the mountain slopes, here and elsewhere on the lower Shire, were found to be a hardy and kindly race. They cultivate maize, pumpkins, and tobacco in their gardens on the plains, and catch fish in the river, which they dry for future sale or for their own use. On the occasion of a future ascent of the river, as we shall see, the party found that many of these hardy mountaineers had been swept away in a slave raid by Mariano.

In the middle of March they started for a second trip up the Shire, when they found the natives altogether friendly, and anxious to sell them rice, fowls, and corn. Within ten miles of the Murchison Cataracts they entered into amicable relations with a chief named Chibisa, whose career had been of a very warlike character, which he excused and explained by stating that the parties with whom he had fought had all been in the wrong, while he was invariably in the right. He was a true believer in the Divine right of kings. "He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died, and left him the chieftainship; but directly he succeeded to the high office, he was conscious of power passing into his head, and down his back; he felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority, and possessed of wisdom; and people then began to fear and reverence him."

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

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

On the 18th of April they discovered Lake Shirwa. The water was brackish, and in it were enormous numbers of leeches, the attacks of which

prevented them obtaining the latitude by the natural horizon, which they hoped to do on a sand-bank at some distance from the shore. Several varieties of fish, hippopotami, and crocodiles were abundant in the waters of the lake. The lake was found to be 1800 feet above the level of the sea. They did not on this occasion get any reliable information as to its extent. Lofty mountains, whose height was supposed to be about 8000 feet, stand near its eastern shore; and on the west is a long ridge, called Mount Zomba, with a height of about 7000 feet, and a length of about twenty miles. In returning to the steamer they changed their route, and passed through a country peopled by friends of Chibisa, who did not interfere with their progress. They found their quartermaster, John Walker, ill of fever; and having cured him, they steamed down to the Zambesi, reaching Tete on the 23rd of June.

We again turn to Dr. Livingstone's communications to the Foreign Office with the view of supplementing our narrative at this stage:—

“In accordance with the intention expressed of revisiting the River Shire as soon as the alarm created by our first visit had subsided, I have the pleasure of reporting to your Lordship that, having found the people this time all friendly, we left the vessel in charge of the quartermaster and stoker, with a chief named Chibisa (latitude $16^{\circ} 2'$ South, longitude 35° East), and, with Dr. Kirk and thirteen Makololo, advanced on foot till we had discovered a magnificent inland lake, called Shirwa. It has no known outlet, but appears particularly interesting from a report of the natives on its banks, that it is separated from Lake Nyassa, which is believed to extend pretty well up to the equator, by a tongue of land only five or six miles broad; and, as we ascertained, the southern end of the Shirwa is not more than 30 miles distant from a branch of the navigable Shire.

“We had traced the Shire up to the northern end of Zomba, but were prevented by a marsh from following it further on that side. Coming round the southern flank of the mountain, on the 14th April, we saw the lake, and were then informed that the river we had left so near it had no connexion with Lake Shirwa. We then proceeded eastwards, and on the 18th April reached its shores: a goodly sight it was to see, for it is surrounded by lofty mountains, and its broad blue waters, with waves dashing on some parts of its shore, look like an arm of the sea. The natives know of no outlet. We saw a good many streams flowing into it, for the adjacent country is well watered; several rivulets which we crossed unite and form the Talombe and Sombane, which flow into the lake from the south-west. The water of the Shirwa has a bitter taste, but is drinkable. Fish abound, and so do alligators and hippopotami. When the southerly winds blow strongly, the water is said to retire sufficiently from that side to enable the people to catch fish in weirs planted there.

“The lake is of a pear-shape, only the narrow portion is prolonged some 30 miles South of the body where we stood. There is an inhabited mountain-island near the beginning of the narrow part: the broad portion may be from 25 to 30 miles wide. We ascended some way up the mountain Pirimiti, and, looking away to the N.N.E., we had 26° of watery horizon, with two mountain-tops, rising in the blue distance like little islands 50 or 60 miles away. The natives use large canoes, for fear of storms on it, and reckon it four days’ paddling in a calm to reach the end; but with a strong wind they can do it in two days. Until it is surveyed, it will not be over-estimated at 60 or 70 miles in length. This does not include the southern narrow portion of 30 miles.

“The whole region was well, though not densely, peopled with Manganja, who inhabit both banks of the River Shire from Morambala up to Chibisa’s place; but they occupy the eastern bank only and the adjacent mountains beyond that point. The western bank above Chibisa is peopled by the Maravi. None of this tribe are to be met with near Shirwa, so it would appear to be improper to identify it with the ‘Lake Maravi’ of the maps; nor can we set it down as that concerning which I collected some information from Senhor Candido, of Tete, for it was described as 45 days to the N.N.W. of that village. The Portuguese do not even pretend to know Shirwa.

“We made frequent inquiries among the people if they had ever been visited by white men before, and we were invariably answered in the negative. A black woolly-haired slave-trader once visited the part; but the discovery is not spoken of in reference to such, the lake being surrounded by them, but it is claimed for Dr. Kirk and myself, as Europeans who accomplished it, entirely ignorant of any information that may or may not be locked up in Portuguese archives.”

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

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

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

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

In the Shire marshes, in addition to abundance of the large four-footed game, water-fowl of many kinds were seen in prodigious numbers. Dr. Livingstone says:—

"An hour at the mast-head unfolds novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favourite tree, rest scores of plotuses and cormorants, which stretch their snake-like necks, and in mute amazement turn one eye and then another towards the approaching monster. The pretty ardetta, of a light yellow colour when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often showing us where buffaloes are, by perching on their backs. Flocks of ducks, of which the kind called *soriri* is most abundant, being night feeders, meditate quietly by the small lagoons, until startled by the noise of the steam machinery. Pelicans glide over the water catching fish, while the scopus and large herons peer intently into the pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose springs up and circles round to find out what the disturbance is, and then settles down again with a splash,

Hundreds of linongolas rise from the clumps of reeds or low trees, in which they build in colonies, and are speedily in mid air. Charming little red and yellow weavers remind one of butterflies, as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendant nests, chattering briskly to their mates within. . . . Kites and vultures are busy overhead beating the ground for their repast of carrion; and the solemn-looking, stately-stepping marabout, with a taste for dead fish, or men, stalks slowly along the almost stagnant channels. . . . Towards evening hundreds of pretty little hawks are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragonflies and locusts. . . . Flocks of scissor-bills are then also on the wing, and in search of food ploughing the water with their lower mandibles, which are nearly half an inch longer than the upper ones."

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

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

grand palaver was held, at which their objects and intentions in visiting the country were discussed with due gravity and form.

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

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

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

Speaking of the drinking habits of the Manganjas, Dr. Livingstone said in one of his letters—“I saw more intoxication in the forty days of our march on foot than I had seen in other parts during sixteen years. It is a silly sort of drunkenness; only one man had reached the fighting stage, and he was cured by one of the Makololo thrusting him aside from the path he

wished to obstruct, and giving him a slap in the face." It would appear that, like many combative people nearer home, he was only "pot valiant."

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

"Our friends the Portuguese do not enter the River Shire: the Manganja are brave, and repelled an expedition sent in former times before it had gone 30 miles. Traders are afraid to go, as some native ones have been plundered; but we have gone about 150 miles without once coming into collision. The Manganja cultivate the soil very extensively, and more men than women were sometimes seen at this occupation. The soil is very rich: the grass, generally from 6 to 8 feet high, overhangs the path, which, from being only about a foot wide, there is a perpetual pattering on the face in walking. A few yards often hides a companion completely, and guides are always necessary, it being impossible to see, on entering a path, where it leads. Even the hills, though very steep and stony, are remarkably fertile. Gardens are common high up their sides and on their tops: they present a pleasant diversity of light and shade in the general dark green colour of the trees, with which nearly all are covered. Cotton is cultivated largely, and the farther we went the crop appeared to be of the greater importance. The women alone are well clothed with the produce, the men being content with goat-skins and a cloth made of bark of certain trees. Every one spins and weaves cotton: even chiefs may be seen with the spindle and bag, which serves as a distaff. The process of manufacture is the most rude and tedious that can be conceived: the cotton goes through five processes with the fingers before it comes to the loom. Time is of no value. They possess two varieties of the cotton plant. One, indigenous, yields cotton more like wool than that of other countries: it is strong, and feels rough in the hand. The other variety is from imported seed, yielding a cotton that renders it unnecessary to furnish the people with American seed. A point in its culture worth noticing is, the time of planting has been selected so that the plants remain in the ground during winter, and five months or so after sowing they come to maturity before the rains begin, or insects come forth to damage the crop.

"The Manganja have no domestic animals except sheep, goats, fowls, and dogs. Provisions are abundant, and at a cheap rate. They have no ivory, and few wild animals are seen; but they assert that elephants and

large game abound among the Maravi, West of the Shire. Their weapons are large bows and poisoned arrows with iron heads. Every one carries a knife, and almost every village has a furnace for smelting black magnetic iron-ore. Spears are rarely seen, but are very well made and of excellent iron. Firearms have not been introduced; but a rude imitation of a pistol has been made by a people N.N.W. of them in a country called Siria, and it is used with powder only on occasions of mourning. They were not aware that it could propel a ball. It cannot be classed with arms, but with the apparatus of the undertaker. They think that making a noise at funerals is the proper way of expressing grief."

Lake Nyassa was discovered a little before noon on the 16th of September, 1859, with the river Shire running out at its southern end in 14° 25' S. latitude. The chief of the village near the outlet of the Shire, called Mosauka, invited the party to visit his village, and entertained them under a magnificent banyan-tree, giving them as a gift, a goat and a basket of meal. A party of Arab slave-hunters were encamped close by. They were armed with long muskets and were a villainous looking set of fellows. Mistaking the country of the white men they had met so unexpectedly, they offered them young children for sale; but on hearing that they were English, they showed signs of fear, and decamped during the night. Curiously enough, one of the slaves they had with them recognised the party; she had been rescued by Her Majesty's ship *Lynx* at Kongone along with several others. She said, "that the Arabs had fled for fear of an uncanny sort of Basunga" (white men or Portuguese).

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



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

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

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

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

From Chibisa's Village Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rac, with guides, went overland to Tete, and suffered greatly from the heat on the journey, arriving there very much exhausted. The steamer with the other members of the expedition had arrived at Tete before them and gone down to Kongone, as it was necessary to beach the vessel for repairs, as she leaked worse than ever. Off Senna, Senhor Ferrao sent them a bullock, which was a very acceptable gift. At Kongone they were supplied with stores from Her Majesty's ship *Lynx*; but unfortunately a boat was swamped in crossing the bar, and the mail bags, with despatches from Government and letters from home, were lost. It is easy to sympathise with Livingstone's distress at this most unfortunate accident. "The loss of the mail bags," he says "was felt severely, as we were on the point of starting on an expedition into the interior, which might require eight or nine months; and twenty months is a weary time to be without news of friends and family. After returning to Tete, where they stayed some time enjoying the hospitality of the Portuguese merchants, Livingstone and his companions, before proceeding inland to visit the Makololo country, sailed down

the Zambesi with Mr. Rae (the engineer), who was about to return to England to superintend the construction of a successor to the *Ma-Robert*, which was now of no use for the purposes for which she was intended. At Shupanga, Sininyane, one of the Makololo, exchanged names with a Zulu, and ever afterwards only answered to the name of Moshoshoma. This custom is common among the tribes on the Zambesi. After exchanging names the parties owe to each other special duties and services ever afterwards. While at Kebra-basa, Charles Livingstone was made a comrade for life—names not being exchanged—of a hungry native traveller to whom he gave some food and a small piece of cloth. Eighteen months afterwards, the man having prospered in the interval, he came into the camp of the party while on their journey into the interior, bringing a liberal present of rice, meal, beer, and a fowl, saying, “that he did not like them to sleep hungry or thirsty.” Some of the Makololo took the names of friendly chiefs, and others took the names of famous places they had visited; the assumed names being retained after their return to their own country.

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

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

The following is taken from Dr. Livingstone's report on the Shire Valley:—

"I have the honour to convey the information that we have traced the river Shire up to its point of departure from the hitherto undiscovered Lake Nyinyesi or Nyassa, and found that there are only 33 miles of cataracts to be passed above this, when the river becomes smooth again, and continues so right into the lake in lat. 14° 25' south. We have opened a cotton and sugar producing country of unknown extent, and while it really seems to afford reasonable prospects of great commercial benefits to our own country, it presents facilities for commanding a large section of the slave-market on the east coast and offers a fairer hope of its extirpation by lawful commerce than our previous notion of the country led us to anticipate. The matter may appear to your Lordship in somewhat the same light, if the following points in the physical conformation of the country are borne in mind.

"There is a channel of about from five to twelve feet, at all seasons of the year, from the sea at Kongone harbour up to this cataract, a distance of about 200 miles, and very little labour would be required to construct a common road past the cataracts, as the country there, though rapidly increasing in general elevation, is comparatively flat near the river.

"The adjacent region may be easily remembered as arranged in three well-defined terraces. The lowest of these is the valley of the Shire, which is from 1200 to 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and exactly like the valley of the Nile near Cairo, but beyond the cataracts somewhat broader. The second terrace lies east of this, and is upwards of 2000 feet in altitude, and some three or four miles broad. A third terrace, still further east, is over 3000 feet high at its western edge, or about the height of Table Mountain at the Cape, which is often mentioned as the most remarkable mountain in that part of Africa. The terrace is 10 or 12 miles broad, and is bounded on the east by Lake Shirwa, or Tamandua, and a range of very lofty mountains. On this last terrace rises Mount Zomba, which, on ascending, we found to be in

round numbers 7000 feet high; a mass of the same mountain, eight or ten miles distant from our encampment on it, must be at least 8000 feet in altitude.

“These features of the country are mentioned in order to show that we have very remarkable varieties of climate within a few miles’ distance of each other. We travelled in the hottest season of the year, or that called in Western Africa ‘the smokes,’ when, from the burning of tens of thousands of acres of tall grass, the atmosphere takes on a good deal of the appearance of a partial London fog; only here it is broiling hot. While we were marching in the Shire valley, or lowest terrace, the air was sultry and oppressive, the thermometer in the shade even often standing at 96°, and the water never under a temperature of 81° Fahr., but when we ascended the second terrace, the air became delightfully cool, and every mile or two we crossed a running rill of deliciously cold water. The third terrace was cold, and equally well supplied with running brooks; while on the top of Zomba our native companions complained bitterly of the cold.

“The mountain itself is of large extent, and at the part we ascended there is a large valley with a fine stream and much cultivation on the top; several parts of it are well wooded, and Dr. Kirk, the botanist, found pepper growing wild: an indication of a decidedly humid climate. On each of the three terraces cotton is cultivated extensively: this is not of the indigenous variety only, but foreign seeds have come up the Shire to some parts of the terraces, and also to the lake region, from the east coast. The length of staple to which these imported varieties have attained shows a suitable soil and climate. A good deal of salt is met with in certain soils here; and in all probability sea-island, the dearest of all cottons, would flourish, for specimens of common kinds were found superior to the Egyptian. The indigenous variety feels more like wool than cotton, but foreign seeds were eagerly accepted by the people from Mr. C. Livingstone, and the best means for disarming their suspicions that we might turn out to be a marauding party, was frankly to state that we came to find out and mark paths for our traders to follow and buy their cotton.

“We found a heavy swell on the lake, though there was no wind, and there was no appearance of the water ever falling or rising much from what we saw it. The river Shire never varies more than two or three feet from the wet to the dry season, and as it is from 80 to 150 yards broad, 12 feet deep, and has a current of $2\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, the body of water which gives it off must be large and have considerable feeders. At its southern end the lake seemed eight or ten miles broad, and it trended away to the N.N.W.; a hilly island rose in the distance. It is small, and is called Bazulu. The same range of lofty mountains that lies east of Shirwa, or Tamandua, appeared as if continued along the north-east shore of Nyassa.

In his letters he made a formal report on the Zambesi, and its capacity as a channel of commerce, and the importance of the district through which it flows for trading purposes, he says:—

“In endeavouring to form an estimate of the value of the Zambesi for commercial purposes, it is necessary to recollect that we were obliged in the first instance to trust to the opinions of naval officers who had visited it, and the late Captain Parker, together with Lieutenant Hoskins, having declared that it was quite capable of being used for commerce, though the Portuguese never did, and do not now enter it directly from the sea, we trusted in the testimony of our countrymen, and though we failed to find a passage in by Parker’s Luabo, we discovered a safe entrance by the Urande Kongone; and H.M.S. *Lynx*, Captain Berkely, at a subsequent period, found a good channel by the main stream (Parker’s Luabo) though we had failed to observe it in a three days’ search. The question of safe entrance from the sea having thus been satisfactorily solved, our attention was next directed to the rest of the river, the subject of this report. It is desirable also to remember that, in an experimental expedition like ours, it was plainly an imperative duty to select the most healthy period of the year, in order to avoid the fate of the Great Niger Expedition. Had we come at any time between January and April, a large vessel could have been taken up as far as Tete, but that is the most unhealthy time of the year, and we then looked on the African fever as a much more formidable disease than we do now. We entered the river in June, when it was falling fast, but even then the official reports of Captain Gordon and other naval officers were precisely the same as those of Captain Parker and Lieutenant Hoskins. Their testimony, however, referred to only about 70 miles from the sea, Mazaro, the point at which the Portuguese use of the river begins. We have now enjoyed a twelvemonth’s experience, which is the shortest period in which all the changes that occur annually can be noted, and we have carefully examined the whole, from the sea to Tete, five times over, in a craft the top-speed of which, ($3\frac{1}{2}$ knots) admitted of nothing being done in a hurry, and may therefore be considered in a position to give an opinion of equal value to that of flying visitors, better qualified in all other respects for the task. As a report on the river would be incomplete without a description of it when at its lowest, I sent the journal of Mr. T. Baines to the Society, which was written at the worst part of the river, and in a season said by all to be one of unusual drought. Mr. Baines was taken up by a southern channel, which contained much less water than that which we ascended a month later; but adopting that journal as showing what the river may again become in a season of drought, I would only add that in passing from the sea to Tete, when the river had fallen still lower than at the period when the journal was penned, we were obliged to drag the vessel over three crossings, 100 or 150 feet long, of from 24 to 18 inches of water. It is not, however, to be understood that

such is then the general depth. In the broad parts of the river we have three or four channels, and the greater part of these channels contains water from 8 to 15 feet deep, even when the river has reached its lowest ebb. But we are often obliged to cross from one channel to another, and sometimes from one bank to the other; and it is in these crossings that the difficulties occur. I am not aware that anything has been written on the form of the bottoms of rivers, but familiarity with that and the signs on the surface will enable one man to find three fathoms, while another will run aground in one or two feet. From our experience of a year in which the river was unusually low, and the rise deferred to a later than ordinary period, it is certain that a vessel really of 18 inches or 2 feet draught could ply at all seasons on the first 300 miles of the Zambesi.

“We have in the course of one year cut up into small pieces upwards of 150 tons of lignum vitæ alone, which, according to the average prices in London during 1858, was worth about £900. This wood, when dry, was, in the absence of coal, the only fuel with which we could get up steam, owing to the boiler-tubes being singularly placed all on one side and chiefly below the level of the fire, from which novel arrangement one side remains long cold while the other is hot, like a patient in the palsy; and four and a half or five mortal hours of fuel-burning are required to get up steam; yet by incessant labour and a dogged determination to extract all the good possible out of an engine probably intended to grind coffee in a shop-window, we have traversed 2350 miles of river. Now, had we been permitted to show what could be effected in this one branch of commerce, it is not unreasonable to say that every time the saw went through lignum vitæ it might have been to secure or dress a log. Without any great labour we might have cut a thousand instead of one hundred and fifty tons of that valuable wood, and given a practical exposition of what may, and very probably soon will be effected by the Germans in Zambesi commerce.

“The only paper that reached us up to the middle of June last contained a short notice of the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in which some interesting assertions were made in connection with a pretty theory and an engineering plan, that the Zambesi, which, under the very serious disadvantages of that plan, we have actually been navigating, was not navigable at all. If our fellow-members will only believe that we have a merry smile on our faces, we would venture to move, for the support of the theory, in parliamentary fashion, that the word *ought* be inserted thus: ‘Wheat *ought* not to grow at the level of the sea;’ ‘indigo *ought* not to grow more than a foot high,’ and ‘it *ought* not to contain indigo at all.’ ‘The seeds of cucumbers and water-melons *ought* not to contain a fine bland oil, fit for the purposes of the table,’ because that would be like ‘extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.’ ‘The Zambesi *ought* not to be navigable for commercial

purposes,' and the Steam Launch 'Asthmatic' 'ought to have been intended to draw something more than merely 'grist to the mill.'

"From October, 1858, to June, 1859, 5782 elephants' tusks have gone down the Zambesi from Tete alone; of these two-thirds were large, or upwards of 50lbs. each. The weight of the whole was in round numbers 100,000lbs. All merchandise is carried in large unwieldy canoes, which cost between £60 and £70 each. When loaded they draw about two feet and carry two tons, at an expense of £10 sterling from Kilimane to Tete, when the river is full. When the small channel between the Zambesi and the Kilimane river is dry, which is the case at least nine months in the year, the expense is much increased by the land-carriage to Mazaro. English manufactured goods come in a roundabout way by Banian or Gentoo traders from Bombay, and they are obliged to give larger prices for ivory than the Americans or Germans, who are absorbing all the trade of Eastern Africa. Several Tete merchants have been waiting at Kilimane for months in expectation of American ships with cottons. For the information of mercantile men it may be added that the American calicoes are coarse, unbleached, yard-wide cottons, costing at Kilimane between 5d. and 6d. per yard; and muskets, inferior to English trade arms, from 26s. to 36s. each. With calicoes, guns, and gunpowder, they easily secure all the trade on the east coast below Zanzibar. No attempt is made to encourage the native taste for better articles, which exists quite as strongly here as on the west coast. Red and blue colours are often unravelled, respun, and rewoven into country cloths, and towards Lake Shirwa the only scraps of these colours that come in to the country are exclusively claimed by the chiefs."

"If we divide the Zambesi into three reaches, namely, from the sea to Kebra-basa—from Kebra-basa to Kansolo—and thence to Victoria Falls—we find that each reach is abundantly supplied with coal. Your Lordship's attention has already been directed to the coal-field at Tete. In addition to a former discovery of coal on the south bank above Chicova, we now discovered the mineral in two rivulets on the north bank. Blocks of it, a foot or more square, lay in a stream, called Sinjere, and, curiously enough, the natives did not know that it would burn. The same coal-field extends, with occasional faults from the bursting through of igneous rocks, nearly to the Victoria Falls, and the quality is better even than that of Tete. It resembles closely English domestic coal, for it froths like toasting-cheese in an open fire. This vast coal-field will possibly modify the calculations of philosophers as to the amount of mineral in the world, and it may constitute an important element in the future greatness of the Cape colony.

"Dr. Kirk and I, with four Makololo, went up to the worst or unapproachable rapid, called 'Morumbua.' Our companions were most willing fellows; but at last gave in, showing their horny soles blistered, and

the blisters broken. Our good strong boots were quite worn through; a pair of 'powries' (none-such) went as the others, though in ordinary travelling there was no wearing them down. On still urging the Makololo to another effort, they said that 'they always believed I had a heart till then; I had surely become insane, and they were sorry Kirk could not understand them, for if he could he would go back with them.' A fortnight and thirty miles made us all lean and haggard, as if recovering from severe illness. Had I come by this way in 1856, I should never have reached Tete. I do not attempt to describe the rocks, broken, twisted, huddled about in the wildest manner and confusion, over which we struggled: it is impossible. But this region, with its lofty healthy mountains, will yet become famous for tourists. We climbed over mountains 2,000 or 2,300 feet high, and cut our way through the tangled forest that covers them. I once thought highly of field geography, and despised that of the easy chair; but I gave in now. Commend me to travelling with a pair of compasses or seven-league boots, without any regard to the slight obstacles which Nature has interposed. Easy-chair geography will do for all the easy-going people, and is often believed in by even the public; but you need not suppose I have been going the length of making no observations, though I cannot send you any on this occasion; no time to transcribe."

"The people inhabiting the valley of the Zambesi above the confluence of the Kafue are chiefly Baleuje and Bawe; but they are much mixed with other tribes. They all cultivate the soil and raise large quantities of grain. A considerable amount of remarkably fine cotton is also planted, yet a large number of the men go stark naked. They are not inferior in any respect to the natives who clothe themselves—the women are all decently covered; but these Baenda-pezi, or go-nakeds as they are called, are absolutely devoid of shame. Their tobacco-pipes are elaborately ornamented with iron and copper, and they are sufficiently conceited in the fashion of their hair and the colour of the beads around their necks; but though they deny the existence of any law on the subject except custom, neither laughing nor joking could arouse the sense of decency. What was of more importance, they were very hospitable, and accompanied us for days together, carrying the burdens of our men for very small payments."

CHAPTER XIV.

Start for Linyanti.—Cutting up an Elephant.—The “go-naked” Tribe.—The Victoria Falls.—They find Sekeletu Ill.—Leave Sesheke.—Arrive at Kongone.

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

A merchant at Tete sent three of his men with the party to convey a present for Sekeletu, two other merchants sent him a couple of donkeys, and Major Sicard sent them men to assist them on their return, when, of course, their attendants would be reduced, should the Makololo men elect to remain, and no one volunteer to accompany them on their return down the river. In order to escape the exactions of the Banyai tribes, the party proceeded up the left bank of the river. At several of the villages, on their way up the Zambesi valley, they saw and conversed with *pondoros*, as men are called who pretend to be able to change themselves into a lion or other animal. Strangely enough, this power appeared to be believed in by the people; even the wife of the *pondoro*, during the period when he retires into the forests to change his shape, leaving food for him in a hut in the forest prepared for him, the change to the brute form apparently not destroying or altering the human appetite. These excursions usually last until the *pondoro* has discovered some animal just slain by a lion, when he returns to his village and

leads them to the carcase, taking credit to himself, of course, for having killed it during his transformation.

“It is believed also,” says Dr. Livingstone, “that the souls of departed chiefs enter into lions, rendering them sacred. On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kafue, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring.” One of their native followers, imbued with the popular belief that the brute was a chief in disguise, took him to task in his intervals of silence for his meanness in wanting to plunder the camp.

“You a chief, eh? You call yourself a chief do you? What kind a chief are you to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief truly; you are like the scavenger beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief; why don’t you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all indeed!”

Near the village of a chief called Sandia, six of the Makololo shot a cow elephant. In this district, the chief claims one half of any game killed on his ground. This right was to some extent waived, the headman of the hunting party superintended the cutting up of the brute and apportioned the pieces—“the head and right hind leg belong to him who killed the beast, that is to him who inflicted the first wound; the left leg to him who delivered the second, or first touched the animal after it fell; the meat around the eye to the English, or chief of the travellers; and different parts to the headmen of the different fires, or groups, of which the camp is composed; not forgetting to enjoin the preservation of the fat and bowels for a second distribution.” The cutting up of the carcase is a scene of wild excitement. “Some jump inside, and roll about there in their eagerness to seize the precious fat, while others run off screaming, with pieces of the bloody meat, throw it on the grass, and run back for more; all kept talking and shouting at the utmost pitch of their voices. Sometimes two or three, regardless of all law, seize the same piece of meat, and have a brief fight of words over it. . . . In an incredibly short time tons of meat are cut up, and placed in separate heaps around.” The following is the method of cooking the elephant’s forefoot, which the white members of the party had for breakfast on the following morning. “A large hole was dug in the ground in which a fire was made, and when the inside was thoroughly heated, the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with the hot ashes and soil. Another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night. . . . It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow. . . . Elephants’ trunks and tongues are also good, and, after long simmering, much resemble the hump of a buffalo, and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough, and, from its peculiar flavour, only to be eaten by a hungry man.” The natives eat enormous quantities of meat when they have the opportunity.

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

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

In camp, when food was plenty, there was no lack of amusement. After the camp fires were lighted and the important labours consequent on cooking and eating were over, the party sat round the fires talking and singing.

“Every evening one of the Batoka played his *sansa*, and continued at it until far into the night; he accompanied it with an extempore song, in which he rehearsed their deeds ever since they left their own country.” Political discussions frequently arose, in which radical and revolutionary theorists combated loyal and constitutional orators, after the manner of political clubs at home. On these occasions “the whole camp was aroused, and the men shouted to one another from the different fires; whilst some whose tongues were never heard on any other subject, now burst forth into impassioned speech. The misgovernment of chiefs formed an inexhaustible 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; whilst we, who do the hard work, have hunger, only one wife, or more likely

none ; now this must be bad, unjust, and wrong.' All shouted to this a loud 'che,' equivalent to our 'hear, hear.'

"Next the headmen, Kanyata, and Tuba, with his loud voice, are heard taking up the subject on the loyal side."

"The chief is the father of the people ; can there be people without a father, eh ? God made the chief. Who says that the chief is not wise ? He is wise, but his children are fools.' 'Tuba goes on generally till he has silenced all opposition ; and if his arguments are not always sound, his voice is the loudest, and he is sure to have the last word. "

About five o'clock in the morning the camp was astir ; the blankets were folded and stowed away in bags ; the *fumbas* and cooking pots were fixed on the end of the carrying sticks, which were borne on the shoulders. The cook carried the cooking utensils used for the Englishmen ; and after a cup of tea or coffee, the whole party were on the march before sunrise.

At nine, breakfast was prepared at a convenient spot. In the middle of the day there was a short rest, and early in the afternoon they pitched their camp—the white men going a-hunting if food was required, and examining the neighbourhood. Their rate of progress was about two and a half miles an hour as the crow flies, and their daily march lasted about six hours. After several days of this, the natives complained of being fatigued, even when well fed with fresh meat. They lacked the stamina and endurance of the Europeans, although travelling in their own country.

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

Of the effect the white men have upon the native population on a first encounter, Dr. Livingstone says :—

"There must be something in the appearance of white men frightfully repulsive to the unsophisticated natives of Africa ; for, on entering villages previously unvisited by Europeans, if we met a child coming quietly and unsuspectingly towards us, the moment he raised his eyes, and saw the men in 'bags' (trousers), he would take to his heels in an agony of terror, such as we might feel if we met a live Egyptian mummy at the door of the British museum. Alarmed by the child's wild outcries, the mother rushes out of her

hut, but darts back again at the first glimpse of the same fearful apparition. Dogs turn tail and scour off in dismay, and hens abandoning their chickens fly screaming to the tops of the houses. The so-lately peaceful village becomes a scene of confusion and hubbub, until calmed by the laughing assurance of our men, that white people do not eat black folks; a joke having oftentimes greater influence in Africa than solemn assertions. Some of our young swells, on entering an African village, might experience a collapse of self-inflation, at the sight of all the pretty girls fleeing from them, as from hideous cannibals, or by witnessing, as we have done, the conversion of themselves into public hobgoblins; the mammas holding naughty children away from them, and saying, 'Be good, or I shall call the white men to bite you.'"

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

Here, they examined seams of excellent coal, and found lumps of it which had been brought down from the near hill ranges by the brooks, and astonished the natives by showing them that the black stones would burn. They stated that there was plenty of it among the hills. Some of the chiefs wore wigs made of the fibrous leaves of a plant called *ife*, allied to the aloes; when properly dyed these wigs have a fine glossy appearance. Mpende and his people, who were objects of some dread to Livingstone and his companions in their journey to the coast from Linyanti were now most friendly: the chief apologising for his want of attention to the traveller and his party as they passed on their way to the coast. Several Banyai chiefs sent their headmen across the stream to demand tribute, but the travellers were glad to be in a position to resist such exactions. Halting near the village of a chief named Pangola, he demanded a rifle in exchange for the food they needed, and refused to trade on any other terms; fortunately, a member of the party managed to shoot a water-bok, which rendered them independent of the greedy savage, who was intensely mortified at seeing them depart without his having traded with them in any way. He cried after them as they passed on their way, "You are passing Pangola. Do not you see Pangola?" But the whole party were so disgusted with him that they would have no dealings with him on any terms.

Passing the ruins of the once flourishing Portuguese settlement of Zumbo,

which is beautifully situated in the midst of fertile plains watered by two splendid rivers, the travellers moralised on the worse than utter failure attending the establishment of the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa. "Not a single art (says Dr. Livingstone) save that of distilling spirits by means of a gun-barrel, has ever been learnt from the strangers; and if all the progeny of the whites were at once to leave the country, their only memorial would be the ruins of a few stone and mud-built walls, and that blighting relic of the slave-trade, the belief that man may sell his brother man; a belief which is not of native origin, for it is not found except in the track of the Portuguese." Beyond the ruins of their churches at Zumbo, there is nothing in the habits and beliefs of the people to tell that Christianity was once taught there. At Tete, Senna, and Kilimane, where the Jesuits have still establishments, although shorn of their original splendour, their want of success is in deep contrast to the good done among the people of Ambaca, which is still perceptible after several generations. Maintaining a footing in the country only on the sufferance of the Zulus and other native tribes, it is a matter of deep regret that the Portuguese government should be permitted to stand in the way of the elevation of a people, and the civilization of a vast territory.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The following admirable account of the Batoka country and its people is from the pen of Mr. Charles Livingstone:—

"The country of the Batoka, in Central Africa, lies between the 25th and 29th degrees of East longitude and the 16th and 18th of South latitude.

It has the river Kafue on the North, the Zambesi on the East and South, and extends West till it touches the low fever-plains of the river Majeela, near Sesheke.

“But a few years since these extensive, healthy highlands were well peopled by the Batoka; numerous herds of cattle furnished abundance of milk, and the rich soil largely repaid the labour of the husbandman. Now enormous herds of buffaloes, elephants, antelopes, zebras, &c., fatten on the excellent pasture which formerly supported multitudes of cattle, and not a human being is to be seen. We travelled from Monday morning till late in the Saturday afternoon (from Thabacheu to within 20 miles of Victoria Falls) without meeting a single person, though constantly passing the ruined sites of Batoka villages. These people were driven out of this, the choicest portion of their noble country, by the invasion of Sebituane. Many were killed, and the survivors, except those around the Falls, plundered of their cattle, fled to the banks of the Zambesi and to the rugged hills of Mataba. Scarcely, however, had the conquerors settled down to enjoy their ill-gotten riches when they themselves were attacked by small-pox; and, as soon as its ravages had ceased, the fighting Matabele compelled them to abandon the country, and seek refuge amidst the fever-swamps of Linyanti.

“The Batoka have a mild and pleasant expression of countenance, and are easily distinguished from the other Africans by the singular fashion of wearing no upper front teeth, all persons of both sexes having them knocked out in early life. They seem never to have been a fighting race, but to have lived at peace among themselves, and on good terms with their neighbours. While passing through their country we observed one day a large cairn. Our guide favoured us with the following account of it:—‘Once on a time the ancients were going to fight another tribe; they halted here and sat down. After a long consultation they came to the unanimous conclusion that, instead of proceeding to fight and kill their neighbours, and perchance getting themselves killed, it would be more like men to raise this heap of stones as their earnest protest against what the other tribe had done, which they accordingly did, and then returned quietly home again.’

“But, although the Batoka appear never to have had much stomach for fighting with men, they are remarkably brave hunters of buffaloes and elephants. They rush fearlessly close up to these formidable animals, and kill them with their heavy spears. The Banyai, who have long levied black-mail from all Portuguese traders, were amazed at the daring bravery of the Batoka in coming at once to close quarters with the elephant and despatching him. They had never seen the like before. Does it require one kind of bravery to fight with men, and another and different sort to fight with the fiercest animals? It seems that men may have the one kind in an eminent degree, and yet be without the other.

“The Batoka having lived at peace for ages, had evidently attained to a degree of civilization very much in advance of any other tribe we have yet discovered. They *planted* and *cultivated fruit-trees*. Nowhere else has this been the case, not even among the tribes which have been in contact with the Portuguese for two hundred years, and have seen and tasted mangoes, oranges, &c., &c. The natives round Senna and Tete will on no account plant the stone of a mango. They are firm believers in a superstition that ‘if any one plants a mango, he will die soon afterwards.’

“In and around the Batoka villages some of the most valuable timber-trees have been allowed to stand, but every worthless tree has been cut down and rooted out, and the best of the various fruit-trees of the country have been carefully planted and preserved, and also a few trees from whose seeds they extracted oil. We saw fruit-trees which had been planted in regular rows, the trunks being about three feet in diameter, and also grand old Motsakiri fruit-trees still bearing abundantly, which had certainly seen a hundred summers.

“Two of the ancient Batoka once travelled as far as the river Loangwa. There they saw the massan-tree in fruit, carried some all the way back to the Great Falls, and planted them. Two of the trees are still standing, the only ones of the kind in all that region.

“They made a near approach to the custom of even the most refined nations in having permanent graveyards, either on the sides of sacred hills, or under the shady fig-trees near the villages. They revered the tombs of their ancestors, and erected monuments of the costliest ivory at the head of the grave, and often even entirely enclosed it with the choicest ivory. Other tribes on the Zambesi throw the body into the river, to be devoured by alligators; or, sewing it in a mat, place it on the branches of the baobab, or cast it into some gloomy, solitary spot overgrown with thorns and noxious weeds, to be devoured by the foul hyena. But the Batoka reverently buried their dead, and regarded the ground as sacred to their memories. Near the confluence of the Kafue, the chief, accompanied by some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present; their foreheads were marked with white flour, and there was an unusual seriousness in their demeanour.

“We were informed that shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft. Conscious of innocence they accepted the terrible ordeal, or offered to drink the poisoned muavi. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill where reposed the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirits of their fathers to judge of the innocence of these their children, drank the muavi, vomited, and were therefore declared to be ‘Not guilty.’ They believed in the immortality of the soul, and that the souls of their ancestors knew what they were doing, and were

pleased or not accordingly. The owners of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirits of their fathers, who helped them in killing the hippopotamus.

“Some of the Batoka chiefs must have had a good deal of enterprise. The lands of one in the western part of the country lay on the Zambesi, which protected him on the South; on the East and North was an impassable reedy marsh, filled with water all the year round, leaving only his West border unprotected and open to invasion. He conceived the bold project of digging a broad and deep canal, nearly a mile in length, from the West end of the reedy river to the Zambesi, and actually carried it into execution; thus forming a large island, on which his cattle grazed in safety, and his corn ripened from year to year secure from all marauders.

“Another chief, who died a number of years ago, believed that he had discovered a remedy for tsetse-bitten cattle. His son showed us the plant, which was new to our botanist, and likewise told us how the medicine was prepared. The bark of the root is dried, and—what will be specially palatable to our homœopathist friends—a dozen tsetse are caught, dried, and ground with the bark to a fine powder. The mixture is administered internally, and the cattle are also smoked, by burning the rest of the plant under them. The treatment is continued some weeks, as often as symptoms of the poison show themselves. This, he frankly said, will not cure all the bitten cattle, for cattle, and men too, die in spite of medicine; but should a herd by accident stray into a tsetse district and get bitten, by this medicine of Kampakampa, his father, some of them could be saved, while without it all would be sure to die.

“A remarkably prominent feature in the Batoka character is their enlarged hospitality. No stranger is ever allowed to suffer hunger. They invariably sent to our sleeping-places large presents of the finest white meal, with fat capons “to give it a relish,” and great pots of beer to comfort our hearts, with pumpkins, beans, and tobacco; so that, as they said, we ‘should not sleep hungry or thirsty.’

“In travelling from the Kafue to Sinamanes, we often passed several villages in the course of a day’s march. In the evening, deputations arrived from those villages at which we could not sleep, with liberal presents of food. It evidently pained them to have strangers pass them without partaking of their hospitality. Repeatedly were we hailed from huts, asked to wait a moment and drink a little beer, which they brought with alacrity.

“When we halted for the night, it was no uncommon thing for these people to prepare our camp. Entirely of their own accord, some with their hoes quickly smoothed the ground for our beds; others brought bundles of grass and spread it carefully over the spot; some with their small axes speedily made a brush-fence round to shield us from the wind; and if, as

occasionally happened, the water was a little distant, others hastened and brought a pot or two of water to cook our food with, and also firewood. They are an industrious people, and very fond of agriculture. For hours at a time have we marched through unbroken corn-fields of nearly a mile in width. They erect numerous granaries for the reception of the grain, which give their villages the appearance of being unusually large; and when the water of the Zambesi has subsided they place the grain, tied up in bundles of grass, well plastered over with clay, on low sand islands, as a protection against the attacks of marauding mice and men.

“Owing to the ravages of the weevil, the native corn can hardly be preserved until the following crop comes in. However largely they may cultivate, and abundant the harvest, it must all be consumed the same year in which it is grown. This may account for their making so much of it into beer. The beer they brew is not the sour and intoxicating kind found among other tribes, but sweet, and highly nutritious, with only a slight degree of acidity to render it a pleasant drink. We never saw a single case of intoxication among them, though all drank great quantities of beer. They were all plump, and in good condition.

“Both men and boys were eager to work for very small pay. Our men could hire any number of them to carry their burdens for a few beads a-day or a bit of cloth. The miserly and extra-dirty cook had an old pair of trousers some of us had given him, and which he had long worn himself: with one of the decayed legs of his trousers he hired a man to carry his heavy load a whole day; a second man carried it the next day for the other leg; and what remained of the old trousers, minus the buttons, procured the labour of another man for the third day.

“A peculiar order of men is established among them, the order of the Endah Pezes (Go-Nakeds). The badge of this order, as the name suggests, consists in the entire absence of the slightest shred of clothing. They are in the state in which Adam is reported to have been before his invention of the fig-leaf apparel. We began to see members of this order about two days above the junction of the Kafue; two or three might be seen in a village. The numbers steadily increased, until in a short time every man and boy wore a badge of the Endah Pezes. The chief of one of the first villages, a noble, generous fellow, was one, as were likewise two or three of his men. In the afternoon he visited us in the full dress of his order, viz., a tobacco-pipe, nothing else whatever, the stem about two feet long, wound round with polished iron. He gave us a liberal present. Early next morning he came, accompanied by his wife and daughter, with two large pots of beer, in order that we might refresh ourselves before starting. Both the women, as comely and modest-looking as we have seen in Africa, were well clothed and adorned.

“The women, in fact, are all well clothed, and have many ornaments.

Some wear tin ear-rings all round the ear, no fewer than nine often in each ear. There was nothing to indicate that they had the slightest idea of there being anything peculiar in the no-dress-at-all style of their order. They rub their bodies with red ochre. Some plait a fillet two inches wide, of the inner bark of trees, shave the wool off the lower part of the head to an inch above the ear, tie this fillet on, having rubbed it and the wool which is left with the red ochre mixed in oil. It gives them the appearance of having on a neat forage-cap. This, with some strings of beads, a little polished iron wire round the arms, the never-failing pipe, and a small pair of tongs to lift up a coal to light it with, constitute all the clothing the most dandyfied Endah Peze ever wears.

“They raise immense quantities of tobacco on the banks of the Zambesi in the winter months, and are, perhaps, the most inveterate smokers in the world. The pipe is seldom out of their hands. They are as polite smokers as any ever found in a railway carriage. When they came with a present, although it was their own country, before lighting their pipes they asked if we had any objections to their smoking beside us, which of course, contrary to railway travellers, we never had. They have invented a novel mode of smoking, which may interest those who are fond of the weed at home. They take a whiff, puff out the grosser smoke, then by a sudden inhalation before all is out contrive to catch, as they say, and swallow the pure spirit of the tobacco, its real essence, which common smokers lose entirely. Their tobacco is said to be very strong; it is certainly very cheap; a few strings of beads will purchase as much as will last any reasonable smoker half a year. Their government, whatever it may have been formerly, is now that of separate and independent chiefs.”

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

Dr. Livingstone and his English friends had news also to receive of a painful character. An attempt to establish a mission at Linyanti under the Rev. F. C. Helmore had failed. The mission originally consisted of nine Europeans and thirteen coloured people from the neighbourhood of Kuruman. Of these, five Europeans, including Mr. Helmore and his wife, and four natives, died within three months, and the survivors retreated disheartened from the region which had been so deadly to their devoted companions. Sekeletu had behaved very badly to the members of the mission, and got into trouble on account of his conduct with Sechele, who considered himself the guardian and protector of the white men in these parts.

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

On the 9th of August, 1860, the party reached the Victoria Falls, and Dr. Livingstone and his two companions were rowed through the rapids to Garden Island, to obtain a view of the falls. The canoe in which they sat was owned by Tuba Mokoro, which means “Smasher of canoes,” a somewhat ominous title, which his success and skill on the present occasion belied. The party had to embark several miles above the falls, and were strictly enjoined to maintain silence. For a considerable distance the river was smooth and tranquil, the beautiful islands, densely covered with tropical vegetation, adding to the pleasure felt in the rapid and easy movement of the craft. Near the falls the surface of the river is broken by rocks, which, as the water was then low, protruded their heads above the stream, breaking the current into boiling and foaming eddies, which required all the skill of the boatmen to pilot their way through. “There were places”—Livingstone says—“where the utmost exertion of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapids, and to prevent it from sweeping down broadside, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves floundering among the plotuses and cormorants, which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish. At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then with ready pole turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided smoothly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. . . . We were driving swiftly down. A black rock, over which the foam flew, lay directly in our path. The pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still shallow place, to bale out the water.”

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

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

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

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

The two horses left by Dr. Livingstone in 1853 were still alive, notwithstanding the severe discipline to which they had been subjected. Sekeletu had a great passion for horses, and about a year before the arrival of Livingstone and his friends from Tete, a party of Makololo were sent to Benguela on the west coast, who had purchased five horses, but they had all died on the journey, through being bewitched as they believed, and they arrived with

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

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

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

As Dr. Livingstone wished to get some more medicine and papers out of the waggon he had left at Linyanti in 1853, he determined to proceed there himself. On his arrival he found the waggon and its contents untouched from the time of his departure in 1853, and everything in its place. This illustrates the trustworthy character of the Makololo, which was still further exemplified by the discovery of one of the books of notes he had left with Sekeletu on his departure for the west coast in 1853. It will be remembered, that fearing he was dead Sekeletu had given two books, together with a letter addressed to Mr. Moffat, to a native trader, and that nothing further had been heard of them. On being told that the trader, to whom they had said they had given the books and letters, had denied having received them, Seipone, one of Sekeletu's wives, said "He lies; I gave them to him myself." The trader afterwards went to Moselekatse's country, and his conscience having bothered him, it is presumed, "one of the volumes was put into the mail-bag coming from the south, which came to hand with the lock taken off in quite a scientific manner."

In the waggon Livingstone found the supply of medicine he had left there untouched, and it was a melancholy reflection that Mr. Helmore and

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

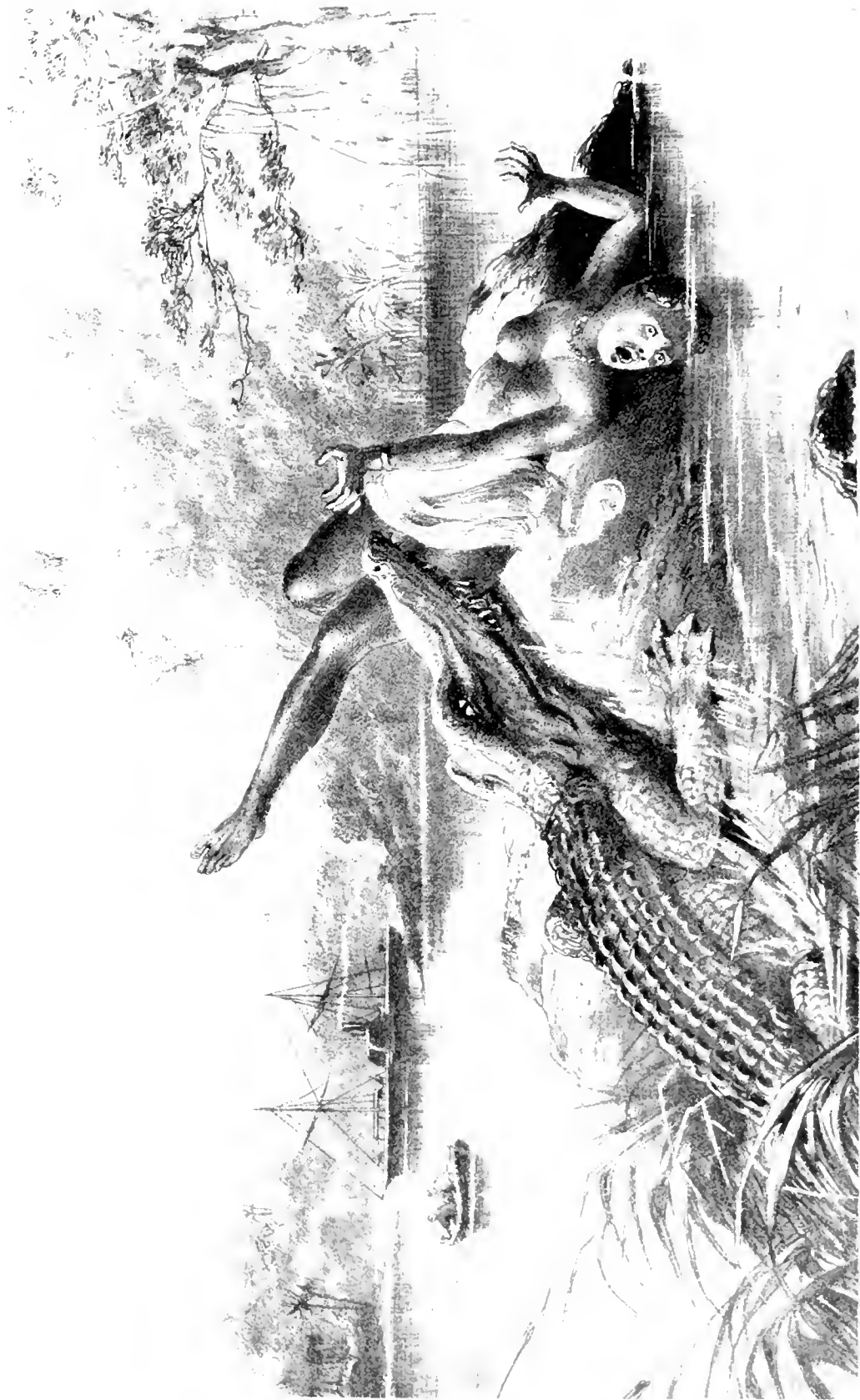
" . . . the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can,"

—was universally understood in its naked simplicity; and despite their general ignorance, they could reason very ingeniously. The cattle they took from neighbouring tribes were in all likelihood the descendants of cattle which at an earlier period had belonged to themselves; how, therefore, could it be a sin, they argued, to take back what was their own? We question whether any border cattle-lifter of the 17th century could have given a better reason for his cattle stealing proclivities than this!

To those who knew the history of the Makololo tribe and its great chief Sebituane, the prospect of its passing away as a power in Central Africa was sad indeed. Indolence—the Makalaka did all their hard work—and the pestilent country on the Chobe and Zambesi induced a rapid deterioration of the manly qualities which had made them predominant over the tribes of the interior. Livingstone says:—

"None but brave and daring men remained long with Sebituane: his stern discipline soon eradicated cowardice from his army. If the chief saw a man running away from the fight, he rushed after him with amazing speed, and cut him down; or waited till he returned to the town, and then summoned the deserter into his presence.' 'You did not wish to die in the field, you wished to die at home, did you? You shall have your wish! and he was instantly led off and executed.'"

The Makololo made use of the spoons given them to convey their food to the palm of their hand which conveyed it to the mouth. They were horrified at seeing Dr. Livingstone and his friends put butter on their bread, as they only eat it when melted. "Look at them look at them," they said,



A FRIGHTFUL INCIDENT

“they are actually eating raw butter.” The principal use they made of butter was to anoint the body.

“The Makololo women have soft, small delicate hands and feet; their foreheads are well shaped, and of good size; the nose not disagreeably flat; the mouth, chin, teeth, eyes, and general form, are beautiful, and contrasted with the west coast negro, quite lady-like. Having maid-servants (children of the Barotse and Makalaka) to wait on them and perform the principal part of the household work, abundance of time is left them, and they are sometimes at a loss to know what to do with it.”

The party “met a venerable warrior, sole survivor, save one, probably, of the Mantatee host which threatened to invade the colony in 1824. He retained a vivid recollection of their encounter with the Griquas. ‘As we looked at the men and horses, puffs of smoke arose, and some of us dropped down dead! Never saw anything like it in all my life, a man’s brains lying in one place and his body in another!’ They could not understand what was killing them; a ball struck a man’s shield at an angle; knocked his arm out of joint at the shoulder; and leaving a mark or burn, as he said, on the shield, killed another man close by. We saw the man with his shoulder still dislocated. Sebituane was present at the fighting, and had an exalted opinion of the power of white people ever afterwards.”

The natives of Central Africa smoke Barig or native hemp, under the name of Matokwane. Dr. Livingstone says:—

“We had ample opportunity for observing the effect of this Matokwane smoking on our men. It makes them feel very strong in body, but it produces exactly the opposite effect upon the mind. Two of our finest young men became inveterate smokers, and partially idiotic. The performances of a group of Matokwane smokers are somewhat grotesque; they are provided with a calabash of pure water, a split bamboo, five feet long, and the great pipe, which has a large calabash or antelope’s horn chamber to contain the water, through which the smoke is drawn, on its way to the mouth. Each smoker takes a few whiffs, the last being an extra long one, and hands the pipe to his neighbour. He seems to swallow the fumes; for, striving against the convulsive action of the muscles of the chest and throat, he takes a mouthful of water from the calabash, waits a few seconds, and then pours water and smoke from his mouth down the groove of the bamboo. The smoke causes violent coughing in all, and in some a species of frenzy, which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as ‘the green grass grows,’ ‘the fat cattle thrive,’ ‘the fish swim.’ No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquences, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks rather foolish.”

The party left Sesheske on the 17th of September, 1860. Leshore and

Pitsane (the latter the factotum of Dr. Livingstone in his journey to and from Loanda), and several Batoka men being sent with them to aid them in their journey, and bring the merchandise left at Tete, and a supply of medicine for Sekeletu, who was then nearly cured of his loathsome complaint. Although he and his people were suffering from famine, Sekeletu had been generous in his treatment of Dr. Livingstone and his companions; and when they left he gave them six oxen for their support until they reached the country below the falls, where food was more abundant. The party passed down the valley of the Zambesi, sometimes by land and sometimes in canoes—the latter being either bought or borrowed, or freely loaned for their use without reward, according to the friendly or unfriendly character of the proprietors. Below the junction of the Kafue with the Zambesi, they met a half-caste ivory hunter named Sequasha, who, along with a large number of armed slaves, had been hunting elephants since they passed up the river. He told them that his men had killed 210 elephants during the trip. This Sequasha was an unscrupulous villain. Shortly before this he had entered into a league with the headman of a chief called Mpangwe, near Zumbo, to kill the chief. With a picked party of slaves, armed with loaded muskets, he visited the unsuspecting chief, who received him kindly; and while he was ministering to their wants, the chief and twenty of his people were shot in cold blood. For this diabolical service he received ten tusks, and the headman usurped the place of his murdered master. Sequasha carried a plentiful supply of wares with him to purchase tusks and food, and among other articles he had a quantity of American clocks, which got him into trouble with a tribe of Banvai. He set them all a-going in the presence of the chief, who was greatly frightened at the strange noise they made, and imagining that they were intended to bewitch himself and his people, it was decided that Sequahas should pay a heavy fine of cloth and beads for his imprudence.

They again met Sequasha at Senna, when he confessed to having brought down 25,800 lbs. of ivory. At Tete he was afterwards cast into prison, the reason given being his disorderly conduct in the interior—the true reason being the desire to share a part of his wealth. He was soon after set at liberty, no doubt after he had compounded with the authorities.

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

In one of the Kebrabasa Rapids, Dr. Kirk's canoe was swamped, the occupants scrambling ashore with difficulty ; but unfortunately a chronometer, a barometer, his notes of the journey, and botanical drawings of the fruit trees in the interior, were lost. The river was very low and crocodiles were numerous. On one occasion, as they were dragging the dead body of a hippopotamus behind one of the canoes, these reptiles rose in such numbers and tugged so hard at the huge carcass that they had to cut it adrift to save the canoe from being swamped. On another occasion, one of these monsters seized a water-bok, which had been wounded by a shot, and dragged it into the river. The poor animal made a desperate resistance and succeeded in freeing itself, when another crocodile gave chase, but a ball aimed at it drove it to the bottom. At many places in the interior stockades were erected to preserve the women from the attacks of crocodiles while taking water from the river. At Tete and Senna, where many slave women were seized by crocodiles, no such precautions were taken (even although Livingstone offered a subscription towards the expense). The lives of slaves were too valueless to occasion either thought or trouble for their preservation to men otherwise humane.

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

The party arrived safely at Tete on the 23rd of November, after an absence of a little over six months. The two English sailors had enjoyed excellent health, and behaved themselves admirably during the absence of the party. Their gardening operations turned out a failure. A hippopotamus had paid the garden a visit and eaten up all the vegetables, and the sheep they had ate up the cotton when it was in flower, the crocodiles devoured the sheep left with them, and two monkeys they purchased ate the eggs of the fowls, and in turn the natives relieved them of all care of the latter by landing on the island during the night and stealing them. They were more successful in bargaining with the natives for food ; their purchases were all made on board the steamer, and when more was demanded than the market price, they brought a chameleon out of the cabin, an animal of which the natives have a mortal dread, and thus settled the matter at once, by clearing the deck of the exorbitant traders.

One night they were roused by hearing shrieks of distress, and on rowing to the spot found a woman in the jaws of a crocodile. Rescuing her with the loss of a leg below the knee, they took her on board, gave her a bottle of rum,

bandaged the leg, and carried her to her hut in the village. Next morning they found the bandages torn off and the unfortunate creature left to die. "I believe," remarked one of the sailors, "her master was angry with us for saving her life, seeing as how she had lost her leg."

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

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

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival of a New Steamer.—Arrival of Bishop Mackenzie and Party.—Liberation of a Band of Slaves on the Shire.—Disastrous ending to the Mission.—Arrival and Death of Mrs. Livingstone.—Dr. Livingstone returns to England.

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

The *Pioneer* anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February, which they found to have a magnificent natural harbour and bay. They sailed up the river for thirty miles, through a hilly and magnificently wooded country, but were compelled to return as the river was rapidly falling in volume, and they were afraid that the ship might ground altogether, and have to lie there until the next rainy season.

In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, Dr. Livingstone gives a graphic account of the Rovuma River and the difficulties attending the navigation:—

“The bed of the river is about three-quarters of a mile wide. It is flanked by a well-wooded table-land, which looks like ranges of hills, 500 feet high. Sometimes the spurs of the high land come close to the water, but generally there is a mile of level alluvial soil between them and the bank. So few people appeared at first, it looked like a ‘land to let;’ but, having walked up to the edge of the plateau, considerable cultivation was met with, though to make a garden a great mass of brushwood must be cleared away. The women

and children fled; but calling to a man not to be afraid, he asked if I had any objection to 'liquor with him,' and brought a cup of native beer. There are many new trees on the slopes, plenty of ebony in some places, and thickets of brushwood. The whole scenery had a light-gray appearance, dotted over with masses of green trees, which precede the others in putting on new foliage, for this may be called our winter. Other trees showed their young leaves brownish-red, but soon all will be gloriously green. Further up we came to numerous villages, perched on sandbanks in the river. They had villages on shore, too, and plenty of grain stowed away in the woods. They did not fear for their victuals, but were afraid of being stolen themselves. We passed through them all right, civilly declining an invitation to land at a village where two human heads had been cut off. A lot of these river-pilots then followed us till there was only a narrow passage under a high bank, and there let drive their arrows at us. We stopped and expostulated with them for a long time; then got them to one of the boats, and explained to them how easily we could drive them off with our rifles and revolvers, but we wished to be friends, and gave about 30 yards of calico in presents, in proof of friendship. All this time we were within 40 yards of a lot of them, armed with muskets and bows, on the high bank. On parting, as we thought, on friendly terms, and moving on, we received a volley of musket-balls and arrows, four bullet-holes being made in my sail; but finding that we, instead of running away, returned the fire, they took to their heels, and left the conviction that these are the Border ruffians who at various points present obstacles to African exploration—meu-stealers in fact, who care no more for human life than that respectable party in London who stuffed the 'Pioneer's' life-buoys with old straw instead of cork. It was sore against the grain to pay away that calico; it was submitting to be robbed for the sake of peace. It cannot be called 'black mail,' for that implies the rendering of important services by Arabs; nor is it 'custom dues.' It is robbery perpetrated by any one who has a traveller or trader in his power, and, when tamely submitted to, increases in amount till wood, water, grass, and every conceivable subject of offence is made occasion for a fine. On our return we passed quietly through them all, and probably the next English boat will be respected. Beyond these Makonde all were friendly and civil, laying down their arms before they came near us. Much trade is carried on by means of canoes, and we had the company of seven of these small craft for three days. They bring rice and grain down to purchase salt. When about 60 miles up, the table-land mentioned above retires, and we have an immense plain, with detached granite rocks and hills dotted over. Some rocks then appear in the river, and at last, at our turning point, the bed is all rocky masses, four or five feet high, with the water rushing through by numerous channels. The canoes go through with ease, and we might have taken the boats up also, but we were told that further up the

channels were much narrower, and there was a high degree of probability that we should get them smashed in coming down.

“We were on part of the slave-route from the Lake Nyassa to Quiloa (Kilwa) about 30 miles below the station of Ndonde, where that route crosses the Rovuma, and a little further from the confluence of the Liende, which, arising from the hills on the east of the Lake Nyassa, flows into the Rovuma. It is said to be very large, with reeds and aquatic plants growing in it, but at this time only ankle-deep. It contains no rocks till near its sources on the mountains, and between it and the lake the distance is reported to require between two and three days. At the cataracts where we turned there is no rock on the shore, as on the Zambesi, at Kebra-basa, and Murchison’s cataracts. The land is perfectly smooth, and, as far as we could see, the country presented the same flat appearance, with only a few detached hills. The tsetse is met with all along the Rovuma, and the people have no cattle in consequence. They produce large quantities of oil-yielding seeds, as the sesame, or gerzelin, and have hives placed on the trees every few miles. We never saw ebony of equal size to what we met on this river; and as to its navigability, as the mark at which water stands for many months is three feet above what it is now, and it is now said to be a cubit lower than usual, I have no doubt that a vessel drawing when loaded about 18 inches would run with ease during many months of the year. Should English trade be established on the Lake Nyassa, Englishmen will make this their outlet rather than pay dues to the Portuguese.

“We return to put our ship on Nyassa, by the Shire, because there we have the friendship of all the people, except that of the slave-hunters. Formerly we found the Shire people far more hostile than are the Makonde of Rovuma, but now they have confidence in us, and we in them. To leave them now would be to open the country for the slave-hunters to pursue their calling therein, and we should be obliged to go through the whole process of gaining a people’s confidence again.

“It may seem to some persons weak to feel a chord vibrating to the dust of her who rests on the banks of the Zambesi, and thinking that the path thereby is consecrated by her remains. We go back to Johanna and Zambesi in a few days. Kind regards to Lady Murchison, and believe me ever affectionately yours.”

On the Rovuma they found that hunting the senze, “an animal the size of a large cat, but in shape more like a pig, was the chief business of men and boys, as we passed the reedy banks and low islands. They set fire to a mass of reeds, and, armed with sticks, spears, bows and arrows, stand in groups guarding the outlets through which the scared senze may run from the approaching flames. Dark dense volumes of impenetrable smoke now roll over the lee-side of the islet, and showed the hunters. At times vast sheets of lurid flames bursting forth, roaring, crackling and exploding, leap wildly

far above the tall reeds. Out rush the terrified animals, and amid the smoke are seen the excited hunters dancing about with frantic gesticulations, and hurling stick, spear, and arrow, at their burned-out victims. Kites hover over the smoke, ready to pounce on the mantes and locusts as they spring from the fire. Small crows and hundreds of swallows are on eager wing, darting into the smoke and out again, seizing fugitive flies. Scores of insects, in their haste to escape from the fire, jump into the river, and the active fish enjoy a rare feast."

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

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

"A long line of manacled men and women made their appearance; the black drivers, armed with muskets, and bedecked with various articles of finery, marched jauntily in the front, middle, and rear of the line, some of them blowing exulting notes out of long tin horns. They seemed to feel that they were doing a very noble thing, and might proudly march with an air of triumph. But the instant the fellows caught a glimpse of the English, they darted off like mad into the forest; so fast, indeed, that we caught but a glimpse of their red caps, and the soles of their feet. The chief of the party

alone remained ; and he, from being in front, had his hand tightly grasped by a Makololo ! He proved to be a well-known slave of the late commandant at Tete, and for some time our own attendant while there. On asking him how he obtained these captives, he replied, he had bought them ; but on our inquiring of the people themselves, all save four said they had been captured in war. While this inquiry was going on, he bolted too. The captives knelt down, and in their way of expressing thanks, clapped their hands with great energy. They were thus left entirely in our hands, and knives were soon at work cutting women and children loose. It was more difficult to cut the men adrift, as each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick, six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod, which was riveted at both ends across the throat. With a saw, luckily in the bishop's baggage, one by one the men were sawn out into freedom. The women, on being told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves and the children, seemed to consider the news too good to be true ; but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire by which to boil their pots with the slave sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day. Many were mere children, about four years of age and under. One little boy, with the simplicity of childhood, said to our men, ' The others tied and starved us, you cut the ropes and tell us to eat ; what sort of people are you ? where do you come from ? ' Two of the women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the thongs. . . . One woman had her infant's brains knocked out, because she could not carry her load and it ; and a man was despatched with an axe, because he had broken down with fatigue."

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

Leaving the rescued slaves, the party started to visit the Ajawa people, who were carrying war and slavery among the Manganja, and came upon them in the act of sacking and burning a village, where Dr. Livingstone and his friends had been previously entertained by the peaceful inhabitants, so many of whom were then engaged in weaving cotton, that they had jestingly called it " the Paisley of the hills." After engaging with the bishop in fervent prayer, the party advanced to demand a parley. The poor Manganja seeing them shouted out, " Our Chibisa is come ;" Chibisa being well known as a great general and conjurer. The Ajawa ran off yelling, War ! war ! and refused to listen

to them ; but, rallying and forming themselves into a body, they began to shoot at them with their poisoned arrows, until the party were reluctantly compelled in self-defence to fire upon their assailants, who fled, shouting back that they would follow and kill them while they slept. This was the first occasion on which, in all his wanderings, Dr. Livingstone had felt compelled to use force; and it was with sad hearts that he and his companions returned to the village they had left in the morning, having failed in their attempt at conciliation, and having been compelled reluctantly to take a step which might subject them to much blame and misconstruction at the hands of lukewarm friends, and the secret enemies of the cause they had at heart.

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

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

The wives of the two carriers pleaded with the bishop that, as their husbands had been made captive in his service, he should rescue them from slavery. It appeared to him to be his duty to do this; and on asking the Makololo who had remained with him to assist in the expedition, they joyfully assented, as they held the prowess of the natives of the district in contempt, and knew of no better way of settling a difference with them than by a resort to force. There can be no doubt that had the bishop given them leave to do as they pleased, they would have cleared the country of the offenders; but he restrained them, which gave the delinquents an opportunity of escaping. The offending village was burned, and a few sheep and goats taken. The headman being afraid to retain the captives any longer liberated them, and they returned to their homes. As this expedition was undertaken during the rainy season, and the missionaries got frequently wet, their health was seriously affected.

The *Cape Argus* gives a summary of the fate of the leaders of the mission and the proceedings of Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk in taking Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, and the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, to the Mission Station on the Shire:—

“At Shupanga, about ten miles from Mozzaro, the *Pioneer*, it was found, could proceed no further. There was, therefore, no alternative but to prosecute the remainder of the journey in the two boats, which were provisioned for ten days; and as it was supposed that their destination might be reached in four the prospect did not look very formidable. When we say that, instead of four, twelve days elapsed ere the boats made the junction of the Rua river, 60 miles from their journey's end, and that during this period the ladies were in open boats, exposed to all the extremes of a fearfully unwholesome atmosphere, to the thousand insect-plagues which literally render existence almost unbearable, and that the crews were, man after man, struck down by insidious disease, it will be readily understood how wretched was their situation, and how heavily those in charge felt their responsibility.

“At this part of the river it was that the bishop and Mr. Burrup were expected to be in readiness to receive them. But the natives would not give any information. No one appeared, and Captain Wilson, knowing that provisions would be needed by the *Gorgon*, sent one of the two boats back down the river on a foraging expedition, while he pushed up with the other to leave the ladies at Chibisa. The crew of the former suffered terribly from fever on their way, and indeed, from all accounts, were most miraculously preserved, especially as provisions and medicine were all used up; and of stimulants there were none.

“Captain Wilson in his boat went on safely enough to Chibisa, the nearest spot to the mission station: there he left the ladies in charge of the doctor, and tried to get overland with Dr. Kirk, of the *Pioneer*, and four men; but when within two days' march of the place he was attacked by fever, which

had nearly proved fatal. Dr. Kirk even had looked out for a place in which to bury him. Dr. Kirk, too, was struck down, but most providentially a messenger, who had been dispatched forward, returned with some of the mission party. This may be said to have saved them from death.

“Then it was that Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk first learned the disastrous news which has shocked and saddened so many. The natives at Rua had known of it, but had kept silence, fearing lest they should be suspected of having caused the deaths of the bishop and Mr. Burrup, by witchcraft. One night, indeed, the boat in which were Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup had anchored within 100 yards of the bishop’s grave.

“On the 14th of February, it was first known at the station, by the arrival there of one of the Makololo, who reported the bishop’s death, and intimated the approach of the Rev. Mr. Burrup, who was carried on some rough branches of trees by two Makololo, but so shrunk and ill as to be scarcely recognisable. From Mr. Burrup it was gathered, that, after leaving the station on January 3, the bishop and he had slept five nights on the road; that at Chibisa they obtained a small canoe (the only one) with some men, who paddled them down to the island (Malo). Unfortunately they were upset, got wet through, and, worst of all, lost a case in the water, containing clothes, powder, and medicine. At first they were well received by Chief Chikangi. The bishop had an attack of low fever, which soon gained ground on a constitution which, though naturally strong, had been weakened by exposure and suffering. It soon became evident that he was sinking fast, as his speech was wandering, and he was perfectly helpless. The same afternoon, on the other side of the river, in a secluded spot under a large tree, the Rev. Mr. Burrup was reverently reading the burial service in the dim twilight over his lost leader, with no one near to share his affliction save the Makololo who had dug the grave.

“On the next day, Mr. Burrup prepared to return to the station. Nothing but death was before him. Leaving a letter for Dr. Livingstone, he journeyed on to Chibisa. Thence to the station he was carried, being too weak to walk. From the 14th February, the day of his arrival, hopes of his recovery were entertained for a short time; but ere long diarrhœa added to his weakness, and the fever was aggravated by the want of proper nourishing food. On the morning of the 22nd he breathed his last; and on Sunday, the following day, he was buried near the station. Neither Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Burrup, nor the Rev. Mr. Hawkins, ever reached the station: they returned to the Cape in H.M.’s ship *Gorgon*.”

After the deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, “it appears that several applications were made for assistance against the Ajawa, which, however, were resolutely declined. A constant succession of claims, nevertheless, ultimately decided Mr. Procter, who on Bishop Mackenzie’s death had been

left in charge of the mission, to visit Urbona, the chief of the Mingazi, in order to get his sanction to reside in his district, the country being hilly, particularly fine, and pleasant. Mr. Procter and Mr. Dickenson undertook this journey, and started off early on the morning of March 20; and on reaching their destination obtained permission to have a tour of exploration through the district governed by Urbono, in order to select a site which would not only be healthy, but also be appropriate for the carrying out of their mission. Accordingly, they proceeded towards a fine long spur of the western extremity of the Chiradzu Mountain, as the place looked promising. After crossing a valley which lay between them and the ridge which they wanted to reach, and ascending the ridge a considerable distance, Mr. Procter found the country favourable to their purpose. The want, however, of a stream, compelled them to abandon the thought of residing there. After making further explorations, the party returned to their mission station, where they continued until April 15, a period of nearly a month, educating the natives, &c., without being molested. On that day, however, news reached them of a series of incursions of the Ajawa, which rendered it imperative to change their station. This was accordingly done, about 70 men being engaged to assist in carrying their luggage. It was decided that they should proceed to Chibisa's village, on the Shire, for the present. The journey, which occupied ten days, was accomplished safely, almost all the people—in number about 60—freed through the exertions of the mission party, accompanied them. Mr. Procter's communication concludes: 'We are situated on a bank about 100 feet high, and for nearly a month have not felt any ill effects worse than those which came upon us in our former place. We hope we shall be able to remain here for a few months, and go on with our previous work, acquiring the language and teaching our own people.'

About December it was apparent that yet other victims had to suffer from the malaria of these regions. The Rev. H. C. Scudamore expired on the morning of 1st January, 1863. The following letter from the Rev. L. J. Procter gives an account of the state of affairs prior to Mr. Scudamore's death:—

“Signor Vianna's, on the Zambesi, 27th Dec., 1862.

“The wretched state of the country on the hills and along the Shire has compelled us again to have recourse to the Portuguese for a further supply of the food merely absolutely necessary, and I have come down with one of our native people to purchase rice for ourselves and mapira for our dependents. On reaching this place, the residence of Signor Vianna, on the 16th, I fell in with Dr. Livingstone, who had just returned from the Rovuma, which he had been exploring in boats, and where he tells me he had been partially successful in his search for a river-route to Lake Nyassa; but that he and his party had been in considerable danger from a number of river-pirates who

had attacked them with guns: they had come upon rapids in the river, but the country around was favourable for land carriage. All were well on the *Pioneer*, and they were going on to Shupanga, whence they would start up the Shire for Chibisa's, as soon as the rise in the water should be sufficient. As regards ourselves, he told me that there was a great quantity of stores for us at Killimane, which had been brought from the Cape by H.M.S. *Rapid*, in November, and which he had assisted in landing with considerable trouble and difficulty—another kindness for which we are indebted to the good Doctor.

“As I came down the Shire I found the people in considerable affright on account of Mariano in the higher parts of the surrounding country, where an immense number of fugitives had also gathered together: the lower parts were ravaged and almost deserted, burnt villages being the signs of what had been going on, and a number of guns fired only three or four miles distant from an island on which we one night slept, the tokens of what is still going on. Mariano has about 2,000 men, armed with guns for the most part, in his service, and is leagued now with the Portuguese at Killimane for slaving purposes.

“We have had the greatest difficulty in getting even a very small quantity of seed-corn from the natives. A short time before my departure we sent Charles Thomas, one of the Cape men, up the hills south of our last station to try if he could buy any; but he had very small success. He went towards the Milanje, and got very near the very place where I and Scudamore were attacked: the people there pleaded famine, not it appears from real want, against which there was abundant external evidence, but because they were evidently unwilling to encourage any traffic or even communication with the English. Charles gave a miserable account of the country in the neighbourhood of our late district, and the route to it from the Shire: it is at least decimated on account of the famine; he passed through many villages where all the inhabitants, he was told, had died of hunger. Mbami's village itself, with which I presume you are by this time familiar as the first stopping-place on our route to Magomero, is destitute of people; all have perished except the chief himself and a few of his family. He paid us a visit a short time ago and was then looking himself in a half-starved condition, very different from the stout and hearty personage who greeted us there on our first journey up. With regard to Satchi, and the country between it and Magomero, I think I have informed you in my previous letter.

“I took a journey with some of our own people down the Shire a short time before I left Mikarango, to try if anything was to be bought in the way of seed or corn, but I could get nothing: there were large crops coming on, but at present the complaint is famine. The people on the right bank, our side of the river, were also in great fear of another Portuguese rebel, of whom I made mention in one of my last letters as staying with Chibisa.”

The following postscript (dated 27th February) to a letter dated 10th February, 1863, from the Rev. J. L. Procter, already mentioned, narrates the state of matters up to date :—

Having alluded to the departure of Mr. Rowley, one of the mission to Tete for food (the expected supplies not having arrived), Mr. Procter says :—“ This is our last resource ; animal food is failing us, and even before Rowley can return we shall be reduced to simply vegetable diet. Of course, therefore, much depends upon this difficult and trying journey to Tete, which will occupy at least a month. If food can be had, all will be well : if not, our case is desperate, and but one resource will be left for us. I have accordingly written thus to Mr. Woodcock, our hon. secretary :—‘ Under the circumstances I feel it my duty to state that, if animal food cannot be insured, and if help in men and some additional provisions do not arrive from home, we shall be compelled to quit our present abode for the sea-coast, whence we shall try to make our way to either Johanna, Natal, or the Cape ; and, not to leave any indefiniteness in this sad statement, I will add that, if we receive no addition to our numbers, or see no better hopes for the future before the 15th June next, we shall then proceed to make our way down the river in the best way we can. Grievous as this resolve is, I fear we cannot do otherwise. The whole country is in a state of utter ruin and destitution, and the drought still continues. Our surgeon, Mr. Dickinson, assures us that we have only this alternative unless we choose to stay and die for want of proper sustenance.’ ”

A few weeks afterwards, Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, together with Dr. Kirk and a large party, including Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup, went up the Shire, to join the mission as they hoped ; and, although they were close by the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, they could hear nothing from the chief of Malo of the mission. He was in all likelihood afraid that he might be blamed for his death. At Chibisa's, the faithful Makololo told them the sad news they had come so far to hear. This information awakened fresh anxiety as to the fate of the others ; so, leaving the ladies with Dr. Ramsay and the Makololo, Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk pushed up into the hill country, where they met the survivors of the mission party at a chief's called Soche. Captain Wilson was suffering from a severe attack of fever, and the whole party were so exhausted that there was nothing for it but to return to the boat, and sail sadly down the river to the *Pioneer*. On the 4th of April, the *Gorgon* sailed for the Cape, taking with her all the surviving members of the mission save one.

On the 6th of August, 1861, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and Mr. Charles Livingstone, started for Nyassa, with a light four-oared gig, attended by a white sailor and a score of natives. They found no difficulty in hiring people to carry the boat from village to village, and as they had the means of crossing the streams they met with, were quite independent of the humours of

the various chiefs and headmen, with whom, on previous occasions, they had had to bargain for being transferred across the streams. The course of the river was followed closely so as to avail themselves of the still reaches between the rapids for sailing, and when they had passed the last of them, they launched their boat for good on the Shire. The upper portion of the river is so broad and deep that it is roughly spoken of by the natives as a portion of the lake. At one point in the upper reaches of the river Lake Shirwa is only a day's journey distant; and within a recent period they must have been connected. The native land party which they had sent forward to join them above the rapids, passed thousands of Manganja living in temporary huts, who had been compelled to fly before the bloodthirsty Ajawa.

The following is a singular instance of tenacity of life in a native woman on the Shire, who had been wounded in an attack by the Ajawa:—

“In the afternoon a canoe came floating down empty, and shortly after a woman was seen swimming near the other side, which was about two hundred yards distant from us. Our native crew manned the boat and rescued her; when brought on board, she was found to have an arrow-head, eight or ten inches long in her back, below the ribs, and slanting up through the diaphragm and left lung towards the heart—she had been shot from behind when stooping. Air was coming out of the wound, and, there being but an inch of the barbed arrow-head visible, it was thought better not to run the risk of her dying under the operation necessary for its removal; so we carried her up to her own hut. One of her relatives was less scrupulous, for he cut the arrow and part of the lung. Mr. Young sent her occasionally portions of native corn, and strange to say, found that she not only became well, but stout.”

The cooler temperature on the broad and deep waters of the lake was very enjoyable after the stifling heat on the river, which in its upper reaches is enclosed in an almost impenetrable belt of papyrus and other water plants; but they were very nearly shipwrecked in a tremendous storm which burst upon them almost without warning. “The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests driven into spray, streaming behind them. . . . Had one of these white-named seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us, for they came on with resistless fury; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. . . . We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, we would call Nyassa the Lake of Storms.”

At no place in Africa had Dr. Livingstone found the population so dense as on the shores of Nyassa. In some parts there was almost one unbroken succession of villages, and the inhabitants lined the shores of every bay, looking in wonder on a boat when propelled by sails. Whenever they landed



NATIVES FISHING ON THE NYASSA



WAR TREE IN A VILLAGE

they were the objects of untiring curiosity. The people are industrious agriculturists and fishers, and appeared to enjoy plenty of everything. No fines or dues were exacted from the explorers, nor presents demanded. The northern dwellers on the lake during a portion of the year reap a singular harvest. At the proper season clouds as of smoke from burning grass hang over the lake and the adjacent country. These clouds are formed of countless myriads of minute midges or gnats, and are called by the natives *kungo*, which means a cloud or fog. The natives gather these insects by night, and boil them into thick cakes, which they eat as a relish to their vegetable food. "A *kungo* cake, an inch thick, and as large as the blue bonnet of a Scotch ploughman, was offered to us; it was very dark in colour, and tasted not unlike caviare, or salted locusts."

The lake swarmed with fish, which the native fishermen catch in nets and basket traps, with hook and line. The principal fish, called the *sanjiku*, a kind of carp, grows to a length of two feet. Its flesh was delicious, better than that of any fish the party had tasted in Africa. Fine watermen as the Makololo were, they frankly confessed that the lake fishermen were their superiors in daring and skill.

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

The following account of Lake Nyassa and the people on its shores and their habits is extracted from a letter addressed by Mr. Charles Livingstone to Sir Roderick Murchison in January, 1862:—

"The depth of the lake," he says, "is indicated by the different colour of its waters. Near the land, and varying in width from a few yards to several miles according to the nature of the coast, is a belt of light green, and to this joined in a well-defined line the blue or indigo of the ocean, which is the colour of the great body of Nyassa.

"Not far from where we turned back, and about a mile from shore, we could find no bottom with over a hundred fathoms of line out. The temperature of this mass of water, near the end of September, was 72°, and the air was always cooler on the beach than farther inland. We visited the lake in

perhaps the stormiest season of the year (September and October), and were repeatedly detained by severe gales. At times, while sailing pleasantly over the blue water, with a gentle breeze and under a cloudless sky, suddenly and without any warning, would be heard the sound of the pursuing gale, as it came roaring on, dragging myriads of white-crested waves in its excited wake. We got caught, one morning in a heavy gale. As a sort of forlorn hope the anchor was let go in seven fathoms, a mile from the land, with the sea breaking, even far out beyond us. The waves we dreaded most rushed upon us in squadrons of threes, with a few minutes of comparative quiet between the successive charges. Had one of these almost perpendicular-sided masses broken on our frail bark nothing could have saved us, but, to our heartfelt relief, as on they came with resistless force they broke before reaching us, or on one side, or behind. For six mortal hours we faced the fierce charges of those terrible trios, not knowing but some one of their waves might be carrying our fate on its hoary and uplifted head. A low, dark cloud came slowly from the mountains, and for hours hung directly over our heads. Our black crew became so sea-sick as to be unable to sit up, and the bow-oar had to be constantly at work to keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives, with our land party, stood on the high cliffs, commiserating the unhappy fate of the poor white men, and exclaiming, as the boat was hid by the waves, 'Ah! they're lost! they're dead!' In the afternoon the gale moderated, the anchor was soon up, the glad boat ran for the land, dashed through the boiling surf, and in a few seconds was safe on the beach.

"The west side of Nyassa is a succession of bays of similar form, as though produced by a common cause, such as the prevalence of north-easterly winds; and each is separated from its neighbour by a rocky headland, with detached rocks extending some distance out to sea. In general these bays have a sandy beach or pebbly shore. The great south-westerly bay has a safe and commodious harbour. A good deal of the land adjacent to the lake is low, sometimes marshy, with numerous waterfowl and some elephants. Eight or ten miles back of the plain are ranges of high and well-wooded granite hills, running nearly parallel with the lake, and presenting in several places magnificent views of range towering behind range, until the distant blue mountains bound the prospect by rearing their lofty summits to the skies. Towards the north the plain becomes narrower, and near where we turned disappears altogether. The mountains then rise abruptly out of the lake, and form the north-east boundary of a high and extensive table-land, resembling the Batoka country, healthy, and well-suited for pasturage and agriculture.

"Never before, in Africa, have we seen anything like the dense population of Lake Nyassa, especially in the south. In some parts there seemed to be an unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of well-nigh every little

sandy bay, black crowds were standing gazing at the novel spectacle of a boat under sail; and whenever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children, who had hastened to stare at the 'chiromba,' or wild animals. To see the animals feed was the great attraction. Never did Zoological Society's lions draw a tithe of such multitudes. They crowded round us at meal times, a wilderness, an impenetrable thicket of negroes, looking on with the deepest apparent interest. The zeal they manifested in order to witness the whole procedure was more amusing than agreeable. The smell of black humanity, in a state of perspiration, is not pleasant while one is eating.

"They cultivate the soil pretty extensively, and grow large quantities of sweet potatoes, as well as rice, maize, native corn, &c.; but in the north manioc was the staple product, and, with fish kept till they attain a high flavour, constituted the principal food of the inhabitants. During a certain portion of the year, however, they have a curious harvest, which furnishes a singular sort of food. The cakes are dark in colour, and tasted not unlike decayed red-herring. Plenty of excellent fish are found in the lake; some of the kinds were new to us. One, called sanjika, somewhat resembles trout, and runs up the rivers to spawn as salmon do at home. The largest were above two feet in length; splendid fish, the best we have ever eaten in Africa. They were running up the rivers in August and September, and numbers of fishermen were actively employed in catching them. Dams were constructed, full of sluices, in each of which was set the fatal trap fish-basket, over whose single entrance might have been written 'All hope abandon ye who enter here.' A short distance below, nets were stretched across from bank to bank, so that it seemed a marvel how even the most sagacious sanjika could get up without being taken, unless a free passage is left at night.

"In the lake the fish are caught chiefly with nets, but in deep water, some kinds are taken in fish-baskets, lowered to a great depth, and attached by a long line to a float, around which is often fastened a mass of grass or weeds, to serve, perhaps, as an alluring shade for the fish. Fleets of fine canoes are engaged in the lake fisheries; the men have long paddles, and stand while using them. They sometimes venture out when there is a considerable sea on.

"Perhaps the first impression one receives of the men is that they are far from being industrious—in fact, are downright lazy. During the day, groups are seen lying asleep under the shady trees, and appearing to take life remarkably easy. But a little further acquaintance modifies first impressions, as it leads to the discovery that many of the sleepers work hard by night. In the afternoon they examine and mend their nets, place them in the canoes, and paddle off, frequently to distant islands, or other good fishing-grounds, and during a large portion of the night the poor fellows are toiling, passing much

of the time in the water dragging their nets. Many men and boys are employed in gathering the buaze, preparing the fibre, and making it into long nets. When they come for the first time to gaze at suspicious-looking strangers, they may, with true African caution, leave their working materials at home. From the number of native cotton cloths worn in many villages at the south end of the lake, it is evident that a goodly number of busy hands must be constantly at work. An extensive manufacture of bark-cloth also is ever going on from one end of the lake probably to the other, and much toil and time are required before the bark becomes soft and fit to wear. A prodigious amount of this bark-cloth is worn, indicating the destruction of an immense number of trees every year.

“The lake people are by no means handsome. The women are frightfully ugly, and really make themselves hideous by the very means they adopt with the laudable view of rendering their persons beautiful and attractive. The pelele, or upper-lip ornament, is as fashionable as crinoline in other countries. Some are made of tin in the shape of a small dish, and they sometimes actually carry things in them. Others are of white quartz, and give the wearer the appearance of having an inch or two of one of Price’s patent candles thrust through the lip and projecting beyond the point of the nose. A few are of a blood-red colour, and at a little distance the lady looks as if she had come off only second best in a recent domestic squabble. All are tattooed, the figures varying with the tribes. Some tattoo their faces, after a fashion so execrable, that they seem to be covered all over with great ugly warts or pimples. The young boys and girls, however, are reasonably good-looking. In regard to their character they are pretty much like other people. There are decent ones among them, and a good many are, as they say in Scotland, ‘nae better than they suld be.’ If one of us happened to be at hand when a net was hauled, a fish was usually offered. Sailing one day past a number of men who had just dragged their net ashore, we were hailed, and asked to come and get a fish, and received a generous present. The northerly chief, Marenga, was remarkably generous, giving us large presents of food and beer, both going and returning. Others also made us presents of food.

“In some things the people of Nyassa are as far advanced as the most highly civilised communities. They have expert thieves among them. On our way up we had a disagreeable visit from some of this light-fingered class. They called one morning when two of us were down with fever, between the rather early hours of three and five, and, notwithstanding a formidable array of revolvers and rifles, quietly relieved us of a considerable amount, while we all slept ingloriously throughout the whole performance. We awoke, as honest men do, at the usual hour, and the fact of our loss soon burst upon us. ‘My bag’s gone!’ cried one of the victims, ‘and all my clothes! and my boots, too!’ ‘Both of mine are off!’ responded another. ‘And so is mine!’

clined in a third: 'and the bag of *beats*! and the *rice*!' 'Is the *cloth* gone too?' 'No; it's all safe: I used it for a pillow.'

" 'There is honour among thieves,' it is said. These Nyassa scoundrels left on the beach our aneroid barometer and a new pair of boots, thinking, perhaps, that they might be of use to us though of none to them. It was rather humiliating to be so completely done for by a few black thieves.

" A few of the best fisheries seem to be the private property of individuals. We found shelter from a storm one morning in a spacious lagoon which communicated with the lake by a narrow passage. Across this strait stakes were driven in, leaving spaces for the fish-baskets. About a score of men were busily engaged in taking out the fish. We tried to purchase some, but they refused to sell. 'The fish were not theirs, they belonged to a man in a neighbouring village: they would send for the owner.' In a short time the gentleman made his appearance, and sold us some. He did not appear to be the chief, but one who owned, or had farmed out, this very productive fishery.

" Some of their burying-grounds are wonderfully well arranged and cared for. One of these was on the southern shore of the fine harbour in the great bay. A neat and wide path was made on its east and south sides. A grand, old, sacred fig-tree stood on the north-east corner, and its wide-spreading branches threw their kindly shade over this last resting-place of the dead. Other splendid trees grew around the hallowed spot. The graves were raised exactly as they are at home, but lay north and south, the heads being at the north. The graves of the sexes were distinguished by the implements which the buried dead had been accustomed to use in their respective occupations, while amidst the joys of life. The heavy stick used in pounding corn, one end in the grave and the other thrust through the basket in which the meal is sifted, showed that a woman slept beneath the sod; a piece of fishing-net and a broken paddle were over the grave of a fisherman, and all the graves had numerous broken pots arranged around them. At the head of some a banana-tree had been carefully planted. The people of the neighbouring village were friendly, and readily brought us food for sale."

On the northern shore of the lake the Mazitu had settled, and were carrying on the slave trade with terrible rigour, sweeping away the helpless people like sheep. They had frequently attacked Marenga and his people; but the thickets and stockades around their villages enabled the bowmen to pick off the Mazitu in security, and they were driven off. Many of the Mazitu were settled on islands in the lake, from which they emerged to plunder and make captive the peaceable inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Long tracts of country were passed through where "the population had all been swept away; ruined villages, broken utensils, and human skeletons, met with at every turn, told a sad tale of 'man's inhumanity to man.' The extent of the trade done in slaves

in the Nyassa district may be gathered from the fact that 19,000 slaves alone pass through the custom-house of the island of Zanzibar; and those taken out of the country form only a small section of the sufferers, as many thousands more are slain in the slave raids, and die of famine after having to fly from their homes." The exploration of the lake extended from the 2nd of September to the 26th of October, 1861, and was abandoned for a time because they had expended or lost the most of their goods. The party frequently suffered from the want of flesh meat, although from the great size of the game, they frequently had much more than they could use, in which case the natives gladly accepted the surplus. On one occasion they killed two hippopotami and an elephant, "perhaps in all some eight or ten tons of meat, and two days after they ate the last of a few sardines for dinner." The wretched and ruined Manganja, although all their sufferings were caused by the demand for human flesh, sold each other into slavery when they had a chance. In speaking of a native of this tribe who sold a boy he had made captive in a hostile raid, Dr. Livingstone notes his "having seen a man who was reputed humane, and in whose veins no *black* blood flowed, parting for the sum of £4 with a good-looking girl, who stood in a closer relationship to him than the boy to the man who excited our ire; and she being the nurse of his son besides, both son and nurse made such a pitiable wail for an entire day, that even the half-caste who had bought her relented, and offered to return her to the white man, but in vain." It is so long since our Government washed its hands, at an immense cost, of this iniquitous traffic, and it expends so much annually to put it down on the coast of Africa, that the knowledge that such things can be done by civilized men comes with a shock upon us. Surely the wonderful trials Dr. Livingstone has come through in his campaign against this detestable traffic will not have been suffered in vain; and the knowledge of such crimes against humanity will be the prelude to their extinction!

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

The party reached the ship on the 8th of November, and on the 14th Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, who had only just joined him, visited them; as they started on their downward voyage, they "gave and received three hearty English cheers, as they went to the shore and we steamed off." This was the last they saw of these devoted men, as they soon after perished in the

manner already related. The ship having run aground about twenty miles below Chibisa's, they were detained five weeks, until the river rose sufficiently to float her off; and during their detention, the carpenter's mate, a fine healthy young Englishman, died of fever, being the first death of a member of the expedition, although they had been three years and a half in the country.

At Mboma's village they heard that the notorious Mariano had been allowed to leave Mozambique in order to collect a heavy fine which had been imposed upon him after trial for his crimes. He had immediately taken to his old trade, slavery, and had depopulated a large tract of country on the right bank of the river. While expressing indignation at his conduct, and sending an expedition against him, which he was supposed to have defeated, the leader of it being sent back loaded with presents, the party had no doubt that the Portuguese officials at Mozambique were quite aware of his intentions before he started, and were in all likelihood sharing in his ill-gotten gains. The sending a force against him was merely a ruse to save appearances.

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

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

During the unhealthy season several of Dr. Livingstone's party suffered from fever, and about the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by that disease; and notwithstanding that she received every attention which affection and skill could render, she died on the 27th of that month, and was buried on the following day under the shadow of a giant baobab-tree, the Rev. James Stewart, who had shortly before come out to enquire into the practicability of establishing a mission in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, reading the burial service. The gallant seamen of the *Gorgon* mounted guard for several nights over her last resting-place. It is impossible not to sympathise with the stricken husband, who thus lost the wife of his early years, who had shared in so many of his trials and difficulties, just when he was re-united to her after a separation of four years. Beloved and revered as she was by white men as well as by black, the party who stood under the wide spreading

branches of the baobab-tree must have been a sad and melancholy one. One comforting reflection there was—she died among dear and loving friends, and not alone among savages, like Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup, the knowledge of whose death was so soon to overwhelm with grief the two companions of her voyage out, who little dreamed when they sorrowed for her that the dear ones they had come so far to see had already been consigned to the grave by savage, although friendly hands.

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

In the interval which must elapse before they could sail up the Shire, the principal members of the expedition, with a number of native assistants, proceeded to explore the Rovuma, as Dr. Livingstone was still of opinion that a better way to Lake Nyassa might be found by ascending this river; but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. The Rovuma was found to contain a much smaller volume of water than many of the tributaries of the Zambesi. Shallows were numerous, and snags formed by the sinking of large trees in the mud during the subsidence of the floods, rendered the navigation difficult even for the boats of H.M.S. *Orestes*, which had been lent to the party for the ascent. Ninety miles from its mouth their further progress was arrested by a series of cataracts, and there was nothing for it but to return to Johanna, and proceed to Lake Nyassa by the valley of the Shire.

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



AFRICAN WOMEN HOEING AND POUNDING GRAIN

bloodthirsty cowards into the forest, and secured the party from any further attack.

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

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

Mr. Thornton rejoined the party on the Shire, bringing with him supplies for the mission and the expedition party, after successfully assisting Baron Vanderdecken in a survey of the Kilimanjaro mountains, and the ascent of the highest member of the range to a height of 14,000 feet, discovering at the same time that the height above the level of the sea of the highest peak was 20,000 feet. These mountains above 8,000 feet are covered with perpetual snow. His present mission was to examine the geology of the district in the

neighbourhood of the cataracts; but before he had well begun his arduous labour he was attacked with fever, and died on the 21st of April.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their greatest luxury was beer, of which they drank considerable quantities, generally in an hospitable kind of way, inviting their neighbours to share in the jollification. Under such circumstances they politely praise the quality of the liquor provided, a common saying being that it was so good, "the taste reaches right to the back of the neck."

The merchants or traders of the district are the Babisa. They are distinguished by a line of horizontal cicatrices, down the middle of the forehead and chin. They collect the ivory from the Manganja and the Ajawa, and carry it to the coast and sell it, bringing back European manufactures, beads, etc., in return for it, and deal in tobacco and native iron utensils. Some of the natives to the west of the lake were very tall and strong; many of them were a good way over six feet in height, and six feet was common. On reaching Lake Nyassa on their return journey, they found many of the inhabitants living in hiding among the reeds by the margin of the lake; temporary huts being erected on the flattened reeds, which were so thick and strong as to form a perfect, though yielding floor, on the surface of the lake. They had a miserable half-starved appearance, agriculture being out of the question while

they were living in constant terror of a visit from slave-trading bands. No one would sell any food unless in exchange for some other article of food, for the simple reason that they were starving, many of them dying from sheer want.

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

The following is Dr. Livingstone's account of the journey to the north-west of Lake Nyassa, in a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison:—

"The despatch containing instructions for our withdrawal, though dated 2nd of February, did not reach me before the 2nd of July, when the water had fallen so low that the *Pioneer* could not be taken down to the sea. To improve the time, therefore, between July and the flood of December, I thought that I might see whether a large river entered the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and, at the same time, ascertain whether the impression was true that most of the slaves drawn to Zanzibar, Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique, came from the Lake district. With this view I departed, taking the steward of the *Pioneer* and a few natives, carrying a small boat, and ascended the Shire. Our plan was to sail round the eastern shore and the north end of the lake, but unfortunately we lost our boat when we had nearly passed the falls of the Shire; the accident occurring through five of our natives trying to show how much cleverer they were than the five Makololo who had hitherto had the management of it. It broke away from them in a comparatively still reach of the river, and rushed away like an arrow over the cataracts. Our plans after this had to be modified, and I resolved to make away for the north-west on foot, hoping to reach the latitude of the northern end of the lake without coming in contact with the Mazitu, or Zulus, who have depopulated its north-western shores, and then go round the Lake from the west.

"We soon came to a range of mountains running north and south, rising about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The valley on the eastern base was 2,000 feet above the sea, and was of remarkable beauty—well supplied with streams of delicious cold water. This range forms the edge of the high table-land (called Deza) on which the Maravi dwell. We were, however, falsely told that no people lived on the other side, and continued our course

along the valley until we came out at the heel of the lake—the bold mountainous promontory of Cape Maclear on our right, and the hills of Tsenga in front of us. Again starting off towards the north-west, we came to a stockade which the Mazitu, or other natives pretending to be of this tribe, had attacked the day before, and we saw the loathsome relics of the fight in the shape of the dead bodies of the combatants. Wishing to avoid a collision with these people, we turned away towards the north-east until we again came to the lake, and marched along its shores to Kota-Kota Bay (lat. 12° 55' South).

“At Kota-Kota Bay we found two Arab traders busily engaged in transporting slaves across the lake by means of their boats; they were also building a *dhow* to supply the place of one which was said to have been wrecked. These men said that they had now 1500 souls in their village, and we saw tens of thousands of people in the vicinity who had fled thither for protection. They were the same men whom we had seen on our last visit, but at that time they had very few people. Every disturbance amongst the native tribes benefits the slave-trader. They were paying one fathom of calico, value one shilling, for a boy, and two fathoms for a good-looking girl. Yet, profitable as it may seem, the purchase of slaves would not pay, were it not for the value of their services as carriers of the ivory conveyed to the coast by the merchants. A trader with twenty slaves has to expend at least the price of one per day for their sustenance: it is the joint ivory and slave trade which alone renders the speculation profitable. It was the knowledge that I was working towards undermining the slave-trade of Mozambique and Iboe by buying up the ivory, that caused the Portuguese to exert all their obstructive power. I trust that operations in the interior, under a more able leader, will not be lost sight of; for these will do more to stop the slave-trade than all the cruisers on the ocean.

“Kota-Kota Bay, which is formed by a sandy spit running out and protecting the harbour from the east wind, is the crossing-place for nearly all the slaves that go to Kilwa, Iboe, and Mozambique. A few are taken down to the end of the lake, and for cheapness cross the Shire; but at Kota-Kota lies the great trade-route to Katanga, Cazembe, &c. The Babisa are the principal traders; the Manganja are the cultivators of the soil. The sight of the new *dhow* gave me a hint which perhaps may be useful. She was 50 feet by 12, and 5 feet deep. I should never think again of carrying more than the engine and boilers of a vessel past the cataracts; the hull could be built here more easily than it could be conveyed hither. On the southern shores of the lake there are many trees whose trunks are above 2 feet in diameter and 60 feet in height without a branch. The Arabs were very civil when we arrived, and came forth to meet us, and presented us with rice, meal, and sugar-cane. Amongst other presents they made us was a piece of malachite.

“On leaving Kota-Kota we proceeded due west. In three days we

ascended the plateau, the eastern side of which has the appearance of a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but the steep walk was toilsome, causing us to halt frequently to recover our breath. The heights have a delicious but peculiarly piercing air: it seemed to go through us. Five Shupanga men, who had been accustomed all their lives to the malaria of the Zambesi Delta were quite prostrated by that which, to me, was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about 90 miles due west on the great Babisa, Katanga, and Cazembe slave-route, and then turned to the north-west. The country is level, but the boiling-point showed a slope in the direction we were going. The edge of the plateau is 3,440 feet above the sea-level. At the Loangwa end of the lake the height shown is 3,270 feet. The direction of the streams verifies these approximate heights and your famous hypothesis too; for the Loangwa of the lake finds its way backwards to the Nyassa, whilst another river of the same name, called the Loangwa of the Maravi, here flows to the westward, and enters the Zambesi at Zumbo. The feeders of these rivers are boggy valleys, with pools in their courses. We were told we had crossed one branch of the Moitala, or Moitawa, which flows N.N.W. into a small lake called Bemba.* The valleys in which the rivers rise closely resemble those in Londa or Lunda; but here each bank is dotted over with villages, and a great deal of land is cultivated; the vegetation is more stunted, and the trees covered with flat lichens, like those on old apple-trees in Scotland, besides a long thready kind similar to orchilla-weed; the land on which maize has been planted is raised into ridges instead of, as elsewhere, formed into hollows—all which reveals a humid climate.

“As we were travelling in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the traders on the slave-route, hindrances of various kinds were put in our way. The European food we had brought with us was expended; the people refused to sell us food, and dysentery came back on us in force. Moreover, our time was now expired. I was under explicit orders not to undertake any long journey, but to have the *Pioneer* down to the sea by the earliest flood. I might have speculated on a late rise in the Zambesi, but did not like the idea of failing in my duty, and so gave up the attempt to penetrate farther to the west. The temptation to go forward was very great; for the lake Bemba was said to be but ten days' journey distant; and from this, according to native report, issues the river Loapula (or Luapula), which flowing westward, forms the lakes Mofu (or Mofue) and Moero, and then, passing the town of Cazembe, turns round to the north and is lost in Tanganyika. Is there an outlet to Tanganyika on the west into the Kasai, to the east of the point at

* We were destined to become very familiar with this Lake in connection with Dr. Livingstone's last journeyings in Central Africa.

which I formerly crossed that river?*" All agreed in asserting that no river flowed eastward into Lake Nyassa. Two small ones do, but at a distance of, say, 80 or 90 miles from the lake; the watershed is to the west. One should have no bias in investigating these questions by the aid of travelled natives; but I had a strong leaning to a flow *from* Tanganyika into Nyassa or the Zambesi. I was, however, stoutly opposed by all; and I had crossed so many running streams, which, from entering the lake among reeds, had not been observed from the boat on our first visit, that, before reaching Kota-Kota, I had come to the conclusion that a large river from the North was not needed to account for the perennial flow of the Shire. I am sorry I have only native information to give instead of my own direct observations; but, having been confined to work of much greater importance than exploration, the above was all I could achieve when set free.

"As the steward and myself were obliged to try our best during the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled 660 geographical miles in 55 travelling days, averaging 12 miles per day in straight lines. The actual distance along the wavy, up-and-down paths we had was of course much greater. The new leaves on the trees of the plateau were coming out fresh and green, and of various other hues, when we were there, and on reaching the ship on the 31st of October, we found all, except the evergreen ones by streams, as bare of leaves as in mid-winter.

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

From Shupanga he wrote on the 10th of Feb., 1864:—"The river rose in tremendous force on the 19th of January—much later than usual. Its lateness extracted many a groan from me, for it was plain that I had plenty of time to have examined Lake Bemba, which I suppose to be the beginning of the drainage system which finds an outlet by the Congo. Mofu, or Mofue, was

* In his last journey Dr. Livingstone found that the river he alludes to had no connection with Lake Tanganyika, but is, as he supposed, the head waters of the Nile.

seen, I believe, by Montiero in his journey to Cazembe. Part of our line of march was along the route from Kilwa to the same chief."

The following extract from a letter of Dr. Livingstone to the late Admiral Washington, relates to the end of Bishop Tozer's mission, and the exactions of the Portuguese:—

"The Mission of the Universities has been a sore disappointment to me, but on public grounds alone, for it formed no part of my expedition. Before I left the Zambesi, I heard from Bishop Tozer, the successor to Bishop Mackenzie, that he had determined to leave the country as early in the present year (1864) as possible. He selected the top of an uninhabited mountain—Morambala, at the mouth of the Shire—for his mission-station. Fancy a mission-station on the top of Ben Nevis! It is an isolated hill in the middle of a generally flat country; consequently all the clouds collect around the summit, and the constant showers and fogs at certain times make the missionaries run, to avoid being drenched, into the huts. Unlike the first, the second party has been quite useless; they never went near any population that could be taught, and are now about to run away altogether. Wishing to be strictly accurate as to the incredible fact of a missionary bishop without a flock, I made minute inquiry, and found that on the mountain there were three native huts at one spot, four at another, and nine at a third; but none, except the first three, within easy access of the station. Twenty-five boys whom we liberated, and gave to the late Bishop Mackenzie, were very unwillingly received by his successor, although without them he would have had no natives whatever to teach. He wished to abandon certain poor women and children who were attached to the mission by Bishop Mackenzie, but Mr. Waller refused to comply with his proposal, and preferred to resign his connection with the mission. In reference to a promise by the Government of Portugal to send out fresh instructions to the Portuguese officials to render us every assistance, which was made in answer to Lord Russell's remonstrance to the authorities at Lisbon, we have only a fresh imposition, in the shape of a tax for residence at Killimane, on Dr. Kirk's party. It amounted to between £7 and £8, which, of course, I must pay. The duty of 4d. per pound weight on calico seems to say, 'We Portuguese mean to seal up the country more closely than ever.' I never intended to make use of the Zambesi after getting the steamer on the Lake. I only thought, as we had discovered this opening, we ought to make use of it to get up there, and then send out ivory by the Rovuma, during the eight months of the year that it is navigable. I regret not being able to finish what I had begun. I thank you for the charts of the Rovuma, and shall endeavour to take soundings, not on the bar, for there is none, but opposite the mouth. The only thing like a bar is a phenomenon which occurs at half-ebb, and up to the time when the tide turns, at which period the water, rushing out of the river, falls from three or four fathoms into nineteen fathoms, and thus causes a commotion which might

swamp a boat. It lasts, however, but a short time, for as soon as the flow begins all is smooth again. I believe that the Rovuma may be navigable for a vessel of light draught eight or nine months out of the twelve, and the bay is perfectly safe, and magnificent.

“DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

“P.S. 24th Feb. 1864.—The Bishop is off before me. I take the boys and children (40 in number) whom he wished to abandon, and send them myself to the Cape. Having once liberated them, I felt in honour bound to see them secure from a return into slavery, and am sure that the gentlemen who sent out the mission would have done the same.”

He kept with him on board the *Lady Nyassa* seven men, and two boys—Chumah and Wekotani—of whom we shall hear more hereafter.

The *Lady Nyassa* steamed from Mozambique to Zanzibar; and as Livingstone had determined to dispose of her, he started in her on a voyage of 2,500 miles for that purpose to Bombay, which he accomplished in safety, arriving there on the 13th of June, having left Zanzibar on the 16th of April; the heroic explorer acting as navigator, his crew consisting of three Europeans, viz., a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter, and seven native Zambesi men, and two boys. Considering that the three European members of his crew were laid aside for a month each, and his native Zambesi men had to be taught the duties of the ship, and that the *Lady Nyassa* was a tiny light craft constructed for lake and river navigation, the feat of sailing her across the Indian Ocean was not the least marvellous of the many daring undertakings he has successfully carried through. When they steamed into the harbour of Bombay, he says “the vessel was so small, that no one noticed our arrival.” His appearance in civilized society after such a fashion, must have been as unexpected and wonderful as his turning up among the Portuguese in the West, after travelling from the Cape right across country through regions till then wholly unknown. The two native boys, who were about sixteen years of age named respectively Wekotani and Chumah, were left with Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, to be educated. This astounding feat in seamanship—a voyage of 2,500 miles in the *Lady Nyassa*—did not strike Livingstone as being anything very wonderful. In a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison from Bombay, he says:—

“We arrived at Bombay on the 13th instant, after a passage of 44 days from Zanzibar. From Zanzibar we crept along the African coast, in order to profit by a current of at least 100 miles a day. If Solomon’s ships went as far South as Sofala, as some suppose, they could not have done it during the south-west monsoon against such a current. We went along beautifully till we got past the line; we then fell in with calms, which continued altogether for 24½ days. The sea was as smooth as glass; and, as we had but one stoker, we could not steam more than nine or ten hours at a time. By patience and perseverance we have at length accomplished our voyage of 2,500 miles, but now I feel at as great a loss as ever. I came here to sell my

steamer, but with this comes the idea of abandoning Africa before accomplishing something against the slave-trade; the thought of it makes me feel as though I could not lie in peace in my grave, with all the evils I know so well going on unchecked. What makes it doubly galling is, that while the policy of our Government has, to a very gratifying extent, been successful on the West coast, all efforts on the East coast have been rendered ineffectual by a scanty Portuguese convict population. The same measures have been in operation here, the same expense and the same dangers, the same heroic services have been performed by Her Majesty's cruisers, and yet all in vain. The Zambesi country is to be shut up now more closely than ever, and, unless we have an English settlement somewhere on the mainland, beyond the so-called dominions of the Portuguese, all repressive measures will continue fruitless. I would willingly have gone up some of the other rivers with my steamer, instead of coming here, but I had only three white men with me—a stoker, a sailor, and a carpenter—and seven natives of the Zambesi. The stoker and the sailor had both severe attacks of illness on the way, and it would have been imprudent to have ascended an unexplored river so short-handed. Could I have entered the Juba, it would have been not so much to explore the river, as to set in train operations by merchants and others which should eventually work out the destruction of the slave-trade."

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

CHAPTER XVI.

*Starts a Third Time for Africa.—Re-ascends the Rovuma.—His Reported Murder.—
Expedition sent in Search of him Hears of his Safety.*

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

Between Speke and Grant's and Baker's discoveries, and Livingstone's in the south, there was still a vast tract of country of which little or nothing reliable was known. Further investigation, and a due consideration of the character of the newly-explored regions, led thinking men to doubt and question the fact that Captain Speke had traced the Nile to its head quarters, when he watched it flow a noble stream from the Victoria Nyanza Lake. These

doubts and questions soon resolved themselves into actual belief that the head waters of the river of Egypt must be carried as far south, and farther south, as some thought, than Lake Tanganyika.

Dr. Livingstone had not unnaturally looked forward to a considerable period of rest in the bosom of his family after his laborious exertions during the preceding six years; but there was to be henceforward for him no rest on this side of the grave. The minds of men were drawn towards the unknown country between lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, and there was one man on whom the eyes of all men were turned as its explorer. The great traveller himself, after he had seen his book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, through the press, had not made up his mind as to his future operations, when he was waited upon by Sir Roderick Murchison. That gentleman, with all the astuteness of a Scotch diplomatist, did not at once ask Dr. Livingstone to go himself—on a new mission.

“My dear Livingstone,” he said, “your disclosures respecting the interior of Africa have created a profound excitement in the geographical world. We (the Geographical Society) are of opinion that we ought to send another expedition into the heart of Africa to solve the problem of the water shed between the Nyassa and the Tanganyika lakes; for when that is settled, all questions about Central Africa will be definitively resolved. Whom could you recommend to take charge of it as a proper man?”

After some reflection, Dr. Livingstone recommended a gentleman well known to them both. This gentleman, on being spoken to, would only consent to go on the understanding that he would be sufficiently remunerated for his services. There can be only one opinion as to the propriety of the conditions on which this gentleman was willing to act; as it would hardly be fair to expect a man advanced in years to undertake a mission of such privation and difficulty without ample compensation. As the Geographical Society could not guarantee any pecuniary reward, that gentleman declined to proceed to Africa.

Sir Roderick was much distressed at this refusal, and calling on Dr. Livingstone to announce the non-success of his efforts, he said—“Why cannot you go? Come, let me persuade you. I am sure you will not refuse an old friend.” “I had flattered myself,” said Dr. Livingstone, “that I had much prospective comfort in store for me in my old days. And pecuniary matters require looking after for the sake of my family; but since you ask me in that way, I cannot refuse you.”

“Never mind about the pecuniary matters,” said Sir Roderick. “It shall be my task to look after that; you may rest assured your interests shall not be forgotten.”

At this time Dr. Livingstone's circumstances were of such a nature, as but for this generous offer, to give him considerable anxiety. His first book,

The Missionary Travels, sold to the extent of 30,000 copies, and in consequence returned him a large sum of money. While on the Zambesi, and when the second steamer, the *Pioneer*, sent out to him proved a failure, he ordered the *Lady Nyassa* at his own expense, her cost being £6,000. She was lying at Bombay, and would be of no use in the contemplated journey at all. The sale of his second book, *The Zambesi and its Tributaries*, up to the time of which we are writing, had not much exceeded 3,000 copies, so that if he left for Africa and was lost to sight for several years, the future of his motherless children could not fail to be a source of anxiety to him.

The generous offer of Sir Roderick Murchison, his old and tried friend, put him at his ease as to the future welfare of his family, and he began at once, with his usual promptitude and energy, to prepare for his departure upon what was to be his last expedition. Lord John Russell (now Earl Russell) and then Prime Minister, sent Mr. Hayward, Q.C., to him, to sound him as to what he would like the Government to do for him. No doubt his lordship wished to know what honour or reward he wished for himself. Livingstone, quite unmindful of himself, said, "If you stop the Portuguese Slave Trade, you will gratify me beyond measure." A second time Mr. Hayward asked him if anything could be done for himself, and his answer was, "No, he could not think of anything." Many times when he was waiting in the heart of Africa for succour from the coast, the thought came into his mind that he had then lost an opportunity of providing for his children.

Two thousand pounds were subscribed for the expedition. Mr. James Young, the well-known paraffin oil manufacturer, and a friend of Livingstone's at College, furnished £1,000, and promised that whenever he lacked funds he would supply him to any amount. The Government gave £500, and the Royal Geographical Society subscribed a like sum. As Dr. Livingstone, when he reached Bombay, sold the *Lady Nyassa* steamer, and placed the sum received for her (£2,000) in bank, to be drawn upon by him for the expenses of the expedition, he actually subscribed one-half the entire sum he believed he had at his disposal at starting. Months after he had passed into the interior of Africa, the banker with whom he had deposited the money became bankrupt, and the whole sum was totally lost.

Lord John Russell happily connected the expedition with the public service by renewing Dr. Livingstone's appointment as H.M. Consul to the tribes in the interior of Africa, thus giving to his mission a semi-official character.

Dr. Livingstone left England to set out on his last expedition on the 14th of August, and was accompanied to Paris by his eldest daughter, Agnes. From Paris he went to Bombay, where, having completed his arrangements, he proceeded to Zanzibar, accompanied by the two African boys (Chumah and Wekotani) he had left with Dr. Wilson, a number of men from the Johanna

Islands, a Sepoy Havildar, a few enlisted Sepoys, and some Wasawahili. Thus accompanied, he sailed in an Arab dhow from Zanzibar on the 28th March, 1864, and landed at the mouth of the Rovuma, after a voyage of several days.

Before leaving Bombay, Wekotani wrote the following letter to a gentleman in England (Mr. Horace Waller, we believe.) We give a literal translation of it here, as it cannot fail to interest our readers.

“I, Wekotani, and I, Chumah, send a letter to give to you, W——. The Doctor has said all is well, and has given to me the money which you gave to him, the Doctor; this is done of the good heart.

“As for us, Chumah and Wekotani, the Doctor said to us, ‘Farewell; remain yet at Bombay; cause to be learned reading and the art of writing.’ I said, even I, Wekotani, ‘It is good, my chief.’ ‘Farewell,’ said he.

“I have answered to the voice of the Doctor, and I now write to you this letter; and when it is finished I shall like to write to you yet another.

“The Doctor has arrived; he said, ‘Come here, Wekotani and Chumah, and take that money which W—— has given out of a good heart.

“I, Wekotani, learn that one of the boys is dead. I know Kaminyapongwi is dead; God has taken him. I learn my kinsman Chinsoro has married a wife; I learn that there is a child born to Uriah. If it be a boy, I know not; if a girl, I know not.

“Now I, Wekotani, speak to Uriah and Chinsoro, my kinsmen. He, even he, the Doctor, has said: ‘Wekotani and Chumah,’ said he, ‘let us go to the Rovuma.’ The chief W—— has spoken; he says—‘You, Wekotani, go with the Doctor before him on the path, and see other large waters, and speak with and see the Waiou (Ajawa), and speak the Waiou language.’ I said, ‘This is good, and I travel once more, and travelling there will be no sitting down when the great water is reached. I, I return with the Doctor.’

“Now I am informed of Adams, and Chumala, and Blair. W—— says Blair and Adams are at Natal, a country belonging to the English, says he.

“I speak to you, W——; you who used to live with Chinsoro—and to A——; he lived with Sumbani, I and you, W——, I, Wekotani; there is no forgetting W—— with me.

“Now I have written my letter, telling W—— I am at Bombay. Of Chiku and his companions, the traders, four are dead. Chiku is present. I have finished writing.

“I remain, Sir,

“Yours mostly obediently,

“WEKOTANI.

“You, W——, made pictures (photographs), portraying Chinsoro; and I have seen his countenance and that of his wife, of Uriah and of his wife, and I see Daoma and those women Ochuomvala and her mother; Jambani, I do not see his face. Chiku says, may it be well with you, W——.”

Early in November, the following letter was received from Dr. Livingstone. It was dated from Ngomano, 18th May, 1866, and was the first communication of any importance received from him since he had passed into the interior:—

“When we could not discover a path for camels through the Mangrove swamps of the mouth of the Rovuma, we proceeded about twenty-five miles to the north of that river, and at the bottom of Mikindany bay entered a beautiful land-locked harbour, called Kinday or Pemba. The entrance seems not more than three hundred yards wide; the reef on each side of the channel showing so plainly of a light colour that no ships ought to touch. The harbour is somewhat the shape of the spade on cards, the entrance being like the short handle. There is nearly a mile of space for anchorage, the southern part being from ten to fourteen fathoms, while the north-west portion is shallow and rocky. It is a first-rate harbour for Arab dhows, the land rising nearly all round from two to three hundred feet. The water is so calm, Arabs can draw their craft to the shore to discharge and take in cargo. They are also completely screened by the masses of trees growing all round it from seaward observation.

“The population consists of coast Arabs and their slaves. The six villages in which they live are dotted round the shore, and may contain three hundred souls in all. They seemed to be suspicious, and but for our having been accompanied by H.M.S. *Penguin*, would have given trouble. The ordinary precaution of placing a sentry over our goods caused a panic, and the Sirkar or head man thought that he gave a crushing reply to my explanations when he blubbered out, ‘But we have no thieves here.’

“Our route hence was S.S.N. to the Rovuma, which we struck at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the *Pioneer* turned in 1861. We travelled over the same *plateau* that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain of hills from four to six hundred feet high. Except where the natives who are called Makonde have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees in general are not large, but they grow so closely together as generally to exclude the sun. In many places they may be said to be woven together by tangled masses of climbing-plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates.

“Trade paths have already been made, but we had both to heighten and widen them for camels and buffaloes. The people at the sea-coast had declared that no aid could be got from the natives. When we were seven miles off, we were agreeably surprised to find that for reasonable wages we could employ any number of carriers and wood-cutters we desired. As they were accustomed to clear away the gigantic climbers for their garden ground,

they whittled away with their tomahawks with remarkable speed and skill. But two days continuous hard labour was as much as they could stand. It is questionable whether any people (except possibly the Chinese) who are not meat-eaters can endure continuous labour of a kind that brings so many muscles into violent action as this work did. French navvies could not compete with the English until they were fed exactly like the latter. The Makonde have only fowls, a few goats, and the chance of an occasional gorge on the wild hog of the country.

“ . . . Such rocks as we could see were undisturbed grey sandstone, capped by ferruginous conglomerate. Upon this we often stumbled against blocks of silicified wood, so like recent wood that any one would be unwilling to believe at first sight they were stones. This is a sure indication of coal being underneath, and pieces of it were met in the sands of the river.

“When about ninety miles from the mouth of the Rovuma, the geological structure changes, and with this change we have more open forest, thinner vegetation, and grasses of more reasonable size. The chief rock is now syenite, and patches of fine white dolomite lie upon it in spots. Granitic masses have been shot up over the plain, which extends in front all the way to Ngomano, the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi. In the drier country we found that one of these inexplicable droughts had happened over the north bank of the Rovuma, and a tribe of Mazitu, probably Zulus, had come down like a swarm of locusts, and carried away all the food above ground, as well as what was growing. I had now to make forced marches with the Makonde in quest of provisions for my party, and am now with Machumora, the chief at Ngomano, and by sending some twenty miles to the south-west, I shall obtain succour for them. This is the point of confluence, as the name Ngomano implies, of the Rovuma and the Loendi. The latter is decidedly the parent stream, and comes from the south-west, where, in addition to some bold granitic peaks, dim outlines of distant highlands appear. Even at that distance they raise the spirits, but possibly that is caused partly by the fact that we are now about thirty miles beyond our former turning-point, and on the threshold of the unknown.

“I propose to make this my head-quarters till I have felt my way round the north end of Lake Nyassa. If prospects are fair there I need not return, but trust to another quarter for fresh supplies, but it is best to say little about the future. Machumora is an intelligent man, and one well-known to be trustworthy. He is appealed to on all hands for his wise decisions, but he has not much real power beyond what his personal character gives him.

“The Makonde are all independent of each other, but they are not devoid of a natural sense of justice. A carrier stole a shirt from one of my men; our guide pursued him at night, seized him in his own house, and the elders of his village made him pay about four times the value of the article

stolen. No other case of theft has occurred. No dues were demanded, and only one fine—a very just one—was levied.”

Here, as elsewhere in Central Africa, the Arabs had not been successful in imposing the Moslem creed upon the natives. The Arabs believed it to be useless to persevere in any attempt to teach them, as the Makonde had no idea of a Deity. The fatal *tsetse* fly engages Livingstone’s attention here, as in so many districts of Central Africa. He had selected buffaloes and camels, thinking that they would brave the fatal effects of its bite. He says:—“The experiment with the buffaloes has not been satisfactory; one buffalo and two camels died. Had we not been in a *tsetse* country, I should have ascribed this to over-work and bruises received on board the dhow which brought them from Zanzibar. These broke out into large ulcers. When stung by gad-flies blood of the arterial colour flows from the punctures. This may be the effect of the *tsetse*, for when an ox known to be bitten was killed, its blood was all of the arterial hue. I had but four buffaloes for the experiment, and as three yet remain, I am at present in doubt.”

In March, 1867, the whole civilized world was startled by the receipt of intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had been slain in an encounter with a party of Mafite or Mazitu on the western side of Lake Nyassa, at a place called Kampunda or Mapunda. The intelligence came in the shape of a dispatch from Dr. G. E. Seward, Acting Consul at Zanzibar to Lord Stanley (now Earl Derby), then Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

“Zanzibar, December 10th, 1866.

“MY LORD—I send you the saddest news. Dr. Livingstone, in his dispatch from Ngomano, informed your lordships that he stood ‘on the threshold of the unexplored.’ Yet, as if that which should betide him had already thrown its shadow, he added, ‘it is best to say little 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 unexplored;’ 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, death, and dismissals, he had traversed, as I believe, that *terra incognita* between the confluence of the Loanda and Rovuma rivers at Ngomano, and the eastern or north-eastern littoral of Lake Nyassa; had crossed the lake at some point, as yet unascertained; had reached a station named Kampunda, on its western shore; and was pushing west or north-west into dangerous ground, when between Marenga and Maklisoora a band of implacable savages stopped the way, a mixed horde of Zulus, or Mazitu, 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 Mazitu instantly came on to fight; there was no parley, no avoidance of the combat; they came on with a rush and with war-cries, and rattling on their shields with 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 Mazitu leaped upon him through the smoke. There was no resistance, there could be none, and one cruel axe-cut from behind put him out of life. He fell, and when he fell, his terror-stricken escort fled, hunted by the Mazitu. One, at least, of the fugitives escaped; and he, the eye-witness, it is who tells the tale—Ali Moosa, chief of his escort of porters.

“The party had left the western shores of Nyassa about five days. They had started from Kampunda, 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 Marengo, where Livingstone was cautioned not to advance. The next station was Maklisoorā; 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 Moosa had nearly come up with them, having left his own Johanna men resting with their loads far in the rear. Suddenly he heard Livingstone warn the boys that the Mazitu were coming; the boys in turn beckoned Moosa to press forward. Moosa saw the crowd here and there among the trees, and he had just gained the party, and had sunk down behind a tree to deliver his own fire, when his leader fell (by an axe-cut from behind). Moosa fled for his life along the path he had come, meeting his Johanna men, who threw down their loads, and in a body rushed into the deeper forest. . . . If the Mazitu really passed Moosa, his escape and that of his people verges on the marvellous.

“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 traveller lay. Near him, in front, lay the grim Zulus, who were killed under his sure aim; here and there lay some four fugitives of the expedition. That one blow had killed him outright; he had no other wound but this terrible gash; it must have gone, from their description, though the neck and spine, up to the throat in front, and it had nearly decapitated him. Death came mercifully in its instant suddenness, for David Livingstone was ‘ever ready.’ They found

him stripped only of his upper clothing, for the Mazitu 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 of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labours 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 best of their way back to Kampunda, not venturing near any village or station; they lost themselves in the jungle, and were fourteen days on the way.

"At Kampunda they witnessed the end of the Havildar of Sepoys. He alone of all the Indians was faithful; on the threshold of this Consulate of 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 Mataka. Had they been faithful like the Havildar, I should not have had to inscribe a record of this sad happening. Their unfitness for African travel might have been predicted. At Kampunda 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 Mazitu. They had reached a place within eight days south-west of Kilwa, when the appearance of a band of these savages scattered the caravan. Abandoning ivory, slaves—their all—the Arab leaders thought best 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 to Zanzibar. They arrived here on the 6th December

"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. EDWIN SEWARD."

With the same mail Sir Roderick Murchison received several letters from Dr. Kirk, then Assistant Consul at Zanzibar—and as he was a prominent member of Dr. Livingstone's expedition to the Zambesi and its tributaries, his impressions regarding Dr. Livingstone's route and the importance to be attached to the report of his murder are of interest and importance:—

"MY DEAR SIR RODERICK—Although the evidence is, in many points, contradictory in detail, and the survivors can give no clear account of their route, I find no cause to doubt their veracity in the main points of the narrative, and allow for much from the fact that an early flight alone saved them—an act of cowardice which would lead them in a measure to exaggerate

some of the circumstances. One great difficulty is, that they speak the language of Johanna only, for this necessitates the use of unskilled interpreters.

“Our last communication from Dr. Livingstone was written by him on the 18th May. He was then at Ngomano, where he remained fifteen days, and probably his letter was written about the beginning of that time, or soon after his arrival. We know that he started from Mikindany, struck the Rovuma about thirty miles from its mouth, and proceeded to Ngomano, without encountering any obstacle; so far the natives were friendly, but the path was most difficult, owing to the dense forest and tangled vegetation. I need not recount what he has narrated, and what has, no doubt, been communicated to you through Her Majesty’s Secretary of State; but shall briefly state, so far as I have learned, the condition of the party when at Ngomano. They mustered in all thirty-six, viz.:—Dr. Livingstone, twelve Bombay Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine boys (African) educated, and four Africans, who had gone with him from the Zambesi to Bombay, where they awaited his return. Ngomano, on the confluence of the Rovuma and the Loendi, is the country between these streams, so that he had crossed the Rovuma before reaching the village of the chief. The Loendi was seen to be the main stream, the Rovuma being secondary to it. From previous expeditions we know that the Rovuma below the confluence is very subject to sudden rises and falls. In May it would be a considerable stream, but in October and November a dry bed with hardly a boat passage, and fordable every mile. Above the confluence of the Loendi, therefore, it must have become a series of almost isolated pools, if the Loendi was the main source. On Dr. Livingstone’s arrival, the district was in a disordered state; a drought had injured the crop, and the little left had been carried off to the north of the Rovuma by a marauding tribe of Mazitu. Dr. Livingstone seems to have obtained provisions from the Mabiha of the south-east, and fifteen days after his arrival to have proceeded westward. The first day’s march was over desert country, but the following day they again met the Rovuma, but did not cross it. They had taken a path which proved a chord to one of the river-bends. Passing small villages of the Walolo, a tribe speaking the Makua language, and differing in little but the mark in the forehead from the main tribe to the south, they reached hills towards the end of the third day’s march; these were clothed with bamboo jungles, but little water was found. Here one of the Africans, educated at Bombay, died. On the fourth and fifth days they seem to have crossed open grazing plains with trees; they were steadily making an ascent, as indicated by the coldness of the mornings.

“On the seventh day they were at Makarika, where they rested two days, and after eleven marches came to Mataka, a town of considerable size, the residence of a chief, who has power over a large district and many people;

these are of the Waiao tribe, the same whom we call Ajawa on the Zambesi. This is a high mountainous country, with fine scenery and abundant water. The streams passed had a south-east direction, or seemed to flow from the Loendi, and one crossed on the ninth day's march from Ngomano was of considerable size.

“ This region is well peopled, and has abundance of cattle, besides goats and fowls. While here Dr. Livingstone was well received by the chief, presents were exchanged, and provisions obtained. In the short journey already accomplished, the Bombay Sepoys had proved unequal to the fatigues and irregular supply of food; the cattle and camels employed to carry loads had died, seemingly from the *tsetse* fly, and drilled Sepoys were of no use to take their place; they were easily fatigued and useless. Here Dr. Livingstone discarded all, except the Havildar, who bravely stuck by him, and advanced while his men returned towards the coast, in company with a slave caravan which passed that way, soon after Dr. Livingstone had left Malaka. An estimate of Dr. Livingstone's confidence in these men may be proved from the fact that his letters and despatches were entrusted to the Chief Malaka to be given to the first caravan: these important documents have not yet been received, although six of the Sepoys have come in, and Arab caravans have arrived at Kilwa. Great interest will attach to the recovery of those papers, as in them Dr. Livingstone would probably state whether he purposed again returning to Ngomano (where he had left some stores on advancing), after having settled the end of the Nyassa and its northern limits towards Lake Tanganyika. I have little doubt myself that any idea he may have had of returning had, by this time, been abandoned; indeed, it seemed contrary to Dr. Livingstone's nature to retrace his steps, nor could he have done so without disorganising his now enfeebled expedition. His only chance of keeping the remainder seems to have been to advance beyond the regions in which desertion was easy. Having been fifteen days at Malaka, his party advanced, still in a westerly course: the first day's march one of the Bombay educated negroes ran back, and returned to Zanzibar eventually with the Sepoys.

“ . . . Reaching the Lake after eight days' march, they obtained four canoes, and, embarking in the morning, were all landed on the opposite shore by mid-day. Comparing the water with parts of the Zanzibar harbour, my informants, the Johanna men, estimate the width as nearly six miles, which, from the time taken to cross, seems under the truth; but, it is to be remembered, that they are not explicit as to where they embarked. On this, however, they are decided, that water extended to the north as far as they could see, and they heard of no end in that direction. To the south it seemed still wider. They also stated that the canoes were propelled by means of poles, and paddles were seldom used. The water was not deep; the opposite

shore was of white sand, with plains to the west, but no hills visible, although high mountains appeared to the south.

“That night they slept at a small village on the western shore, and, leaving the water behind, marched west to Kampunda. The people of this place possess only a few cattle, but they gave a goat to Dr. Livingstone, and he remained one day. One of the Zambesi boys, Wekotani by name, deserted him; and the Havildar, worn out by disease, which attacked him in crossing the Nyassa, lagged behind and was left. Dr. Livingstone’s party was thus reduced to twenty men, all told; of these, however, very few knew how to handle fire-arms, and could be of no service in case of a determined attack by natives. They left Kampunda, and arrived at Marenga after two days’ march over level land, journeying west. After remaining a day at Marenga, they again followed a westerly course over smooth ground. Marenga, who was civil to the party, ferried them in canoes over a muddy channel or swamp, rather than a river. Soon after this they passed Maksura, still keeping west, and slept one night in the jungle. They had been told that the Mazitu were fighting in this part, but they had been so long near them that Dr. Livingstone seemed not to regard it. This was to the men, but no doubt he was aware that suddenly he might find himself face to face with them, as had happened to us on a former occasion on Lake Nyassa, not far south of this very place.

“The fatal attack occurred at 9 a.m. on the morning march. As to the date it is doubtful. If the data such as I have been able to elicit, from a mass of contradictory evidence, is to be relied on, it would be about the 15th of July; not before then, but possibly, if there had been stoppages, of which no account has been taken, as late as the end of that month. A great difficulty here occurs; for, on reckoning back on the date of arrival of the Johanna men at Zanzibar, we find a discrepancy of nearly a month unaccounted for. And whether this is to be intercalated before or after the fight, I am as yet unable to determine; but if the meeting with the Mazitu and Dr. Livingstone’s death did not happen in July, it must have been in the following month. As I was saying, about 9 a.m. on the morning’s march, they found themselves traversing a plain country, covered with grass as high as a man’s waist, and abounding in low bushes, with forest trees and dense wood at intervals, such, indeed, as is seen a little further south, where the country is known. Livingstone led the way, having next to him, as usual, the Zambesi boys and the Bombay educated Africans, while Moosa, the head of the Johanna men, drew up the rear. As Moosa is our only authority for what happened at this time, I may state that he was about fifty yards behind Dr. Livingstone, when the boys passed the word for the Doctor in front that the Mazitu were seen a little distance off. On this he ran a little forward, having with him his loaded rifle. When he had reached within ten paces of Dr. Livingstone, the Mazitu were near and

charging, their heads dressed with feathers visible above the large Kaffre shields of ox-hide. Their arms were spears and battle-axes.

“On seeing Dr. Livingstone and his boys with levelled muskets, they checked their charge for a moment, and came on with a hissing sound when they found they were not fired on. Dr. Livingstone then shot the foremost man: he dropped dead. The others fired, and, as the smoke cleared away, Moosa saw three men facing Dr. Livingstone. Moosa was at this time standing behind a tree, in order to fire. Seeing the Mazitu suddenly so close, he appears to have been panic-stricken. Dr. Livingstone had emptied his gun, and was endeavouring to re-load, when faced by these three Mazitu, who cut him down with a blow from a battle-axe, which severed the neck-bone, so that the head dropped forward, and he fell instantly. What happened in the field after this is unknown. Moosa ran off, and, having been behind, probably was unscathed, while the Mazitu attacked those who were with the Doctor and had fired.

“Moosa in his flight met his men; they had already heard the firing a little way in front, and were prepared to throw down their loads and make off. This they now did, and ran to a distance, where they hid themselves in the bush. Near sunset they came out; and, desirous of seeing if any of the loads still remained, they stealthily approached the place. Finding nothing where they had thrown them down, and seeing no one, they became bolder and cautiously advanced, when they saw Dr. Livingstone's body stripped of all but the tronsers, and presenting one wound in the back of the neck. They scraped a hole in the soil, and placed the body there, covering it over with the earth. They did not stay longer; near Livingstone's corpse were the bodies of two of the boys, which they recognised in the dim light by the unragged trousers still on them. The corpses of two Mazitu lay near—it might be twenty yards off—their shields by their sides, but their spears and axes had been carried off. Nothing remained to bring away; the Mazitu had taken all. The nine Johanna men who had come back saw two boys dead. One Johanna man, and all the Bombay and Zanzibar boys, are missing; and there is little chance that any one of them ever returns, taking as truth the statements solemnly made by the Johanna man and his eight companions, who all declare that, although, with the exception of Moosa, none saw Dr. Livingstone fall, yet they assisted afterwards in depositing the body in a shallow grave.

“I shall not now follow in detail the narrative of the return journey. Dr. Livingstone was gone; it has, therefore, little interest. It was only a gang of ignorant negroes, destitute of everything, and fearing every man they saw, endeavouring first to avoid habitations, then joining a coast caravan, which they met after crossing the lake at Kampunda. On the way to the coast at Kilwa, the party was suddenly attacked by a band of Mazitu and dispersed. Every one fled, the Johanna men now for the second time; ivory and slaves were abandoned, and left to the will of the dreaded marauders. No account

is given by the Johanna men of their having crossed the Rovuma on the return journey; but they crossed some river beds, at that time dry, with pools of water in them. No doubt one of them was the Rovuma, which could be little more than as described, in the dry season, before the junction of the Loendi, its chief supply.

“Thus has ended what at one time promised to be an expedition rich in results, and we must pause again in the march of discovery, leaving the map of Africa a disconnected string of lakes, every one of which is incompletely surveyed. Beginning at the north, the Victoria Nyanza is known only at its north and south ends; the intermediate coast on the west side has not been seen, and the east is entirely hypothetical, beyond the simple fact that it must have limits in that direction. As to the Albert, but a small part is known; and, like the Tanganyika, its north and south ends are as yet a blank. The southern end, however, is now the only one of interest, on account of the possibility of its uniting with the Tanganyika, and thus moving the Nile sources far to the south, and proving the Portuguese who visited the Cazembe to have been the first to reach them. I do not say that such a thing is probable; I believe it is not. I suspect, however, that Dr. Livingstone was satisfied the Nyassa did not extend far beyond where he crossed it, if indeed it was the Nyassa that he passed over. His first object, and one of his chief aims, was to determine the extent of the Nyassa westwards, and it is very improbable that he would push on into an unknown and decidedly dangerous land beyond it, leaving this important point unaccomplished. That it was the northern prolongation of the Nyassa I am decidedly inclined to believe; for, firstly, the general direction from Ngomana—which was west—would lead him there. It could be none of the southern crossings by which he traversed the lake, for indeed no part of the lake south of latitude 11° S. is shallow. Certainly nowhere could it be crossed in canoes propelled by long bamboos. On the western side, also, there are hills at all the crossings, except at Kota Kota, and there the lake is wide. I believe that Dr. Livingstone first came upon the lake near latitude 10° W., where the lofty mountains which were seen by us further south, on both sides, have subsided. The precipitous rocky borders of the Nyassa, in latitude 11° , are too marked a feature to escape the observations of the most obtuse; and the Johanna men all spoke of the land on both sides as flat, the shores sandy, and the water shallow. .

“Let me close this very hurried letter, impressing once more on you that the information it contains is the result of an imperfect investigation; much has still to be elicited, much never will be known. If I disbelieved the story, you know I would be the last to repeat it; but I do think that substantially, although not in detail, it is correct. “JOHN KIRK.”

On the 26th of January, 1867, Mr. Seward sent a despatch to the Foreign Office, which greatly tended to the fostering of a hope that the great traveller was not murdered, as had been so circumstantially asserted.

“I have the honour,” he says, “to inform you that, in pursuance of an intention expressed in my last despatch, concerning the asserted death of Dr. Livingstone, I have personally made inquiries amongst the traders at Kilwa and Kiringi, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead.

“The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazitu-haunted district, and, for ought they knew to the contrary, Dr. Livingston may yet be alive.”

The foregoing are the most important of the many communications regarding the reported death of Dr. Livingstone, read to the fellows of the Royal Geographical Society at their meeting on the 25th of March, 1867, and they have been selected for insertion here, because they give the best *resume* of the tale told by Moosa and the other Johanna men.

That Livingstone should fall by the hand of violence in his efforts to penetrate the interior of Africa was no unlikely circumstance, and the story we have rehearsed above was so circumstantial in all its details that it was a matter of no surprise that many should sorrowfully accept it as true. But there were a good many of Dr. Livingstone's friends who declined to believe that the great traveller was yet dead—chief of whom were Sir Roderick Murchison, Messrs. E. D. Young, and Horace Waller.

After the letters from Mr. Seward and Dr. Kirk had been read, Sir Roderick Murchison said that—

“He could not, as an old and dear friend of Livingstone, avoid clinging to the hope that he was still alive; and that he might be at that very moment on that Lake Tanganyika, which he had gone out to explore. If he only succeeded in passing the narrow tract inhabited by the warlike Mazitu, he would be comparatively safe, and so far from the lines of communication that it would be impossible to hear of him for many months, except by the accident of some Arab trader bringing down the intelligence to the coast. It was on this account, and trusting to the last despatch from our Consul, officially reporting what he had heard from Arab traders as to the untruthfulness of the Johanna men, that he thought there might still be some hopes—he would not say very sanguine hopes—that their illustrious friend was not dead. At all events, they ought, before they decided, to have better evidence than that of these men, all belonging to one tribe, and not, like the negro Africans, attached to Livingstone, but only his baggage-bearers, and in the rear, and who were described as a cowardly race. If any of these negroes, several of whom were said to have escaped, had returned and told the story, they might then believe it. And why should they not have returned, if their leader was dead, as well as the Johanna men? He thought it was their duty to

cling to the hope as long as they could, until some decisive evidence was obtained."

Sir Samuel Baker, the great Nile traveller and discoverer of the Albert Nyanza lake, and recently the leader of an expedition sent by the Viceroy of Egypt into the interior of Africa to put down the Slave trade, said—

"The news of Livingstone's death lay so heavily upon his mind that he could not speak of the lake system of Africa without first expressing his opinion respecting the fate of the great traveller. From his personal experience in Africa of nearly five years, he was compelled to differ in opinion from Sir Roderick Murchison. For his part he felt perfectly certain, from the evidence that had been laid before them, that they should see Livingstone's face no more. To him, who knew the native character, which was the same—exceedingly brutal and savage—throughout Africa, it was no wonder Livingstone was killed: it was only a wonder that one man out of a hundred ever returned from that abominable country. The death of Livingstone had given a check to African exploration, and he felt perfectly convinced that for a long time to come the centre of Africa would be closed to us. . . . He felt certain that no individual enterprise would ever open Africa, except to this extent—that an unfortunate traveller, weary and toilworn, might return to the Geographical Society, and state with all humility the little that he had done. With regard to Livingstone, he was perfectly convinced that, as Baron Von der Decken and Dr. Roscher had been killed, and Mrs. Livingstone had left her bones in Africa, so Livingstone had fallen a sacrifice; and although they could not erect a monument to his memory on the place where he fell, yet his name would live in their hearts as that of a man who had nobly done his duty."

Mr. Horace Waller said "he was with Dr. Livingstone many months in Africa on the Shire river, and knew many of these people whose names had been mentioned to the meeting. He had met men of the Mazitu tribe. They are a terror to the Portuguese; and although Dr. Kirk imagined that they crossed to the northward of the Zambesi forty years ago, he was led to believe that the particular band, who were killing everybody right and left throughout the country, only crossed in 1856. It had been stated in the public papers that Dr. Livingstone, before he struck the lake, had been in collision with the slave-dealers. He had the pleasure of telling them, from letters he had received within the last few days from Zanzibar, that Livingstone had not been in collision at all with the slave-dealers. As to Ali Moosa, he knew him very well; he was the head of these twelve Johanna men; but he was thoroughly untruthful, and would lie through thick and thin whenever it answered his purpose. Moosa was a man he would not put confidence in at all. But Dr. Kirk had been there: he knew Moosa, and he knew all the men, and he was the most likely man of all who had been upon that coast to come to a sound conclusion. He may say he placed faith in the sagacity of Dr. Kirk, and whatever

opinion Dr. Kirk entertained with regard to the fate of Livingstone he must entertain."

Captain Sherard Osborne said that—

"The fate of Livingstone at this moment was remarkably analagous to that of Franklin in 1848. Franklin was missing, and there were plenty of people ready to come forward and produce indubitable proofs that Franklin had perished close to the threshold of his work. He and others doubted it strongly; but so fiercely was the question agitated that some of the best and soundest authorities in this country were disposed to relinquish the idea of Franklin's pushing forward then, as he believed poor Livingstone might be pushing forward now. He held that they, as members of the Geographical Society, should act upon the broad principle that, until they had positive proof of the death of Livingstone, or any other explorer, it was their duty not to cease their efforts to rescue them. If it were easy for the slave-trader and the missionary to traverse Africa, he maintained that other men could penetrate to Luenda and see if Livingstone had left that place in safety, and bring back any papers he might have left there. If Livingstone had fallen, he believed the efforts made to solve the mystery of his death would lead, in all probability, to the clearing up of the mystery of the African lake regions, just as the problem of the northern polar regions had been solved in the search for Franklin."

Mr. Baines said, "as one who had been with Livingstone eighteen months in Africa, he wished to bear testimony to his perseverance and ability as an explorer. With regard to his reported death, he himself had been reported dead, and in 1860 or 1861 it was stated that Dr. Livingstone had been killed; but the editor of the Cape paper added very sensibly, that Dr. Miller, who brought down the letters, had previously been reported dead, and had come out alive." Mr. Baines said he did not give up hope; at the same time he had very great fear, founded on the conclusions Dr. Kirk had come to, who would not be easily deceived by the natives."

The President, Sir Roderick Murchison, in concluding the discussion, said he was glad to find that gentlemen well acquainted with parts of the region recently explored, had, as well as himself, a hope that Livingstone might be still alive. Although it was a ray of hope only, they would, he was sure, agree with him that an expedition should be sent out to clear up this painful question. Until that was done he should remain in doubt as to the death of the great explorer.

Mr. E. D. Young, afterwards the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition, gave an equally indifferent account of the truth and honesty of Moosa. He says:—

"I had previously a good experience of the salient points in the character of the Mohammedans. It had fallen to my bad lot on a former

occasion to be brought into contact with just such practices in Moosa, headman for the nonce, as would stand him in good stead, supposing desertion, pillage, and a plausible tale should ever suggest themselves to him as a way out of a difficulty. He had served under me for a year on the river Shire, and the tropical growth of rascality during an idle six months there (as witnessed in him and his followers) was marked, but certainly not amusing. The first canon in their creed was to lie; the second made stealing an honest transaction towards their Christian neighbours. With consciences thus pretty well fortified, these two laws were rigorously exercised amongst bead sacks, calico bales, bundles of brass wire, rice bags, and beef casks, on every available opportunity when my back was turned. It was no use stopping their grog—that stern preventative measure with the ordinary Jack-tar—for they drank none. A religion which winks at the above practices, sneezes if the air brings upon it a whiff of anything so unlawful and unclean as rum! At my wits' end, I hit upon two expedients. Distance from their home lent no aid to disenchant the visions of spotless purity in which the faithful must indulge. If rum were loss of houris, pork was simply destruction to all ideas of peace of mind. Now it so happened a pig was brought to us one day at Ma Titti, where the *Pioneer* and her motley crew were lying for six months. A fathom or two of cloth transferred to my possession a nondescript beast, with bristles like cocoa-nut fibre brushed different ways, and with teeth, legs, tail, and ears, tending to defy ought but the merest semblance of things swine-like.

“Great was the dismay of Moosa and his companions when they saw a small cabin fitted up in the bows, with a packing case or two, and some handy spars, for our new acquisition. To stay in the same ship was simply impossible to the followers of the Prophet. However, a compromise, with a view to further business, was eventually come to. Piggy was on no account to be suffered out of his sty, except at such times as the faithful were safely on shore; as long as they worked well so did the arrangement. But things soon lapsed. Less work and more lying and stealing took the place of the wholesome dread of being run up against by the unclean.

“Necessity is the mother of invention. So after the unusually successful result in seeing how not to do things, one day I had eight bells struck, and, as usual, the Johanna men got ready to dine on shore. What was their dismay to hear the clatter of trotters, and in a moment the ‘defiled’ was amongst the faithful! *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day. Piteous appeals, to which hunger lent its zest at the accustomed dinner hour, was showered down upon me from the rigging. ‘Ah Misser Young, ’spose you catch ’em porco, ’spose we work plenty.’

“On these conditions at last I relented, and for a time a mere glance of my eye towards ‘porco’s’ sty was enough to get quite a paroxysm of work

out of them. Then this failed, and I had to resort to a still more persuasive argument. The stealing was becoming past endurance. A culprit was caught, and a long threatened operation (which for brevity's sake we will call 'two dozen') was to be his lot, as soon as he was tied up and a proper person found to administer the corrective. That a follower of the Prophet should be struck by the 'Kaffre' was out of the question, and a loud protest, founded on this theory, at last had its hearing. I relented, but a second impossibility took its place. Still more unheard of was it that 'dog should eat dog,' or Moslem thrash Mussulman! However, of these two evils, the faithful decided it was the least, not without a bias, as I discovered very soon. The reason became apparent as the brotherly consideration which came to the front in the attempt to mitigate, if not prevent, the flagellation. Moosa himself consented to wield an impromptu and very mild sort of 'cat.' I had the culprit properly fastened to the rigging to receive his whipping, and took my station to see it justly administered. All was ready; Moosa, with a stern sense of justice and self-sacrifice for principle's sake manifested on his countenance, handled the 'cat' in the most approved fashion. Great was the preparation for the blow, and Ali Baba must evidently be cut in twain at the first go off! Not so: the well feigned uplifted vengeance in the lash came down to a modification in the fall, which left the tawny skin of the marauder merely tickled. This would not do; defeat was ruin, or at least plunder more pertinacious than ever.

"Coming up behind M. Moosa with a rope's end, I told him that it was evident he was at a loss to know exactly how hard he was to hit—an excusable failing considering his scanty knowledge of plain English—and I could furnish him with a simple but sure guidance. So it was 'Now Moosa' (thwack) pass that on to Ali Baba! The result was marvellous, and although Moosa never could exactly see why he could not pass on just what he received, I broke up a cabal which made detection and punishment alike a burden to our otherwise sorely tried life with these Johanna men."

The Johanna men, like all Mohammedans, showed themselves careless of life and selfish to a degree. Mr. Charles Livingstone relates an incident which occurred in the Zambesi illustrative of this:—

"Once, when they were all coming to the ship after sleeping ashore, one of them walked into the water with the intention of swimming off to the boat, and while yet hardly up to his knees, was seized by a horrid crocodile, and dragged under; the poor fellow gave a shriek, and held up his hand for aid, but none of his countrymen stirred to his assistance, and he was never seen again. On asking his brother-in-law why he did not help him, he replied, 'Well, no one told him to go into the water. It was his own fault that he was killed.'"

The grave doubts as to the truth of the Johanna men, expressed by

men so competent to judge as to the value of their evidence, communicated itself to the public, and within a very short space of time the hope was generally current that their statements were unworthy of credence. On the 8th of April Sir Roderick Murchison intimated to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society that the Council had drawn up the following resolution with regard to Dr. Livingstone:—

“The Council are of opinion that it is highly desirable that a tentative expedition or expeditions should proceed, whether from Zanzibar to the head of Lake Nyassa, or from the Zambesi to that point, with a view to ascertain the fate of Dr. Livingstone; and that the expedition committee be requested to report upon the measures advisable to be adopted.”

It was then resolved —

“That the President be requested to communicate this resolution to Lord Stanley (then Minister for Foreign Affairs), with the expression of a hope that Her Majesty’s Government will see fit to adopt such measures as may appear to them most conducive to the end in view, in which not only geographers, but the public at large, take so deep an interest.”

On the 27th of May Sir Roderick Murchison was in a position to intimate that Her Majesty’s Government had agreed to co-operate with the Royal Geographical Society, and that an expedition was about to start for the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, by way of the Zambesi, which would set at rest all doubts as to the truth or falsehood of the Johanna men.

“In the meantime,” he said, “not believing in the death of Livingstone, on the sole testimony of one of the baggage-bearers who fled, and who has already given different versions of the catastrophe, I am sure the Society and the public will approve of the course I recommended, and in which I was cordially supported by the Council, and, to their great credit, by Her Majesty’s Government—viz., to send out a boat expedition to the head of Lake Nyassa, and thus ascertain the truth. If by this exhaustive search we ascertain that, sceptical as we are, the noble fellow did fall at that spot where the Johanna men said he was killed, why, then, alas! at our next anniversary it will be the sad duty of your President, in mourning for his loss, to dwell upon the wondrous achievements of his life. If, on the contrary, we should learn from our own envoys, and not merely from Arab traders, that he has passed on into the interior (and this we shall ascertain in six or seven months), why then, trusting to the skill and undaunted pluck of Livingstone, we may feel assured that, among friendly negro tribes, who know that he is their steadfast friend, he may still realise one of the grandest geographic triumphs of our era, the connection of the great Tanganyika with the Nile system.

“But even here I would have my countrymen, who are accustomed to obtain rapid intelligence of distant travellers, not to despair, if they should

be a year or more without any news of our undaunted friend. For, if he be alive, they must recollect that he has with him a small band of youthful negroes, none of whom could be spared to traverse the wide regions between Tanganyika and the coast. Until he himself reappears—and how long was he unheard of in his first great traverse of southern Africa—we have, therefore, little chance of knowing the true result of his mission. But if, as I fervently pray, he should return to us, with what open arms will the country receive him! and how rejoiced will your President be if he lives to preside over as grand a Livingstone festival as he did when the noble and lion-hearted traveller was about to depart on his second great expedition.

“The party which I have announced as about to proceed to Africa, to procure accurate information concerning Livingstone, will be commanded by Mr. E. D. Young, who did excellent service in the former Zambesi expedition in the management of the Nyassa river-boat. With him will be associated Mr. Henry Faulkner, formerly a Captain of H.M.’s. 17th Lancers, a young volunteer of great promise,* and three acclimatised men, Mr. J. Buckley, an old shipmate of Mr. Young’s, and Mr. John Reed, a mechanic, and the other a seaman. The expedition, I am happy to say, is warmly supported by Her Majesty’s Government, and the building of the boat is rapidly progressing under the order of the Board of Admiralty.

“The boat will be a sailing one; made of steel, and built in pieces, no one of which will weigh more than forty pounds, so that the portage of the whole by natives past the cataracts of the Shire will be much facilitated. The Government have arranged for the transport of the party to the Cape, with the boat and stores, by the African Mail Steamer, on the 9th of next month (June). Arrived there, one of the cruisers will take them to the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, where the boat will be put together, and the party, having engaged a crew of negroes, will be left to pursue their noble and adventurous errand by the Zambesi and the Shire, to the head of Lake Nyassa. On account of the heavy seas which prevail on the western or leeward side of that lake, the expedition will keep close to its eastward shore, hitherto unexplored, and it is expected it will reach Kampunda, at the northern extremity, by the end of October, and there ascertain whether our great traveller has perished as reported, or has passed forward in safety through Cazembe to the Lake Tanganyika.”

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on the 3rd of June, Sir Roderick Murchison introduced Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner to the meeting. In the course of some remarks concerning the expedition of which he had taken the command, Mr. Young said, that “he did not believe the report of Moosa, the Johanna man, who had been under him nearly two years on the Zambesi, and had shown himself to be totally untruthful.”

* Mr. Faulkner went out at his own cost.

Mr. Petherick, the great Nile traveller, in the course of some remarks on the expedition, said, "He entirely coincided with Sir Roderick Murchison in disbelieving the report of Dr. Livingstone's death. Any man who had had a long experience of the negroes of those districts would detect a falsehood on the very face of the story that Moosa had told. It was too circumstantial for a true account. His statement, that after the fight he returned with his companions several hours afterwards, and found the bodies of Livingstone and three or four of his companions on the ground unmolested, was so unlike the usual mode of proceeding of these people, that it could not be correct. Every African traveller knew that the trophy most prized by savages such as the Mazitu, would be a portion of the body of the enemy they had slain; and if the poor Doctor had fallen, his body would have been cut up into as many pieces as there were savages to be gratified. It was, he thought, to be deeply regretted that the object of the expedition, now about to leave England, was merely to ascertain the certainty of the fate of Dr. Livingstone, and was on so small a scale as to preclude it from the possibility of affording the illustrious traveller, should he be in life, that relief of which he might be in need. He, himself had been in his late journey in a similar strait, and had he not most fortunately obtained supplies from one of the trading stations, he and his party must have succumbed."

On the 25th of November letters were read from H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, H. A. Churchill, and Dr. Kirk, that they had heard from a native trader just returned from Central Africa, that a white man had been seen in the country of Marungo, near the town of the head chief Katumba,* and that they had hopes that this white man was none other than Dr. Livingstone. Early in December a letter was received by Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey from Dr. Kirk, which may be said to have satisfied the public that Dr. Livingstone was alive and pushing on towards the north. Dr. Kirk says:—

"The interesting discovery that a white man had been seen seven months ago to the south of Lake Tanganyika, induced Mr. Churchill, the Consul, and myself, to go to Bagamoyo, a place on the coast, the point of arrival and departure of the Ujiji caravans. The result of our visit has been to find two other men who also saw the wanderer in the interior at Marunga, and to place his existence beyond a doubt. We have also learned something about his personal appearance, his escort, and the route he was taking; and have been told that letters were given to one of the headmen of another caravan that was at Marunga. This man, we have since been told, is a well-known man; so that on his arrival from the interior, expected in the course of a month, we may not only have our curiosity satisfied, but I sincerely hope our best wishes

*It was in this district, and near Katumba's town, that the great traveller died, about six years after his first appearance there.

for our dear friend Livingstone realized. I hope we shall find that he has been successful, and is pushing his way to the Albert Nyanza, thence to emerge *via* the Nile, on the Mediterranean. He will have been the first man who has not only crossed the continent, but has passed through the whole length of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile. But the essential part of his work will have been done before he reaches the Nile, and he may safely return towards Zanzibar, if so minded, with laurels sufficient to constitute him the greatest of all explorers, and the African traveller *par excellence*. You see I am very sanguine that our friend is still alive. The manner in which we obtained the testimony was very satisfactory. In the first place, I picked up the news amongst the native traders. I then addressed the caravan people, and drew out their story while they were unsuspecting of its interest, so that neither Hindee traders nor Suaheli men had an object to tell lies, nor any idea how to act if they wished merely to please. Besides, our conversation was carried on without an interpreter, and, although making no pretence to a full knowledge of the language, I knew quite sufficient to be able to express myself, and dispense with that feeble source of conference, an interpreter. With the prospect of letters from Livingstone so near, we may well refrain from all speculation on the subject of his geographical discoveries."

The reports recorded by Dr. Kirk in the above were further confirmed from other sources, and by the time that the Search Expedition under the command of Mr. E. D. Young returned with the intimation that the story of Ali Moosa was a fabrication, concocted by him to screen the desertion of himself and the other Johanna men, the public were in the daily expectation of hearing from Dr. Livingstone himself. Mr. Young and Mr. Faulkner made their report to the Royal Geographical Society on the 27th of January, 1868. Unfortunately Sir Roderick Murchison was not present at the meeting on account of illness. He addressed a letter to the Members of the Society, in which he said, with justifiable pride, that his "friends of the Geographical Society will recollect that, from the first, I expressed my belief that the Johanna men had deserted Livingstone, and had concocted a false and wholly incredible account of his death. I subsequently gave as an hypothesis of their reasons for deserting that they were coast-men, and acquainted only with the Zambesi and its tributaries; and that when their chief decided upon plunging into the heart of Africa, they fled from him; and, indeed, they assigned as their motive to the native chief, to whom they told the truth, that it was fear which prevailed on them. Had they only re-told this story to the Consul at Zanzibar, what sufferings of the friends of Livingstone would they not have averted, instead of bringing on themselves the execrations of every one! I hope some measures will be taken to make these wretches feel that, in reporting to British authorities, they must speak the truth."

The public waited with impatience for news from the great traveller

himself. He had been so long lost in unknown and untrodden regions, that they looked forward to a stirring narrative of new countries, new peoples, and strange adventures, equal to that with which he had treated them after his famous march across Africa in company with the Makololo men. A higher feeling than mere curiosity was at work in the public mind. The series of remarkable explorations in Africa, commencing with that of Livingstone in the south, in 1849, and ending with the discovery of the Albert Nyanza Lake by Samuel Baker, had kept that vast continent constantly in the foreground as a scene of discovery, and the great explorer was known to be approaching the ground so recently travelled by Speke, Grant, Burton, and Baker, the great explorers of the north and east. The mysterious heart of Africa was fast giving up its secrets, and few doubted but that the indefatigable Livingstone would pass through the as yet unknown lands that lay between the country of Cazembe, and the great lake region of Speke and Baker. The Nile, which had been a mystery since the earliest dawn of civilization, had been traced further and further to the south, and Livingstone, who had passed far to the north of the watershed of the Zambesi, was in the line of march which, if successfully prosecuted, must solve the mystery of its source and its annual floods. How he was to be thwarted and turned aside through the bungling carelessness of those responsible for the sending of his supplies, and how death at last was to intervene between him and the full accomplishment of his work, were unthought of possibilities in the joy at finding that he was alive and well; but they were doomed within a few short years to be the subject of bitter reflection to millions throughout the globe.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Livingstone Search Expedition under Mr. E. D. Young.—Departs for South Africa.—Ascends the Zambesi and the Shire.—Hears of the Safety of Livingstone.—Returns to England.—Letters from Dr. Livingstone.—Death of Dr. Livingstone again reported, etc., etc.

WE proceed to give a brief account of the "Livingstone Expedition and its results." Mr. Young and his companions reached Table Bay on the 12th of July, 1867. The Rev. Mr. Lightfoot, who had taken charge of the forty-two natives brought from the Shire valley by Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Waller in 1864, recommended two of their number to act as interpreters to the expedition, and make themselves otherwise useful. The names of the two were Chinsoro (the friend of Wekotani) and Sinjeri. The former had been befriended by Dr. Dickinson, of the Oxford and Cambridge Mission; and the latter had been at the same time a servant to Mr. Horace Waller. Both of them had been rescued from slavery.

H.M.S. *Petrel*, Captain Gordon, conveyed the expedition to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, which they reached on the 25th of July. Speaking of the scene presented to their gaze, Mr. Young says:—

"There is something very singular about the *embouchures* of African rivers. At first sight the long dark avenues of mangrove trees, through which the channels discharge their waters, do away with the idea of solitude. It seems as if the hand of man had been at work. The trees appear to have been trimmed to a level at the top, and they overhang the rivers far too methodically to impress the mind with the utter loneliness that really haunts such localities. The first impression is anything but disagreeable, and not a fair introduction to the vastness and grandeur of the interior country. The Zambesi, it must be remembered, enters the sea by a great variety of channels. It has ceased to exist as a river some forty miles above the sea. The waters of one of the grandest streams imaginable find their way as best they can to the ocean, where they become entangled in the swampy delta which lies between its broad channel and the sea.

"The full desolation of the scene is withheld till one sees a canoe stealing along under the shadow of the overhanging trees. Black in colour, manned

by two or even one dark crouching form, frightened at the appearance of the stranger, it seems as if the denizens of such a wilderness were ashamed to be found there—as if it were an intrusion on a solitude which is too real. To confirm this the traveller has but to set foot amongst the mangroves; all the outward trim order vanishes in an instant. It is a deceitful garb of green, hung over a tangle of poles—living, dying, and dead—which stick out of a sickening, filthy mud bed, defying the searcher to venture many yards.

Passing up the river deserted houses on every side told that the hold of the Portuguese in the country had become most precarious. At Shupanga they picked up a native who had been one of the crew of the *Pioneer*. His English name was John Gaitty. His delight at seeing Mr. Young was most unbounded, and he very willingly agreed to join the party. Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Young visited Mrs. Livingstone's grave under the large Baobab tree at Shupanga, and several of Mr. Young's old comrades on the Shire "fetched their hoes and cleared all the grass away from it for us." The greatest respect seemed to be shown for the memory of one so dear to a man whose fame is fair and clear both to friend and former foe wherever our steps lead us. . . . Before starting I saw to the plastering and white-washing of the tomb, and having paid the men who performed this duty, we started up the river."

At Senna the ruin which had befallen the Portuguese settlements afforded Mr. Young the subject for wise reflections. He says:—

"In former times it was tenanted by a little group of slave and ivory dealers, Senhor Ferrao standing out in bold relief for his well-known hospitality to all comers, and his universal goodness to his slaves. We were grieved to hear he was no more, but his son received us most hospitably. From him we gathered that the Landbeen Kaffres had not only destroyed the once important town of Tete on the right bank of the river above us, but that they had also killed one hundred and thirty of the European convict troops and three officers, taking the Governor prisoner into the bargain. Sorry as we naturally felt for the loss of life, it was a source of gratification to learn that this nucleus of infamy had at last been done away with.

"Tete had hitherto been the great head-quarters of a slave traffic which had brought desolation into the country in which we were about to travel. From this land, to the north of Tete, women and children were collected, no matter at what cost of life and bloodshed, to be transported to the tribes on the south of the Zambesi, in exchange for ivory. These tribes to whom they were thus sold as slaves, had been so long at war that hardly any but the fighting men remained. The traders' ready sagacity saw that, instead of paying enormous import duties on calico, beads, muskets, etc., if they could only collect these poor things instead, and make barter goods of them, all such drawbacks would be avoided. Livingstone's discoveries, his free roamings through the Shire uplands, his reports of a teeming population, industrious and peaceable,

first furnished the desired hunting ground for the Tete men. . . . The whole country was laid waste, tribe was set against tribe, the strong sided with the strong against the weak, the captives were bought at a price varying from two to five yards of calico a-piece, and the population had thus become exterminated in the hills."

Two years previous to the visit of Mr. Young's party, the Zambesi and its tributaries had come down in unusual flood—the former river forcing a passage for the bulk of its waters across country to the Shire, which they reached twenty miles from its mouth. Two guides having been procured who were acquainted with the new channel, Mr. Young determined to pass through it to the Shire. Once fairly into the channel the perils of its navigation presented themselves when it was too late to turn back. "Our boats," Mr. Young says, "were hurried along like leaves in a mill race, and to stop was impossible. The first part lay through trees, and the danger of being dashed against 'snags' was every moment recurring. There was nothing to do but 'carry on,' although it felt more like being in a railway train than a boat: once only did we receive a bad bump, and most fortunately it neither capsized nor stove us. This headlong career kept on till we made a large open space, and we were very glad to cast anchor on a sandbank for the night."

The channel widened into a marsh, through which the navigation was most intricate and difficult. The abundance of animal and plant life in this marsh called forth his admiration and wonder:—

"The plentiful supply of water, the rank vegetation for cover and food, and the patches of forest, afford all that the antelope tribe and the large game of Africa require. Elephants, rhinoceros, and buffalo, are very plentiful, whilst water-buck, zebra, and numerous other animals, stray about in mixed herds. . . . Acres of azure-blue lilies hide the water in places, and for the moment deceive the eye which has acknowledged, day by day, the similar hue above. Hollyhocks and convulvuli are amongst the reeds; the palm tree's stateliness, and the acacia's blossom, are things that fix themselves in the mind; the mists are whiter, the cries of the birds wilder, the largeness larger, and the stillness of the dawn more still upon these lagoons than anywhere else. All nature by concert seems to acknowledge the reign of stillness, knowing that sound travels so easily and swiftly over water and through white fog. Rarely is silence broken, and then only by sounds which utter allegiance to the scene. It is the lion's roar before the dawn, the hippopotamus' trumpet vibrating over the glassy expanse of water as day breaks, and the shriek as from another world of the fish-hawk—these sounds are allowable and allowed in the Shire marshes. The report of a gun is sacrilege; a bird's song would be destruction. By the pools stand white ghostly-looking bitterns, bleached for night, whose very lustreless eyes seem swollen to perpetual silence: they rise from the sedge in flakes; they slide a few boat-lengths over the water,

and then settle down again, lifeless and alone. Myriad strings of geese move twice a-day, when the scene-shifting must be done—that is, when sun rises and sun sets—but they do it as noiselessly as they can. Troops of pelicans pass here and there, quartering the heavens into long lines with the geese, but no noise comes from them—they never move again when once they alight unless disturbed, for all and everything must help to keep all still.”

The fish-hawk of these regions attracts the attention and admiration of all travellers. Dr. Livingstone perpetually alludes to it in his writings. Mr. Young speaks of it as the presiding genius of the water-courses. “It is impossible,” he says, “ever to forget his weird, impressive cry as he flies on and on ahead. . . . Nothing catches the eye so quickly as his large, snow-white head and beautiful chocolate-coloured wings, which at their full expanse measure between six and seven feet. He may be seen soaring over the water, now throwing back his head to give his wild laugh, which rings from rock to rock, and anon dashing down into the water to seize a fish. When this is secured with his talons, he either flies off with it to a sand-bank, or if, as sometimes happens, it becomes a question of mere strength which shall conquer, he will consent to be dragged along the surface till he can at last make sail again, and lead his tired captive to a shoal place.”

On the Shire Mr. Young met with a singular superstition. On the extreme peak of the Kolubvi hills a woman is incarcerated in a hut, and the natives resort to her to listen to her ravings, which they believe to have a divine origin. The original occupant of the hut was the wife of a distinguished Manganja chief, who was supposed by his followers to be a spirit. After his death he spoke to them through a prophetess, who is constantly being renewed, as the solitary vigil on the hill-top generally renders the post vacant every year or two. As any female member of the tribe is eligible for the office of “prophetess,” great is the consternation “when it is known that ‘Zarima’s’ life has fled from the hill-top.”

Near the junction of the Ruo and the Shire, and close by the last scene in the life of Bishop Mackenzie, the party encountered a large body of natives, who loudly expressed their delight at once more meeting with the “English.” “Nearing Chibisa’s, every yard renewed old recollections, and a little further on we encountered a well-known face—there stood one of our old comrades, the Makololo! The news spread from village to village like wildfire: ‘The English! the English!’”

“We found a very large population where we had left a scanty one. The whole place was in an uproar. Crowd after crowd came to the bank of the river, and the shouting, dancing, and clapping of hands, told its own tale. It was a welcome although a deeply thoughtful moment. What had been done—what might still be done with such good feeling as a ground-work? Arrived at Chibisa’s it seemed as if all the surrounding country had

gathered together to greet us. The people rushed into the river to drag our boats to shore, calling out continually, 'Our fathers, the English, are come again! Here is Mr. Young! Mr. Young! Mr. Young!' They were wild with delight."

When the Makololo were all assembled together, Mr. Young explained to them the purpose of their journey, and asked them if they would join him.

"They answered me," says Mr. Young, "through their chief Malako, in the quaint and perfect form with which a savage addresses his hearers in council assembled. 'Mr. Young, Narki (the name by which Dr. Livingstone goes among the Makololo) was our father; and you who were out here with him, behaved well to us during your former stay. You are as our father now, and we will go anywhere with you, and do anything you wish us to do.' I stated my conditions in plain terms to them. They replied: 'You may give us what you please; only tell us what to do.'"

At Ma-Titi, the commencement of the Murchison cataracts, the party built a hut to contain their stores, and, taking the steel boat to pieces, made arrangements for the tedious land journey of sixty miles to the clear water beyond. The engaging of native bearers to carry the pieces of their steel boat and other *impedimenta* was a work to try the patience of the calmest-tempered mortal.

"Any one," says Mr. Young, "who has had to do with the natives, can picture to himself some portion of the task that met me next morning. It would be an interesting problem to solve, whether an African really ever did think he had justice shown him when it came to carrying a certain burden for a certain wage. There lies the load, and up stands the stalwart form by its side. Then comes the question, 'Two yards of calico?' Impossible! Why nothing would justify him in shouldering it, or rather heading it for that. A long haggie succeeds, for it is the prominent feature throughout the length and breadth of the land to lose no opportunity of indulging in this insatiable habit; finally, a few more inches concludes a bargain which seems irrevocable.

"But it now occurs to our worthy, for the first time, that he will raise the load at his feet, and feel its weight: what contortions! what squeaks of surprise! 'Why one would think the M'Sungi (white man) wished to kill him.' 'No, never! he is dead already if he has to convey such a load as that the length of his nose.' Another wrangle succeeds, and another three or four inches of calico makes the package appear full of corks, whereas it might have been supposed to contain cannon-balls ten minutes before. This sort of work does not grow on one by repetition: multiply it by, say, a round hundred, and then a tolerable notion may be conceived of what it is to get all in order for the march."

Two Krumen were left in charge of the hut and the other boats until the

return of the party, and these were strengthened by the addition of Buckley, the seaman, after the party had passed the cataracts, and put the *Search* together, and launched her on the Shire once more. The passage of the cataracts was accomplished in four days, during which time they came in contact with very few natives. They had nearly all been swept away—killed or dispersed by the slave parties. Nothing was left to show where a teeming and happy population had existed only a few years before save the ruins of their huts, and the skeletons of the slain bleaching in the sun and rain.

The natives they encountered were in dread of an attack from the Mazitu or the Ajawa. The former were ravaging the country to the eastward of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, and the latter were devastating the country to the west. The toil of the journey was very severe on account of the heat, and nothing but the abundance of animal food provided by Mr. Faulkner's gun could have induced the natives to maintain the rate of travel they accomplished. The country they passed through, if difficult of travel, was magnificent. On the second day they passed a waterfall known as Tenzani, which Mr. Young says, as a waterfall, "is worth going from England to see. Of great height, even at this time of the year, the volume of water which pours through its zig-zag channel, and then over a sheer cliff, is magnificent. What a spectacle it must be in the rainy season, when the flood rises certainly a hundred feet in the gorge at Patamanga, and pours through a narrow cleft! It must be one of the sights of the world. We were able to notice that there is this extraordinary increase in the flood when the rains come, by roots and *debris* left fully the height I have named above the ordinary level. Most singularly we discovered, perched up at a great elevation, an English oar, rotten and worm-eaten. The readers of the 'Zambesi and its Tributaries' will recollect the occasion of Dr. Livingstone losing his boat, oars, and gear in 1863, amongst these cataracts. This was a relic of the accident which the flood had placed in its own niche to commemorate some of the difficulties of the explorer's life."

While putting the boat together, on the 29th of August, the party were informed by some natives that a white man had been seen some time ago in Pamalombi, a small lake on the Shire, not far below its outlet from Nyassa. This traveller had a dog with him, and he had left there to go further in a westerly direction! What could this mean? Launching the *Search* on the Shire, they started for Lake Nyassa, the natives coming to the shore in hundreds to gaze upon them, and warn them of the bloodthirsty Mazitu who, they said, were in front. These reports being reiterated at every stopping place, even the courage of the Makololo failed, and it was with great difficulty they could be got to go forward. On one occasion an immense concourse of spectators stood waiting their approach upon the right bank of the river. Most of them were armed with spears and bow and arrows, and seemed deter-

mined on hostilities. They had taken the Search party for a band of Mazitu, and when they learned that there were English on board, they became most friendly.

On the shores of Lake Nyassa they heard of Dr. Livingstone having been seen, and the party had to come to the conclusion that "all previous calculations, all those shrewd ponderings and siftings of evidence at the Geographical Society were put an end to by the simple narrative that fell from the lips of a poor native." Landing in a small bay on the east shore of Nyassa, they were hospitably received by a party of natives. The headman advanced and asked them if they had seen the Englishman who had been there some time previous. In reply to the questions of Mr. Young, they got a most accurate description of Dr. Livingstone, his apparel, etc.; the well-known naval cap which he wore being graphically described. In describing the boxes the Englishman had with him, the headman said—

"There was one, a little one; in it there was water which was white; when you touched it by placing your finger in it, ah! behold it would not wet you, this same white water: I lie not."

Q. "What was it for—what did the Englishman do with it?"

A. "He used to put it down upon the ground, and then he took a thing in his hand to look on the sun with."

Q. "Now show me what you mean; how did he do this?"

This brought out all the singular capability of the savage for pantomimic illustration. The old chief gravely took up a piece of stick, and his actions, as he imitated a person taking observations with the sextant's artificial horizon (which I may explain to my less experienced readers, is a small square trough of mercury—the white water), could not have been surpassed. The gravity with which he stretched his feet apart and swayed himself backwards to look up at the sun along his piece of stick, and then brought it down to a certain point, was a masterpiece of mimicry. It is a quality among all savages, and a most amusing half-hour can at any time be got out of them by exercising it. To ask them to describe a hunting scene was a favourite plan; they will imitate the gait of every animal in a manner which would convince a European he had everything to learn in the way of catching salient points and representing them truthfully."

As the natives here remembered the names of Chumah, Wekatoni, and Moosa, and gave an accurate account of the other members of Livingstone's party, there could be no doubt that they had only to follow up his line of march to learn the truth or falsehood of Moosa's story. At another native settlement a chief appeared, holding in his hand a small English Prayer Book. Striking the trail of Dr. Livingstone on the western shore of the lake, they found that, at a place called Paea homa, Moosa and his companions had not been of the party. The work they had come so far to accomplish was all

but completed. Here they were informed that he had gone into the Babisa, or Bisa country. At Marenga's village, "a black mass of heads stood far and wide on the shore to witness our approach. I stood up in the bow of the boat, and, taking off my cap to show them that I was not an Arab, I called out that we were English, who were about to visit the chief. This caused the most friendly demonstration of hand-clapping and gesticulating, and our reception was as warm as if we had landed at Plymouth, instead of at a village on this far lone lake in Africa, all but unknown even in name. We landed, and on making our request to see Marenga, we were conducted by one of his wives to the old chief's hut."

"I found myself in the presence of a fat, jovial-looking old fellow, the very picture of good living and good humour. Without further to do he seized me by the hand, and shook it most violently, clearly demonstrating, not only his respect for my countrymen, but also for their mode of salutation. This ended, he asked me at once if I had brought his old friend, the other Englishman, with me. On hearing that he was not with us, and that, on the contrary, our object was to learn what had become of him, the old fellow very frankly volunteered all the information in his power."

The information Mr. Young received from Marenga was to the effect that Dr. Livingstone had stayed a day in his village, and that two days after his departure Moosa and his companions had returned to his village, giving the following as their reasons for having deserted him:—

"They were merely Arabs," said they, "who had come across Livingstone in his wanderings, and had consented to help him in his undertaking; but really there must be a limit to all things, and as they knew he was about to enter a very dangerous country, they were not justified in further indulging their disinterested natures in assisting a traveller, and having, as it were, torn themselves away from him with reluctance, they must get back to the coast."

Further, Marenga informed him that if anything had happened to Dr. Livingstone, even at a long distance to the north, he would have heard of it, as he had tidings of his well-being for a month's journey from his village.

This Marenga was a character, and he and his surroundings were a subject of interest and amusement to Mr. Young. He was originally from the Babisa country, and had travelled a great deal in his youth. Gathering around him a band of experienced natives, he settled on the coast of the lake, and did a large trade in slaves and ivory with Kilwa, Ibo, and Mozambique.

"With great satisfaction," says Mr. Young, "he introduced me to forty of his young wives, who, although not fair, and far under forty in years in any case, were as sleek as good living and *pombi* drinking could make them. Their reverence for their liege lord was excessive, and he could not stir without his least want or wish being anticipated by one or other of them. Marenga had led a hard life in his younger days, and had travelled far and wide; now

he was determined to take it easily, and drink *pombi* to his heart's content. This latter determination engrossed the whole attention of more than one dusky Hebe, and the quantity the attractive damsels succeeded in getting their spouse to imbibe was astonishing. One device certainly never struck me before, and it is, I am afraid, too late to put it on record, now that the good old days are gone. It consists in tickling the patient when he has had quite enough to be good for him. In Marenga's case the operation seemed to answer the purpose of getting far more into him than was possible by other means, and his sober moments were anxiously looked for by us during our stay; the tickling was anything but to our fancy. However, in his better moods, he was confidential to a degree."

Marenga consulted Mr. Young about a gun he had which was clothed with charms outwardly, and stuffed with them inwardly to a degree which would have made it a serious matter for the person who might attempt to fire it off. Mr. Young proceeded to unload the weapon, and drew out of it a most heterogeneous collection of materials.

"First and foremost out came about three or four inches of stringy bark, very much like oakum, then a plug of iron, then a conglomeration which I was gravely told was powerful medicine, but which required a pharmacopœia the most uncanny to elucidate. At a venture, I should say it consisted of brains (most likely human), snakes' skins, and castor oil made into a kind of ointment, and, for effect's sake coloured with red ochre. Then came another layer of bark oakum, and, astern of all, about a handful of coarse blasting powder; a doze, in fact, that was more fitted for a cannon than a musket. 'It's sure to kill some one,' said Marenga, looking gravely at me, and I quite concurred in the notion. Natives, as a rule, have no idea of the strength of powder, and it is very common to see the protuberance of a badly united fracture of the collar-bone, where a load of this kind has upset the unfortunate artillery-man head over heels, shattering at times his hands and the heads of the bystanders."

" . . . Surely if there be a representative still living of old King Cole, he exists in our worthy host! Such a place for drumming and singing I never heard of. The first law of his court was, that the sound of singing should never be out of his ears, wherever he happened to be, and there seemed no chance of a repeal the whole time we were there. On the 20th of September, after getting the latitude of Marenga's village, we bade adieu to the old fellow and his forty wives. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, he happened to be very drunk at the time. In one way we were lucky, for no delay took place for either parting cup or parting present. During his more sober moments in the morning, he gave us a very nice ox, which came in most acceptably."

As they had satisfactorily established the falsehood of Moosa's story, the

object of the expedition was accomplished. In sailing down the lake the party encountered several of the tremendous storms for which it is famous. They landed at Mapunda, which is the village in which, according to Moosa, he and his followers were robbed and ill-treated. The chief was unfortunately from home, but the party were hospitably entertained by his mother. Here they learned that Wekatoni, who found some of his relatives in the village, elected to remain in spite of the persuasions of Dr. Livingstone. Unfortunately the lad was not then at the village, but the natives brought Mr. Young "a small book Wekatoni had left at his hut, called 'The First Footsteps in the way of Knowledge.' The lad's name is written in it: 'This book belongs to Wekatoni, Bombay, 15 December, 1864,' and there are other schoolboy-scribblings also. I had it replaced by my Bible, and it was with pleasure I gave it, on my return to England, to one who had stood by when Wekatoni saw the white man for the first time, and gave his footsteps freedom by cutting the slave's thongs from the lad's limbs in years gone past, upon the Mangauja hills."

Mr. Young left a letter for Wekatoni, telling him the reports which had been circulated as to the death of Dr. Livingstone, and the reason for his journey, and pleaded with him to make his way to Kilwa or Mozambique, and place himself once more within the pale of civilization. As yet there has been no response to this appeal, and no European has been in the lake region who could bring any tidings as to his future fate. The mother of Mapunda treated the party with great hospitality, and solemnly denied that Moosa and his companions had either been robbed or ill-treated in the village. Her manner of doing this is worthy of note:—

"Standing erect in the middle of her assembled people, she stooped and picked up a handful of sand, and then, looking up to the sky, and again down to the ground, she slowly let it trickle from her hand, and with all the solemnity of a heavy oath, declared that every word was utterly false; and I believed her. She was certainly the most remarkable native woman I had ever come across, and the respect shown for her by all her people was profound."

But for the dread of the Mazitu Mr. Young would have thoroughly examined the north end of Lake Nyassa, but the Makololo were in terror of their cutting them off from their settlement near Chibisa's, and he was reluctantly compelled to start at once on his homeward voyage. On the return their boat nearly came to grief from a hippopotamus. "We had struck him on the head with a rifle ball, and his struggles were tremendous. All we could do to keep him from getting under the boat seemed useless, and the blows dealt to our steel vessel shook her from stem to stern. Had it been a smaller boat, or one less strongly built, we should have been upset and smashed to pieces."

At Ma Titi they remained for a short time to recover from the fatigues of the land journey, and here one of the party had a narrow escape from a crocodile. Mr. Young says, "I have alluded before to the extreme audacity of the crocodiles. As our men were standing on the shore, a few yards from the river, to their dismay a huge crocodile rushed from the water open-mouthed at them. Most fortunately, the man at whom he darted had his rifle in his hand, and literally drove a ball through its head at his very feet." The same man, John Gaitty, was tossed and terribly mauled by an elephant further down the Shire, and notwithstanding that several of his ribs were broken and he was otherwise dreadfully bruised, he recovered. Near Malo they came upon a party of hippopotami hunters called Akombwi, and arrived just in time to see a most exciting display of their courage and skill in capturing these denizens of the Shire marshes. "There were not less than twenty harpoons sticking into a half-grown hippopotamus, and his exertions to tear himself away from the men who were hauling him bodily ashore was truly frightful. To add to the effect, another huge animal, exasperated at his sufferings, dashed boldly in and crushed up one of the canoes as if it had been a bundle of matches."

"I do not know that there is anything in the way of sport that requires such consummate courage and coolness as their mode of hunting. The hunter has to trust entirely to his activity with the paddle to escape the claws of the animal, and a touch from the monster upsets the frail canoes as easily as a skiff would be capsized by a touch from a steamer. It requires, in fact, that the harpooner should keep his balance exactly as he stands in the bow of his long slim canoe, and that during the utmost excitement. The moment the weapon is lodged in the hippopotamus, he has to sit down, seize his paddle, and escape, or he is instantly attacked; nor is the next stage of proceedings less fraught with danger.

"It now becomes necessary to get hold of the pole, which floats on the water; the iron head of the harpoon, which has come out of its socket, remains attached to this pole by a long and very strong rope. The hunter hauls upon this till he knows that the hippopotamus is under water, just 'up-and-down' beneath his canoe. To feel for the moment when the line suddenly slackens—a sure sign he is rising to the surface—and to prepare to deliver another harpoon the instant his enormous jaws appear with a terrible roar above water within a few feet of him, is about as great a trial of nerve as can very well be imagined. Constantly are the canoes crushed to atoms. The only escape then is to dive instantly, and gain the shore by swimming under water, for the infuriated animal swims about looking on the surface for his enemies, and one bite is quite enough to cut a man in two. When I add, where the presence of blood in the water is the sign for every crocodile within hail to lick his lips and make up stream to the spot, I am sure it re-

commends itself as a sport to the most enthusiastic canoer in England, or the most *blase* sportsman, who had 'done all that sort of thing and got sick of it,' in the common routine of English sports. The Akombwi will show him more pluck in half-an-hour, and more exercise of muscle, brain, and nerve, than in any sport I ever saw.

"As a race the men are magnificent. To watch the evolutions of their canoes, as they pass and repass over the deep pools in which hippopotami lie, is a very beautiful sight. Each canoe is manned by two men, and the harpooner's attitude, as he stands, erect and motionless, with the long weapon poised at arm's length above his head, would make the painter or sculptor envious of a study. Hard exercise and activity develop every muscle, and the men, as a rule, have the most magnificent figures. They are as generous as they are brave. They lead a wonderful life, living mostly on the rivers, establishing villages for a year or two in one place or another, where families build huts and cultivate a patch of ground. The flesh of the hippopotami they kill is always eagerly exchanged for grain by the natives along the river, and the curved teeth, the hardest of all ivory, find a ready market with the Portuguese."

Before leaving the Shire, Mr. Young visited the graves of Bishop Mackenzie and his brave companions, and reverently renewed them. They found that the natives had treated them as sacred. Arrived at Shupanga, he paid off his native crew who had been with him three months. Early in November the party dropped down to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, where H.M.S. *Racoon* called for them according to arrangement on the 1st of December. In every respect the search expedition under Mr. Young's command was the most successful on record. Not only did they completely succeed in the object of their quest, but there had been no case of fever during the entire journey, and no accident to life or limb to record save the attack on John Gaitty by the elephant in the Shire. Well might Sir Roderick Murchison say of it:—

"To put together a boat constructed in sections, to find a negro crew for the navigation of the Zambesi, to take the boat to pieces, and have it carried up thirty-six miles along the sides of the cataracts to the river Shire—then, after navigating the waters of the lake until the fate of Livingstone was clearly ascertained, to convey her back to the Zambesi, and finally bring her and the party safe back to England without the loss of a single man—this, indeed, is a real triumph."

The first accounts of his movements from Dr. Livingstone himself, reached this country in the shape of a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, about the 20th of April, from which we make the following extracts. It is dated the country of the Chipeta, which is far to the north-west of the point to which the search expedition traced him, and was written on the 10th of November,

1866. "It has been quite impossible to send a letter coastwise ever since we left the Rovuma. The Arab slave-traders take to their heels as soon as they hear that the English are on the road. I am a perfect bugbear to them. Eight parties thus skedaddled, and last of all my Johanna men, frightened out of their wits by stories told them by a member of a ninth party who had been plundered of his slaves, walked off and left me to face the terrible Mazitu with nine Nassick boys. The fear which the English name has struck into the slave-traders has thus been an inconvenience. I could not go round the north end of the lake for fear that my Johanna men, at sight of danger, would do then what they actually did at the southern end; and the owner of two dhows now on the lake kept them out of sight, lest I should burn them as slavers, and I could not cross in the middle." Rounding the southern end he got up to Kirk's range, and among Manganja not yet made slave-sellers. "This was a great treat, for, like all who have not been contaminated by that blight, they were very kind; and, having been worried enough by unwilling sepoy and cowardly Johanna men, I followed my bent by easy marches, among friendly, generous people, to whom I tried to impart some new ideas in return for their hospitality. The country is elevated and the climate cool. One of the wonders told of us in successive villages was that we slept without fires. The boys having blankets did not need fire, while the inhabitants being scantily clad, have their huts plastered inside and out, and even use moss to make them comfortable. Our progress since has been slow from other and less agreeable causes. Some parts have been denuded of food by marauding Mazitu or Zulus; we have been fain to avoid them, and gone zigzag. Once we nearly walked into the hands of a party, and several times we have been detained by rumours of the enemy in front.

"*January*, 1867.—I mention several causes of delay; I must add the rainy season is more potent than all, except hunger. In passing through the Babisa country we found that food was not to be had. The Babisa are great slave-traders, and have in consequence little industry. This seems to be the chief cause of their having no food to spare. The rains, too, are more copious than I ever saw them anywhere in Africa; but we shall get on in time. *February* 1.—I am in Bemba or Loemba, and at the chief man's place, which has three stockades around it, and a deep dry ditch round the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast of it to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard lines; and I would not complain if it had not been for gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded, I filled the pot with a first-rate rifle given me by Captain Warter, but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called *muere*, which

passes the stomach almost unchanged. The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine box which your friends at Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up." Several of his attendants acting as carriers had made off with the box, his plates and dishes, and most of his powder and two guns. "This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie; but I shall try native remedies, trusting Him who has led me hitherto to lead me still. We have been mostly on elevated land, between 3,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea. I think we are now in the watershed for which I was to seek. We are 4,500 feet above the sea level, and will begin to descend when we go. This may be put down as $10^{\circ} 50' 2''$. We found a party of black half-caste armed slaves here, and one promised to take a letter to Zanzibar, but they give me only half a day to write. I shall send what I can, and hope they will be as good as their word. We have not had a single difficulty with the people, but we have been very slow. Eight miles a day is a good march for us, loaded as the boys are; and we have often been obliged to go zigzag, as I mentioned. Blessings on you all."

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

Leaving the shores of the lake he endeavoured to ascend Kirk's range; "but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads, that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau peopled by various tribes of

Manganja, who had never been engaged in slaving; in fact they had driven away a lot of Arab slavers a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi, but Katosa is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau; the Chipeta live more on the plains there; the Echewa still further north. We went among a very hospitable people, until we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north, and all but fell into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zigzag course, we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 21' west of Chimanga's, crossed the Loangwa, in 12° 45' south, as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa, at the southern limit of 11° south. The hills on one part of it rise to a height of 6,600 feet above the sea. . . . We had now (on the plains) a good deal of gnawing hunger, as day after day we trod the sloppy dripping forests, which yield some wretched wild fruit and lots of mushrooms. A woman collected a load of half a hundred weight; after cooking they pound them into what they call porridge; but woe is me! they are only good for producing dreams of the roast beef of by-gone days. . . . When we got to the Chambeze, which is true to the character of the Zambesi, in having abundant animal life in its waters, we soon got an antelope on its banks. We crossed it in 10° 24'; it was flooded with clear water, but the lines of bushy trees which showed its actual banks were not more than forty yards apart.

“We arrived here (at Bemba) on the 1st day of January; it is a stockaded village, with three lines of defence, the inner one having a deep dry ditch round it. I think, if I am not mistaken, we are on the watershed between the Chambeze and Luapula. I have not had any time to take observations, as it is the rainy season, and almost always cloudy; but we shall rest a little here and get some flesh on our bones. Altitude about 4,500 feet above the sea. The Luapula is said to be a very large river, but I hope to send fuller information from Tanganyika. I have done all the hunting myself, have enjoyed good health, and no touch of fever; but we lost all our medicines—the severest loss of goods I ever sustained; so I am hoping, if fever comes, to tend it off by native remedies, and trust in the watchful care of a Higher Power. . . . The chief here seems a jolly, frank person; but unless the country is insecure, I don't see the use of his lines of circumvallation. He presented a cow on our arrival, and an elephant's tusk, because I had sat upon it.

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

In a letter to Dr. Seward he gives an account of the cowardly behaviour and desertion of the Sepoys. "The Sepoys," he says, "seem to have planned my compulsory return as soon as they had killed all the beasts of burden; one camel they beat with the butts of their guns till he expired on the spot, and a mule was killed; certain sores were cruelly probed and lacerated when I was not in sight, and I came upon them one day when one was mauling a fine camel with a stick, thicker than his arm; next day he had to leave it with inflammation of the hip-joint, the point where I saw the blow struck. They gave or paid eight rupees into the hands of our Arab guide, to feed and take them down to the coast when the animals were all nearly done for, so sure were they of returning with their scheme triumphant. The Havildar was seen paying the money by one of the Nassick boys. Then, when we came to a part where provisions were scanty, they refused to obey orders to come up to me, whither I had gone to secure provisions; and they would not rise in the morning, though called by the Havildar, but I saw reason afterwards to believe that the Havildar and Naik were art and part in the plot. A great deal of blubbing took place when I hauled them up, to send them back as prisoners. I sentenced the Naik to disratement, and all to carry small loads as punishment, but they were such a disgraceful-looking lot, and by disobedience had prevented my carrying out the plan of getting provisions—namely, by going forward and sending in all directions to purchase them, that they had to suffer hunger. They sold their cartridges, gave their muskets and belts to people to carry for them, telling them that I would pay for carriage, lay down perpetually in the march, and went to sleep. This was the custom all the way from the coast, and they were so filthy in their habits—when we had plenty of food gorging themselves, then putting the finger down the throat to relieve their stomachs, and, lastly, they threatened to shoot the Nassick boys when away from English power in some quiet place, because, as they supposed, the boys were informants.

"I sent them back from Mataka's, leaving seventy yards of cloth with that chief to give to the trader Suleiman, who was expected, and came a few days afterwards, to convey them to the coast. This cloth was amply sufficient for all their expenses. But I heard that the seven Mohammedans did not go with Suleiman, but remained at Mataka's, where food was abundant, and where their pay would be running on. They had their belts and ammunition-pouches, and muskets and bayonets, all complete then. The Havildar still pretended that he wanted to go on with us; he thought I did not understand the part he had played. 'They won't obey me, and what am I to do?' was his way of speaking. 'Bring the first man to me who refuses a lawful order, and I shall make him obey.' None was ever brought. When he talked of going to die with us I said nothing. He soon got sulky and was a useless drag. I had to pay two yards of calico per day for carriage of his bed and

cooking things, and could make no use of him. He could not divide provisions even with partiality, nor measure off cloth to the natives without cheating them. He complained at last of unaccountable pains in his feet, ate a whole fowl for supper, slept soundly till daylight, and then commenced furious groaning. He carried his bed one mile the night before without orders, then gave his belt and musket to a native, to blind me as to his having sold and stolen the cartridges. The native carriers would not follow us through a portion of jungle, and when I sent back for the loads, the gallant Havildar was found sitting by his own baggage, and looking on while the carriers paid themselves by opening one of the bales. He then turned back to join his fellows at Mataka's; the country abounded in provisions, and the people were very liberal."

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he describes the country about Bemba as "chiefly forest and exceedingly leafy: one can see but a little way from an elevation. The gum-copal and another tree abound, with rhododendrons and various evergreen trees—the two first furnish the black-cloth which is the principal clothing of the people. . . . We could not for some time find out where the Portuguese route to Cazembe lay, but it has been placed by the map-makers too far east. There they had no mountain chains such as we have met with. . . .

"Mataka's town and country (to the east of the north end of Lake Nyassa) are the most likely for a permanent settlement to be made. It is elevated and cool. English pears were in full bearing, and bloom in July; the altitude is over 3,000 feet, and this country is mountainous and abounds in running streams, the sources of the Rovuma. Dr. Norman Macleod promised to try and get me some German Missionaries from Harmsburgh, in Hanover, and salaries for them, if I could indicate a locality. These same men go without salaries, and are artificers of different kinds; but this is a mistake: they ought to have a little, for some of them have, in sheer want, taken to selling brandy even, but at Mataka's they could easily raise wheat, by sowing it at the proper time, and native products, when the rains come, but it would require a leader of some energy, and not a fellow who would wring his hands if he had no sugar to his tea. I have almost forgotten the taste of sugar, and tea is made by roasting a little Joare, and calling the decoction either tea or coffee. I have written to the Doctor, and given some account of the difficulties to be overcome; three hundred miles is a long way to go, but I feel more and more convinced that Africa must be Christianised from within."

After the reading of Dr. Livingstone's letters to the members of the Royal Geographical Society at a meeting held on the 27th of April, 1868, Sir Roderick Murchison said—"That the question on which Europeans and the British public at large were now interested, was the future course of Living-

stone, and at what time he might be expected to return. In the journey from the place at which he disembarked, Mikindany Bay, to the south end of the Lake Nyassa, he occupied seven months; but for three weeks or more of that time he remained at Mataka. The distance traversed from the coast was only five hundred miles. During these months people often asked in England, 'Why does Livingstone not send us some account of his proceedings? The Sepoys have returned, but they have brought no despatches.' He was sorry to say that the Sepoys had behaved extremely ill. We had now, in Livingstone's handwriting, the statement that they were the worst of companions, inferior even to the Johanna men. He entrusted to the Sepoys a despatch which they never delivered. The next part of Livingstone's journey, after crossing the Shire, was to the west and northwards, taking a circuitous course, in order to avoid the Mazitu (called the Mavite to the east of Lake Nyassa.) It occupied five months, the date of the despatches being the 1st of February, when he was at Bemba. The progress made at this point would enable us to judge of the time he was likely to take in accomplishing the remainder of his journey. We now know that he had arrived at Ujiji, on the eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika, by about the middle of October last. The distance between Bemba and Ujiji was only 500 miles; but he was delighted to hear that the traveller had been so long on this part of his route, because it implied that he had devoted himself to examining Lake Tanganyika, which had never yet been explored.

"When Burton and Speke crossed the Lake in the northern part at Ujiji, they knew nothing of the southern part, except from information furnished by Arabs. If Livingstone found the waters flowing northwards from the neighbourhood of Bemba, whence he wrote, and into Lake Tanganyika, he would continue his journey to the northern end. There would then be before him another great problem, the solution of which would be the settlement of the geography of the whole interior of Africa. If, according to the theory of Mr. Findlay, which had been read before the Society, the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowed into the Albert Nyanza, the geographical object of Livingstone's expedition would be accomplished. He would be upon the waters of the Nile, and having determined that great physical problem, he would probably turn to the eastward, and reach the coast at Zanzibar. If, on the contrary, it proved, as shown in the original map of Burton and Speke, that a mountain range separated Tanganyika from Albert Nyanza, the outflow of the waters of Tanganyika must be sought for on its western side; for being fresh, these waters must have a free outlet in some direction. In this case, Livingstone might be induced to follow that river wherever he found it. It was known that there was no outflow to the east, because the country on that side had been explored, and no great stream found. To follow such a western outlet would lead him far across the great unknown western interior of Africa.

“Such was Livingstone’s great vigour and audacity in meeting every difficulty, that he had not the slightest doubt that he would pursue such a river, if found, and come out on the west coast, where his first expedition terminated, before he recrossed to the Zambesi. In this case, we must not expect to hear from him for twelve or eighteen months. But if, under the hypothesis, which he rather held to, Livingstone found the waters of the Tanganyika flowing into Baker’s Lake (the Albert Nyanza), and turned back towards Zanzibar, as most probably he would do, he might be expected in England in the month of September next. A third hypothesis was, that having since arrived at the Lake of Sir Samuel Baker, he would follow its waters, and come out by the Nile. He had dismissed that hypothesis from his own mind, in consequence of the small force which Livingstone had at his disposal, and the diminished store of goods for presents to give to the Equatorial Kings. Knowing the difficulties which Speke, and Grant, and Baker, had in those countries, he would pause before concluding that he had taken that route, particularly after he had geographically solved the problem. Another reason which operated in his mind against the third hypothesis was, that Livingstone would have to go through the whole of the White Nile region, where the slave trade was carried on to an abominable extent.”

We give Sir Roderick Murchison’s remarks in full, because in them we have the different theories as to the course of the waters, whose northward flow Livingstone had struck when he had passed the hill region to the north and west of Nyassa. We shall see, further on, that all these theories were at variance with the conclusions which Dr. Livingstone ultimately arrived at when he found that the main drainage of the vast central valley did not fall into the Tanganyika at all, but passed it many miles to the west of its shores, and flowed northward into unknown regions.

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

On the 9th of November, 1868, a short letter from Dr. Livingstone to Dr.

Seward, dated "Town of Cazembe," 14th December, 1867, was read. In this letter he said—

"One of Seyd Ben Ali's men leaves this to-morrow to join his master in Buira. He and Hamees have letters from me to you. One of them, in the hands of Hamees, repeats an order for goods, which I sent by Magera Mafupi in February last. If Magera Mafupi's letter came to hand, then the goods would be sent before the present letter can reach you. I have more fear of the want of shoes than anything else. If you have any tracing paper, I should like some; I lost a good deal in fording a river; some pencils and ink powder, if you can spare them, and an awl, and stick of sealing wax. I am going to Ujiji in two days, and think that I shall be able to send letters thence to Zanzibar sooner than my friends can reach it by Bagamoyo.

"Moero is one chain of lakes, connected by a river, having different names. When we got there, I thought it well to look at Cazembe, of which the Portuguese have written much; but all the geographical information is contained in letters I have written, which I mean to send to Ujiji, and have no heart to repeat myself."

In the letters to Dr. Seward and Dr. Kirk, which were of a private character, Livingstone writes in a most hopeful spirit as to the accomplishment of the work before him, and gave a most gratifying account of the state of his health.

On the 18th of January, 1869, a letter appeared in the *Times* from Horace Waller, one of Livingstone's old comrades during a part of the Zambesi expedition, that from letters received from Dr. Kirk from Zanzibar, nothing had been heard of Livingstone for a long time. After cautioning the public to be in no anxiety on that account, he says, "Dr. Kirk informs me that Moosa, (the chief of the Johanna men who deserted him) has been handed over to him at Zanzibar from Johanna. Finding that he had already passed eight months in heavy irons, the authorities very humanely considered this time sufficient for the reflective powers of the mischievous scamp to reconsider the merits of truth and falsehood; so Dr. Kirk set him free."

On the 19th of April, news arrived in England that Livingstone had reached Zanzibar, and was on his way to England. His old friend Sir Roderick Murchison published his doubts of the truth of this, and as in many other cases where the great traveller was concerned, the veteran geologist was correct. A report of Dr. Livingstone having been murdered, and another of his being in captivity, having got into circulation, were causing much anxiety in the public mind. Sir Roderick Murchison wrote to the London *Scotsman* on the 6th of September, as follows:—After explaining that a long time must elapse, in consequence of the district into which he had entered, before we could expect to hear from him, he says, "It is, therefore, I think, unnecessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of his captivity. But, whatever may be the

speculations entered into during his absence, I have such implicit confidence in the tenacity of purpose, undying resolution, and Herculean power of Livingstone, that however he may be delayed, I hold stoutly to the opinion that he will overcome every obstacle, and will, as I have suggested, emerge from South Africa on the same western shore on which he appeared after his first great march across that region, and long after his life had been despaired of."

Sir Roderick Murchison was partly right once more. Livingstone was not on his way home, nor thinking of it; for on the 24th of October, 1869, a telegram was received in this country, to the effect that Dr. Kirk had received a letter from him, dated July 8th, 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, in which he said, "I have found the source of the Nile between 10° and 12° south." The great traveller wrote in good health and spirits, and it was cheering at the same time to be told that a caravan which had recently arrived at Zanzibar, reported him at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, and that the road between Zanzibar and Ujiji was open.

The letter was addressed to Lord Clarendon, and was dated from Near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July, 1868. We give the following extracts:—"When I had the honour of writing to you in February, 1867, I had the impression that I was then on the watershed of the Zambesi, and either the Congo or the Nile. More extended observation has since convinced me of the essential correctness of that impression; and from what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think that I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river Raptita is probably the Rovuma. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and north-west of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation; but if your lordship will read the following short sketch of my discoveries, you will perceive that the springs of the Nile have hitherto been searched for very much too far north. They rise about 400 miles south of the most southerly portion of Victoria Nyanza, and, indeed, south of all the lakes except Bangweolo. Leaving the valley of the Loangwa, which enters the Zambesi at Zumbo, we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out to be only the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. This upland may roughly be said to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 square miles. It is generally covered with dense or open forest; has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface; a rich soil; is well-watered by numerous rivulets; and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west; but I have found no part of it under 300 feet of altitude. The country of Usango, situated east of the space indicated, is also an upland, and affords

pasturage for the immense herds of the cattle of the Basango, a remarkably light-coloured race, very friendly to strangers. Usango forms the eastern side of a great but still elevated valley. The other or western arch is formed by what are called the Kone mountains, beyond the copper mines of Katanga. Still farther west, and beyond the Kone range or plateau, our old acquaintance the Zambesi, under the name of Jambasi, is said to rise. The southern end of the great valley between Usango and the Kone range is between 11° and 12° south. It was rarely possible then to see a star, but accidentally awakening one morning between two and three o'clock, I found one which showed latitude $11^{\circ} 56''$ south, and we then were fairly on the upland. Next day we passed two rivulets, running north. As we advanced, brooks, evidently perennial, became numerous. Some went eastwards, to fall into the Loangwa; others went north-west, to join the river Chambeze. Misled by a map calling this river, in an off-hand manner, 'Zambezi, eastern branch,' I took it to be the southern river of that name; but the Chambeze, with all its branches, flows from the eastern side into the centre of the great upland valley mentioned, which is probably the valley of the Nile. It is an interesting river as helping to form these lakes, and changing its name three times in the 500 or 600 miles of its course. It was first crossed by the Portuguese, who always inquired for ivory and slaves, and heard of nothing else. A person who collected all, even the hearsay geography of the Portuguese, knew so little actually of the country, that he put a large river here, running 3,000 feet up-hill, and called it New Zambesi.

"I crossed the Chambeze in $10^{\circ} 34''$ south latitude, and several of its confluent, south and north, quite as large as the Isis at Oxford, but running faster, and having hippopotami in them. I mention these animals, because in navigating the Zambezi I could always steer the steamer boldly to where they lay, sure of finding not less than eight feet of water.

"The Chambeze runs into Lake Bangweolo, and in coming out of it assumes the name Luapula, and flows north, past the town of Cazembe, and twelve miles below it enters Lake Moero. On leaving Moero at its northern end by a rent in the mountains of Rua, it takes the name Lualaba, and passing on N.N.W. forms Lake Ulenge, in the country west of Tanganyika.

"I have seen it only when it leaves Moero, and where it comes out of the crack in the mountains of Rua, but am quite satisfied that even before it receives the river Sofunso from Marunga, and the Soburi from the Baloba country, it is quite sufficient to form Ulenge, whether that is a lake with many islands, as some assert, or a sort of Punjaub—a division into several branches, as is maintained by others. These branches are all gathered up by the Lufira—a large river, which, by many confluent, drains the western side of the great valley. I have not seen the Lufira, but pointed out west of 11° south, it is asserted, always to require canoes. This is purely native information. Some intelligent



men assert that when the Lufira takes up the water of Ulenge, it flows N.N.W into Lake Chowambe, which I conjecture to be that discovered by Mr. Baker. Others think that it goes into Lake Tanganyika, at Uvira, and still passes northward into Chowambe, by a river named Loando. These are the parts, regarding which, I suspend my judgment. If I am in error there, and live through it, I shall correct myself."

Here follow a number of surmises as to the course of the river running out of Ulenge which were exceedingly interesting at the time, but are now forestalled by information derived from personal observation, with which we will deal further on. "My opinion at present is, if the large amount of water I have seen going north, does not flow past Tanganyika on the west, it must have an exit from the lake, and in all likelihood by the Loanda. . . . On the northern slope of the upland, and on the 2nd of April, 1867, I discovered Lake Liemba. It lies in a hollow with precipitous sides, 2,000 feet down. It is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom, being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes, feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish, swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. . . . It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands, men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa. Four considerable streams flow into Liemba, and a number of brooks, from 12 to 15 feet broad, leap down the steep bright clay schist rocks, and form splendid cascades, that made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. I measured one of the streams fifty miles from its confluence, and found it, at a ford, 294 feet, say 100 yards broad, . . . thigh and waist deep, and flowing fast over hardened sandstone flag, in September. The last rain had fallen on the 12th of May. . . . The Louzua drives a large body of smooth water into Liemba; this body of water was ten fathoms deep. Another of the four streams is said to be larger than the Lofu; but an over-officious headman prevented me from seeing more of it and another than three mouths. The lake is not large—from 18 to 20 miles broad, and from 30 to 40 long; it goes off N.N.W. in a river-like prolongation, two miles wide, it is said, to Tanganyika.* . . . I tried to follow the river-like portion, but was prevented by a war which had broken out between the chief of Itawa and a party of ivory traders from Zanzibar. I then set off to go 150 miles south, then west, till past the disturbed district, and explore the west of Tanganyika; but on going 80 miles, I found the Arab party, showed them a letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, which I owe to the kind offices of his Excellency, Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, and was at once supplied

* This Dr. Livingstone afterwards found to be correct.

with provisions, cloth, and beads; they showed the greatest kindness and anxiety for my safety and success. The leader of the party readily perceived that a continuance of hostility meant shutting up the ivory trade, but the peace-making was a tedious process, requiring three and a-half months; I was glad to see the mode of ivory and slave-trading of these men, it formed such a perfect contrast to that of the ruffians from Kilwa, and to the ways of the atrocious Portuguese from Tete, who were connived at in their murders by the Governor, De Almeida."

After peace was declared, he visited Masama, the chief of Itawa, and examined Lake Moero, which he found to be 60 miles long, and from 20 to 50 miles broad. From thence he visited Cazembe, and was very hospitably treated by the chief of that name, with whom he staid forty days, on account of the rains having flooded the country and made progress impossible. Cazembe's town, which has been three times visited by Portuguese, "stands on the north-east bank of the lakelet Mofwe; this is from two to three miles broad, and nearly four long. It has several low reedy islets, and yields plenty of fish, a species of perch. It is not connected with either the Luapula or the Moero. I was forty days at Cazembe, and might then have gone on to Bangweolo, which is larger than either of the other lakes; but the rains had set in, and this lake was reported to be very unhealthy. Not having a grain of any kind of medicine, and as fever without treatment produced very disagreeable symptoms, I thought it would be unwise to venture where swelled thyroid glands, known among us as Derbyshire neck and elephantiasis (*scroli*) prevail." Getting tired of his inactivity, he went northwards towards Ujiji, "where," he says, "I have goods, and, I hope, letters, for I have heard nothing from the world for more than two years; but when I got within 13 days of Tanganyika, I was brought to a standstill by the superabundance of water in the country in front. A native party came through and described the country as inundated so as often to be thigh and waist deep, with dry stepping places difficult to find. This flood lasts till May or June. At last I become so tired of my inactivity, that I doubled back on my course to Cazembe." His description of wading across swollen rivulets, flooded plains and morasses, gives a vivid idea of the courage and resolution of the man. The paths among the long grass were even more trying than these. He says:—"The plain was of black mud, with grass higher than our heads. We had to follow the path, which in places the feet of passengers had worn into deep ruts. Into these we every now and then plunged, and fell over the ancles in soft mud, while hundreds of bubbles rushed up, and, bursting, emitted a frightful odour. We had four hours of this wading and plunging; the last mile was the worst, and right glad we were to get out of it, and bathe in the clear tepid waters and sandy beach of the Moero. In going up the bank of the lake, we first of all forded four torrents thigh deep; then a river 80 yards

wide, with 300 yards of flood on its west bank, so deep, we had to keep to the canoes, till within fifty yards of the higher ground, then four brooks from five to fifteen yards broad. One of them, the Chungu, possesses a somewhat melancholy interest, as that on which poor Dr. Lacerda died. . . . He was the only Portuguese visitor who had any scientific education, and his latitude of Cazembe's town on the Chungu being 50 miles wrong, probably reveals that his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed; and any one who knows what that implies, will look upon his error with compassion. . . . The Chungu went high on the chest, and we had to walk on tiptoe to avoid swimming. As I crossed all these brooks at both high and low water, I observed the difference to be from fifteen to eighteen inches, and from all the perennial streams, the flood is a clear water. The state of the rivers and the country made me go in the lightest marching order. I took nothing but the most necessary instruments, and no paper except a couple of note-books and the Bible. On unexpectedly finding a party going to the coast, I borrowed a piece of paper from an Arab, and the effects, unavoidable in the circumstances, you will kindly excuse. Only four of my attendants would come here; the others, on various pretences, absconded. The fact is, they are all tired of this everlasting tramping; and so verily am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too. I comfort myself by the hope that by making the country and the people better known, I am doing good; and by imparting a little knowledge occasionally, I may be working in accordance with the plans of an all-embracing Providence, which now forms part of the belief of all the more intelligent of our race: my efforts may be appreciated in good times coming yet."

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

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

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

In a letter to Sir Bartle Frere, he touches upon his anxieties as a father completely separated from his children. He says:—“I am often distressed in thinking of a son whom I left at the University of Glasgow. He was to be two years there, then spend a year in Mons in Germany, for French and German, before trying the Civil Service examination for India. He will now be in especial need of my counsel and assistance, and here I am at Bangweolo. His elder brother, after being well educated, wandered into the American war, and we know no more of him after an engagement before Richmond.* Possibly Sir Charles Wood (now Lord Halifax) in consideration of my services, might do something to fix this one. . . I feel more at liberty in telling you of my domestic anxiety, and my fears lest Tom should go to the examination unprepared, because you have a family yourself, and will sympathise with me. . . Agnes (his eldest daughter) is to tell Tom not to go in for examination till he is well prepared, and he may take a year more of education where he may have found the most benefit.”

The next information received from Dr. Livingstone was contained in a letter sent to Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, and was published in the *Times* of December 13th, 1869. It is dated Ujiji, May 30th, 1869, and is as follows:—“This note goes by Musa Kamaals, who was employed by Koarji to drive the buffaloes hither, but by over-driving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in herding, they all died before he got to Unyan-yembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods, and got a share of them;

* He was wounded in the battle mentioned, and died in hospital. He was of a very enterprising disposition, and previous to his going to the United States, he had made an attempt to join his father in Central Africa. This expedition was undertaken without the knowledge of his family and friends, and want of funds compelled him to abandon it. Dr. Livingstone was unaware of his fate until Mr. Stanley reached him at Ujiji.

and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way back to Zanzibar. He has done nothing here. He neither went near the goods here, nor tried to prevent them being stolen on the way. I suppose that pay for four months in coming, other four of rest, and four in going back, would be ample, but I leave this to your decision. I could not employ him to carry my mail back, nor can I say anything to him, for he at once goes to the Ujijians, and gives his own version of all he hears. He is untruthful and ill-conditioned, and would hand over the mail to any one who wished to destroy it. The people here are like the Kilwa traders, haters of the English. Those Zanzibar men whom I met between this and Nyassa were gentlemen, and traded with honour. Here, as in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slavery is a source of forays, and they dread exposure by my letters. No one will take charge of them. I have got Thani bin Suelim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a cheque on Ritchio, Stewart & Co., of Bombay, for 2,000 rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the headman to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no assistance in procuring carriers; and, as you will see, if the mail comes to hand, I sent to Zanzibar for fifteen good boatmen to act as carriers if required, eighty pieces of meritano, forty ditto of kinitra, twelve farasales of the beads called jasain, shoes, etc., etc. I have written to Seyd Majid begging two of his guards to see to the safety of the goods here into Thani bin Suelim's hands, or into those of Mohammed bin Sahib.

"As to the work done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered, from 500 to 700 miles south of Speke and Baker, with their Nile. The volume of water which flows from latitude 120° south is so large, I suspect I have been working at the sources of the Congo as well as those of the Nile. I have to go down the eastern line of drainage to Baker's turning point. Tanganyika, Ujiji, Chowambe (Baker's) are one water, and the head of it is 300 miles south of this. The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The out-flow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people of this district, called Manyema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first, and down Tanganyika, if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar; I earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men. £400 to be sent by Mr. Young must surely have come to you through Fleming Brothers. A long box paid for to Ujiji was left at Unyanyembe, and so with other boxes."

In this letter we have the first indications of dissatisfaction with the way assistance was being sent to him by Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, of which we have heard more from Mr. Stanley and from the traveller himself. It was natural that the lonely man who had not had any communication with the world for so long a period, and who had been travelling in unknown regions dependent upon chance for the necessities of living, should feel a bitterness at the want of success in relieving him. It is to be feared that he had good reason for his discontent. To the unsettled state of the country and the dishonesty and carelessness of the people he employed to succour Dr. Livingstone, were due the failure of these efforts, and, as we shall see further on, he failed to take the most ordinary precautions to guard against such failure. Dr. Kirk mentions in a note published along with this letter, that stores and letters had been sent on the 7th of October, and that no time would be lost in sending the articles now required by the explorer.

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

Early in May this intelligence was corroborated by the arrival of news from Shirif Bassheikh bin Ahmed, the Arab sent from Zanzibar and Ujiji in charge of stores for Dr. Livingstone, dated November 15th, 1870, that he had been visited a few days previously by a messenger from the people of Menama (or

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

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

"Letters just received by special messengers, who left Unyanyembe about a month ago, inform us of a sad disaster that has befallen the Arab settlement there, and that will in all likelihood stop the road to Ujiji and Kasagne for some time to come. All accounts agree as to the main facts; but, naturally, letters written by Mr. Stanley, an American gentleman who was on the spot, are the most circumstantial and reliable. . . . A chief whose village was one day's journey distant on the main road to Ujiji and Kasagne, fell under the displeasure of the Unyanyembe Arab settlers; and his place was attacked, in due course, by a force of about 1500 muskets. Seeing that he could not hold the blockaded village, he retired with his followers, and formed an ambush for the return of the attacking party, when laden with ivory and other booty. The result was disastrous to the Arabs, and a great many were killed, including ten or twenty of the leaders, men of good family here. The Arab retreat soon became a rout, and much property was lost.

"Fortunately, Mr. Stanley, who was weak and ill from fever, managed to return to Unyanyembe; but he was abandoned by the Arabs, whose conduct he speaks of as cowardly in the extreme." In announcing to the members of the Geographical Society that the Council had determined to address the Foreign Office, asking its assistance in an effort to succour Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison said: "It appeared to the Council and himself, now that the hope which we had of communicating with Dr. Livingstone through Mr. Stanley, the American traveller, must for the present be abandoned; and it had become, consequently, their duty to cast about for some other means

of reaching him." The result of this determination of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society was the getting up of a formidable expedition to march into the interior, and find news of the great explorer, dead or alive. As the Government refused to advance any money to assist in covering the expenses of the expedition, it was left for the Society and the public to furnish the means, and within a few weeks ample funds and an efficient party were ready to start for Africa.

Early in 1872 this expedition was being organized at Zanzibar, under the guidance of Lieutenant Dawson, who was assisted by Lieutenant Henn, Mr. New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswald Livingstone, a son of the great explorer. As the public felt satisfied with the zeal and abilities of the English heads of the Search and Relief Expedition, the general excitement subsided. No one appeared to hope for any results from the expedition sent out by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, and gradually its existence came to be overlooked or forgotten. Even Dr. Kirk, who had opportunities of seeing its leader and his careful preparations for his journey, never dreamed that Livingstone would ever be heard of through his exertions.



CHAPTER XVIII.

The "New York Herald's" Expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone—Mr. Stanley arrives at Unyanyembe—War and other Perils—Hostility of the Natives—Reach Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika—Stanley finds and succours Dr. Livingstone, etc., etc.

THE expedition of Mr. Stanley now claims our attention. In October, 1869, Mr. James Gordon Bennet, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was in Paris, and staying at the Grand Hotel, when he determined on attempting to succour Dr. Livingstone. Among his staff of travelling correspondents was a Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who had represented his newspaper during the campaign against King Theodore in Abyssinia, and it struck him that this was the man who could find the lost traveller, if he was alive. He telegraphed for him at Madrid, where he then was in the prosecution of his duties, and Mr. Stanley started immediately for Paris, which he reached on the following night, after Mr. Bennet had retired to his apartment. The interview which resulted had better be detailed in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennet's room. 'Come in!' I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennet in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked. 'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

"After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennet asked, 'Where do you think Dr. Livingstone is?'—'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?'—'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found; and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'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'—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—'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.**'

“Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, ‘Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?’

“‘What will it cost?’ he asked abruptly. ‘Burton and Speke’s journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.’

“‘Well, I will tell you what you will do. 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.’”

After some further conversation, Mr. Stanley asked if he was to go at once. Mr. Bennet answered, “No; I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. . . Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear Captain Warner is making some interesting discoveries there. Then next to Constantinople, and find out about that trouble between the Khedive and the Sultan. Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea; I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may go through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Perseopolis.

“Bagdad will be close on your way to India; suppose you go there, and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then when you have come to India, you can go after Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but if not, go into the interior and find him. If alive, get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find he is dead, bring all possible proof of his being dead. That is all: good-night, and God be with you.”

Mr. Stanley carried out the programme Mr. Bennet chalked out for him, and chronicled the incidents of his journeyings in the *New York Herald*, and arrived in India in the month of August, 1870. He sailed from Bombay for the Mauritius on the 12th of October, and after touching at Mahe, an island of the Leychelles group, he, in company with William Lawrence Farquhar, mate, a Scotchman, and an Arab boy he had picked up to act as interpreter, sailed in an American whaling vessel, bound for Zanzibar, which they reached on the 6th of January, 1871. Captain Webb, the American Consul at Zanzibar, after hearing the nature of his mission, entertained him at his house, and did all he could to assist him in his preparations for the journey he had undertaken. The following is Mr. Stanley’s account of the City of Zanzibar:—

“My general impressions are of crooked, narrow lanes, white-washed houses, mortar-plastered streets in the clean quarter; of seeing alcoves on each side, with deep recesses, with a foreground of red-turbaned Banyans (East

Indian traders), and a background of flaring cottons, prints, calicoes, domestics, and what not; or of floors, crowded with ivory tusks; or of dark corners, with a pile of ungummed and loose cottons; or of stores of crockery, nails, cheap Brummagem ware, tools, &c., in what I call the Banyan quarter; of streets smelling very strong—in fact, exceedingly malodorous, with steaming yellow and black bodies, and woolly heads, sitting at the doors of miserable huts, chatting, laughing, bargaining, scolding, with a compound smell of hides, tar, filth, and vegetable refuse in the negro quarter; of streets lined with tall, solid-looking houses, flat roofed; of great carved doors, with large brass knockers, with baabs, sitting cross-legged, watching the dark entrances to their master's houses; of a shallow sea inlet, with some dhows, canoes, boats, an odd steam tub or two, leaning over on their sides, in a sea of mud, which the tide has just left behind it, called M'nazi-Moyo, 'one cocoa tree,' whither Europeans wend on evenings, with most languid steps, to inhale the sweet air that glides over the sea, while the day is dying, and the red sun is sinking to the westward; of a few graves of dead sailors, who paid the forfeit of their lives on arrival in this land; of a tall house, in which lives Dr. Tozer, Missionary Bishop of Central Africa, and his school of little Africans; and of many other things, which got together into such a tangle that I had to go to sleep, lest I should never be able to separate the moving images, the Arab from the African, the African from the Banyan, the Banyan from the Hindi, the Hindi from the European, &c."

In the harbour of Zanzibar are Arab dhows, engaged in the gum, copal, cloves, pepper, and cocoa-nut oil trades, and foreign vessels, hailing from England, Germany, France, and the United States; man-of-war ships, carrying the flags of these four nations, come and go, or rest at anchor in the channel between the mainland and the Island. The exports reach about a million annually, while the value of merchandise imported is in excess of that amount.

The Island of Zanzibar, which is distant from the mainland about forty miles, contains a population of about 200,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are in the town of Zanzibar. The inhabitants consist of Arabs, Banyans, Mahommedans, Hindis, native Africans, and a considerable sprinkling of European merchants. The Arabs are all engaged in the ivory, gum, copal, and slave-trade, and most of them have wandered for years in the interior of Africa, collecting the articles in which they trade, and are perfectly familiar with the regions which Dr. Livingstone and others have made known to us. It is no uncommon thing for an Arab trader to cross the Continent from Zanzibar, Kliva, or Mozambique, to the West coast. They are a most reticent class, and although they have gone through adventures, and seen sights which would make the reputation of a European traveller, they make no allusion to their adventures. The Banyans are the most wealthy class;

and it is with money furnished by them that two-thirds of the slave-trade is carried on. These Banyans, as Dr. Livingstone has so frequently pointed out, are our fellow-subjects, and have hitherto carried on their detestable traffic in human flesh under the protection of the British flag. No wonder that Livingstone found it difficult to get letters to and from the coast, and found it next to impossible to get stores and articles of absolute necessity delivered in the interior. The voice of this prophet in the wilderness of Africa was pronouncing the death-knell of their trade, and was to be stopped at all hazards. He was too conspicuous a man, and stood too well with the native tribes, to be slain with safety, but he might be starved out. Weary waiting and hope deferred might tire out the iron constitution, and break the lion heart, and to this they and their emissaries set themselves. But they had not calculated upon the resolute endurance and high courage of the man with whom they had to deal; and the very means they took to stop his voice made it tenfold more powerful when, through the aid of Mr. Stanley, its story of shame and horror penetrated to the ends of the earth.

The climate of Zanzibar is not naturally unhealthy, but the almost total want of sanitary arrangements has made it a very pest house. A little energy, and a small money outlay, would make Zanzibar a hundred per cent. healthier than it is; but the climate, and the influence exercised by the Arabs, Banyans, and Hindis, soon subdues the vitality of the most energetic European, and the Malagash inlet, a shallow arm of the sea, which makes the site of Zanzibar a peninsula, with a neck of only 250 yards, is the receptacle for "the undrained filth, the garbage, offal, dead mollusks, dead pariah dogs, dead cats, all species of carrion, and remains of men and beasts unburied. "Were these 250 yards cut through by a ten foot ditch, and the inlet deepened slightly, Zanzibar would become an island of itself, and what wonders would it not effect as to health and salubrity!" On suggesting this to Captain Noble, the American Consul, he admitted the ease with which so great an improvement could be carried out, and the great need for it, but pleaded his utter helplessness.

"Oh," said he, "it is all very well for you to talk about energy, and that kind of thing, but I assure you that a residence of four or five years on this island, among such people as are here, would make you feel that it was a hopeless task to resist the influence of the example by which the most energetic spirits are subdued, and to which they must submit in time, sooner or later. We were all terribly energetic when we first came here, and struggled bravely to make things go on as we were accustomed to have them at home, but we have found that we were knocking our heads against granite walls, to no purpose whatever. These fellows—the Arabs, the Banyans, and the Hindis—you can't make them go faster by ever so much scolding and praying; and in a very short time you see the folly of fighting against the unconquerable. Be patient, and don't fret; that is my advice, or you won't live very long here."

Captain Grant, the companion of Speke, in his famous African journey, gives some characteristic sketches of Zanzibar at the period of his visit (1860):—

“Though the streets of Zanzibar,” he says, “are too narrow for a wheeled carriage, and the supply of water deficient, everything looked clean and neatly kept; and the shopkeepers, chiefly Indians, were respectful, even to a painful degree, rising as we passed them. The bazaar is very abundantly supplied with vegetables, fruit, and dried fish; little butcher meat, but liquor shops abound, and water has to be purchased—the best quality being carried from a hot spring, which bubbles from under a rock, and tastes unpleasantly warm. Men in the market-place have an odd way of hawking about their goods for sale. Goats, carved doors, beds, knives, swords, etc., are all paraded up and down, and their prices shouted out. The market for human beings is a triangular space, surrounded by rickety huts, thatched with cocoa-nut leaves, and the parties of slaves (negro men and women, brought originally from the interior of Africa), on being exhibited, are guarded by men with swords. Some of the unhappy groups sit calmly in the market-place, looking very clean, well-fed, and dressed, with a depressed anxious look, saying to you with their eyes, ‘Buy me from this yoke of slavery.’ It is a very striking, though most humiliating sight, to observe one of the Zanzibar rakish-looking crafts, felucca rigged (called dhows) arrive from Ibo, on the mainland, crammed with naked slaves for the market, all as silent as death. The Arab owners, gaily dressed, stand at the stern, and one holds the colours, in seeming defiance of the British Consulate, as he sails past. The price of slaves was low in 1860, only £3 each; and many Arabs would have taken less, as Colonel Rigby (then H.M.’s Consul), had released upwards of 4,000, who became independent, living in a newly-made part of the town, and gaining a livelihood by fetching water, and selling the produce of the island.

“The climate of Zanzibar is very relaxing, owing to the humidity of the air, a great amount of rain falling during the year. The rain comes down in plunges, pelting showers, or like squalls at sea, and in the intervals any bodily exertion is attended with profuse perspiration and lassitude. . . . The island has two crops of grain yearly, and four of manioc, which, with dried shark, is the staple food of the people. They cook it in every form, making also flour of it. One has only to walk of a morning along the roads leading to the town, to see the productiveness of this beautiful island. Negro men and women, laden with mangoes, oranges, plantain, sugar-cane, grass, cocoa-nut, manioc, yams, sweet potato, Indian corn, ground nut, etc., go in streams to the market. The return of these crowds is, in contrast, utterly ludicrous. Nothing do they then carry but a stick over their shoulders, with a cut of stale fish hanging from it, and one wonders at the extreme poverty of the people in the midst of such abundance.

“Besides the above products, cloves, cotton, bajra, sorghum, coffee, tobacco, seesamum, nutmeg, red pepper, betel-nut, catchoo-nut, jack-fruit, papan, almond, pomegranate, and the castor-oil plant, were all seen growing. To remark upon a few:—The mango tree, met with everywhere, is splendidly umbrageous, more lofty than the variety seen in Indian topes, and not so brittle. It yields two crops yearly of stringy fruit; but there are better sorts, such as those from Pemba Island, to be procured. The clove tree is planted in rows, twenty feet apart, and after it has grown to the height of thirty feet, it seems to die, as if from the effects of ants. Cotton we rarely saw. The cocoa-nut is the most common tree in the country, the husk, we observed, being used as firewood, and a capital salad is made from the crown of the trunk. The Arabs allow their slaves to cultivate the manioc gratis, under the cocoa-nut trees, in payment for gathering the harvests of mango, cloves, etc. The growth of the ground-nut is very curious, creeping close to the ground, with a yellow flower, and leaf resembling clover. On the flower withering, the pod grows underground, when it matures. The coffee-tree grows luxuriantly, and the sugar-cane is very fine; pomegranate does not seem to succeed. The boundaries of farms are often marked by the castor-oil bush.” Captain Grant arrived at Zanzibar in time to witness and compel the execution of two of the murderers of Dr. Roscher, a German traveller, who was murdered in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa, in 1858, by natives, who coveted his scientific instruments and his small supply of stores. The Sultan of the country in which the offence took place sent four of the natives implicated to Zanzibar for trial. Two of them were sentenced to be decapitated, and the remaining two got a free pardon. The Sultan was afraid to carry the sentence into execution; and when they were brought to suffer, on the 23rd of August, and were squatted outside the fort wall, naked to the waist, no order had come to proceed with the execution. After the prisoners had remained in this position for a considerable time, “a jail official announced that the Sultan wished the Sahib to give the order, and I informed Colonel Rigby of the circumstances. He at once saw through the timidity of the Sultan, and said, as the sentence had been passed weeks ago, he could give no orders about it. Returning to the place of execution, where both men still sat, we found the mob had increased. An Arab boldly asked me, ‘Why should two men suffer for one white?’ On my remarking that ‘Sooner or later the men must suffer—the sun was broiling over the poor creature’s heads—would it not be a charity to go on with the execution?’ the reply was, ‘They are mere animals, and have no feeling.’ Still no one would give the order. Again the Sultan was applied to. A rush was now rudely made upon the crowd by half-a-dozen handsomely dressed Arabs, brandishing their shields and swords. I thought it was a rescue, but kept my place; and it appeared they only wanted to get up to the prisoners, around whom every one laughed heartily at the momentary panic. Here one

of the guard, with whom I had been conversing, laid hold of my arm, and followed by a noisy drummer, the prisoners, and mob, we pushed on for a dozen yards, and stopped in an open space, where some cows were lying. A twig of grass pinioned each man, and they were made to sit on the ground, speaking calmly, while the crowd, all crushing around, joked as if at a holiday rout. Another delay occurred; no one had given the order. On being asked 'Might it commence?' I replied, 'Yes, certainly; proceed.' The executioner at once took his place, drew his sword, weighed it in his hand, threw up his sleeves, and slipped his feet out of his shoes, while the dense mass all seemed breathless. The executioner was a small man, respectably dressed, looking like an Indian. The prisoners sat three yards apart, one slightly in advance of the other. The foremost was then ordered to bend his head, when, with one stroke, the back of his neck was cut to the vertebræ; he fell forward, and lay breathing steadily, with his right cheek in his own blood, without a sound or struggle. The executioner, after wiping his sword on the loin cloth of the dying man, coolly felt its edge. The other victim had seen all, and never moved nor spoke. The same horrible scene was again enacted, but with a different result; the man jerked upwards from his squatting position, and fell back on his left side, with no sound nor after struggle. Both appeared as if in a deep sleep; two chickens hopped on the still quivering bodies, and the cows in the open space lay undisturbed.

"I left the spot, hoping never to witness such another scene; but I had the satisfaction of feeling that justice was carried out, and that had I not been present, these murderers would have escaped punishment, owing to the effeminacy and timidity of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Their accomplices, each with a cleft log on his neck, were taken to witness the bodies."

Mr. Stanley gives an interesting account of the *impedimenta* he collected for his journey, after consulting with a grey-bearded old Sheikh, and several Arab merchants he introduced him to. Putting the number of his party at 100, he was informed that ten doti—10 yards of cloth per day—would be sufficient for food. About 4,000 doti of various kinds of cloth were purchased. Next in importance to cloth was the kind and quality of beads necessary. These were selected of various colours, as only a particular kind or colour of bead would circulate in each of the districts through which he had to pass. Wire was another important article. Three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, nearly as thick as telegraph wire, was his stock of this important commodity. In addition to these he purchased a plentiful supply of provisions, cooking utensils, rope, twine, tents, bagging, canvas, tools, ammunition, guns, bedding, hatchets, medicines, presents for chiefs, boats, &c., &c., until his baggage weighed in all about six tons. No wonder he asked himself, "How will it ever be possible to move all this inert mass across the wilderness, stretching between the sea and the great lakes of Africa?"

He purchased twenty donkeys, each of which would carry a load of about 140 lbs., and the loads for the human bearers were made up into bundles of 68lbs. each. An armed escort of twenty men, whom he designates in his narrative as soldiers, were engaged with Bombay, an old servant of Captain Speke's, in his journey to Lake Tanganyika as chief. Mabruki and other five of Speke's "faithfuls" were also engaged. When his escort appeared before him, "they were an exceedingly fine-looking body of men—far more intelligent in appearance than I could ever have believed African barbarians to be." John William Shaw, an Englishman, third mate of an American ship, applied for a situation in the caravan, and was engaged. The carriers could only be engaged at Bagamoyo, on the mainland. Before leaving he was presented to the Sultan by Captain Webb. The Sultan's palace "is a large, roomy, lofty, sylvan house, close to the port, built of coral, and plastered thickly with lime mortar. In appearance, it is half Arabic, and half Italian. The shutters are Venetian blinds, painted a vivid green, and presenting a striking contrast to the white-washed walls."

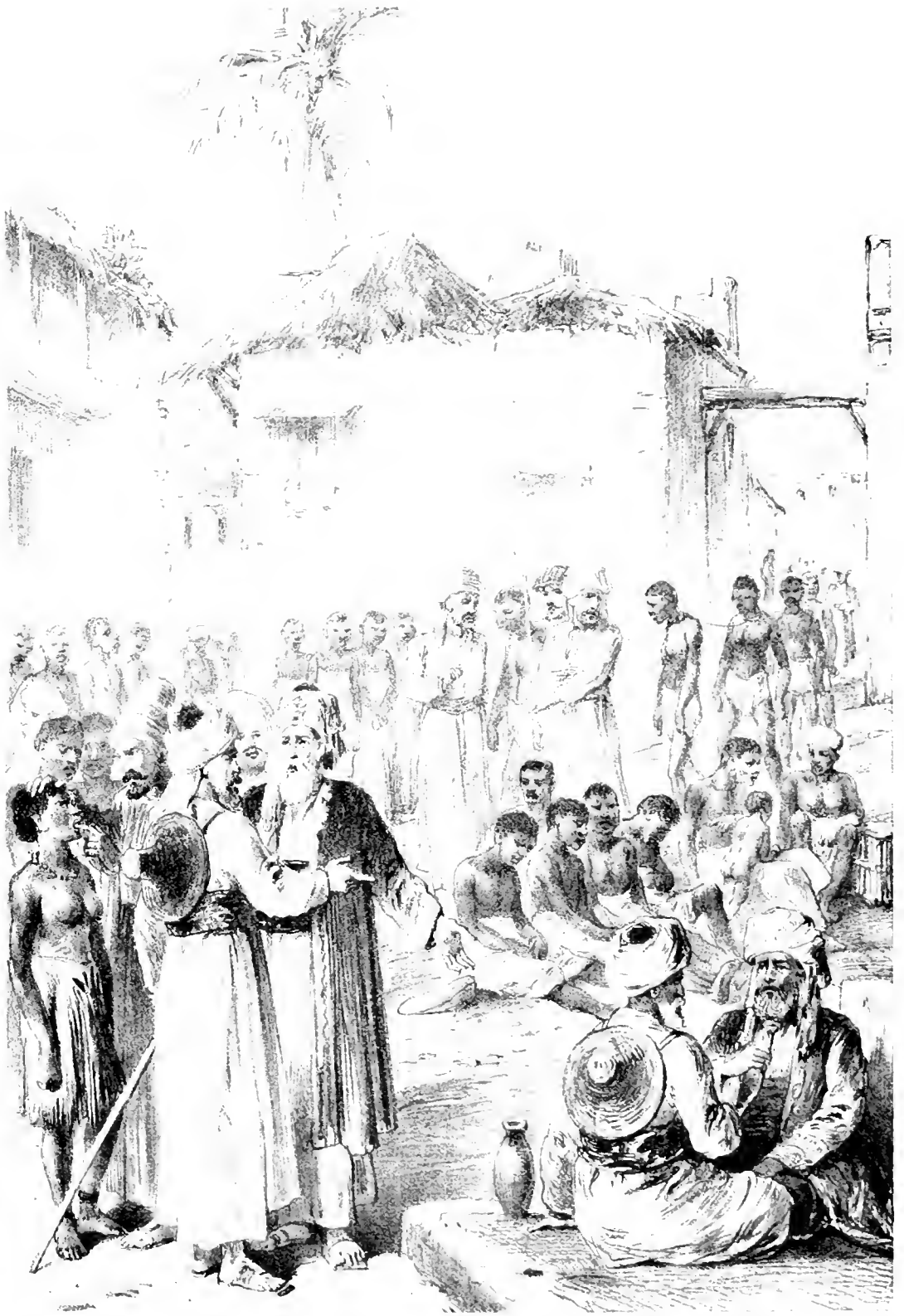
The party was received at the outer door of the Palace by the Sultan, who waived them up the steps, and into the audience chamber before him. The room was lofty, and painted in the Arabic style; the carpet was of Persian fabric, and the furniture consisted, in addition to the chair of state, of a dozen gilt chairs and a chandelier.

"The Sultan," says Mr. Stanley, "so far as dress goes, might be taken for a Mongolian gentleman, excepting, indeed, for the turban, whose ample folds, in alternate colours of red, yellow, brown, and white, encircled his head. His long robe was of dark cloth, cinctured round the waist with his rich sword-belt, from which was suspended a gold-hilted scimitar, encased in a scabbard also enriched with gold. His legs and feet were bare, and had a ponderous look about them, since he suffered from that strange curse of Zanzibar—elephantiasis. His feet were slipped into a pair of slippers, with thick soles, and a strong leathern band over the instep. His light complexion and correct features, which are intelligent and regular, bespeak the Arab patrician. They indicate, however, nothing except his high descent and blood; no traits of character are visible, unless there is just a trace of amiability, and perfect contentment with himself and all around.

"Such is Prince, or Seyd Burghash, Sultan of Zanzibar and Pemba, and the East coast of Africa, from Somali Land to the Mozambique, as he appeared to me. Coffee was served in cups supported by golden finjans, also some cocoa-nut milk and rich sweet sherbet. The conversation began with the question, addressed to the Consul—

"'Are you well?'—'Yes, thank you; how is His Highness?'—'Quite well.'

"His Highness to me. 'Are you well?'—'Quite well, thanks.



THE SLAVE MARKET AT ZANZIBAR



“The Consul now introduces business, and questions about my travels follow from His Highness.

“How do you like Persia? Have you seen Kerbela, Bagdad, Masr, Stamboul? Have the Turks many soldiers? How many has Persia? Is Persia fertile? How do you like Zanzibar?”

“Having answered each question to His Highness’ satisfaction, he handed me letters to his officers at Bagamoyo and Kaole, and a general introductory letter to all Arab merchants I might meet on the road, and concluded his remarks to me with the expressed hope, that on whatever mission I was bound, I might be perfectly successful.

“We bowed ourselves out of his presence in much the same manner as we had bowed ourselves in, he accompanying us to the great entrance door.”

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was hospitably entertained by the members of a Roman Catholic mission, during the time occupied in engaging 140 pagazis (bearers), and arranging to start. While Bishop Tozer, the Primate of Central Africa—who failed in establishing a mission on the Shire, after a few weeks’ residence on the top of a mountain, where there was scarcely any people for miles—resided at Zanzibar, the Catholic missionaries were successfully carrying on their labours on the mainland. Mr. Stanley’s account of the Fathers, their station, and their work, is worth quoting:—

“The Mission is distant from the town a good half-mile, to the north of it; it is quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are more than ten *padres* engaged in the establishment, and as many sisters, and all find plenty of occupation in educing from native *crania*, the fire of intelligence. Truth compels me to state that they are very successful, having over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in the Mission, and, from the oldest to the youngest, they show the impress of the useful education they have received.

“The dinners furnished to the *padres* and their guest consisted of as many *plats* as a first-class hotel in Paris usually supplies, and cooked with nearly as much skill, though the surroundings were by no means equal. I feel assured, also, that the *padres*, besides being tasteful in their *potages* and *entrees*, do not stultify their ideas for lack of that element which Horace, Hafiz, and Byron, have praised so much. The Champagne—think of Champagne Cliquot in East Africa!—Lafitte, La Rose, Burgundy, and Bordeaux, were of first-rate quality, and the meek and lowly eyes of the fathers were not a little brightened by the vinous influence. Ah! these fathers understand life, and appreciate its duration. Their festive board drives the African jungle fever from their doors, while it soothes the gloom and isolation which strikes one with awe, as one emerges from the lighted room, and plunges into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the weary monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant ululation of the hyena. It requires somewhat

above human effort, unaided by the ruby liquid that cheers, to be always *suave* and polite amid the dismal of native life in Africa. After the evening meal, the most advanced of the pupils came forward, to the number of twenty, with brass instruments, thus forming a full band of music. It rather astonished me to hear instrumental sounds issue forth in harmony from such woolly headed youngsters; to hear well-known French music at this isolated post; to hear negro boys, that a few months ago knew nothing beyond the traditions of their ignorant mothers, stand forth and chant Parisian songs about French valour and glory, with all the *sang froid* of *gamins* from the purlieus of Saint Antoine."

Mr. Stanley's expedition arrived at Bagamoyo on the 6th of February, 1871, and his first caravan started on the 16th, and the last on the 21st of March, each being under the escort of a certain number of soldiers, with one of Speke's "Faithfuls" at their head. The number of people forming the expedition was 192.

In melancholy contrast with this was the fate of a caravan despatched by Dr. Kirk for Dr. Livingstone, on the 1st November, 1870. It consisted of thirty-five packages, which required as many bearers, and it had not left Bagamoyo on the 10th of February. One cannot help thinking, that Dr. Kirk, knowing the need there was for promptitude if his old friend was to be relieved, should have crossed the narrow channel to the mainland, and seen it fairly started. Mr. Stanley's formidable expedition had been collected together, and was on the march within seventy-three days of his arrival in Zanzibar, while the Livingstone caravan had rested more than that period on the very threshold of its journey. The knowledge that another expedition was being collected, should have stimulated him to see to the very needful duty that the one under his charge had at least started on its journey. No wonder Dr. Livingstone fretted and thought that he had been utterly forgotten, when, sick and weary, and without the means of going forward, he went and came to and from Ujiji, until, at last, he had perforce to remain there until relieved.

Mr. Stanley had not proceeded far when "the plague of flies" induced him to watch their habits, and examine them with a view to identifying the famous *tsetse* fly. In his eagerness, he submitted himself as a victim to their thirst for blood. "I permitted one," he says, "to alight on my flannel trousers, which I wore when *en deshabelle* in camp. No sooner had he alighted, than his posterior was raised, his head lowered, and his weapons, consisting of four hair-like styles, unsheathed from the proboscis-like bag which concealed them, and immediatly I felt pain, like that caused by a dexterous lancet-cut, or the probe of a fine needle. I permitted him to gorge himself, though my patience and naturalistic instinct was sorely tried. I saw his abdominal parts distend with the plenitude of the repast until they had swollen to three times

their former shrunken girth, when he flew away, of his own accord, laden with blood. On rolling up my flannels to see the fountain whence the fly had drawn the fluid, I discovered it to be a little above the left knee, by a crimson bead resting over the incision. After wiping the blood, the wound was similar to that caused by a deep thrust of a fine needle, but all pain had vanished with the departure of the fly.

“This fly is called *mabunga* by the natives. It is about a third larger than the common honey bee, and its colour more distinctly marked; its head is black, with a greenish gloss to it; the after-part of the body is marked by a white line running lengthwise from its junction with the trunk, and on each side of this white line are two other lines, one of a crimson colour, the other of a light brown. . . This fly, along with a score of others, attacked my grey horse, and bit it so sorely in the legs, that they appeared as if bathed in blood. . . This I consider to be the African horse-fly.”

The second fly examined “was exceedingly nimble, and it occupied three soldiers nearly an hour to capture a specimen; and, when it was finally caught, it stung the hand most ravenously, and never ceased its efforts to attack until it was pinned through. It had three or four white marks across the after-part of its body; but the biting parts of this fly consisted of two black antennæ, and an opal coloured style, which folded away under the neck. When about to bite the style was shot out straight, and the antennæ embraced it closely.

“The third fly, called by the natives ‘Chufwa,’ was a third larger than the house-fly, and had long wings. This insect certainly did the most work, and inflicted the most injury. Horses and donkeys streamed with blood, and roared and kicked with the pain. So determined was it not to be driven away before it obtained its fill, that it was easily despatched; but this dreadful enemy to cattle constantly increased in numbers. The three species above named are, according to natives, fatal to cattle; and this may perhaps be the reason why such a vast expanse of first-class pasture is without domestic cattle of any kind, a few goats only being kept by the villagers. This last fly I subsequently found to be the *tsetse*.”

About the middle of April Mr. Stanley reached the town of Simbanwenni, which was the largest and most important town he came across in his wanderings. It contains a population of 3,000. “The houses in the town are eminently African, but of the best type of construction. The fortifications are on an Arabic-Persian model, combining Arab neatness with Persian plan. Through a ride of 950 miles in Persia, I never met a town outside of the great cities better fortified than Simbanwenni. . . Well-built towers of stone guard each corner, iron gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors, made of African teak, and carved

with the infinitesimally firm and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which I suspect that the doors were either made at Zanzibar or on the coast. . . . The Sultana is the eldest daughter of the famous Kizabengo, a name infamous throughout the neighbouring districts for his kidnapping propensities. He was another Theodore on a small scale. Sprung from humble ancestry, he acquired distinction for his personal strength, his power of harangue, and his amusing and versatile address, by which he gained great ascendancy over fugitive slaves, and was chosen a leader among them. Fleeing from justice, which awaited him at the hands of the Zanzibar Sultan, he arrived in Ukami, which extended at that time from Ukwere to Usagara, and here he commenced a career of conquest, the result of which was the cession by the Uakami of an immense tract of fertile country, in the valley of the Ungerengeri. On its desirable site, with the river flowing close under the walls, he built his capital, and called it Simbamwenni, which means 'the lion,' or the strongest city."

Two days' journey beyond Simbamwenni, Mr. Stanley had his first attack of fever. Many of his attendants had suffered from dysentery and other causes. The rainy season had now commenced, and for miles their course was over swollen streams and swamps, half-wading half-swimming in the utmost discomfort. The first of May found them struggling through the mire and water of the Mataka river, with a caravan bodily sick, from the exertion and fatigue of crossing so many rivers, and wading through marshes. Shaw was still suffering from his first fever; Zaidi, a soldier, was critically ill with the small-pox. Most of the others were either really sick or driven to despair by the fatigues of the journey. "I was compelled," says Mr Stanley, "to observe that when mud and wet sapped the physical energy of the lazily-inclined, a dog-whip became their backs, restoring them to a sound—sometimes to an extravagant activity."

Once clear of the valley of Mataka, the road improved, but as population was scant, and game scarce, the expedition stopped for want of fresh meat for several days. Farquhar broke down completely, and had to be left at a friendly village until their return; but long before Mr. Stanley passed through on his way to the coast he was in his grave. On the Mpwapa slopes the party suffered from a plague of ear-wigs. "In my tent," says Mr. Stanley, "they might be counted by thousands; in my sling cot they were by hundreds; on my clothes they were by fifties; on my neck and head they were by scores. It is true they did not bite, and they did not irritate the cuticle, but what their presence and number suggested was something so horrible that it drove one nearly insane to think of it. . . . Second to the ear-wig in importance were the white ants, whose powers of destructiveness were simply awful. Mats, cloth, portmanteaus, clothes, in short every article I possessed, seemed on the verge of destruction, and, as I witnessed their voracity, I felt anxious lest my tent should be devoured while I slept. In the

Ugogo country the various Sultans and chiefs were clamorous for presents. Food was plentiful, and the weather fine, but the major portion of the donkeys died. The horses had early succumbed to the climate. The population was very numerous, and at every village hundreds of natives crowded to see the Masungu (white men). The Wahumba, a tribe of shepherds, evoked the traveller's admiration.

“The men are positively handsome, tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or a flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was this peculiar feature that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa. Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd-bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for the sculptor who would wish to immortalise in marble an Antinous, a Hylas, a Daphnis, or an Apollo. The women are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebon skins, not coal-black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass, pendant from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass-wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining the calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and depending from the shoulder, shade one half of the bosom, and fall to the knees.”

In the Ugogo country Mr. Stanley's caravan was joined by those of two Arab traders, Sheikhs Thani and Hamed, and he had ample opportunity of observing how the Arabs are compelled to pay heavy black mail to every chief who is in a position to demand it. The contrasts of travel in Africa are very striking. Before reaching the country of Ugogo the party had to force their way through thirty miles of swamp, and flooded streams and moors. The last week of travel, before reaching the district of Unyanyembe, the party suffered from hunger and thirst, and the heat of the sun was all but unsufferable. They reached Kwikuru, two miles south of Talbor, the chief Arab settlement of Unyanyembe, on the 21st of June, and hungry and jaded as they were, they managed to enter it with banners flying and trumpets blowing, and the discharge of fire-arms. Outside the town they “saw a long line of men in clean shirts, whereat we opened our charged batteries, and fired a volley of small arms, such as Kwikuru seldom heard before. The pagazis (carriers) closed up, and adopted the swagger of veterans. The soldiers blazed away uninterruptedly, while I, seeing that the Arabs were advancing towards me, left the ranks, and held my hand, which was immediately grasped by Sheikh Sayd-bin-Salim, one of the two chief dignitaries of Unyanyembe, and then by about two dozen other people, and thus our *entree* into Unyanyembe was effected.”

The country round Tabora is exceedingly fertile, as the Arabs irrigate portions of it, and cultivate it with care, and the merchants live in a state of considerable comfort and even luxury:—

“The plain in which the settlement is situated is exceedingly fertile, though naked of trees; the rich pasturage it furnishes permits them to keep large herds of cattle and goats, from which they have an ample supply of milk, cream, butter, and ghee. Rice is grown everywhere; sweet potatoes, yams, maize, millet, peas, are cheap everywhere, and always procurable. Around their *tembes* the Arabs cultivate a little wheat for their own purposes, and have planted orange, lemon, papaw, and mangoes, which thrive here fairly well. Onions and garlic, chilies, cucumbers, tomatoes, and brinjalls, may be procured by the white visitor from the more important Arabs, who are undoubted epicureans in their way. Their slaves convey to them from the coast, once a year at least, their stores of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine clothes and articles as they require for their own personal use. Almost every Arab of any eminence is able to show a wealth of Persian carpets, and most luxurious bedding, complete tea and coffee services, and magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers. Several of them sport gold watches and chains; mostly all a watch and chain of some kind. And, as in Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkey, the harems form an essential feature of every Arab household, the sensualism of the Mohammedans is as prominent here as in the Orient.

The finest-house in Unyanyembe belongs to Amram bin Mussoud, who paid ivory for it to the value of about £700. “It is one hundred feet in length, and twenty feet high, with walls four feet thick, neatly plastered over with mud mortar. The great door is a marvel of carving-work for Unyanyembe artizans. Each rafter in them is also carved with fine designs. Before the front of the house is a young plantation of pomegranate trees, which flourish here as if they were indigenous to the soil. A shadoof,* such as may be seen on the Nile, serves to draw water to irrigate the gardens.”

Ten days after his arrival, when he and his party had rested, Mr. Stanley was visited by the principal Arab settlers of Tabora, which is the principal Arab settlement of Central Asia. It consists of over one thousand houses, and contains over five thousand inhabitants, Arabs and natives. The intelligence he received as to the state of the country he would have to cross on his way to Ujiji, was anything but reassuring. Mirambo, originally the head of a gang of robbers, had usurped the lordship of a large tract of country to the west. He had carried war and plunder far and wide, and becoming bolder with success had, previous to Mr. Stanley's arrival, begun to rob Arab caravans bound for Ujiji, and refuse them passage.

* A rude hand-crane, worked with a lever.

A council of war was held, at which it was determined to fight Mirambo and his followers, a decision which met with much applause from all engaged in the trade of Central Africa. As Mr. Stanley was as much interested in forcing a passage to the west as any of them, and a brush with a native chief would give him a new experience, and gratify his adventurous spirit, he agreed to join them with all his available force in men and fire-arms.

While preparations were being made for engaging in war with Mirambo, Mr. Stanley was waited upon by the head man of the Livingstone caravan he had seen at Bagamoyo, who showed him a packet of letters addressed to Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, bearing the date of leaving Zanzibar Nov. 1st, 1870, on it. "From November 1st, 1870, to February 10th, 1871, just one hundred days at Bagamoyo. A miserable, small caravan of thirty-three men, halting one hundred days at Bagamoyo, only twenty-five miles by water from Zanzibar. Poor Livingstone! Who knows but he may be suffering for want of those very supplies that were detained so long near the sea. The caravan arrived in Unyanyembe some time about the middle of May. About the latter part of May the first disturbance took place. Had this caravan arrived here in the middle of March, or even the middle of April, they might have travelled on to Ujiji without trouble."

On the 7th of July, Mr. Stanley was insensible from an attack of fever, and had only recovered his usual state of health on the 21st. Mr. Stanley and the Arabs, and their forces, numbering in all 2,225 men, 1,500 of whom were armed with guns and muskets of various kinds, marched to the stronghold of Mfuto on the 29th of July, and on the 3rd of August, they marched out to do battle with Mirambo. At a village called Zimbizo they encountered the enemy, and defeated him. On the morning of the fifth day a small detachment went out to reconnoitre, and managed to capture a spy, who was thrown on the ground, and his head cut off immediately. Growing valiant over this little feat, a body of Arabs, under Soud, son of Said-bin-Majid, volunteered to go and capture Wilyemkuru, where Mirambo was just then with several of his principal chiefs. They were 500 in number, and very ardent for the fight. I had suggested to the Governor, that the leader of the 500 volunteers should deploy his men, and fire the long dry grass before they went, that they might rout all the forest thieves out, and have a clear field for action. But an Arab will never take advice, and they marched out of Zimbizo without having taken this precaution. They arrived before Wilyemkuru, and after giving a few volleys, rushed in at the gate, and entered the village. While they rushed in at the gate, Mirambo took 400 of his men out by another gate, and instructed them to lie down close to the road by which the Arabs had come, and when they should return, to get up at a given signal, and each to stab his man.

The Arabs found a good deal of ivory, and captured a large number

of slaves, and having loaded themselves with everything they thought valuable, prepared to return by the same road they had gone. When they had arrived opposite to where the ambush party was lying on each side the road, Mirambo gave the signal, and the forest thieves rose as one man, and each taking hold of his man, speared him, and cut off his head. Not an Arab escaped, but some of the slaves managed to save themselves, and bring the news to us at Zimbizo." The Arab soldiers, slaves, and women and children, fled pell-mell to Unyanyembe, and Mr. Stanley, who was suffering from another attack of fever, found himself left to fight the enemy, or make his way out of danger as best he could. At a meeting of the chief Arabs, Mr. Stanley told them that he was satisfied, having seen their mode of fighting, that they would not conquer Mirambo in a year. "I am a white man," he said, "accustomed to wars after a different style. I know something about fighting, but I never saw people run away from an encampment like ours at Zimbizo for such cause as you had."

Mr. Stanley turned back three days journey to Kwihara, and determined to await the attack of Mirambo there, if he should venture on such a course. He determined to fight the enemy, if fight he must, on his own account, and trust to the chapter of accidents to being able to maintain his ground, and march on to Ujiji. "A fortlet was rapidly constructed, in which all our arms and effects were placed, and a lofty bamboo was procured, and planted on the roof of our fortlet; and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters. Then began the work of ditch-making and digging rifle pits all around the court or enclosure. The strong clay walls were pierced in two rows for the muskets; the great door was kept open, with materials ready close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight; watchmen were posted on the top of the house; every pot in the house was filled with water; provisions were collected sufficient to stand a siege of a month's duration; the ammunition boxes were unscrewed, and when I saw the three thousand bright metallic cartridges for the American carbines, I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this *furor* of war be ended without much trouble.

"Before six P.M., I had one hundred and twenty-five muskets, and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives; and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality, impregnable and untakeable. All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wangwana houses were destroyed; and the fine house of Abid-bin-Sulermain had been ransacked, and then committed to the flames. Mirambo boasted that 'to-morrow' Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumour that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast. But the morning came, and Mirambo departed, with the ivory and

cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer. Here is a sketch of a morning at Unyanyembe, in which we are introduced to a native who was destined to excite a large amount of interest in England:—

“In the early morning, generally about 5.30 A.M., I begin to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo; for you know they are such hard sleepers, they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him; and Ferajji, the cook, who has long ago been warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring ‘chai’ (tea). For I am like an old woman; I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kululu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe’s country, is my waiter and chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by skill and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kululu, young antelope, is frisky. I have but to express a wish, and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kululu cleans the dishes, and retires under the kitchen shed, where, if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea-cup licking up the sugar that was left in it, and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained.

“And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man; or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows personally how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal far off that expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Good-bye. I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji, then perhaps to the Congo river.” Clearly here was a man who was not to be turned aside from his purpose on small or even great occasions. He had been sent to find Livingstone, and find him he had determined upon, if he was alive.

Captains Speke and Grant spent a considerable time in the neighbourhood of Kwihara. The account of the latter forms an interesting pendant to Mr. Stanley’s narrative:—

“The province of Unyanyembe has nearly four months of rain, commencing in the end of November, and winding up with the greatest fall in February. As soon as the soil of sand, or black, spongy mould, has softened, the seed is dropped, and by the 1st of February all is green as an emerald. The young rice has to struggle for fifteen days against the depredations of a small, black caterpillar, green underneath. It is a precarious time for the agriculturist, for if rain does not fall, the crop is lost, being eaten close by this insect. Women walk in the fields, with small hand-picks, loosening the soil, clearing it of weeds and worms. There is only one crop in the year, and all the cereals

known in Zanzibar are grown here. Cotton was considered by an Indian resident to be as fine as that grown in Kutch, but he said they had no use for it, merely burning it as wick. . . . The surrounding country is devoid of game, but within a long day's march a forest was visited, where various antelopes, giraffes, lions, and a few elephants, might be met with along the valley of the Wallah river. The scales of an armadillo were seen worn as a charm, three inches across and striated or lined at one end. One man had a superstition that the person who found a live armadillo would become a king—meaning, I imagine, that it was so rare. However, we came upon a pet one, at 3° N. latitude. About the cultivations, near the village, no singing-birds are ever heard; but the plumage of those seen is often very brilliant. Flocks of beautiful little birds, with black bodies, golden-tinted scarlet heads and backs, pecked at the ears of corn; or in the rice-fields, the favourite of the Cape farmers, the "locust bird," black, and looking like a curlew when walking, went tamely about. Crows, with a ring of white round the neck, were seen in two's and three's. The matting in the house was full of bugs, or ticks, which pestered one while seated at night, causing considerable irritation

"Let me give the reader some idea of our life here. Moosah, an Indian, in whose house we resided, was a fine benevolent old man, with an establishment of three hundred natives, men and women, round him. His abode had, three years ago, taken two months to build, and it was surrounded by a circular wall, which enclosed his houses, fruit and vegetable gardens, and his stock of cattle. The lady who presided over the whole, was of most portly dimensions, and her word was law. Moosah sat from morn till night with his 'Foondie,' or chief manager, and other head servants, within sight, receiving salutes and compliments from the rich and poor at the front, or *gentlemen's* side of the house, while the lady presided over the domestic arrangements of the interior. We had full access to both; and no house could be conducted with greater regularity. At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange, that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Birkeen,' or Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make his shirts. After a mid-day sleep, he would refresh himself with a second and larger pill, transact business, and so end the day. The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro in

their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women, chained by the neck, fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex; and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, our white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.

“The most important functionary about this court was the head keeper, or Foondce, who had been a slave all his life, and now possessed a village, with a farm and cattle. His daily duty was to sit within sight of his master. On Speke calling to see his collection of horses, and extract a bullet from the leg of one of his slaves, the Foondce made us heartily welcome. Stools were placed, and in gratitude for the operation he produced some ripe plantain, and showed us about his premises. He also took us to one of his favourite shooting-grounds, where he certainly knew how to make himself comfortable. His servants had constructed for him a most luxurious waterproof hut, with broad stripes of freshly-cut bark, and a capital bedstead of boughs. At night five fires were kept burning round him to keep off the mosquitoes. The grate was most original: three stout pegs of green wood, driven into the ground, forming an equilateral triangle, answered every purpose of an iron utensil, and in it a frying-pan, made of bark, frizzled mushrooms and meat to the chief's satisfaction. By his own account, he had shot many lions from trees; and during the march to and from Zanzibar, with his master's property, he, with a staff of under-keepers, used to supply the porters with rations from wild animals, which plan saved the expenditure of bead-money. He had many sporting stories. The lion, he said, seldom killed men; but, not long ago, he had jumped the wall of the building, and killed five cows, two of which he dragged over the wall—the natives fearing to impede his course.

Moosah's cow-herds were a very interesting set of people—so well featured, tall, and generally superior to the Africans, that I took great interest in them. They were Watusi, from Karague. There were ten men and women, all with woolly hair—the men leaving a crescent of it unshaved. Their gums were blackened with a preparation from the tamarind-seed, powdered, roasted, and mixed into a paste with blue vitriol, and afterwards heated until fit for use. Their ornaments were large, solid rings of brass upon the wrists, and iron rings, in masses, on their ankles. In walking, they carried a bow and arrow, a staff, and long-stemmed pipe. The women were of a large stamp, with fine oval faces, and erect figures, clad in well-dressed cow-skin, from above the waists to their small feet. Their huts were quite

different from any we had seen, being shaped like the half of an orange, and only five feet high, made of boughs, and covered with grass very neatly. There was but one door; the hut had no chimney, the smoke finding its way through the light, grass roof. I observed a portable Indian 'chivlah' or fireplace inside the hut, which was tidily floored with hay. These natives are a curious and distinct race. Previous to milking the cows in the morning, they wash themselves, their teeth, and their wooden milk vessels or gourds, with the urine of the animal, as they consider there is some virtue in it, afterwards using fresh water for cleansing. They are allowed half the milk, and Moosah had his half milked into his own clean vessel, in the morning at eight o'clock. It took the milk of two cows to fill one good-sized tin tea-pot. A cow's value was four or five dollars, though a first-class one would cost double, or two pounds. Men milked them into a large crucible of wood or gourd, in an open yard; the hind-legs were tied above the hocks with a thong of leather; one of the handsome women sat on the other side, with a bough beating off the flies, and with a stick to keep away the calf, which stood at its mother's head, a boy sometimes assisting. Should the calf die, its skin is stuffed and placed before the cow, otherwise she refuses to milk. The Wanyamwezi look with great respect on this people. When two of them meet, the Wezee puts both his palms together; these are gently clasped by the Watusi, a few inaudible words are repeated, and they pass on. The form of salutation, when a native meets one of his women senior to himself, is gentle and pleasing; he places his hands on her arms, below her shoulders, while her hands hang by her sides."

The following interesting picture of African village life and industry, by Captain Grant, refers to the country a few days' march to the south of Kwihara.

"The flora was new and interesting; but we were amazed at not seeing better crops, as grasses, with pendant panicles, grew luxuriantly ten feet high. The surface-soil, however, was very light, merely the washings of the hill-sides brought down in a stream of red clay grit. In this tract of country we came upon groups of palms, not met with since we left the coast. They were converted into many uses—fences, thatching, firewood, and uprights for building, etc. Toddy, also, was occasionally extracted. The fruit hung down in rich, large, tempting clusters, at the mercy of any hungry traveller. We observed some of these palms, with their leaf stalks still remaining in the tree, to be the support and life of a species of ficus, growing like a parasite, luxuriantly healthy, its roots not near the ground, but forming a complete network round the stem of the palm. Tamarind-trees, so umbrageous and beautiful in outline, were numerous. There were also the runner, from ten to twelve feet high; and the tree, a ficus, whose bark affords the Waganda their clothing, was here seen for the first time. The bark is taken

off in strips, according to the size they can get it, then damped and beaten by heavy wooden hammers till pliant, and afterwards sewn into a shirt, the colour of Chamois leather, but much thicker; the outer bark is thrown away. Near the villages a few scrubby bushes of cotton were grown upon mounds made by white ants. Looms of the rudest construction converted the produce of these into a hard, very stout, heavy cloth, about four or five feet in size, with one-fourth of it a black border, and woven by women only. Sessamum grew in ridges with the sorghum; its oil, and that extracted from the ground-nut, being used by the natives for smearing themselves from head to foot, giving their skins a handsome colour, like the gloss on polished marble. To vary the colour some red clay is added. The sorghum is sometimes afflicted with a black blight, but the natives do not think this any deterioration; all goes into the mill. They live upon Indian corn, ulezee, sorghum, made into flour, by rubbing the grains between stones, as a house-painter pounds colours. Their vegetables are sweet potato, and the leaves, flowers, and fruits of pumpkins; and they brought us, daily, ground nuts, tobacco, and fowls, for sale. On the 3rd of April, the rice-harvest was being gathered in; but we perceived no traces of irrigation, as in Egypt. Abundant rains gave an ample crop. The reapers consisted of negro women and girls, who sang pleasantly, though the scene was marred by the sight of a gang of men-slaves, heavily ironed together by their necks, with some superintendants, gleaning. Those who had small knives, cut the stalk four or five inches below the grain, and held it in their left hand till the hand was full, when it was placed in a huge tub of bark lying in the field.

The thrashing of the rice was novel. A quantity of cars was placed upon a cow's hide, slaves in irons were made to work it with their toes and feet, and winnow it in the wind; and after being thoroughly sun-dried upon a clear space of cow-dunged ground, it was fit for the process of shelling in the large pestle and mortar. If a considerable amount was to be thrashed, a bludgeon answered the purpose of the negro's feet. The stubble would afterwards be turned over with powerful long-handled hoes, beds of the soil made, and the suckers or offshoots of the sweet potato planted there by bands of twenty or thirty villagers, shouting and singing the whole time. If one Seedee (negro) had to clean rice in the wooden mortar, a dozen hands would set about the work of two. It could not be done without those who worked keeping time with their feet to the song, the lookers-on clapping hands, and stamping with their feet. The work and song never ceased until the rice was pounded almost into dust—such joyous, reckless creatures are these Africans. Yams are grown upon mounds of earth, placed all over a field, the branches of the plant trained upon a stick, or more commonly allowed to crawl over the ground. They do not attain a great growth. Grain is buried under the eaves of stack-shaped huts, or a clustered mass of Indian-corn may be seen suspended

from the bough of a tree, as exhibited in the illustration of 'Unyamwezi harvest,' in Captain Speke's Journal.

"Provisions were all remarkably cheap upon the route. A fat cow was purchased for four fathoms of calico; another full-sized cow and four small goats were got for eight fathoms; but three small goats were a bargain at the same price; a donkey was offered for fourteen, but he would have been dear at half the amount. For a fowl, one native demanded a charge of gunpowder, and would not sell it for anything else; another native led in a goat to camp, saying if we repaired his old flint-musket we should have the animal; he refused to bargain for anything else. For two quarts of impure honey, ten strings of common beads and a fathom of calico were asked, but not given. Milk was not always to be had, the people being afraid to keep heads of cattle, as they would attract the plundering Watuta race. Milk sometimes cost three strings of beads per pint; twelve measures of rice, one fathom of calico; sweet potatoes were one-tenth of the price they brought at Zanzibar; a basinful of ground nuts, or a load of wood, cost but one string of ordinary beads.

"The people preferred keeping a few milk-cows, being more productive than oxen, which were rarely met with, except one or two, fattened up to a large size, on purpose to be killed on the visit of a neighbouring Sultan, or to celebrate some success in war. After the cattle have been brought in at night, a quantity of rubbish is allowed to smoke and smoulder in the centre of the fold. It was amusing to watch how each animal took up its nightly position, never altering it, and thoroughly enjoying the smoke, which prevented them from being annoyed by insects. The sheep were very stupid-looking animals, small, and wanting in rotundity.

"We had daily visits from the women of the country, who came in parties. They were copper-coloured, and flat featured, and wore round their necks a profusion of pendent bead necklaces, of the colour of the mountain-ash berry; their ankles were concealed with masses of wire rings. For hours they sat silently before us, smoking, nursing, and shampooing the limbs and necks of their infants; some wore the heavy cloth of the country, others had soiled robes of calico. Young girls, many of them with pleasing faces, and plump round figures, wore merely a diminutive cloth about their loins, and infants had a fringe of beads. . . . We saw some decidedly handsome girls on this route: their men attend upon cattle exclusively, while they stay at home doing household work, cooking, coquetting, and showing off their beautiful feet and ankles. Two, in the bloom of youth, sat by us, with their arms most affectionately twined round each other's necks. The arms were at once dropped, exposing their beautiful necks and busts, quite models for a 'Greek Slave.' Their woolly hair was combed out, and raised up from the forehead and over the ears by a broad band, made from the skin of a milk-white cow; this contrasted strikingly with their beautiful light copper skins."

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

The following extract gives a graphic picture of the country he was marching through:—"We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy, undulating waves, the land stretched before us—the new land which no European knew—the unknown mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another, is one of the most disheartening which can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, were the lengthy rectilinear ridges clad in the same garb—woods, woods, woods; forests, leafy branches, green and yellow, and dark-red and purple; then an undefinable ocean, bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all round shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest, higher than their neighbours, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest, and the same horizon, day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove, from wandering over a world without a halting-place, they return wearied with the search."

At Ugunda Mr. Stanley had an interview with a friendly chief, Maman-yara, "a tall, stalwart man, with a pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the exception of a well-worn barsati round his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country. Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked, and as quickly answered; and the ice being broken, the chief being as candid as I was myself, he grasped my forefinger and middle

fingers, and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifle were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his were, would task my powers. The chief roared with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger; he clasped their fore and middle fingers, vowed that the Masungu (white man) was a wonder, a marvel, and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it before? 'No,' as solemnly as before. Is he not a wonder? Quite a wonder—positively a wonder."

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

The following illustrates the trouble he had in maintaining discipline among his own followers. A man of less courage and nerve must either have laid down his life there and then, or have been compelled to abandon the expedition for a time, if not for altogether. Three hours' journey from the banks of the Gombe, where they had rested for three days, his men halted, and refused to proceed. The rapid marching was beginning to tell upon them, and they wished to remain encamped several days, where, from the quantity of game about, they could rest and enjoy abundance. Ever since he had left Kwihara, Stanley had been possessed by a feverish eagerness to push forward, and was in consequence in no mood to submit to any needless detention. We will let him tell what happened in his own words:—

"As I was walking up to see what was the matter, I saw the guide and his brother sitting on an ant-hill, apart from the other people, fingering their guns in what appeared to be a most suspicious manner. Calling Selim, I took the double-barrelled smooth-bore, and slipped in two charges of buckshot, and then walked on to my people, keeping an eye, however, upon the guide and his brother. I asked Bombay to give me an explanation of the stoppage. He would not answer, though he mumbled something sullenly, which was unintelligible to me. I looked on the other people, and perceived that they acted

in an irresolute manner, as if they feared to take my part, or were of the same mood as the party on the ant-hill. I was but thirty paces from the guide, and throwing the barrel of the gun into the hollow of my left hand, I presented it cocked at the guide, and called out to him, if he did not come to me at once I would shoot him, giving him and his companions to understand that I had twenty-four small bullets in the gun, and that I could blow them to pieces. In a very reluctant manner they advanced towards me. When they were sufficiently near I ordered them to halt; but the guide, as he did so, brought his gun to the present, with his finger on the trigger, and, with a treacherous and cunning smile, which I perfectly understood, he asked what I wanted of him. His companion, while he was speaking, was sidling to my rear, and was impudently engaged in filling the pan of his musket with powder; but a threat to finish him if he did not go back to his companion, and there stand till I gave him permission to move, compelled this villainous Thersite to execute the 'right about' with a promptitude which caused commendation from me. Then facing my Ajax of a guide with my gun, I next requested him to lower his gun if he did not wish to receive the contents of mine in his head; and I do not know but what the terrible catastrophe, warranted by stern necessity, had occurred then and there, if Mabruki (bull-headed Mabruki, but my faithful porter and faithfulest soldier) had not dashed the man's gun aside, asking him how he dared level his gun at his master, and then throwing himself at my feet, prayed me to forgive him. . . . When Mabruki's prayer for forgiveness was seconded by that of the principal culprit that I would overlook his offence, I was able to act as became a prudent commander, though I felt some remorse that I had not availed myself of the opportunity to punish the guide and his companion as they eminently deserved. . . . However, as Bombay could not bend himself to ask forgiveness, I came to the conclusion that it were best he should be made to feel the penalty for stirring dissensions in the expedition, and be brought to look with a more amiable face upon the scheme of proceeding to Ujiji through Ukonongo and Ukawendi; and I at once proceeded about it with such vigour, that Bombay's back will for as long a time bear traces of the punishment which I administered to him, as his front teeth do of that which Speke (he had been a servant of Speke's) rightfully bestowed on him some eleven years ago."

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

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

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

“Guinea-fowl, the moor-hen, ptarmigan, and ducks, supplied our tables; and often the hump of a buffalo, or an extravagant piece of venison, filled our camp-kettles. My health was firmly re-established. The faster we prosecuted our journey, the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one drawback to it all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy, Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water at the pools at which we had camped between Manyara and Mvera; but judicious attendance, and Dover’s powders, brought the boy round again. After a halt of three days at this village for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly. . . . Traversing a dense forest of young trees, we came to a plain dotted with acres of ant-hills. Their uniform height (about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to inundations. Beyond this plain about four miles we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight, after so many months spent by brackish pools.”

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

clamour without intermission until morning. Towards daylight they retreated towards their leafy caverns, for—

‘There the lion dwells—the Monarch,
Mightiest among the brutes ;
There his right to reign supremest
Never one his claim disputes ;
There he layeth down to slumber,
Having slain and ta'en his fill ;
There he roameth, there he coucheth,
As it suits his lordly will.’

And few I believe would venture therein to dispute it. Not I, ‘i faith,’ when searching after Livingstone.”

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

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

“Fancy this lovely valley teeming with herds of cattle, and fields of corn spreading to the right and left of this stream ! How much better would such a state of things become this valley, than the present deserted and wild aspect ! But be hopeful ; the day will come, and a future year will see it when happier lands have become crowded, and nations have become so overgrown, that they have no room to turn about. It really wants an Abraham or a Lot, an Alaric or an Attila, to lead their hosts to this land, which perhaps has been wisely reserved for such a time.”

Leaving this unpeopled paradise behind them, the party had several weary days’ march over a country as rocky and sterile as the Sierra Nevada, which, in its rocky hills, and dry, stony watercourses, reminded Mr. Stanley of the country round Magdala. Their provisions were all but exhausted,

and they were suffering from thirst, and foot-sore and weary, when they reached the village of a son of the chief of Uzogera, where they were hospitably entertained. From this point the country improved at every step, although many difficulties had yet to be overcome, the principal of which were the heavy tributes exacted by warlike chiefs for leave to pass through their territory. Mr. Stanley's account of a natural bridge, across which the expedition passed with safety, cannot fail to be interesting. "Fancy," he says, "a river as broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over with water-plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremor which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that, only a few yards higher up, an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves, and sixteen tusks of ivory, had been suddenly sunk for ever out of sight. As one-half of our column had already arrived at the centre, we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side, and between each man; in one place like the swell of the sea after a storm, and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled and undulated, one wave after another. As we all got on it, we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through, and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet, and a circular pool of water was formed. I expected every minute to see them sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without further accident. Arrived on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suited for agricultural settlements, or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, or a flat-topped rock on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen, and where the natives prided themselves on their security, and conducted themselves accordingly in an insolent and forward fashion, though I believe that with forty good rifles I could have made the fellows desert their country *en masse*. But a white traveller's motto in these lands is, do, dare, and endure; and those who have come out of Africa alive have generally to thank themselves for their prudence rather than their temerity."

At last their eyes were gladdened by the sight of the broad and swift Malagarazi, an affluent of Lake Tanganyika. The goal was nearly won; a few days' march, and the mighty lake of Central Africa would be spread out before their gaze. The principal Sultan of Uvinza, the country bordering on the Malagarazi, was Kiala, the eldest son of Uzogera. The command of the

river gave him great power as a levier of black-mail from travellers passing through his country, which he used to the uttermost. After much higgling, Stanley had to give 92 yards of cloth for the privilege of passing through his country. The tribute for passing the river had still to be settled, and after a long and stormy discussion, this was arranged. "Finally," he says, "seven doti (28 yards of cloth) and ten pounds of Sam-Sami beads were agreed upon; after which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish, and deep. Yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming, rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for crocodiles—crocodiles cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself pelting them with two ounce balls, I made no effect upon their numbers.

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

More and yet more pillage in name of tribute had the party to undergo. After paying tribute to the chief of Kawanga, the party marched forward cheerfully, when they were overtaken by a party, who demanded why they attempted to pass without paying the tribute to the King of Ubha. In their innocence they thought they had settled with him when they satisfied his subordinate Kawanga. Mionvu, another subordinate of the King of Ubha, came up to them to receive his master's tribute.

"He was," says Mr Stanley, "robed most royally, after the fashion of

Central Africa, in a crimson cloth, arranged toga-like over his shoulder, and depending to his ankles; and a brand new piece of Massachusetts shirting folded around his head. He greeted us graciously; he was the prince of politeness; shook hands first with myself, then with my head men, and cast a keen glance around, in order, as I thought, to measure our strength. Then seating himself, he spoke with deliberation, something in this style:—‘Why does the white man stand in the road? The sun is hot, let him seek the shelter of my village, when we can arrange this little matter between us. Does he not know that there is a king in Ubha, and that I, Mionvu, am his servant? It is a custom with us to make friends with great men, such as the white man. All Arabs and Wanguana stop here, and give us cloth. Does the white man mean to go on without paying? Why should he desire war? I know he is stronger than we are here; his men have guns, and we have but spears and arrows; but Ubha is large, and has plenty of people. The children of the king are many. If he comes to be a friend to us, he will come to our village, give us something, and then go his way.’

“The armed warriors around applauded the speech of Mionvu, because it spoke the feelings with which they viewed our bales. Certain am I, though, that one portion of his speech—that which related to our being stronger than the Ubha—was an untruth, and that he knew it, and that he only wished we would start hostilities, in order that he might have good reason for seizing the whole. It is not new to you, of course, if you have read this letter through, to find that the representative of the *Herald* was held of small account here, and never one did I see who would care a bead for anything that you would ever publish against him; so the next time you want me to enter Africa, I only hope you will think it worth while to send 100 good men from the *Herald* office to punish this audacious Mionvu, who neither fears the *New York Herald* nor the ‘Star Spangled Banner.’

“I submitted to Mionvu’s proposition, and went with him to his village, when he fleeced me to his heart’s content. His demand, which he adhered to like a man who knew what he was about, was one good bale of cloth, apportioned between the king, himself, his wife, three of his chief men, and his son, a little boy. I went to bed that night like a man on the verge of ruin. However, Mionvu said we would have to pay no more in Ubha. Notwithstanding this, a brother of Mionvu’s levied black mail on the traveller at a village further to the west, and further exactions were eluded by starting in the middle of the night, and keeping clear of the villages.”

At last they are at “the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi (a native tribe) said we would obtain a view of Lake Tanganyika. . . . On arriving at the top, we beheld it at last from the spot whence probably Burton and Speke looked at it, ‘the one in a half-paralyzed state, the other almost blind.’ Indeed, I was placed at the right, and as we

descended, it opened more and more into view, until it was revealed at last into a great inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south, without bounds, a grey expanse of water."

After feasting their eyes on this longed-for prospect, they hurry on with eager footsteps. "From the western base of the hill there was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly—the hours seemed to have been quarters—we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so long in the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward receded, and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Liuche, and its thick belt of matete grass; we had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, etc; and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet, was directly beneath us.

"We are now about descending. In a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where lives, we imagine, the object of our search. Our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming—least of all do they know we are so close to them; if any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe, they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise; for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other but a crazy white man, whom Sheikh, the son of Nasib, is going to report to Syed or Prince Binghas, for not taking his advice."

The supreme moment had come at last; the American flag is flung out to the breeze; muskets are loaded and fired off in hot haste to rouse the little town of Ujiji, which as yet knew nothing of the strange and unexpected visitors now at its gates. "The flags are fluttered—the banner of America is in front, waving joyfully—the guide is in the zenith of his glory—the former residents of Zanzibar will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may, as to what it means. Never were the stars and stripes so beautiful to my mind, the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill wild clangour of it is far and wide, and still the muskets tell the noisy seconds. . . . The natives of Ujiji, . . . and I know not where else, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means, this fusillading, shouting, and blowing of horns, and flag-flying. There are Yambos (how do you do's) shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hand and ask anxiously where I come from. But I have no patience with them—the expedition goes far too slow; I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled? Suddenly a man, a black man at my elbow, shouts in

English, 'How do you do, sir?' 'Hallo, who the deuce are you?' 'I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' he says; but before I can ask any more questions, he is running like a madman towards the town.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji—Expedition to the Rusizi—Lake Tanganyika, and Tribes on its shores—Livingstone and Stanley arrive at Unyanyembe—Mr. Stanley bids the great Traveller farewell—Memoir of Mr. Stanley, etc., etc.

THE following description of Dr. Livingstone, as he appeared to Mr. Stanley at Ujiji, has additional interest for us, now that its subject has passed away to the land of shadows. He says:—"Upon my first introduction to him, Livingstone was to me like a huge tome with a most unpretending binding. Within, the work might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus, outside Livingstone gave no token, except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness, of what elements of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retain the mobility of prime age, just enough to show that there yet lies much endurance and vigour within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and moustache are very gray. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with gray over the temples; otherwise it might belong to a man of thirty. The teeth alone show indications of being worn out; the hard fare of Louda and Manajenia have made havoc in their rows. His form is stoutish—a little over the ordinary height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking, he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round visor, with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally. "Of the inner man, much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself bit by bit to the stranger, a great many favourable points present themselves, any of which, taken singly, might dispose a man well towards him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and, though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he

would defer reading until night; for the moment he would enjoy the astonishment which the European caused him, and any general world news I could communicate."

" The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone, which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure; but what he had was mine and his. The wan features, which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and stooping shoulders, belied the man. Underneath that aged and well-spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter; the rugged frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but what we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Varden, and Gordon Cumming, were always the chief actors. 'You have brought me new life,' he said several times, so that I was not sure but there was some little hysteria in this jovialty and abundant animal spirits; but as I found it continued during several weeks, I am now disposed to think it natural. . . . Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man, a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind, simply contenting itself with owning all other religions as wrong or weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome, and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Mussulmans even—all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man, and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has refined, and has made him—to speak the earnest, sober truth—the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

"I have been frequently ashamed of my impatience while listening to his mild rebuke of a dishonest lazy servant; whereas had the servant been mine, his dishonesty or laziness had surely been visited with prompt punishment. I have often heard our servants discuss our respective merits.

'Your master,' say my servants to those of Livingstone, 'is a good man—a very good man; he does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours—oh! he is sharp—hot as fire.' From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half-castes upon his first arrival at Ujiji, through his uniform kindness and mild pleasant temper, he has now won all hearts. I perceived that unusual respect was paid to him by all. . . . Every Sunday morning he gathers his flock around him, and he has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ear insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whately, viz. natural, unaffected, and sincere. Following these, he delivers a short address in the Kisawahili language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention."

Dr. Livingstone having expressed his determination not to return to England until he had completed his task, Mr. Stanley asked him why he had come so far back without finishing the short task he had to do.

"Simply," said he, "because I was forced. My men would not budge a step forward. They mutinied, and passed a secret resolution, if I still insisted in going on, to raise a disturbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me; in which case I should have been killed. It was dangerous to go any further. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their water into the central line of drainage, and when about starting to explore the last hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I find myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body."

After the Arabs had left Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley together, the latter says, "Said bin Majid, and a curried chicken, was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession; and as fast as they were brought we set to. I had a healthy sublime digestion—the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order; but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and as he vied with me in demolishing the pancakes, he kept repeating, 'You have brought me new life. You have brought me new life.'

"'Oh, by jingo!' I said, 'I have forgotten something. Hasten Selim, and bring that bottle; you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped, would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.' Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and

handing the Doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said:—

“ ‘Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, Sir.’ ‘And to yours,’ he responded, smilingly.

“And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drunk with hearty good wishes to each other.

“But we kept on talking and talking, and prepared food was being brought to us all that afternoon; and we kept on eating each time it was brought, and until I had eaten even to repletion, and the Doctor was obliged to confess that he had eaten enough. Still, Halimah, the female cook of the Doctor’s establishment, was in the state of the greatest excitement. . . She was afraid the Doctor did not properly appreciate her culinary abilities; but now she was amazed at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten, and she was in a state of delightful excitement. We could hear the tongue rolling off a tremendous volume of clatter to the wondering crowds who halted before the kitchen to hear the current of news with which she edified them. Poor faithful soul! While we listened to the noise of her furious gossip, the Doctor related her faithful services; and the terrible anxiety she evinced when the guns first announced the arrival of another white man in Ujiji; how she had been flying about in a state of the utmost excitement, from the kitchen into his presence, and out again into the square, asking all sorts of questions; how she was in despair at the scantiness of the general larder and treasury of the strange household; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘is he not one of us? does he not bring plenty of cloths and beads? Talk about Arabs? Who are they that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!’

“The Doctor and I conversed upon many things, especially upon his own immediate troubles, and his disappointments upon his arrival in Ujiji, when told that all his goods had been sold, and he was reduced to poverty. He had but twenty cloths or so left of the stock he had deposited with the man called Sherif, the half caste, drunken tailor, who was sent by the consul in charge of the goods. Besides what he had been suffering from an attack of dysentery, his condition was most deplorable. He was but little improved on this day, though he had eaten well, and already began to feel stronger and better.”

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

“It took us,” says Mr. Stanley, “ten days’ hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a distance of nearly 100 geographical miles from Ujiji; the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Urundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward; the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearance impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks which rise abruptly out of the lake, a most wonderful scene would be presented to us. We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from 5000 to 7000 feet deep, with the large island Ubwari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it, for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is nearly 3000 feet deep. . . . Only two miles from shore I sounded, and although I let down 620 feet of line I found no bottom. Livingstone sounded when crossing the Tanganyika from the westward, and found no bottom with 1800 feet of line. The mountains around the northern half of the Tanganyika fold around so close, with no avenue whatever for the escape of waters, save narrow valleys and ravines which admit rivers and streams into the lake, that were it possible to force the water into a higher altitude of 500 feet above its present level, its dimensions would not be increased considerably. The valley of the Malagarazi would then be a narrow deep arm of the lake, and the Rusizi would be a northern arm, crooked and tortuous, of sixty or seventy miles in length.

“The evening before we saw the Rusizi, a freed man of Zanzibar was asked which way the river ran—out of the lake or into it? The man swore that he had been on the river but the day before, and that it ran out of the lake. Here was an announcement calculated to shake the most sceptical. I thought the news too good to be true. I should certainly have preferred that the river ran out of the lake into either the Victoria or the Albert. The night we heard this announcement made so earnestly, Livingstone and myself sat up very late, speculating as to where it went. We resolved, if it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza, to proceed with it to the lake, and then strike south to Unyanyembe, and if it flowed into the Albert lake, to proceed into the Albert lake and cruise all around it, in the hope of meeting Baker.

“As there was war between the rival tribes inhabiting the banks of the Rusizi, the King Mokamba advised us to proceed to his brother’s village in Mugihewa by night, which was situated about 800 yards from the river, on the right bank. Just after dark we started, and in the morning we arrived at Mugihewa. After a cup of coffee we manned our canoe, and having prepared our guns we started for the mouth of the river. In about fifteen minutes we were entering a little bay about a mile wide, and saw before us to the north a dense brake of papyrus and match cane.

“Until we were close to this brake we could not detect the slightest

opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldly up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was, vanished at once and for ever before that strong brown flood, which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should ever be able to ascend; but after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling, the river broadened, and a little higher up we saw it widen into lagoons on either side."

Several times the party were in considerable danger from the attacks of the numerous inhabitants on the shores of the lake. Mr. Stanley had a slight attack of fever, and during its continuance Dr. Livingstone nursed him with great care. An amusing incident happened at Mukamba's town.

"Susi, the Doctor's servant, got gloriously drunk, from the chief's liberal and profuse gifts of *pombi*. Just at dawn, next morning, I was awakened by hearing several sharp crack-like sounds. I listened, and found the noise was in our hut. It was caused by the Doctor, who, towards midnight, had felt some one come and lie down by his side on the same bed, and, thinking it was me, he had kindly made room, and laid down on the edge of the bed. But in the morning feeling rather cold, he had been thoroughly awakened, and, on rising on his elbow to see who his bedfellow was, he discovered, to his great astonishment, that it was no other than his black servant, Susi, who taking possession of his blankets, and folding them about himself most selfishly, was occupying almost the whole bed. The Doctor, with that gentleness characteristic of him, instead of taking the rod, had contented himself with slapping Susi on the back, saying, 'Get up, Susi, will you? You are in my bed. How dare you, Susi, get drunk in this way, after I have told you so often not to do so; get up.' 'You won't? Take that, and that, and that.' Still Susi slept and grunted; so the slapping continued, until even Susi's thick hide began to feel it, and he was thoroughly awakened to the sense of his want of devotion and sympathy for his master, in the usurping of even his master's bed. Susi looked very much crestfallen after this *expose* of his infirmity before the 'little master,' as I was called."

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

Dr Livingstone and Mr. Stanley reached Ujiji on the 13th of December, and after making the necessary preparations, they started for Unyanyembe.

The Tanganyika Lake was first seen by European eyes in 1858, when Captains Burton and Speke looked down upon it from the heights above Ujiji. After a terrible journey from Unyanyembe, Captain Speke was nearly blind, and Captain Burton was so weak from fever and paralysis that for

several days he had been carried in a hammock. For three hundred years the existence of this great lake had been known, and various guesses had been made as to the course of its effluent waters. In some maps it was laid down as having a connection with the Nyassa lake; in others it figured as the head-waters of the Congo or the Nile—although Livingstone, Stanley, and Captain Grant, have visited it since the date of Captain Burton's visit, and the direction of its outflow is as great a mystery as ever. As its waters are sweet it must have an outlet somewhere, and in all likelihood they find an exit by a rent in the mountains, similar to that through which Livingstone saw the Lualaba escaping from Lake Moero, through the mountains of Rua. Captain Burton inclines to the belief that it has no effluent. He says:—

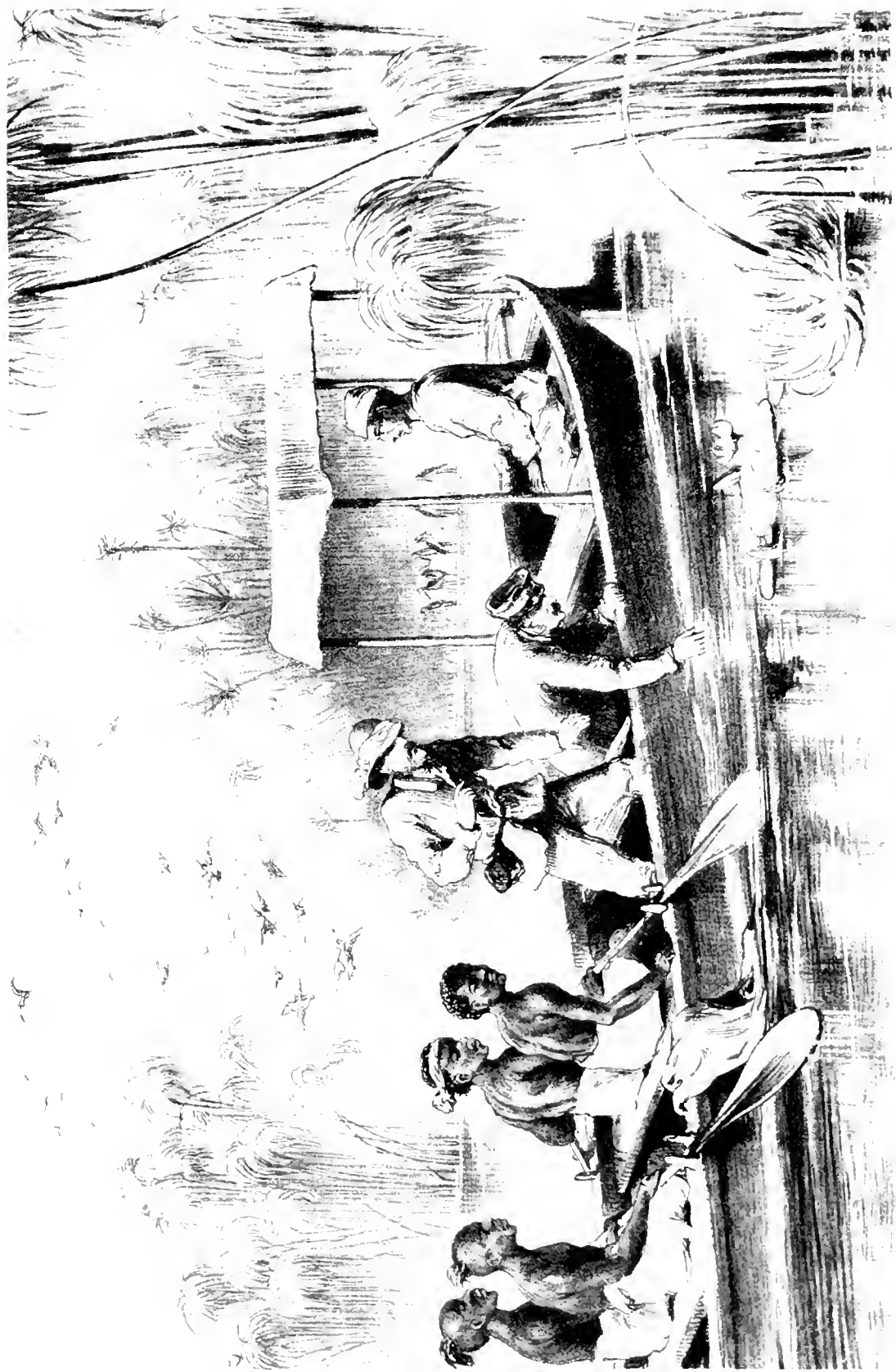
“A careful investigation and comparison of statements leads to the belief that the Tanganyika receives and absorbs the whole river system—a net-work of streams, nullahs, and torrents—of that portion of the Central African depression, whose water-shed converges towards the great reservoir. Geographers will doubt that such a mass, situated at so considerable an altitude, can maintain its level without an effluent. Moreover, the freshness of the water would, under normal circumstances, augur the escape of saline matter washed down by the influents from the area of drainage. But may not the Tanganyika, situated, like the Dead Sea, as a reservoir for supplying with humidity the winds which have parted with their moisture in the barren and arid regions of the south, maintain its level by the exact balance of supply and evaporation? * And may not the saline particles deposited in its waters be wanting in some constituent which renders them evident to the taste.

“As in Zanzibar, there is little variety of temperature upon the Tanganyika. The violent easterly gales, which, pouring down from the cold heights of Usagara, acquire impetus sufficient to carry the current over Ugogo, Unyamwezi, and Uvinza, are here less sharply defined. The periodical winds over the latter—regular, but not permanent—are the south-east and the south-west, which also bring up the foulest weather. The land and sea breezes are felt almost as distinctly as upon the shores of the Indian Ocean. The breath of the morning, called by the Arabs *el barad*, or the zephyr, sets in from the north. During the day, are light variable breezes, which often subside, when the weather is not stormy, into calms. In the evenings, a light afflatus comes up from the lake. Throughout the dry season the lake becomes a wind trap, and a heavy ground-sea rolls toward the shore. In the rains there is less sea, but accidents occur from sudden and violent storms, which are precluded, as about Zanzibar, by sudden gusts of cold and rainy wind. The mountainous breakers of Arab and native informants were not seen; indeed, with a

* Dr Livingstone has demonstrated that there is no desert to the south nearer than the Kalahari Desert, nearly a couple of thousand miles to the south, so that this theory falls to the ground.

depth of three feet from ridge to dell, a wave would swamp the largest laden canoe. Wind currents appear common. In a few hours a stream will be traversed setting strongly to the east, and crossed by a southerly or south-westerly current. High gales in certain localities, when the waves set upon a flat, flush shore, drive the waves from fifteen to twenty feet beyond the normal mark. This circumstance may partly explain the Arab belief in a regular ebb and flow, which they maintain has been observed in the Tanganyika and Nyassa lakes, and which Mr. Anderson believes to exist in lake Ngami. A mass of waters so large must be, to a certain extent, subject to tidal influences; but the narrowness of the bed from west to east would render this effect almost unobservable.

“The navigation of Tanganyika is as yet undeveloped. It has neither quay nor jetty, except strips of sand; nor harbours, save shallow bays, or dwarf creeks, winding through hedges of stiff rush. In former times the Arabs built sailing vessels, bought gangs of slaves, and trained them to row instead of paddling. In 1858, there remained but one dhow, or small quarter-decked sailing-craft, capable of carrying about fifty men; it belonged to an Arab merchant, Hamid bin Sulyman, who, professing willingness to let it for a voyage, nullified his concession by removing the crew. The native boats are long, narrow canoes, rudely hollowed with the axe—the application of fire being unknown—in fact, mere logs of mvule, or some other large tree. The most considerable are composed of three parts—clumsy, mis-shapen planks, forming, when placed side by side, a keel and two gunwales, the latter fastened to the centre-piece by cords of palm-fibre passing through lines of holes. The want of caulking causes excessive leakage. The cry Senga!—bale out!—rarely ceases, and the irregular hollowing of the tree-trunks makes them lie lopsided in the water. These vessels have neither masts nor sails; an iron ring, fixed in the stern, is intended for a rudder, which, however, seldom appears except in the canoes of the Arabs, and a flag-staff, or a fishing-rod, projects from the bow. Layers of palm-ribs are strowed over the interior, to raise the cargo—which is often of salt—above the bilge-water. The crew sit upon narrow benches, extending across the canoe, and fastened with cords to holes in the two side-pieces; upon each bench, despite the narrowness of the craft, two place themselves side by side. The stout, stiff mats used for hutting and bedding, are spread for comfort upon the seats; and for convenience of paddling, the sailors, when at work, incline their bodies over the sides. In the centre there is a square place about six feet long, kept clear of benches; here also cargo is stored, passengers, cattle, and slaves are carried, the paddles, gourds, and other furniture of the crew, are thrown. It is often ankle-deep in water, and affords no convenience for leaning or lying down. The most comfortable place, therefore, is near the stern or bow of the boat. The spears are planted upright at one or two corners of the hold,



LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY ON THE RUSIZI

so as to be ready at a moment's notice; each man usually has his dagger stuck in his belt, and on long trips, all are provided with bows and arrows. These Africans cannot row. The paddle in the Tanganyika is a stout staff, about six feet long, and cut out at the top to admit a trefoil-shaped block the size of a man's hand. The block is adorned with black paint, in triangular patches. It is tied to the staff by a bit of whipcord, and it seldom lasts a day without breaking. The paddler, placing his hand on the top, and the other about the middle of the staff, scoops up, as it were, the water in front of him, steadying his paddle by drawing it along the side of the canoe. It is a laborious occupation, and an excessive waste of power.

“The Lake people derive their modern practice of navigation, doubtless, from days of old; the earliest accounts of the Portuguese mention the traffic of this inland sea. They have three principal beats from Ujiji: the northern abuts at the ivory and slave marts of Uvira; the western conducts to the opposite shores of the lake, and the island depots on the south-west; and the southern leads to the land of Marungu. Their canoes creep along the shores like the hollowed elder-trees of thirty bygone centuries, and, waiting till the weather augurs fairly, they make a desperate push for the other side. Nothing but their extreme timidity, except when emboldened by the prospect of a speedy return home, preserves their cranky craft from constant accidents. The Arabs, warned by the past, prefer the certain loss incurred, by deputing, for trading purposes, agents and slaves, to personal risk. A storm upon the lake, especially on one of the portentous evenings of the tropics, is indeed deeply impressive. The wind is hushed, and the air feels sultry and stifling, while low mutterings from the sable cloud-banks lying upon the horizon, cut by light masses of mist in a long unbroken line, or from the black arch rising above the Acroceraunian hills, at times disturb the death-like stillness. Presently, as the shades deepen, a cold gust of wind—the invariable presage of a storm—pours through the vast of night; lightning flashes—at first by intervals, then incessantly, with its accompaniment of reverberating thunder; now a loud lumbering roll, like the booming of heavy batteries, then deepening into a crash, which is followed after an interval by a rattling discharge, like the sharp pattering of musketry. The waves begin to rise; the rain—descending at first by warning drops, presently in torrents—blinds the crew; and if the wind increases, there is little chance of the frail canoe living through the short chopping sea. In addition to the dangers of the deep, the maritime tribes are, or are supposed to be, ever planning ambuscades against the boats touching at their land, and the sight of a few woolly heads in the bush causes the crew to rise precipitately from food or sleep, to rush headlong to their canoes, without caring what may be left behind, and to put out to sea beyond the reach of a flight of arrows.

“A voyage upon the Tanganyika begins with all the difficulties and delays

of African locomotion. When the boat is hired, the crew must be collected, and paid, rationed, and kept together. This is no easy task, as each man is thinking solely of his own affairs, disdaining the slightest regard for the wishes, the comfort, or the advantage of his employer. The cargo must then be placed on board, and the canoe moved to its original place—to a point of known departure, otherwise no man can be persuaded to embark. The expedition sets out in a kind of procession; the captain, dressed in his best dress, heads the sailors, who are followed by their loud-voiced wives, performing upon the rudest musical instruments. Of these the most noisy is a kind of shawm, (a short tube of wood, bound with palm-fibre, and opening like a clarionet): a distressing bray is kept up through a hole pierced in the side. The most monotonous is a pair of foolscap-shaped cones of thin iron, joined at the apices, and connected at the bases by a solid cross-bar. This rude tom-tom is performed upon with painful perseverance by a stick muffled with cloth or skin. After embarkation, the canoe must be paddled out for a mile, to ascertain the proper quantum of cargo and crew, an exertion followed by fresh delays for victualling, taking leave, settling disputes, hard drinking, and driving deserters. The first stage is short enough to admit of the scene being encored. Finally, when the weather is perfectly calm, and no pretext nor desire for further detention remains, the crew scramble into the canoes, and, with the usual hubbub and strife—order which no man obeys, and advice which no man takes—they pole off and paddle along the shore.

“The Wajiji, and, indeed, all these races, never work silently or regularly. A long monotonous howl, broken occasionally by a scream of delight from the boys, or by the bray and clang of the instruments, lasts throughout the trip, except when extreme terror induces a general silence. They row in “spurts,” applying vigorously to their paddling, till the perspiration pours down their sooty persons, and splashing the water in streams over the canoe: after a few minutes, fatigued and breathless, they either stop to quarrel, or they progress languidly till recruited for another effort. When two boats are together they race continuously, till a bump, and the consequent difficulty of using the paddles, afford an opportunity for a little chatter and abuse. At times they halt to eat, drink, or smoke; the bhang pipe is produced after every hour, and the paddles are taken in whilst they indulge in the usual screaming whooping cough. They will not allow questions to be asked, or scraps of provisions to be thrown overboard; moreover, it is a mortal sin to chip or to break off the smallest bit of even a worn-out boat drawn up on the sands. They will lose half an hour, when time is most precious, to secure a dead fish, as, entangled, in its net, it floats past the canoe. They never pass a village or a settlement without a dispute—some wishing to land, and the others objecting because that some wish it. The captain, seated either in the fore or in the stern, has no authority; and if the canoe is allowed to touch the shore, half

the crew spring out, without an idea of consulting anything but their own convenience. Obeying only impulse, and being wholly deficient in order or arrangement, they make the voyage as uncomfortable as possible. They have no regular stages, and no fixed halting times; they will waste a fine cool morning, and pull through the heat of the day, and doze throughout the day, and at the cry of *Pakira Baba!*—(pack up, hearties!)—they will rush into their canoes after midnight. Outward bound, they seem to seek opportunities for delay; homeward, they hurry with precipitous haste. Arrived at their destination, there is a general concert—vocal and instrumental, while the captains perform a solemn and bear-like dance upon the mat-covered benches—the apology for a quarter-deck; and when touching at places where they have friends, the crews rattle their paddles against the canoe sides, in token of greeting; an imitation, probably, of the ceremonious address which is performed by knocking the elbows against the ribs. Finally, the voyage concluded, they enter their homes by daylight with much pomp and ceremony, noise, and jollity, and are not sober for the next fortnight.

“The Lakists generally are an almost amphibious race, excellent divers, strong swimmers, and fishermen. At times, when excited by the morning coolness and by the prospect of a good haul, they indulge in a manner of merriment, which resembles the gambols of sportive water-fowls: standing upright, and balancing themselves on their hollow logs, which appear but little longer than themselves, they strike the water furiously with their paddles, skimming over the surface, dashing to and fro, splashing one another, urging forward, backing and wheeling their craft, now capsizing, then regaining their position with wonderful dexterity. They make coarse hooks, and have many varieties of nets and creels. Conspicuous on the waters, and in the villages, is the *Dewa*, or ‘otter’ of Oman, a triangle of stout reeds, which shows the position of the net. A stronger variety, and used for the larger ground-fish, is a cage of open basket-work, provided, like the former, with a bait and two entrances. The fish once entangled cannot escape, and a log of wood, used as a ‘trimmer,’ attached to a float of rushy plants, directs the fisherman. The heaviest fish are caught by a rope-net, weighted and thrown out between two boats. They have circular frames of lath, meshed in with a knot somewhat different from that generally used in Europe; the smaller kind is thrown from the boat by a single man, who follows it into the water—the larger, which reaches six feet in diameter, is lowered from the bow by cords, and collects the fish attracted by the glaring torch fire. The *Wajiji* also make big and little drag nets, some let down in a circle by one or more canoes, the others managed by one or two fishermen, who, swimming at each end, draw it in when ready. They have diminutive purse-nets to catch small fry, hoops thrust into a long stick-handle, through the reed walls that line the shore; and by this simple contrivance the fish are caught in considerable quantities.

The common creel resembles the Khun of Western India, and is well-known even to the Bushmen of the South: it is a cone of open bamboo strips or supple twigs, placed lengthways, and bound in and out by strings of grass or tree fibre. It is closed at the top, and at the bottom there is a narrow aperture, with a diagonally-disposed entrance like that of a wire rat-trap, which prevents the fish escaping. It is placed upon its side with a bait, embanked with mud, reeds, or sand, and well answers the purpose for which it is intended. In Uzaramo, and near the coast, the people narcotise the fish with the juice of certain plants; about the Tanganyika the art appears unknown.”*

There are many varieties of fish in the lake, but most of them are somewhat tasteless. One of the largest, which sometimes attains a length of five or six feet, is called the Mguhe, and is the most palatable of the whole. Another large fish is the Singa; it is scaleless, and has long fleshy feelers or cirri, standing out from its snout. This fish is much prized by the natives on account of its rich luscious fat. Two smaller varieties, known as the Mvoro and the Sanjale, are somewhat like mackarel in shape. Minnows of several kinds, a kind of eel, and a fresh water shrimp, are very abundant, and are largely captured and eaten. A fresh-water oyster, called Sinani, is eaten by the natives, but it is unpalatable to Europeans. The numerous islands on the lake are mostly all inhabited, although many of them are exceedingly unhealthy. The inhabitants of the lake district are a quarrelsome and warlike people, and it is owing to their hostility that the lake and its shores have never as yet been properly examined by any of the travellers who have visited it.

The lake, with its continuation Lake Liemba, is about three hundred miles in length, and its breadth at the widest part ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five miles, and it covers an area of nearly six thousand square miles. Captain Burton, in speaking of the water of the lake, says:—

“The waters of the Tanganyika appear deliciously sweet and pure, after the salt and bitter, the putrid and slimy produce of the wells, pits, and pools on the line of march. The people, however, who drink it willingly when afloat, prefer, when on shore, the little springs which bubble from its banks. They complain that it does not satisfy thirst, and they contrast it unfavourably with the waters of its rival Nyanza; it appears, moreover, to corrode metal and leather with exceptional power. The colour of the pure and transparent mass has apparently two normal varieties: a dull sea-green—never, however verdigris—coloured, as in the shoals of the Zanzibar seas, where the reflected blue of the atmosphere blends with the yellow of the sandy bottom—the other, a clear, soft azure, not deep and dark, like the ultramarine of the Mediterranean, but resembling the light and milky tints of tropical seas. Under a stormy wind the waves soon rise in yeasty lines, foaming up from a

* The reader will remember that Dr. Livingstone noticed the same practice on the Zambesi.

turbid greenish surface, and the aspect becomes menacing in the extreme. . . . Judging from the eye the walls of the basin of the lake rise in an almost continuous curtain, rarely waving and impacted, to from two to three thousand feet above the water-level. The bay is almost due north and south, and the form a long oval, widening in the central portions, and contracting systematically at both extremities."

The principal tribes in the lake region are the Wajiji, the Wavinza, the Wakaranga, the Watuta, the Wabuha, and the Wahha. We give Captain Burton's account of these tribes:—

"The Wajiji are a lively race of barbarians, far sturdier than the tribes to the eastward, with dark skins, plain features, and straight, strong limbs: they are larger and heavier men than the Wanyamwezi, and the type, as it approaches Central Africa, becomes rather negro than negroid. Their feet and hands are rather flat, their voices are harsh and strident, and their looks, as well as their manners, are independent even to insolence. The women, who are held in high repute, resemble, and often excel their masters in rudeness and violence: they think little of entering a stranger's hut in their cups and of snatching up and carrying away any article which excites their admiration. Many of both sexes and all ages are disfigured by the small-pox—the Arabs have vainly taught them inoculation; and there are few who are not affected by boils and various eruptions; there is also an inveterate pandemic itch, which, according to their Arab visitors, results from a diet of putrid fish.

"The tribe is extensively tattooed, probably as a protection against the humid atmosphere and the chills of the Lake Region. Some of the chiefs have ghastly scars raised by fire, in addition to large patterns marked upon their persons—lines, circles, and rays of little cupping-cuts drawn down the back, the stomach and the arms, like the tattoo of the Wangindo tribe, near Kilwa. Both sexes like to appear dripping with oil; and they manifestly do not hold cleanliness to be a virtue. The head is sometimes shaved; rarely the hair is allowed to grow; the most fashionable *coiffure* is a mixture of the two; patches and beauty-spots of the most eccentric shapes—buttons, crescents, and galeated lines—being allowed to sprout either in the front, the sides, or the back of the head, from a carefully-scraped scalp. Women, as well as men, are fond of binding a wisp of white tree-fibre round their heads, like the ribbon which confines the European wig. There is not a trace of mustachio or whiskers in the country; they are removed by the tweezers, and the climate, according to the Arabs, is unfavourable to beards. For cosmetics, both sexes apply, when they can procure such luxuries, red earth to the face, and over the head a thick coating of chalk or mountain meal, which makes their blackness appear hideously grotesque.

"The chiefs wear expensive stuffs, checks and cottons, which they extract from passing caravans. Women of wealth affect the tobe or coast dress, and

some are seen to wear red or blue hood-cloths. The male costume of the lower orders is confined to softened goat, sheep, deer, leopard, or monkey skins, tied at two corners like a little apron, passed over the right or left shoulder, with the flaps open at one side, and with tail and legs dangling in the wind. Women who cannot afford cloth use, as a substitute, a narrow kilt of fibre or skin, and some were seen with a tassel of fibre, or a leafy twig, depending from a string bound round the waist, and displaying the nearest approach to the original fig-leaf. At Ujiji people are observed, for the first time, to make extensive use of the macerated tree-bark, which supplies the place of cotton in Urundi, Karagwah, and the northern kingdoms. This article, technically called 'mbugu,' is made from the inner bark of the various trees. The trunk of the full-grown tree is stripped of its integument twice or thrice, and is bound with plantain-leaves till a finer growth is judged fit for manipulation. This bark is carefully removed, steeped in water, macerated, kneaded, and pounded with clubs and battens to the consistency of a coarse cotton. Palm-oil is then spurted upon it from the mouth, and it acquires the colour of chamois-leather. The Wajiji obtain the mbugu mostly from Urundi and Uvira. They are fond of striping it with a black, vegetable mud, so as to resemble the spoils of leopards and wild cats, and they favour the delusion by cutting the edge into long strips, like the tails and other extremities of wild beasts. The price of the mbugu varies according to size, from six to twelve strings of beads. Though durable, it is never washed; after many months' wear, the superabundance of dirt is removed by butter or ghee.

“Besides common brass girdles and bracelets, armlets and anklets, masses of white porcelain, blue glass, and large 'pigeon-egg' beads, and hundreds of the iron-wire circlets, called sambo, worn with ponderous brass or copper rings round the lower part of the leg, above the foot, the Wajiji are distinguished from tribes not on the lake by necklaces of shells—small pink bivalves strung upon a stout fibre. Like their Lakist neighbours, they ornament the throat with disks, crescents, and strings of six or seven cones, fastened by the apex, and depending to the breast. Made of the whitest ivory, or of the teeth, not the tusks, of the hippopotamus, these dazzling ornaments effectively set off the shining, dark skin. Another peculiarity among these people is, a pair of iron pincers, or a piece of split wood, ever hanging round the neck; nor is its use less remarkable than its presence. The Lakists rarely chew, smoke, or take snuff, according to the manner of the rest of mankind. Every man carries a little half-gourd, or a diminutive pot of black earthenware, nearly full of tobacco; when inclined to indulge, he fills it with water, expresses the juice, and from the palm of his hand snuffs it up into his nostrils. The pincers serve to close the exit, otherwise the nose must be corked by the application of finger and thumb. Without much practice, it is difficult to articulate during the retention of the dose,

which lasts a few minutes, and when an attempt is made, the words are scarcely intelligible. The arms of the Wajiji are small battle-axes, and daggers, spears, and large bows, which carry unusually heavy arrows. They fear the gun and the sabre, yet they show no unwillingness to fight. The Arabs avoid granting their demands for muskets and gunpowder, consequently, a great chief never possesses more than two or three fire-arms.

“The Wajiji are considered by the Arabs to be the most troublesome race upon this line of road. They are taught by the example of their chiefs to be rude, insolent, and extortionate; they demand beads even for pointing out the road; they will deride and imitate a stranger’s speech and manner before his face; they can do nothing without a long preliminary of the fiercest scolding; they are as ready with a blow as with a word; and they may often be seen playing at ‘rough and tumble’ fighting, pushing, and tearing hair, in their boats. The Wajiji draw dagger or use spear upon a guest with little hesitation. They think twice, however, before drawing blood, which will cause a feud. Their roughness of manner is dashed with a curious ceremoniousness. When the Sultan appears amongst his people he stands in a circle and claps his hands, to which all respond in the same way. Women curtsy to one another, bending the right knee almost to the ground. When two men meet they clasp each other’s arms with both hands, rubbing them up and down, and ejaculating for some minutes, ‘*Nama Sanga? Nama Sanga?—Art thou well?*’ They then pass the hands down to the fore-arm, exclaiming ‘*Wakhe? Wakhe?—How art thou?*’ and, finally, they clap hands at each other—a token of respect which appears common to these tribes of Central Africa. The children have all the frowning and unprepossessing look of their parents; they reject little civilities, and seem to spend life in disputes, biting and clawing like wild cats. There appears to be little family affection in this undemonstrative race. The only endearment between father and son is a habit of scratching and picking each other, caused probably by the prevalence of a complaint before alluded to; as among the Simiads, the intervals between pugnacity are always spent exercising the nails. Sometimes, also, at sea, when danger is near, the Wajiji breaks the mournful silence of his fellows, who are all thinking of home, with the exclamation, ‘*Ya mguri wange—O my wife!*’ They are never sober when they can be drunk; perhaps in no part of the world will the traveller more often see men and women staggering about the villages with thick speech and violent gestures. The favourite inebriant is tembo or palm-toddy; almost every one, however, when on board the canoe, smokes bhang, and the whooping and screaming which follows the indulgence resemble the noise of wild beasts rather than the sounds of human beings. Their food consists principally of holcus, manioe, and fish, which is rarely eaten before it becomes offensive to European organs.

“The great Mwami or Sultan of Ujiji in 1858-9 was Rusimba; under him

were several mutware or minor chiefs, one to each settlement, as Kannena in Kawele, and Lurinda in Gungu. On the arrival of a caravan, Rusimba forwards, through his relations, a tusk or two of ivory, thus mutely intimating that he requires his blackmail, which he prefers to receive in beads and cloth, proportioning, however, his demands to the trader's means. When the point has been settled, the mutware sends his present, and expects a proportionate return. He is, moreover, entitled to a fee for every canoe hired; on each slave the Kiremba or excise is about half the price; from one to two cloths are demanded upon every tusk of ivory; and he will snatch a few beads from a man purchasing provisions for his master. The minor chiefs are fond of making 'sare' or brotherhood with strangers, in order to secure them in case of return. They depend for influence over their unruly subjects wholly upon personal qualifications, bodily strength, and violence of temper. Kannena, the chief of Kawele, though originally a slave, has won golden opinions by his conduct; when in liquor, he assumes the most ferocious aspect, draws his dagger, brandishes his spear, and, with loud screams, rushes at his subjects as with the intention of annihilating them. The affairs of the nation are settled by the Mwami, the great chief, in a general council of the lieges, the Watcko (in the singular Mteko), or elders presiding. Their intellects, never of the brightest, are invariably muddled with toddy, and, after bawling for hours together, and coming apparently to the most satisfactory conclusion, the word of a boy or an old woman will necessitate another lengthy palaver. The sultans, like their subjects, brook no delay in their own affairs; they impatiently dun a stranger half-a-dozen times a day for a few weeks on occasions to him of the highest importance, whilst they are drinking *pombe* or taking leave of their wives. Besides the Magubiko or preliminary presents, the chiefs are bound, before the departure of a caravan which has given them satisfaction, to supply it with half-a-dozen masuto or matted packages of grain, and to present the leader with a slave, who generally manages to abscond. The parting gifts are technically called 'urangozi' or guidance.

“ . . . The Wajiji never could reconcile themselves to 'merchants' who had come to see and not to buy, and, under the influence of slavery, made no progress in the science of commerce. They know nothing of bargaining or of credit; they will not barter unless the particular medium on which they have set their hearts is forthcoming; and they fix a price proportioned to their wants, not to the value of the article. The market varies with the number of caravans present at the depot, with the season, the extent of the supply, and a variety of similar considerations. Besides the trade in ivory, slaves, cloth, and palm-oil, they manufacture and hawk about iron sickles, shaped like the European; small bells, and wire circlets, worn as ornaments round the ankles; long double-edged knives in wooden sheaths, neatly whipped with strips of rattan; and Jembe, or hoes.

“ . . . The traveller in the Lake regions loses by cloth ; the people, contented with softened skins and tree-bark, prefer beads, ornaments, and more durable articles. On the other hand, he gains upon salt, which is purchased at half-price at the Parugerero pans, and upon large wires brought from the coast. Beads are a necessary evil to those engaged in buying ivory and slaves. . . . A serious inconvenience awaits the inexperienced, who find a long halt at, and a return from, Ujiji necessary. The Wanyamwezi porters, hired at Unyanyembe, bring with them the cloth and beads they have received as hire for going to, and coming from the lake ; and they lose no time in bartering the outfit for ivory and slaves. Those who prefer the former article, will delay for some days with extreme impatience and daily complaints, fearing to cross Uvinza, in small bodies, when loaded with valuables. The purchasers of slaves, however, knowing that they will evidently lose them after a few days at Ujiji, desert at once. In all cases, the report that a caravan is marching eastwards, causes a general disappearance of the parties. As the Wajiji will not carry, the caravan is reduced to a halt, which may be protracted for months—in fact, till another body of men coming from the east will engage themselves as return-porters. Moreover, the departure homewards almost always partakes of the nature of a flight, so fearful are the strangers, lest their slaves should seize the opportunity to desert. The Omani Arabs obviate these inconveniences, by always travelling with large bodies of domestics, whose interest it is not to abandon the master. They also wisely discourage the African’s proclivity for ‘levanting,’ by refusing to hire parties who have run away. The coast Arabs, and the Wasawahili, on the other hand, ignore this point of commercial honour, and shamelessly offer a premium to deserters.

“South of the Wajiji lie the Wakaranga, a people previously described as almost identical in development and condition, but somewhat inferior in energy and civilization. Little need be said of the Warinza, who appear to unite the bad qualities of both the Wanyamwezi and the Wajiji. They are a dark, meagre, and ill-looking tribe ; poorly clad, in skin aprons and kilts. They keep off insects, by inserting the chauri, or fly-flap, into the waist-band of their kilts ; and at a distance present, like the Hottentots, the appearance of a race with tails. Their arms are spears, bows, and arrows ; and they use, unlike their neighbours, wicker-work shields, six feet long by two in breadth. Their chiefs are of the Watosi race ; hence, every stranger who meets with their approbation is called, in compliment, Mtosì. They will admit caravans into their villages, dirty clumps of bee-hive huts ; but they refuse to provide them with lodging. Merchants, with valuable outfits, prefer the jungle, and wait patiently for provisions brought in baskets from the settlements. They seldom muster courage to attack a caravan, but stragglers are in imminent danger of being cut off by them. Their country is rich in

cattle and poultry, grain, and vegetables. Bhang grows everywhere near the settlement, and they indulge themselves in it immoderately.

“The Watuta—a word of fear in these regions—are a tribe of robbers originally settled upon the southern extremity of the Tanganyika Lake. After plundering the lands of Marungu and Ufipa, whose cattle they almost annihilated, the Watuta migrated northwards, rounding the eastern side of the lake. . . Shortly afterwards they attacked Msene, and were only repulsed by the matchlocks of the Arabs, after a week of hard skirmishing. In the early part of 1858, they slew Ruhembe, the Sultan of Usui, a district north of Unyanyembe, upon the march to Karagwah. In the latter half of the same year, they marched upon Ujiji, plundered Gungu, and proceeded to attack Kawele. The valiant Kannena, and all his men, fled to the mountains. The Arab merchants, however, who were then absent on a commercial visit to Uvira, returned precipitately to defend their depots, and, with large bodies of slave-musketeers, beat off the invader. The lands of the Watuta are now bounded, on the north by Utumbara; on the south by Misene; eastward by the meridian of Wilyankuru; and, westwards by the highlands of Urundi.

“The Watuta, according to the Arabs, are a pastoral tribe, despising, like the Wamasai and the Somal, such luxuries as houses and fields; they wander from place to place, camping under trees, over which they throw their mats, and driving their herds and plundered cattle to the most fertile pasture-grounds. The dress is sometimes a mbugu or bark-cloth; more generally it is confined to the humblest tribute paid to decency by the Kaffirs of the Cape, and they have a similar objection to removing it. On their forays they move in large bodies, women as well as men, with the children and baggage placed on bullocks, and their wealth, in brass wire, twisted round the horns. Their wives carry their weapons, and join it is said, in the fight. The arms are two short spears, one in the right hand, the other in the left, concealed by a large shield, so that they can thrust upwards unawares. Disdaining bows and arrows, they show their superior bravery by fighting at close quarters, and they never use the spear as a weapon to be thrown. In describing their tactics the Arabs call them manœverers. Their thousands march in four or five extended lines, and attack, by attempting to envelope the enemy. There is no shouting or war-cry, to distract the attention of the combatants: iron whistles are used for the necessary signals. During the battle, the Sultan, or chief, whose ensign is a brass stool, sits, attended by his forty or fifty elders, in the rear; his authority is little more than nominal, the tribe priding itself upon autonomy (self-government.) The Watuta rarely run away, and take no thought of their killed and wounded. They do not, like the ancient Jews, and the Gallas and Abyssinians of the present day, carry off a relic of the slain foe; in fact, the custom seems to be ignored south of the equator. The Watuta have still, however, a wholesome dread of fire-arms, and the red flag

of the caravan causes them to decamp without delay. According to the Arabs they are not inhospitable, and though rough in manner, they have always received guests with honour. A fanciful trait is related concerning them. Their first question to a stranger will be—‘Didst thou see me from afar?’—which, being interpreted, means—‘Did you hear of my greatness before coming here?’—and they hold an answer in the negative to be a *causus belli*.

“The Wabuha form a small and insignificant tribe, bounded on the north by Ubha, and on the south by the Malagarazi River; the total breadth is about three marches; the length, from the Rusugi stream of the Wavinza to the frontiers of Ujiji and Ukaranga, is a distance of four days. Their principal settlement is Uyonwa, the district of Sultan Mariki; it is a mere clearing in the jungle, with a few wretched huts, dotting fields of sweet potatoes. This harmless and oppressed people will sell provisions, but, though poor, they are particular upon the subject of beads, preferring the coral and blue to the exclusion of black and white. They are a dark, curly-headed, and hard-favoured race: they wear the shushah or top-knot of hair, dress in skin and tree-barks, ornament themselves with brass and copper armlets, ivory disks, and beads, and are never without their weapons, spears, daggers, and small battle-axes. Honourable women wear tobos of red broad cloth, and fillets of grass or fibre confining the hair.

“Ubha was previously a large tract of land bounded on the north by the mountains of Urundi, southwards and eastwards by the Malagarazi River, and on the west by the northern parts of Ujiji. As has been recorded, the Wahha, scattered by the Watuta, have dispersed themselves over the broad lands between Unyanyembe and the Tanganyika, and their fertile country, well stocked with the finest cattle, has become a waste of jungle. A remnant of the tribe, under Kanoni, their present Sultan, son of the late Thhare, took refuge in the highlands of Urundi, not far from the principal settlement of the mountain king Mwezi: here they find water and pasture for their herds, and the strength of the country enables them to beat off their enemies. The Wahha are a comparatively fair and a not uncomely race; they are, however, universally held to be a vile and servile people; according to the Arabs they came originally from the southern regions, the most ancient seat of slavery in Eastern Africa. Their Sultans or chiefs are of Wahinda or princely origin, probably descendants from the royal race of Unyamwezi. Wahha slaves command the highest prices in the local slave markets.”

Dr. Livingstone, as we have previously stated, was to accompany Mr. Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, there to await stores, etc., which he undertook to see despatched from Zanzibar in safe and competent custody. Livingstone declined to return. He said, “I would like very much to go home and see my children once again; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I

have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

In order to avoid the districts through which Mr. Stanley had passed, and in which he had been so heavily mulcted in tribute, the party went south, along the east coast of the lake, partly on foot, and partly by boat, to Urimba, from whence they struck across country to Unyanyembe. For several days their route lay through unexplored country. For long distances the dense grass and brushwood, and the want of a path, made the progress tedious and difficult. On the 17th of January, 1872, they reached Imrera, where Mr. Stanley and his party had previously camped, on their march to Ujiji. Both Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley suffered from sore feet, which were cut and bleeding from the long and trying march. The Doctor's shoes were worn out, and cut and slashed all over to save his blistered feet, and Mr. Stanley's were in no better state. They rested for a day, and on the 19th, Mr. Stanley shot a male and female zebra. As they had had no flesh-meat for a considerable time, the possession of such an amount of meat had a wonderful effect in raising the spirits of their tired-out followers. On the 21st, Mr. Stanley shot a giraffe. This was the noblest animal which had as yet fallen to his rifle, but he could not feel in his heart that its death was a triumph. "I was rather saddened than otherwise," he says, "at seeing the noble animal stretched before me. If I could have given her her life back, I think I should have done so. I thought it a great pity that such splendid animals, so well adapted for the service of man in Africa, could not be converted to some other use than that of food. Horses, mules, and donkeys, die in these sickly regions; but what a blessing for Africa would it be, if we could tame the giraffes and zebras for the use of explorers and traders. Mounted on a zebra, a man would be enabled to reach Ujiji in one month from Bagamoyo; whereas it took me over seven months to travel that distance.

On the 27th the party disturbed a huge swarm of bees, which stung the men and animals frightfully. This is no unusual incident in African travel. A kind of bee, which makes its nest among the long grass, when disturbed rushes out in vast numbers, and stings every animal within reach. There is nothing for it but flight in such circumstances, and men and beasts rush from the enraged insects with all the speed they may.

At Mwaru they met a slave of Sayd bin Habib, in charge of a caravan, for Ujiji. He reported that Mirambo was nearly exhausted, and that Shaw, who had been left by Mr. Stanley at Unyanyembe, was dead. They also learned that several packets of letters, papers, and goods, had arrived for Mr. Stanley from Zanzibar. The Doctor also reminded Mr. Stanley that, "according to

his accounts, he had a stock of jellies and crackers, soups, fish, and potted ham, besides cheese, awaiting him at Unyanyembe." Mr. Stanley, who had suffered from several attacks of fever, was longing for a change of diet, and the prospect of such variety cheered him. "I wondered," he says, "that people who have access to such luxuries, should ever get sick, and become tired of life. I thought that if a wheaten loaf, with a mere pat of fresh butter were presented to me, I would be able, though dying, to spring up and dance a wild fandango."

Arrived at Unyanyembe, the two toil-worn travellers found welcome letters and newspapers from home. Among other letters to Mr. Stanley was one from Dr. Kirk, H.M.'s Consul at Zanzibar, requesting him to do all he could to push on the Livingstone caravan. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanley found it at Unyanyembe as he passed through on his way to Ujiji, and it was still there when he returned. The man who had gone and relieved Livingstone, and was half-way on his return journey when he received this request in connection with a caravan which left Zanzibar two months prior to his own expedition, has some grounds for the terms in which he speaks throughout his book of the carelessness of Dr. Kirk. He dryly remarked to Dr. Livingstone that the request came too late for his visit to Ujiji, but that he had done better, he had brought him to the caravan.

When Dr. Livingstone's boxes came to be opened, Mr. Stanley, who had been looking forward to luxuriating on all the delicacies of civilization, was grievously disappointed. We must let him tell the result in his own words; it is a fine commentary on commercial morality, and the watchful care of the traveller's friends:—

"The first box opened contained three tins of biscuits, six tins of potted hare—tiny things, not much larger than thimbles, which, when opened, proved to be nothing more than a table-spoonful of minced meat, plentifully sprinkled with pepper: the Doctor's stores fell five hundred degrees below Zero in my estimation. Next were brought out five pots of jam, one of which was opened—this was also a delusion. The stone jars weighed a pound, and in each was found a little over a tea-spoonful of jam. Verily, we began to think our hopes and expectations had been raised to too high a pitch. Three bottles of curry were next produced—but who cares for curry? Another box was opened, and out tumbled a fat dumpy Dutch cheese, hard as a brick, but sound and good, although it is bad for the liver in Unyamwezi. Then another cheese was seen, but this was all eaten up—it was hollow, and a fraud. The third box contained nothing but two sugar loaves; the fourth candles; the fifth, bottles of salt, Harvey, Worcester, and Reading sauces, essences of anchovies, pepper and mustard. Bless me! what food were these for the revivifying of a moribund such as I was! The sixth box contained four sheets, two stout pair of shoes, some stockings, and shoe-strings, which delighted the Doctor so much when he

tried them on that he exclaimed, 'Richard is himself again!' 'That man, said I, 'whoever he is, is a friend indeed.' 'Yes, that is my friend Waller.'

"The five other boxes contained potted meat and soups; but the twelfth, containing one dozen bottles of medicinal brandy, was gone; and a strict cross-examination of Asmani, the head man of Livingstone's caravan, elicited the fact that not only was one case of brandy missing, but also two bales of cloth, and four bags of the most valuable beads in Africa—Sami-sami—which are as gold with the natives.

"I was grievously disappointed after the stores had been examined. Everything proved to be deceptions in my jaundiced eyes. Out of the tins of biscuits, when opened, there was only one sound box, the whole of which would not make one full meal. The soups—who cared for meat soups in Africa? Are there no bullocks, and sheep, and goats, in the land from which far better soup can be made than any that ever was potted? Peas or any other kind of vegetable soup would have been a luxury, but chicken and game soups!—what nonsense."

Asmani, the head man in charge of Dr. Livingstone's caravan, had also broken into Mr. Stanley's store huts at Unyanyembe, and abstracted cloth and other articles. It was evident that if the two travellers had been much longer in reaching Unyanyembe the Doctor's stores would have entirely disappeared. The stolen goods found in possession of Asmani were taken from him, and he was at once discharged. Nearly one-half of the stores Mr. Stanley had brought from Bagamoyo were at Unyanyembe, and the greater portion of them were handed over to Dr. Livingstone for use in his future journeyings.

Another caravan of stores which had been prepaid from Zanzibar to Ujiji, which had been despatched shortly after Dr. Livingstone landed in the country in 1866, or rather the miserable remnants of it, was found in the possession of an Arab who had been charged with their despatch to Ujiji, and handsomely paid for the same.

On the 14th of March, 1872, Mr. Stanley departed for the coast, and left Dr. Livingstone at Unyanyembe, who was to await there the sending of carriers and some further stores for his future journey. He was, thanks to Mr. Stanley, well supplied with everything, and could rest in ease and plenty until he was joined by the carriers who were to accompany him in his march. The parting of these two brave men must have been a serious task to both. The courageous young man who had succoured the great traveller, could hardly help thinking that possibly they who had met so opportunely in the heart of Africa might never meet again; and the dauntless explorer, when he looked his last upon the lithe and active figure of the young man who had come to him in his great need, would not fail to think that this might be to him the

last glimpse—the last visible embodiment of civilization he was destined to see. Any feeling of this nature would be more than balanced in his enthusiastic nature by the hope that now he had the means of completing the great work which was dearer to him than life.

Dr. Livingstone accompanied Mr. Stanley for a part of the way, and then the moment came when they must part. “Now, my dear Doctor,” said Mr. Stanley, “the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back.”

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

“And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. FAREWELL!”

“We wrung each other’s hands, and I had to tear myself away before I unmanned myself; but Susi and Chumah, and Hamoydah—the Doctor’s faithful fellows—they must all shake and kiss my hands before I quite turn away. I betrayed myself!

“Good-bye, Doctor—dear friend!”

“Good-bye!”

“The FAREWELL between Livingstone and myself had been spoken. We were parted, he to whatever fate Destiny had in store for him, to battling against difficulties, to many, many days of marching through wildernesses, with little or nothing much to sustain him save his own high spirit, and enduring faith in God, who would bring all things right at last, and I to that which Destiny may have in store for me.”

On the march back, Mr. Stanley and his party suffered from the flooded state of the country, as the rainy season was now on; and more than once they had extreme difficulty in passing the swollen rivers.

On one occasion a native, in wading a stream with the box containing Dr. Livingstone’s despatches and letters on his head, plunged into a hole up to the neck, and Mr. Stanley for a moment was filled with an awful dread that they might be lost. Presenting a loaded revolver at his head, he shouted: “Look out! Drop that box, and I’ll shoot you.” The poor fellow’s terror was extreme, but after a staggering effort he reached the shore in safety.

The rains being at their height, the difficulties were greater than any Mr. Stanley had as yet experienced. He gives a graphic picture of the jungle at one point of their journey. He says, “What dreadful odours and indescribable loathing this jungle produces! It is so dense that a tiger could not crawl through it; it is so impenetrable that an elephant could not force his way! Were a bottleful of concentrated miasma, such as we inhale herein, collected, what a deadly poison, instantaneous in its action, undiscoverable in

its properties, would it be! I think it would act quicker than chloroform, be as fatal as prussic acid."

"Horrors upon horrors are in it. Boas above our heads, snakes and scorpions under our feet. Land-crabs, terrapins, and iguanas, move about in our vicinity. Malaria is in the air we breathe; the road is infested with 'hot water' ants, which bite our legs until we dance and squirm about like madmen. Yet somehow we are fortunate enough to escape annihilation, and many another traveller might also."

Arrived at Bagamoyo, Mr. Stanley was soon in communication with the heads of the "Livingstone Relief Expedition," Lieutenant Henn, Mr. Charles New, a missionary, and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the eldest surviving son of Dr. Livingstone. Lieutenant Dawson, the head of the expedition, had thrown up his appointment on hearing of the approach of Mr. Stanley. Lieutenant Henn and Mr. New, on learning that Dr. Livingstone had been relieved, decided to retire from the expedition, but Mr. Oswell Livingstone determined to go on with the bearers and stores needed to completely equip his father for his further journeyings. A few weeks afterwards he decided not to go, a decision which now he must bitterly regret.

The expedition sent to Dr. Livingstone consisted of fifty-seven individuals, many of whom had accompanied Mr. Stanley to and from Ujiji. The most of them had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his Zambesi journey. Six Nassick boys (African lads educated at the Nassick School, Bombay), who had been brought by Dr. Livingstone from the Shire valley in 1864, and had volunteered to go with Lieutenant Dawson's expedition, were among the number. Their names were Jacob Wainwright, John Wainwright, Matthew Wellington, Canas Ferrars, Richard Rutton, and Benjamin Rutton. The first of these was destined to accompany the remains of his great master to England, and stand beside his grave in Westminster Abbey.

On the 29th of May, Mr. Stanley left Zanzibar for England, and within a few days it was known all over the civilized world that Dr. Livingstone had been found and relieved.

In addition to the assurance of his being alive, we had news of his having been in the far west among friendly tribes, exploring the western division of the great watershed of Central Africa, of the extent of which he had already informed us in his letter to Lord Clarendon of July 8, 1868.

The news of his safety did not come to us in the shape of a telegram of a few lines by way of Bombay—tantalizing us with the scantiness of its information, and the dread that in a few days, like many others, it would be contradicted—but reached us in the form of a succinct narrative of the meeting of Mr. Stanley and the explorer at Ujiji, their companionship together for several months, a brief account of his discoveries, and an intimation that Mr. Stanley was the bearer of letters and despatches from Dr. Livingstone for the

Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and personal friends. As many of the most sanguine believers in his ultimate safety had begun to have grave doubts that Livingstone's great career had ended, as that of many a brave predecessor in African discovery had, the joy and satisfaction felt at the certainty of his safety was of the warmest description.

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

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

That Livingstone's safety should be determined, and his wants supplied, at the cost of the proprietor of a New York newspaper, and through the pluck and daring of one of his subordinates, who went at his bidding to look for Livingstone in Central Africa, just as he would have gone to collect news in any of the great centres of European civilization, was a singular way of accomplishing a great object, sadly puzzling for a time to many; and fears were entertained that the whole was an audacious canard, which only a Yankee journalist would dare to perpetrate. By and by, as the original intelligence came to be supplemented, it became apparent that not only was his story true, but that this young journalist was one who, in determined courage and resolute perseverance, was in every way worthy to take his place among the heroes of African discovery and travel. When James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, made up his mind that an effort should be made to find Livingstone, and assigned the task to Mr. Stanley, it fell into the hands of a man capable of carrying it into successful execution. No doubt, if some Englishman or American of fortune had done this thing from a love of adventure, or some higher impulse, our ideas of the fitness of things would not have been outraged; but there are hundreds of capable and adventurous men who

cannot afford to indulge in heroic impulses of this nature, and it was a fortunate thing for Livingstone, and a matter for congratulation on the part of civilised mankind, that Mr. Bennet had such a man on his staff, and had the wisdom to know that *he* was the man who could carry out his wishes, if these were possible.

In 1841, shortly after David Livingstone had joined Robert Moffat and his coadjutors at Kuruman, with the view of fitting himself for the work of the Christian Mission to the heathen tribes, to the north of the furthest missionary outpost—in a humble cottage on the site of the old Castle of Denbigh, a son was born to John Rowlands, son of a small farmer, and Elizabeth Parry, daughter of a respectable butcher of Denbigh. No lives could have seemed so far apart as that of the resolute and adventurous Scot, who was commencing that career of lofty and “high souled-surprise” in Africa which has rendered his name illustrious, and that of the infant who was entering upon a childhood and boyhood of poverty and dependence. That child, who for fifteen years went by the name of his father and grandfather—John Rowlands—as Mr. Henry M. Stanley, was destined to have his name associated with that of David Livingstone, as his deliverer and preserver, when his fate was the subject of anxiety and discussion throughout the civilized world.

In any circumstances, the early life of such a man, prior to the great achievement which has rendered him famous, could not fail to be a subject of interest to all, but as in his case there had been crowded into his previous thirty years of life an amount of trial, vicissitude, and daring adventure, given to few to experience during the natural term of life, our interest in him is redoubled. The father and maternal grandfather of John Rowlands (Rowlands, the Welsh have it), having died when he was about ten years of age, the child was left all but dependent upon a humble couple, who, so long as their means would permit, treated him as though he had been a member of their own family. When five years of age the death of an uncle left the child totally dependent upon strangers, and he was received into the work-house at St. Asaph. This last refuge of the poor is in too many cases a cold foster-parent to the orphan, but it is a pleasure to be able to record, that the work-house of St. Asaph was not only admirably looked after by the guardians and the officials, but the outside public, from the Bishop of the diocese and the local county families down to the tradesmen of the district, took such an interest in the management of the house and the well-being of its inmates, that the incidents in the life of the orphan boy, up to the time of his leaving St. Asaph, have been easily collected.

For ten years John Rowlands was an inmate of the work-house of St. Asaph, where, amongst other experiences of much use to him in after life, he received an admirable elementary education. He was notable among his compeers in the class-room and the play-ground as a lad of more than ordinary

parts and pluck. In the class-room there was only one lad who approached him in diligence and success, but in the play-ground, whether in the amusements proper to his years, or in a rough stand-up fight, he was without a rival. Notwithstanding the comfort and even indulgence he enjoyed at St. Asaph's, his adventurous disposition manifested itself in more than one attempt to escape from the house. As Mr. J. Hughes, teacher, Llandudno, who knew him after he left St. Asaph, says:—"He burst the trammels of beadle-dom three times! The widow of his uncle, Mrs. Parry of Dale Street, Denbigh, tells that, on one occasion, he presented himself at her house at an unusually late hour, and without any companion—circumstances which, taken in connection with his sheepish look, led her to suspect that something was wrong. On asking him some questions, she found he had run away. After consulting with some of her friends, John got supper and went to bed.

"Next morning he was sent to St. Asaph in the coach in charge of the guard, who had strict orders to leave him at the school. Before he left Mrs. Parry gave him a sixpence, which gratified him much, and reconciled him to his return. Years afterwards, in speaking of this incident of his life, he spoke of the feeling of being rich, which the possession of that sixpence gave him."*

When John Rowlands, who was then fifteen years of age, left St. Asaph's, in May, 1856, he joined a cousin, Mr. David Owen, teacher of the National School at Mold, with whom he remained for some time, acting as his assistant. His residence with his cousin was a period of much trial and discomfort. The young man and the boy had nothing in common, and quarrels and bickerings were the result. Mr. John Hughes, who saw a good deal of him at this period, gives an interesting account of him. He speaks of finding a copy of Johnson's "Rasselas" on his table, and describes him as being possessed of "an indomitable will, that really knew no impediment to its purpose. . . . His youthful struggles, the character of his reading, and his bold, inflexible nature, eminently fitted him for adventure. . . . I knew every ingredient in his nature, I thought, and used to sum him up as a full-faced, stubborn, self-willed round-head, uncompromising, deep fellow. In conversation with you, his large black eyes would roll away from you as if he was really in deep meditation about half-a-dozen things besides the subject of conversation. He was particularly strong in trunk, but not very smart or elegant about the legs, which were slightly disproportionately short. His temperament was unusually sensitive; he could stand no chaff, nor the least bit of humour."

* "Henry M. Stanley, the Story of the Life." By Cadwalader Rowlands. London, 1873. We shall have frequent occasion to quote this work, to which we are indebted for our account of the incidents in the early life of Mr. Stanley. The book purports to be written by a countryman, who has had unusual facilities for collecting the materials.

This being his character, and his cousin having become jealous of his superior abilities, he endeavoured to crush his proud spirit, by putting him to menial occupations, and by parading his authority over him, we need not wonder that, after a year at Mold, John Rowlands walked straight away into the great world, with only a few pence in his pocket. He walked to Liverpool, and within a few hours engaged himself as extra hand on board a New Orleans cotton ship, which carried passengers on the outward voyages.

“Passage as an emigrant,” says the biographer of Stanley, “in an emigrant ship, is quite bad enough, . . . but a passage in the same ship, as an extra hand, going for the first time to sea, is an experience which few who have ever passed through it will recall with pleasure. However, John Rowlands had made up his mind to bear it, and the first sharp lesson tried his quality. The unfortunate holder of such a position on board ship is usually the slave of all the crew, and is put to all sorts of menial tasks. The value of his passage has to be taken out of him in work, and he is lucky if he escapes a plentiful share of kicks and curses in addition.”

Landed at New Orleans, John Rowlands parted with his shipmates, and went his way in search of what fortune might bring him. He was not long in learning that a cotton broker, of the name of *Stanley*, was in want of a youth to assist him in the counting house. He applied for the situation, and was fortunate enough to get it. Mr. Stanley was a bachelor, and was noted for an eccentric and kindly disposition. Our hero filled the situation to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Stanley; and the latter having induced him to tell the story of his early years, his sympathies were excited in his favour, and within a very few months, at his suggestion, he took the name of his friend and benefactor, and adopted the name by which he is now so well known. Further intimacy so deepened the affection which the old merchant bore to his friendless assistant, that he intimated to him that he would take charge of his future while he lived, and provide for him by will in the event of his death.

Unfortunately, Mr. Stanley's death took place suddenly, before he had executed a will, and the relations, who looked with no kindly eye on the young man who had so narrowly escaped coming between them and what they would naturally suppose to be their rightful inheritance, turned him adrift. He was now about nineteen years of age, and capable of looking after himself. The next two years were spent in various commercial situations. When the American civil war broke out, his adventurous spirit induced him to enlist in the Southern army. “During his service with the Confederates,” says Mr. Cadwalader Rowlands, “he took part in all the engagements fought by General Johnstone up to, and including the battle of Pittsburg Landing. The battle commenced on Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. The first day's fighting resulted in the defeat of the Federal forces, under General Grant, but the latter being reinforced by General Buell, renewed the engagement

on the following day, and defeated the enemy, General Johnstone being among the killed. Many Confederate prisoners were taken in the retreat, among whom was Mr. Stanley.

“While being conveyed with a number of others to prison, Stanley determined on making his escape, and in the most daring manner burst through the armed escort, and, plunging into a river, swam across, and got clear off. More than a dozen shots were fired at him, but he escaped without a scratch.”

He returned to England immediately after making his escape, and visited his mother in South Wales. After a short stay he went to Liverpool, where he filled a situation as clerk for several months, living with some of his father's relatives. Having some difference with his friends, he shipped again for the United States, and landed at New York. The war was still raging, and he, with characteristic promptness and audacity, enlisted as a common seaman in the Federal navy. His quality rapidly asserted itself, and within four months we find him secretary to the Admiral, on board the *Ticonderoga*, the flag-ship. “This apparently unwarlike appointment,” says his biographer, “did not prevent him from embracing opportunities of showing the stuff that was in him, and his next step in promotion was the most fitting reward for a most gallant and daring exploit. In the heat of an action, he swam five hundred yards under the fire of a fort mounting twelve guns, and fixed a rope to a Confederate steamer, out of which the crew had been driven by the Federal fire, thus enabling the *Ticonderoga* to secure her as a prize.

“He was raised to the rank of ensign on the spot. He fought in several engagements, both on sea and land, and concluded his fighting career as a naval officer, by taking part in the second attack on Fort Fisher, on the 13th January, 1865. Ten months after this decisive engagement, the *Ticonderoga* was sent on a cruise, and arrived at Constantinople in the year 1866.” Getting leave of absence, he visited Denbigh, and was well received by his relatives and friends. Visiting the old castle, the scene of his birth, and the first four years of his life, he made the following entry in the visitors' book:—

December 14th, 1866.

John Rowlands, formerly of this Castle, now Ensign in the United States Navy, in North America, belonging to the U. S. Ship “Ticonderoga,” now at Constantinople, Turkey; absent on furlough.*

It is worthy of notice, that while he was known in the world as Henry M. Stanley, and all his friends and acquaintances in and around Denbigh knew that he had assumed that name—in the scene of his infant years he makes use of his baptismal name—John Rowlands. He called upon all his

* The houses built within the walls of the Old Castle were, and are still, spoken of as the Castle.

old friends—and visited the work-house at St. Asaph, and made a speech to the children. The Board of Management were very much gratified at the visit. One of the members said, in speaking of the visit—“He came gratefully, and, I may say, gracefully, to see his former acquaintances, and to return thanks to the Governors for the kindness he had formerly received, and to show how well he had merited the indulgence shown to him.

Shortly after this Mr. Stanley resigned his commission, and became the leading actor in a most extraordinary adventure. Along with two young companions, Mr. Cook and Mr. Noe, he formed a resolution of undertaking a journey in Asia Minor. The three adventurers landed at Smyrna, and penetrated into the interior, on horseback, as far as Chi-Hissar, about three hundred miles from the coast. At that place Noe was guilty of some imprudence, which exposed him to the ire of a formidable Turk, the chief of a gang of brigands, who gave him a good caning. In the excitement of the moment, Stanley drew a sword, with which he was armed, and struck him from his horse, and would undoubtedly have slain him but for the protecting folds of his turban. After an adventure of this nature, there was nothing for it but flight. Unfortunately they rode right into the robber's head quarters, and were immediately seized, stripped, and maltreated, and all their money and valuables taken from them. The robber who was struck hit upon an artful expedient for hiding the outrage he and his party had been guilty of. He took the luckless travellers before the Cadi, and charged them with assault and robbery. When asked what they had to say to this charge, Mr Stanley, as spokesman of the party, addressed the Cadi, who, fortunately, was acquainted with the English tongue, and said, “That so far from having attempted to rob their captors, they themselves had been robbed of everything they possessed, and if certain members of the party were searched (here he pointed with his finger to some of the robbers), evidence of his assertion would be proved.”

On the men being searched, many of the missing articles were found upon them, a result which the daring young fellow knew how to improve. He threatened all and sundry with the vengeance of Brother Jonathan if they were not at once set at liberty, and their property restored to them, and the robbers punished. His eloquence had such an effect upon the Cadi that the robbers were put under arrest. At Afiun-Kara-Hissar, M. Pelesa, of the Ottoman Bank, provided them with some money and clothes to enable them to proceed to Constantinople. Within a few days' march of Constantinople, Mr. Stanley sent a letter detailing the usage they had received to Mr. E. Joy Morris, the United States Representative at the Turkish Government. Another letter was sent for insertion to the *Levant Herald*, so that by the time the ragged and worn travellers reached the “City of the Sultan,” the whole Frankish community was busy with their sufferings and their wrongs. When they arrived at the American Consulate, “Mr. Morris and the American Consul-General

were waiting to receive them, and notwithstanding that they had been prepared for witnessing a case of suffering and destitution, the forlorn appearance of the three youths startled them. Mr. Stanley's clothing, if clothing it could be called, consisted almost exclusively of a single over-covering; he had neither shirt nor stockings, and his companions were in no better plight. Mr. Morris would appear to have been a model minister, for he at once advanced Mr. Stanley £150 without security of any kind."

So vigorously did Mr. Morris press the case of his suffering countrymen upon the attention of the Turkish Government that the brigands were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and the loss they had sustained in money and property was made good—the Grand Vizier, Ali Pacha, actually concluding the arrangements with Mr. Morris. The services of an English Consul in Asia Minor were also pressed into the service, and he watched the trial of the robbers on behalf of Mr. Morris, who had no official countryman within hail. English travellers abroad must think with envy of the readiness with which Yankee officials attend to the interests of their wandering countrymen.

Mr. Stanley returned to the United States early in 1867, and acted for some time as correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and the *Missouri Democrat*, with General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowa and Cheyenne Indians. On his return from this congenial expedition he, along with a companion, constructed a raft, and floated down the Platte river to its junction with the Missouri, a distance of seven hundred miles. Mr. Stanley's biographer says:—"This was an exploit strikingly illustrative of the enterprising character of Stanley, for we may safely assume that it was instigated by him. Travel by the lumbering stage down the valley of the Platte, for seven hundred miles, would have been a dull and prosaic method of finding his way back to civilization after several months' raid against the Indian tribes of the far west. A raft voyage was not without its dangers; the Indians might prove hostile; an unexpected encounter with a snag might shiver the raft into its respective fragments and drown the two voyagers, or a grizzly bear might pay a visit to their night encampment on the banks of the river, and make an end of them. But dangers like these would only give a zest to the adventure."

Mr. Stanley's letters from the far west, abounded with details of horrible massacres by the Indians, who had been goaded into madness by the ill-usage they received from the frontier men. No compact is kept with them; further and further westward they are being driven from the land of their forefathers by the advancing tide of the pale faces. The pioneers of civilization there, as elsewhere, are a reckless and lawless class, and they think as little of shooting an Indian as an Englishman would of shooting a hare. When one reads of a terrible instance of Indian vengeance, when whole families have been put to death after unheard-of tortures, we are apt to forget that some cruel wrong

and injustice on the part of the white settlers have let loose the wild and savage passions of the Redskins. We find room for an abbreviated account of a desperate Indian foray reported by Mr. Stanley. A band of Sioux Indians made a raid upon the railway, near Fort Kearney, over two hundred miles to the west of Omaha. They met a gang of telegraph repairers, and slew and scalped them—James Thomson, an Englishman, escaping with his life. This is Thomson's account of it, as reported by Mr. Stanley:—

“He (the Indian) took out his knife and stabbed me in the neck, and then, making a twirl round his fingers with my hair, he commenced sawing and hacking away at my scalp. Though the pain was awful, and I felt dizzy and sick, I knew enough to keep quiet. After what seemed to be half-an-hour, he gave the last finishing touch to the scalp on my left temple, and as it still hung a little, he gave it a jerk. I just thought then that I should have screamed my life out. I can't describe it to you; it just felt as if the whole head was being taken right off. The Indian then mounted and galloped away, but as he went he dropped my scalp within a few feet of me, which I managed to get and hide. . . . Drs. Peck and Moore, of this city (Omaha),” says Mr. Stanley, “will endeavour to reset the scalp on his head, and they are confident they can do it well. As he is a strong man, it is expected that he will recover health and strength.” There is something horrible, and yet humorously grotesque, in the securing of his own scalp, by the half-dead Englishman!

On his return to New York, he received the appointment of travelling correspondent to the *New York Herald*, at a salary of £600 a-year, and his first important commission was to accompany the forces under Sir Robert (now Lord Napier) for the relief of the English captives, detained by King Theodore at Magdala. As Mr. Stanley has recently published his account of this brilliant campaign, we will not allude to it further than to mention, that his energetic character enabled him to obtain a happy superiority, not only over his fellow-correspondents, but over the English Government itself, as he sent important intelligence to his paper, which reached England *via* New York, a few days earlier than the official intelligence sent by the Commander-in-chief.

On his return to England from Abyssinia, he spent several weeks with his relatives in Wales, before starting for Spain, to give an account of the revolution which resulted in the flight of Queen Isabella. He was at Madrid, as we have seen, when Mr Gordon Bennet sent for him to Paris, for the purpose of despatching him in search of Dr. Livingstone. As Mr. Stanley himself has informed us, he was present at the opening of the Suez canal, visited the more important places of interest in Palestine, and marched right across Asia Minor into India, landing in Bombay in September of 1869.

His old friend, Mr. E. Joy Morris, saw him at Constantinople, previous to his starting on his famous journey to Bombay. Mr. Morris gave him letters of introduction to such merchants as he knew on his route, and also recom-

mended him to the good offices of the Russian authorities. Mr. Morris says—“He started on the desperate enterprise some time after, and my table thereby lost one of its most entertaining guests. When I say desperate enterprise, I mean it—for Persia is to a European a practically unexplored country; and in consequence of its weak government, and the marauders with which it abounds, a journey from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe would be a safe trip compared to it. I received a letter from him, while on the way, narrating the hospitable manner in which he had been received by the Russian authorities, and the way in which he had astonished them by the performances of his Henry rifle. (This rifle was a present from Mr. Morris.) The journey over the Caucasus and through Georgia was a sort of triumphal march, though he was looked upon as a lost man by all who knew anything of the East.

“The route he took was an entirely new one, as he went in a kind of zig-zag way to Thibet, and he must have possessed a charmed life to have come through so much peril in comparative safety. After this affair I returned home, and I did not hear of Mr. Stanley again until I heard of him as the discoverer of Livingstone. . . . I should be astonished at no feat in the line of travel that he might not accomplish. He is a clever traveller, and I used to say to myself at my table in Constantinople, ‘Here is a man who will yet achieve greatness, and leave his mark behind him in the world.’ He has all the qualities which the great explorers possessed—Mungo Park, Humboldt, and Livingstone himself—a hardy frame, unflinching courage, and inflexible perseverance. If such a thing were possible, that I were forced to become a member of a band to undertake some forlorn hope, some desperate enterprise—I know of no one whom I would so readily select as the leader of such an undertaking as Henry Stanley.”

As the Shah of Persia is an object of more interest to English readers now than he was at the time Mr. Stanley wrote, we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Stanley’s account of the first use the “King of Kings” made of the Telegraph when Teheran was first connected with the principal places in his dominions by wire. To understand it properly we may say that the khans or governors of provinces in Persia pay the Shah for their positions, they screwing out of the people as much more than they pay to the Shah as possible. Mr. Stanley says:—

“The Shah of Persia visited the Telegraph Office in person, and—cunning fellow!—after examining the mode of operating, professed to be delighted with everything he saw. He regarded the apparatus of telegraphy intently, and then begged Mr. Puce to explain how he manipulated the little round knob, which flashed the mysteries. Mr. Puce did so very readily, and as he speaks eloquently, no doubt the Shah was much enlightened, for during the exposition the Shah laughed heartily, and delivered many a fervid ‘Mashaallah!’ Then the Shah wanted to telegraph; he tried a long time, but as the

words would not march, he gave it up as a difficult job. His fingers, he said apologetically, were dumb: they would not talk. Then he summoned one of his own employes from the Persian office, and bade him telegraph as follows:—

“TELEGRAM No 1, TO KOUM, FROM THE SHAH IN PERSON.

“‘How much money hast thou for the Shah, Khan?’

“ANSWER.—(After a pause of about three minutes, the rascally governor evidently considering, for all along the line the governors had been forwarned.) ‘When the Asylum of the Universe commands less than the least of his slaves, he will give all he is worth.’

“TELEGRAM No. 2, TO KOUM.

“‘How much is that?’

“ANSWER.—‘Ten thousand tomans.’ (£4,000.)

“TELEGRAM No. 3, TO KOUM.

“‘Send the money, the Shah commands; he is well pleased.’

“TELEGRAM No. 4, TO KASHAN.

“‘Oh! Khan, the Shah wants money; how much hast thou to give him?’

“ANSWER.—‘Whatever the Light of the World commands is at his service. I have five thousand tomans.’ (£2,000.)

“TELEGRAM No. 5, to KASHAN.

“‘Too little; send me twenty thousand tomans (£8,000): the Shah has said it.’

“TELEGRAM No. 6, TO ISPAHAN.

“‘Khan, thou knowest thy position is a treasure. What wilt thou give the Shah to keep it? A man has offered me fifty thousand tomans (£20,000) for thy place. Speak quickly: it is the Shah that waits.’

“ANSWER.—‘Oh! King of Kings, thou knowest my faithfulness, and hast but to speak: I have 60,000 tomans ready.’

“TELEGRAM No 7, TO ISPAHAN.

“‘It is good. Thou art a wise Khan. Send the money.’

“TELEGRAM No. 8, TO SHIRAZ.

“‘Shah-Zadeh, speak for thy place. There are evil-minded men who desire thy position. Art thou wise, and is thy hand open?’

“ANSWER.—‘The throne is the place of wisdom. When the Shah speaks the world trembles; the ears of his governors are open. I have 30,000 tomans in hand.’

“TELEGRAM No. 9, TO SHIRAZ.

“‘The Amcer-ed-Dowlah offers me 45,000 tomans. Oh! little man, thou art mad.’

“ANSWER.—‘The Shah has spoken truly: I will send 50,000 tomans.’

“From his telegram to Bushire, he received answer that 10,000 tomans would be sent immediately, which was accepted. This is the Shah and his ways of government. The handsome sum of 150,000 tomans, or £60,000 sterling, was netted in one morning from the governors’ privy purses. His governorships are sold to the highest bidder.”

Mr. Stanley arrived in England on the 1st August, 1872. His half-brother and cousin from Denbigh met him on Dover pier, and accompanied their now famous relative to London. Petty jealousy on the part of professional geographers, and certain newspapers, prompted unworthy doubts as to the truth of the story he had to tell; and both in this country and in America it was broadly hinted that Mr. Stanley had never seen Dr. Livingstone at all. The day after Mr. Stanley’s arrival, Lord Granville, and Dr. Livingstone’s son and daughter, bore testimony to the authenticity of the letters and despatches he had forwarded to them. The first public appearance made by Mr. Stanley was at the meeting of the British Association, held at Brighton during the third week of August. The geographers had a theory that the waters of the region Dr. Livingstone had been exploring for five years must find their way to the Congo, notwithstanding that Dr. Livingstone stated it as his belief that the Lualaba was in reality the Nile. Mr. Stanley’s fiery nature was thoroughly roused by the storm of doubts and cavils which had burst upon him, and he indulged in an amount of hard hitting in reply to the discussion which the reading of his paper had evoked, which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and enthusiastic audience. We give a few extracts from his address:—

“Gentlemen of the Geographical Society—I have been invited to deliver an address here before you, or rather, to read a paper on the Tanganyika. Responding to that invitation, I came here; but before entering upon that subject, which seems to interest this scientific assemblage, permit me to say something of your ‘distinguished medallist’ and Associate, Dr. David Livingstone. I found him in the manner already described, the story of which in brief, is familiar to everybody. He was but little impaired in health, and but a little better than the ‘ruckle of bones’ he came to Ujiji. With the story of his sufferings, his perils, his many narrow escapes, related as they were by himself, the man who had endured all these and still lived, I sympathised. What he suffered far eclipses all that Ulysses suffered, and Livingstone but needs a narrator like Homer, to make his name as immortal as the Greek

hero's; and, to make another comparison, I can liken his detractors in England and Germany only to the suitors who took advantage of Ulysses's absence to slander him, and torment his wife. The man lives not who is more single-minded than Livingstone—who has worked harder, been more persevering in so good a cause as Livingstone—and the man lives not who deserves a higher reward.

“Before going to Central Africa in search of Livingstone, I believed almost everything I heard or read about him. Never was a man more gullible than I. I believed it possible that the facetious gentleman's story, who said that Livingstone had married an African princess, might be correct. I believed, or was near believing, the gentleman who told me personally that Livingstone was a narrow-minded, crabbed soul, with whom no man could travel in peace; that Livingstone kept no journals or notes; and that if he died his discoveries would surely be lost to the world. I believed then with the gentleman that Livingstone ought to have come home and let a younger man—that same gentleman, for instance—go and finish the work that Livingstone had begun. Also, inconsistent as it may seem—but I warn you again that I was exceedingly gullible—I believed that this man Livingstone was aided in a most energetic manner, that he had his letters from his children and friends sent to him regularly, and that stores were sent to him monthly and quarterly—in fact, that he was quite comfortably established and settled at Ujiji. I believed also that every man, woman, and child in England admired and loved this man exceedingly. I was deeply impressed with these views of things when James Gordon Bennet, jun., of the *New York Herald*, told me, in a few words, to go after Livingstone, to find him, and bring what news I could of him. I simply replied with a few monosyllables in the affirmative, though I thought it might form a very hard task. What, if Livingstone refused to see me or hear me? ‘No matter,’ said I to myself in my innocence, ‘I shall be successful if I only see him.’ You yourselves, gentlemen, know how I would stand to-day if I had come back from the Tanganyika without a word from him; some, but few, believed me, when Livingstone's own letters appeared. But how fallacious were all my beliefs! Now that I know the virtue and uprightness of the man, I wonder how it was possible that I could believe that Livingstone was married to an African princess and had settled down. I feel ashamed that I entertained such thoughts of him. Now that I know Livingstone's excessive amiability, his mild temper, the love he entertains for his fellow-men, white or black, his pure Christian character, I wonder now why this man was maligned. I wonder now whether Livingstone is the same man whom a former fellow-traveller of his called a tyrant and an unbearable companion. I wonder now whether this is the traveller whom I believed to be decrepid and too old to follow up his discoveries, whom a younger man ought to displace, now that I

have become acquainted with his enthusiasm, his iron constitution, his sturdy frame, his courage and endurance.

“I have been made aware, through a newspaper published in London, called the *Standard*, that there are hopes that some confusion will be cleared up when the British Association meets, and Mr. Stanley's story is subject to the sifting and cross-examination of the experts in African discovery. What confusion people may have fallen into through some story I have told I cannot at present imagine, but probably after the reading of this paper, the ‘experts’ will rise and cross-question. If it lies in my power to explain away this ‘confusion?’ I shall be most happy to do so.

“There are also some such questions as the following propounded:— Why did not Dr. Livingstone return with Mr. Stanley? Why was the great traveller so uncommunicative to all but the *New York Herald*? Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him? What has Dr. Kirk been doing all the time at Zanzibar? Here are four questions which admit of easy solution. To the first I would answer, because he did not want to come with Mr. Stanley; and may I ask, was Mr. Stanley Dr. Livingstone's keeper, that as soon as he found him he should box him with the superscription, ‘This side up, with care?’ To the second I would answer that Dr. Livingstone was not aware that there was another correspondent present at the interview when he imparted his information to the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. To the third question, I would answer that Livingstone was already relieved, and needed no stores. To the fourth question I would reply that Dr. Kirk's relatives in England may probably know what he has been doing better than I do. Also, in answer to that article in the *Standard*, and to some articles in other newspapers, I must confess that I cannot see wherein those letters of Dr. Livingstone to Mr. James Bennet are disturbing, grotesque, or unexpected, unless the editors believed that Dr. Livingstone was dead, and that his ghost now haunts them and disturbs their dreams. We are also told that ‘Dr. Livingstone's reports are strangely incoherent;’ that Sir Henry Rawlinson's letter is ‘most discouraging;’ that the only theory to be gleaned from Dr. Livingstone's letter is simply impossible; that the *Standard*, echoing the opinion of geographers, is more in the ‘dark than ever?’ Here is a field for explanation, had one only time or space in such a paper as this to explain. Let us hope that geographers who are in the dark will come forward to demand to be admitted into the light.

“But leaving these tremendous questions to a subsequent moment, let us now turn our attention to that large body of water called the Tanganyika. England is the first and foremost country in African discoveries. Her sons are known to have plunged through jungles; travelled over plains, mountains, and valleys; to have marched through the most awful wildernesses, to resolve the many problems which have arisen from time to time concerning Central

Africa. The noblest heroes of geography have been of that land. She reckons Bruce, Clapperton, Lander, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Laing, Baikie, Speke, Burton, Grant, Baker, and Livingstone, as her sons. Many of these have fallen, stricken to death by the poisonous malaria of the lands through which they travelled. Who has recorded their last words—their last sighs? Who has related the agonies they must have suffered—their sufferings while they lived? What monuments mark their lonely resting-places? Where is he who can point out the exact localities where they died? Look at that skeleton of a continent! We can only say they died in that unknown centre of Africa—that great broad blank between the eastern and the western coasts.

“Before I brought with me producible proofs, in the shape of letters, his journal, his broken chronometers, his useless watches, his box of curiosities, it was believed by all, with the exception of a few, that the most glorious name among these geographical heroes—the most glorious name among fearless missionaries, had been added to the martyrology list; it was believed that the illustrious Livingstone had at last succumbed to the many fatal influences that are ever at work in that awful heart of Africa.

“It was in my search for this illustrious explorer, which has now ended so happily—far more successfully than I could ever have anticipated—that I came to the shores of the great lake, the Tanganyika. At a little port, or *bunder*, called Ujiji, in the district of Ujiji, my efforts were crowned with success. If you will glance at the south-eastern shore of the Tanganyika, you will find it a blank; but I must now be permitted to fill it with rivers, and streams, and marshes, and mountain ranges. I must people it with powerful tribes—with Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo, and Wanyamwezi. More to the south, ferocious Watuta, and predatory Warori; and to the north, Mana Msengi, Wangondo, and Waluriba. Before coming to the Malagarazi, I had to pass through southern Wavinza. Crossing that river, and after a day's march, I entered Ubha, a broad, plain country, extending from Uvinza north to Urundi, and the lands inhabited by the northern Watuta. Three long marches through Ubha brought me to the beautiful country of Ukaranga and Ujiji, the Liuche valley, or Ruche, as Burton has it. Five miles further westwards, brought me to the summit of a smooth, hilly ridge, and the town of Ujiji, embowered in palms, lay at our feet, and beyond was the silver lake, the Tanganyika, and beyond the broad belt of water towered the darkly purple mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba.

“To very many here, perhaps, African names have no interest, but to those who have travelled in Africa, each name brings a recollection—each word has a distinct meaning; sometimes the recollections are pleasing, sometimes bitter. If I mention Ujiji, that little port in the Tanganyika, almost hidden by palm groves, with the restless plangent surf rolling over the sandy beach, is recalled as vividly to my mind as if I stood on that hill-top looking down upon it, and

where, after a few minutes later, I met the illustrious Livingstone. If I think of Unyanyembe, naturally I recollect the fretful, peevish, and impatient life I led there, until I summoned courage, collected my men, and marched to the south to see Livingstone, or to die. If I think of Ukonongo, recollections of our rapid marches, of famine, of hot suns, of surprises from enemies, and mutiny among my men, of feeding upon wild fruit, and of a desperate rush into a jungle. If I think of Ukawendi, I see a glorious land of lovely valleys, and green mountains, and forests of tall trees; the march under their twilight shades, and the exuberant chant of my people, as we gaily tramped towards the north. If I think of southern Uvinza, I see mountains of hæmatite of iron—I see enormous masses of disintegrated rock, great chasms, deep ravines, a bleakness and desolation as of death. If I think of the Malagarazi, I can see the river, with its fatal reptiles, and snorting hippopotami; I can see the salt plains stretching on either side; and if I think of Ubha, recollections of the many trials we underwent, of the turbulent, contumacious crowds, the stealthy march at midnight through their villages, the preparations for battle, the alarm, and the happy escape, culminating in the happy meeting with Livingstone. There, in that open square, surrounded by hundreds of curious natives, stands the worn-out, pale-faced, grey-bearded, and bent form of my great companion. There stands the sullen-eyed Arabs, in their snowy dresses, girdled, stroking their long beards, wondering why I came. There stands the Wajiji, children of the Tanganyika, side by side with the Wanyamwezi, with the fierce and turbulent Warundi, with Livingstone and myself in the centre. Yes, I note it all, with the sun-light falling softly on the picturesque scene. I hear the low murmur of the surf, the rustling of the palm branches. I note the hush that has crept over the multitudes as we two clasp hands."

After Mr Stanley had given details of the geographical discoveries Dr Livingstone had entrusted to him, which we will deal with further on—the geographical experts proceeded to cross-examine him, and to propound their individual theories as to the ultimate goal of the great river Lualaba. None of them agreed in the belief that Livingstone held as to its being the Nile, and Mr. Stanley was exceedingly caustic in dealing with these geographical doubters. We make a few extracts from an account of the scene by an eyewitness.

After Mr. Stanley's paper was read, some extracts from Dr Livingstone's despatches were read, "the gentleman who performed that duty skipping a good deal; and then Mr. Francis announced a paper from Colonel Grant (Speke's companion), part of which had only been received by post that morning. Mr. Stanley began to make notes for his reply directly Colonel Grant's doubts came to be read, and it was clear that he was prepared to stand by the theories he had formed after his four months and four days' close conference with Livingstone, let who would oppose them."

“Mr. Consul Petherick, a hale-looking, portly gentleman, with white whiskers and beard, then gave his experience as an explorer, and claimed to have been the first traveller who had attempted to estimate the volume of water flowing from the various African rivers.

“Dr. Beke then had his turn, and after regretting that he should have to eat his own words, said that, taking Dr. Livingstone’s facts as they stood, it was impossible that his conclusions could be correct.

“Mr. Oswell, an old fellow-traveller of Livingstone’s, who was not down on the programme, but was called on by the chair, spoke next from the body of the hall, and paid warm testimony to the heroic qualities of Livingstone’s wife, who was one of the expedition in which the speaker took part.

“Then Sir Henry Rawlinson rose at the chairman’s right, and disclaimed with some elaboration all feeling of jealousy on the part of the Geographical Society, and then paid warm compliments to the honourable loyalty and gallant courage with which Mr. Stanley had performed his onerous task.

“Still Sir Henry could not assent to the proposition, as one beyond cavil, that Livingstone had discovered the sources of the Nile; and leant rather to the opinion, that some great lake or swamp, or system of water sheds, would be found to be the outfall into which Livingstone’s river emptied itself.

“Mr. Stanley had before this pointed out, at the request of the President, on the large map of Africa, drawn by Mr. Keith Johnston, the alterations which it will, in his judgment, require before it accords with the map shown by Livingstone. This map was hung behind the platform, and was of a size which enabled every one to follow the course of exploration as it was touched upon by the various speakers.

“Mr. Galton spoke, when summing up the proceedings from the chair, of the ‘somewhat impassioned appeal’ made by Mr. Stanley on behalf of Livingstone’s conclusions, and the phrase expresses accurately the character of the traveller’s reply. He spoke like a man who was a little indignant.

“‘Dr. Beke,’ Mr. Stanley said, ‘living in London, and never having been within two thousand miles of the spot, declares positively that Livingstone has *not* discovered the sources of the Nile; whereas Livingstone, who has devoted thirty-five years to Africa, only says he *thinks* he has discovered,’ was one of the remarks which created a good deal of laughter and applause. So when Mr. Stanley, lifting his arms aloft in amazed protest, exclaimed, ‘and Sir Henry Rawlinson thinks that a river of from one to three miles in breadth can lose itself in a swamp,’ and when he alluded to gentlemen ‘sitting on their easy chairs at home, and mapping out Central Africa to their own satisfaction, and to never having known an Englishman discover anything yet, but some learned German declared he’d been there first,’ the laughter was long and loud.

“Altogether, the impression left by Mr. Stanley upon his hearers was in

the highest degree favourable; and while it is possible that some of his opinions may be modified by the light scientific geographers may supply, it is certain that he carried his audience with him this morning in debate."

On the 27th August, 1872, Mr. Stanley received the following letter from Earl Granville; it was accompanied by a valuable gold snuff-box, set with brilliants:—

"Foreign Office, August 27th, 1872.

"Sir,

"I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and relieving her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller.

"The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with her Majesty's congratulations on your having so successfully carried out the mission which you so fearlessly undertook. Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the memorial which accompanies this letter.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"HENRY STANLEY, Jun.

"GRANVILLE."

Nothing could exceed the warmth with which the general public gave expression to their admiration of the pluck and daring with which Mr. Stanley had carried out his splendid achievements. At banquets, luncheons, and public meetings, he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. The freedom of the principal cities of the empire was conferred upon him at the unanimous wish of their corporations, and he had a personal interview with the Queen.

He accompanied the forces under Sir Garnet Wolesley during the Ashantee Campaign, and gave the results of his observations in the *New York Herald*. His letters from thence have since been reprinted as a volume, and we need hardly assure our readers that it is not the least interesting account of that brilliant campaign among the many with which the public have been favoured.

As we write he is on his way to Zanzibar to organise the most formidable expedition ever led by a European into the heart of Africa for mere purposes of exploration and discovery. The relief of Livingstone, and the stirring and adventurous life he has led since boyhood, prove him to be thoroughly fitted for the dangerous and arduous duty he has undertaken. The proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the *London Daily Telegraph* bear the entire charges of this great undertaking. It must be months, and it may be years, before we hear of him from the centre of Africa, but we may rest assured that all that skill,

resolute daring, and an iron constitution can do, will be done to unravel the mystery of the "Heart of Africa."

As this sheet goes to press, we learn that Mr. Stanley, who had met with a gratifying reception from the authorities at Zanzibar, has, along with Mr. Laing, a Zanzibar merchant, ascended the Lufiji river, which flows into the Indian Ocean, opposite the island of Monfia. He reports that boats, of light draught, can ascend it at certain seasons, for a distance of over two hundred and forty miles. The main stream of slave traffic from Central Africa crosses this river at the point where it ceases to be navigable. While this river will materially lessen the travel to Lake Tanganyika, it will also prove of great usefulness in the final suppression of the slave trade.

CHAPTER XX.

Dr. Livingstone's Account of his Explorations.—His theory of the connection between the Lualaba and the Nile.—Horrors of Slave-Trade.—A Man-Eating Tribe.—Massacre of the Manyema, etc., etc.

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

“It is, in general, somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an abstract idea; but the presence of your representative, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in this distant region, takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him, I feel quite at home.

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

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

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

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

friend Sir Roderick Murchison set me, with John-Bullish tenacity, believing that all will come right at last."

After giving a brief account of his geographical discoveries, he says:—"I must go to Unyanyembe at Mr. Stanley's and your expense, ere I can put the natural completion to my work; and if my disclosures regarding the terrible Ujijan slavery should lead to the suppression of the East Coast slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.

"Now that you have done with domestic slavery for ever, lend us your powerful aid towards this great object. This fine country is blighted as with a curse from above, in order that the slaving privileges of the petty Sultan of Zanzibar may not be infringed, and that the rights of the Crown of Portugal, which are mythical, should be kept in abeyance till some future time, when Africa will become another India to Portuguese slave dealers."

Dr. Livingstone's despatch, addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, gives the best summary of his geographical conclusions up to the time of which we are writing. No single letter from any traveller, from the scene of his labours, ever recorded so important discoveries. We give it entire:—

"I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ultimo, and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than four hundred miles beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in mind by being forced back by faithless attendants, that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend; but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyanyembe, when entrusted to the care of the Lewale or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates, and give in this as much as I can recall.

"I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between 10° and 12° south latitude, and from four thousand to five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between six thousand and seven thousand feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over seven hundred miles in length, from east to west. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable; that is, it would take a large portion of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on window-panes. They all begin in an ooze at the height of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary

sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams, in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again into four lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas 'Melapo;' in the north, by Arabs, 'Wadys;' both words meaning the same thing—river-beds in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

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

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

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

"The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, one hundred-and-fifty miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapala; yet lakes are in no sort sources, for no large river begins in a lake. But this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara—which, according to a Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza—gives out a large river, which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely

be mistaken in saying that, of the three or four lakes there, only one, the Okara, gives off its water to the north.

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

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

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

* The following is the passage in Herodotus alluded to by Dr. Livingstone:—

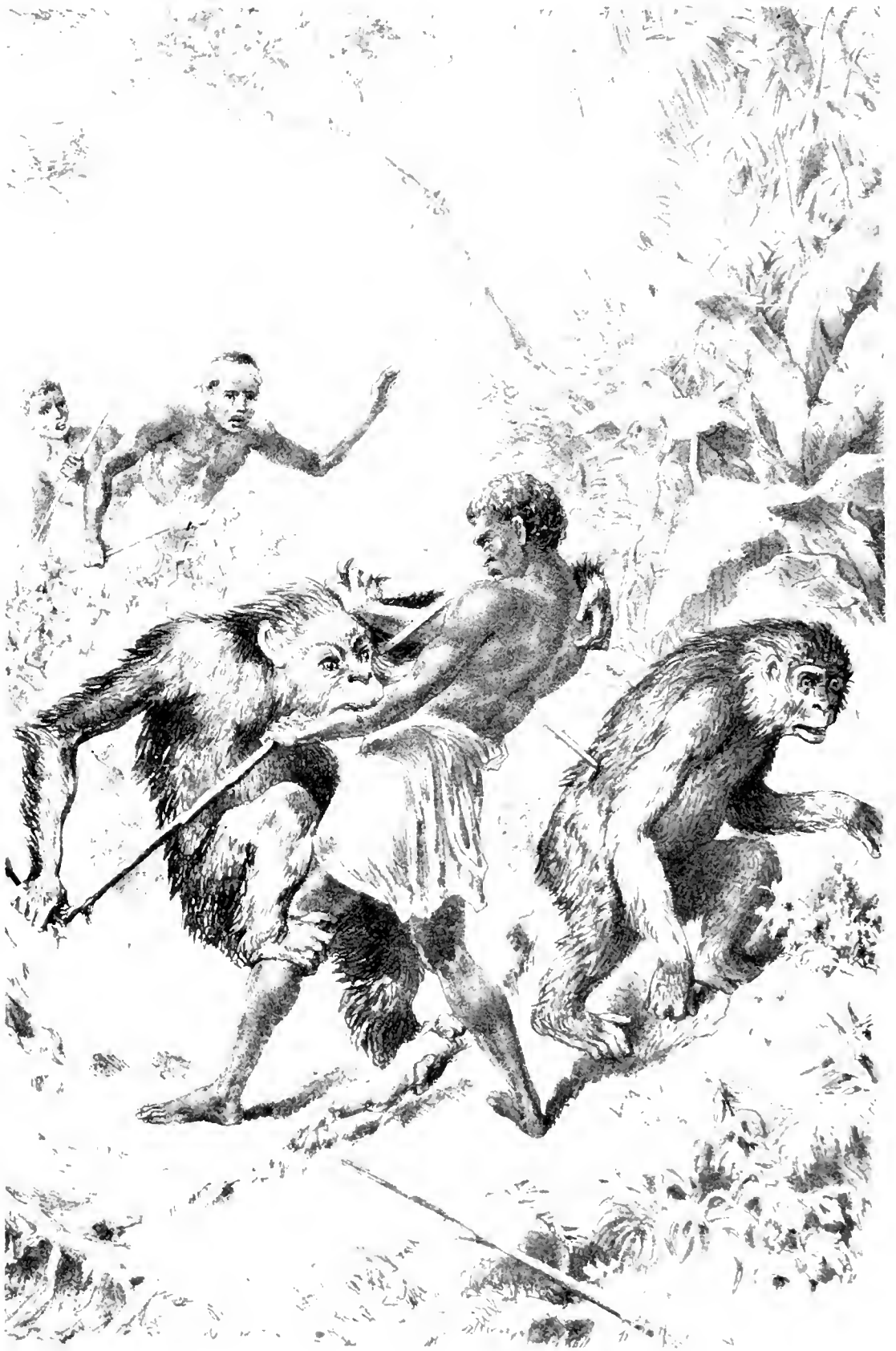
“With regard to the sources of the Nile, not one of the Egyptians, or Lybians, or Greeks, professed to know anything, excepting the guardian of the precious things consecrated to Minerva in Sais, a city of Egypt. But this individual, in my opinion at least, did but joke when he asserted he was perfectly acquainted with them. He gave the following account:—‘That there were two peaked

“More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years; but had I left when the money was expended, I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave-trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinates of their last so-called expedition, I learnt that it was believed that the Luapula went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up-hill. The great rivers and the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your Lordship will approve, that makes me remain, and, if possible, finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage down, I have a sore longing for home; I have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts, and an endless succession of beautiful mankind; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge overflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

“Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I

mountains situate between Syene and Elephantis, the names of which mountains are Krophis and Memphis, and that accordingly the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless, come from between these two mountains—that one-half of the water flows into Egypt, and towards the north, while the other half flows into Ethiopia. That the sources are bottomless Bammeticus, the king of Egypt,’ he said, ‘proved, for having caused a cable to be twisted, many thousand ogyæ in length, he cast it in, but could not reach the bottom.’”

A recent writer compares Livingstone’s story with that of Herodotus. He says:—“Herodotus speaks of the peaked mountains, between which lie the sources of the river—Livingstone of an earthen mound and four fountains, as the sources of the river. Herodotus writes that one-half of the water flows north into Egypt—Livingstone, two of these run north to Egypt, Lufira and Lomame. Herodotus again—the other flows into Ethiopia: Livingstone—and two run south into Inner Ethiopia, as the Leeambye, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kafue. Again the father of history is confirmed by modern research, and the information which the Doctor has obtained, almost in the immediate neighbourhood of the object of his ambition, shows how carefully the curious old traveller of two or three hundred years ago must have pursued his inquiries and recorded the results, although he puts it upon record that he thought the man of letters, or notary, was joking with him.



A GORILLA HUNT

have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza, he at once leaped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, 'twenty thousand square miles of water,' confused by sheer immensity.

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

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

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

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

"But all that can in modern times, and in common modesty, be fairly claimed, is the re-discovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admiral of one of the Pharaohs, about B. C. 600. He was not believed, because he reported that, in passing round Libya, he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine.

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

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

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

“The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika two thousand eight hundred-and-eighty-feet high. Respect for Speke’s memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same; but from the habit of writing the Anno Domini, a mere slip of the pen made one thousand eight hundred-and-forty-four feet. But I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling-points, and they make Tanganyika over three thousand feet, and the lower point of Central Luabala one inch lower, or about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro.

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

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

“The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and

Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

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

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

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

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

“They call the good spirit above ‘Ngulu,’ or the Great One; and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, ‘Mulambu.’ A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes.

The following graphic account of travel in Manyema-land, which occurs

in a despatch to Lord Granville, gives a striking picture of the country and the difficulties of travel:—

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

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

“Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges: a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon, it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high

enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear, which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom, and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge, so as to make believe that the mat is its own; but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as a bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by the Manyema 'kintefwetefwe,' as if he who first coined it was grasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

"Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain-water stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the colour of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whip-cord to that of a man-of-war's hawsers, are so numerous, the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road, it forms a wall breast-high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time.

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

"Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of Californian gold fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde, numbering six hundred muskets, all eager for the precious tusks. These had been left by the Manyema in the interminable forests, where the animals had been slain. The natives knew where they lay, and, if treated civilly, readily brought them, many half-rotten, or gnawed by a certain rodent to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already, on this journey, two severe lessons, that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marunga I had pneumonia, the illness to which I have referred, and that was

worse than ten fevers—that is, fevers treated by our medicine, and not by the dirt supplied to Bishop Maekenzie at the Cape as the same. Besides being unwilling to bear the new comers company, I feared that, by further exposure in the rains, the weakness might result in something worse. . . .

“The rains continued into July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful; and it laid up some of the strongest men, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory. I lost no time, after it was feasible to travel, in preparing to follow the river; but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave-women, whose husbands were away from the camp in trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves and freemen say, ‘No one will ever attack people so good’ as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times even. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten.”

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

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

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

“It is well known that the slave trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other Banian British subjects. The Banyans advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as

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

“The packet above referred to was never more heard of, but a man called Musa Kamaah had been employed to drive some buffaloes for me from the coast, and on leaving Ujiji the same day the packet was delivered for transmission, I gave him a short letter, dated May 1869, which he concealed on his person, knowing that on its production his wages depended. He had been a spectator of the plundering of my property by the Governor's slave, Saloom, and received a share to hold his peace. He was detained for months at Unyanyembe by the Governor, and even sent back to Ujiji on his private business, he being ignorant all the while that Kamaah preserved the secret letter. It was the only document of more than forty that reached Zanzibar. It made known, in some measure, my wants, but my cheques on Bombay for money were in the lost packet, and Ludha, the rich Banyan, was employed to furnish, on credit, all the goods and advances of pay for the men required in the expedition. Ludha is, perhaps, the best of all the Banyans at Zanzibar; but he applied to Ali-bin-Salem, the brother of his agent, the Governor, to furnish two head men to conduct the goods and men to Ujiji, and beyond it, wherever I might be then reported to be. He recommended Shereef Boshier and Awathe as first and second conductors of the caravan. Shereef, the Governor, and the Governor's brother, being ‘birds of one feather,’ the consequences might have been foretold. No sooner did Shereef obtain command than he went to one Muhamad Nassur, a Zanzibar-born Banyan or Hindoo, and he advanced twenty-five boxes of soap and eight

cases of brandy for trade. He then went to Bagamoyo on the mainland, and received from two Banyans there, whose names to me are unknown, quantities of opium and gunpowder, which, with the soap and brandy, were to be retailed by Shereef on the journey.

In the Bagamoyo Banyan's house, Shereef broke the soap boxes, and stowed the contents and the opium in my bales of calico, in order that the carriers paid by me should carry them. Others were employed to carry the cases of brandy and kegs of gunpowder, and paid with my cloth. Henceforth all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my property, and while retailing the barter goods of his Banyan accomplices, he was in no hurry to relieve my wants, but spent fourteen months between the coast and Ujiji, a distance which could have been easily accomplished in three. . . . Two months at one spot, and two months at another place, and two at a third, without reason except desire to profitably retail his brandy, etc., which some people think Moslems never drink, but he was able to send back from Unyanyembe over sixty pounds worth of ivory—the carriers being again paid from my stores. He ran riot with the supplies, all the way purchasing the most expensive food for himself, his slaves, and his women, the country afforded. When he reached Ujiji his retail trade for the Banyans and himself was finished; and, in defiance of his engagement to follow wherever I led, when men from a camp eight days beyond Bambarrie went to Ujiji and reported to him that I was near and waiting for him, he refused their invitation to return with them.”

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

“Dugumbe's* people built their huts on the right bank of Lualaba, at a market-place called Nyangwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, [they] were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him, and make an impression in the country in favour of their own greatness by an assault on the market people, and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves. Tagamoio, the principal under-trader of Dugumbe's party, was the perpetrator.

* Dugumbe was an Arab trader.

The market was attended every fourth day by between two thousand and three thousand people. It was held on a long slope of land, which down at the river ended in a creek capable of containing between fifty and sixty large canoes. The majority of the market people were women, many of them very pretty. The people west of the river brought fish, salt, pepper, oil, grass-cloth, iron, fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, in great numbers, to exchange with those east of the river for cassava grain, potatoes, and other farinaceous products. They have a strong sense of natural justice, and all unite in forcing each other to fair dealing. At first my presence made them all afraid; but wishing to gain their confidence, which my enemies tried to undermine or prevent, I went among them frequently, and when they saw no harm in me, became very gracious.

“The bargaining was the finest acting I ever saw. I understood but few of the words that flew off the glib tongues of the women, but their gestures spoke plainly. I took sketches of the fifteen varieties of fish brought in, to compare them with those of the Nile farther down, and all were eager to tell their names. But on the date referred to I had left the market only a minute or two, when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market-place, but had refrained, attributing it to ignorance in new-comers, began to fire into the dense crowd around them; another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods; the men forgot their paddles; the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprang into the water. The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island a mile off; to gain it, they had to turn the left shoulder against a current of between a mile and a-half to two miles an hour. Had they gone diagonally with the current, though that would have been three miles, many would have gained the shore. It was horrible to see one head after another disappear, some calmly, others throwing their arms high up towards the Great Father of all, and going down. Some of the men who got canoes out of the crowd paddled quick, with hands and arms, to help their friends; three took people in, till they all sank together. One man had clearly lost his head, for he paddled a canoe which would have held fifty people straight up-stream, nowhere. The Arabs estimated the loss at between four hundred and five hundred souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of his thirty canoes, which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One woman refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them, next day, home; many escaped and came to me, and were returned to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's

band began their assault on the people on the west of the river, and continued the fire all day. I counted seventeen villages in flames, and next day six. Dugumbe's power over the underlings is limited, but he ordered them to cease shooting; those in the market were so reckless, they shot two of their own number. Tagamoio's crew came back next day in canoes, shouting and firing off their guns as if believing that they were worthy of renown.

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

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

"Heart sore, and greatly depressed in spirits, by the instances of 'man's inhumanity to man' I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body, and it is no over-statement to say that almost every step of between four hundred and five hundred miles was in pain. I felt as if dying on my feet, and I came very near to death in a more summary way. It is within the area of bloodshed that danger alone occurs. I could not induce my Moslem slaves to venture outside that area or sphere. They knew better than I did. 'Was Muhamad not the greatest of all, and their prophet?'"

"About midway back to Bambarre, we came to villages where I had formerly seen the young men compelled to carry a trader's ivory. When I came on the scene the young men had laid down the tusks and said: 'Now we have helped you so far without pay, let the men of the villages do as much.' 'No, no, take up the ivory;' and take it up they did, only to go a

little way and cast it into the dense vegetation on each side of the path we afterwards knew so well. When the trader reached the next stage he sent back his men to demand the 'stolen' ivory; and when the elders denied the theft they were fired upon and five were killed, eleven women and children captured, and also twenty-five goats. The surviving elders then talked the matter over, and the young men pointed out the ivory, and carried it twenty-two miles after the trader. He chose to say that three of the tusks were missing, and carried away all the souls and goats he had captured. They now turned to the only resource they knew, and when Dugumbe passed, way-laid and killed one of his people."

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

"Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast at Zanzibar, and elsewhere—are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow-men. But the low retreating forehead, prognathus jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast Negroes, always awaken the same feelings of aversion as those with which we view specimens of the 'Bill Sykes' and 'Bruiser' class in England. I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk; but I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the continent are fair average specimens of humanity. I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed, intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms correspond with finely-shaped heads. Insama himself, who had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others; he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called 'bilbous' below the ribs. I don't know where the phrase 'bloated aristocracy' arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good few English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

"Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the

dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Ornaments are scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on 'Women's Rights'? But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour; and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to oneself to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazembe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the top of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth; and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know, go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phaeton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take *Punch's* motto for Cazembe, 'Niggers don't require to be shot here,' as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense. Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe.

"An Arab, Said-bin-Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do when natives have no guns, Said-bin-Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran at all indiscriminately in a large district. Let it not be supposed that any of these people are, like the American Indians, insatiable bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed, or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers. Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ro Rua, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would all have been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of

nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relations kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilised or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured, and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said-bin-Habib, close to the point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the River Lualaba out of lake Moero; and here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the differences between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gang by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere; but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, on seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy, lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, seeing they had plenty to eat. I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul, was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not usually cruel; they were callous—slavery had hardened their hearts.

“When Said, who was an old friend of mine, crossed the Lualaba, he heard that I was in a village where a company of slave-traders had been previously assaulted for three days by justly-incensed Babemba. I would not fight, nor allow my people to fire, if I saw them, because the Babemba had been especially kind to me. Said sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village by night and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slavery ‘hardens all within, and petrifies the feelings.’ It is bad for the victims, and bad for the victimisers.

“I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country—Lunda or Londa—of which Cazenbe is chief in general. They were loaded with large heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree, or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes

are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women having in addition to the yoke and load a child on their back, have said to me on passing, 'They are killing me! If they would take off the yoke, I could manage the load and child; but I shall die with the loads.' One who spoke this did die; and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I interceded for some, but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was greatly blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted.

"The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. 'Hallo!' said I, 'these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state.' And I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, 'Yes, we are going away to Manga (abroad in white man's land) with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death. And we shall return to haunt and kill you.' The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man of at least one hundred-and-four years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they had no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered—

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

The laughter told not of mirth, but of tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. 'He that is higher than the highest regardeth.'"

No slave hunters or traders had ever entered the Manyema country until about the time of Dr. Livingstone's visit. He was destined to see the first horrors consequent upon their presence; and his account of what he saw was destined to be the prime agent in rousing the Government of this country to attempt the complete extinction of the slave trade. To the Manyema, as they had no market for it, "the value of ivory was quite unknown." As Livingstone has already informed us, the natives readily produced the hitherto valueless ivory, and handed the tusks over to the traders for a few brass or copper ornaments. "I have seen," he says, "parties return with so much ivory, that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed. The Manyema were found to be terrified by the report of guns: some, I know, believed them to be supernatural; for

when the effect of musket-ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

“Many of the Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light-coloured and lovely: it was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resembled the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious ironfounder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, ‘Oh, if we had Manyema wives, what pretty children we should get!’ Manyema men and women are vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired through wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, ‘Were it not for fire-arms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country.’ If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look wofully scraggy. But though the ‘inferior race,’ as we compassionately call them, have finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals.

“It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of the canine teeth of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human.”

Dr. Livingstone found it difficult to pick up genuine information as to the man-eating propensities of the Manyema. “This arose,” he says, “partly from the fellows being fond of a joke, and they liked to horrify any one who seemed incredulous. They led one of my people, who believed all they said, to see the skull of a recent human victim, and he invited me in triumph. I found it to be the skull of the gorilla, here called soko, and for the first time I became aware of the existence of the animal there.” Speaking of the soko, he says:—“I cannot admire him. He is sometimes seen in the forest, walking upright, with his hands on his head, as if to steady his loins; but on sight of man, he takes to all-fours. He is not handsome: a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-browed villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him; but he has a good character from the natives.”

“The country abounds in food of all kinds, and the rich soil raises everything in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months it yielded between one hundred-and-twenty fold.

. . . Maize is so abundant, that I have seen forty-five loads, each about sixty lbs., given for a single goat. The 'Maize-dura,' or Sorghum, sweet potatoes, and yams, flourished in no stinted measure, the farinaceous ingredient of diet; the palm-oil, the ground nuts, and a forest tree, afford the fatty materials of food; bananas and plantains, in great profusion, and the sugar-cane, yield a substitute for sugar; the palm toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco, and bange, form the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to me why they should be cannibals. New Zealanders, we are told, were cannibals because they had killed all the gigantic birds, and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs. But the Manyema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributable to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain. . . .

"The Manyema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far in order to have something to sell. Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain, and sweet potatoes, exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish, and other relishes; fowls, also pigs, goats, grass cloth, mats, and other utensils, change hands. All are dressed in their best—gaudy-coloured, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee." As Livingstone already told us, they all unite to enforce honest trading. He says that they are such eager traders, "They set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other. The Bayenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish for farinaceous food with the women on the east of the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishery. The Manyema have told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities, the women passed through from one market to another unarmed; to take their goods even in war was a thing not to be done.

"But at these market women the half-castes directed their guns. Two cases that came under my own observation were so sickening, I cannot allow the mind to dwell upon or write about them. Many of both sexes were killed, but the women and children chiefly were made captives. No matter how much ivory they obtained, these 'Nigger Moslems' must have slaves;

and they assaulted the markets and villages, and made captives, chiefly, as it appeared to me, because, as the men ran off at the report of the guns, they could do it without danger. I had no idea before how bloodthirsty men can be when they can pour out the blood of their fellow men in safety. And all this carnage is going on in Manyema at the very time I write. It is the Banyans, our protected Indian fellow subjects, that indirectly do it all. We have conceded to the sultan of Zanzibar the right, which it was not ours to give, of a certain amount of slave-trading, and that amount has been from twelve to twenty thousand a-year. As we have seen, these are not traded for but murdered. They are not for slaves, but free people made captive.

“A Sultan with a sense of justice would, instead of taking head-money, declare that all were free as soon as they reached his territory. But the Banyans have the custom-house, and all the Sultan’s revenue, entirely in their hands. He cannot trust his Mahometan subjects, even of the better class, to farm his income, because, as they themselves say, he would get nothing in return but a crop of lies. The Banyans naturally work the custom-house so as to screen their own slaving agents; and so long as they have the power to promote it, their atrocious system of slaving will never cease. For the sake of lawful commerce, it would be politic to insist that the Sultan’s revenue, by the custom-house, should be placed in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. By this arrangement the Sultan would be largely benefited, legal commerce would be exalted to a position it has never held since Banyans and Moslems emigrated into Eastern Africa, and Christianity, to which the slave trade is an insurmountable barrier, would find an open door.”

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

At Bambarre Dr. Livingstone was laid up with ulcers on his feet for over

six months. He says:—"I found continual wading in mud grievous; for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. If the foot is placed on the ground, blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever. The people were invariably civil, and even kind; for curiously enough, the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally, because they never made slaves." Once Livingstone had a narrow escape with his life, from being found in company with traders who had ill used the Manyema. On his way to Bambarre, he says, "We passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema, who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birth-place. As all the Arabs have been enjoined by Seyed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress, unbecoming enough; but there were no Europeans to see it. 'The maltreated men' (Manyema who had been wronged by the traders), now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest with vegetation so dense, that by stooping down and peering towards the sun, we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the rank vegetation was a spear thrown from the shadow of an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it. This detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an ant-hill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down towards me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming, 'Peace, peace! you will finish your work in spite of all these people, and in spite of everybody!' I, too, took it as an omen of good, that I had three narrow escapes from death in

one day. The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear; and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now; but in running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies, all eager to signalize themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiment entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not."

The real slave dealers are thus exposed by Dr. Livingstone:—"The Banyan subjects have long been, and are now, the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave trade: their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass wire, and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs, at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slaving, of the nature of which every Banyan is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called 'butehee.' Banyan trading is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow subjects. The cunning Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on their Arab agents.

. . . It is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji slave 'trade' at all—the captives are not traded for, but murdered for; and the gangs that are dragged eastwards to enrich the Banyans are usually not slaves, but captive free people. A Sultan anxious to do justly rather than pocket head-money, would proclaim them all free as soon as they reached his territory. . . .

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

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

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

A brief outline of Dr. Livingstone's journeyings, and their results, up to this period, will enable the reader to understand a little more clearly what he has been about since he entered Africa for the third time in 1866. From

the Lake Nyassa district until he left Cazembe's country, he was travelling in regions to some extent known to us through his own previous explorations, and those of Portuguese travellers. Beyond Cazembe's country, either to the north or the west, lay a vast extent of country totally unknown to Europeans, and of which even the most intelligent native knew only, and that imperfectly, a narrow hem of from fifty to a hundred miles in extent. Cazembo was first made known to us by Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Livingstone found the present ruler of Cazembe to be a kingly savage. He describes him as a tall, stalwart man; wearing a peculiar kind of dress made of crimson print, and worn in many folds in the form of a prodigious kilt, the upper part of his body being bare. The statement of the traveller, that he was going north in search of lakes and rivers, filled him with astonishment. "What can you want to go there for?" he said. "The water is close here! There is plenty of large water in this neighbourhood!" Cazembe had never seen an Englishman before; and notwithstanding that he could not understand this water-seeker, and very possibly thought him wrong in the head, or, as Livingstone puts it, that "he had water on the brain," he gave orders to his chiefs and people that the traveller was to be allowed to go wherever he had a mind, and treated him with much consideration.

Cazembe's queen, described as a fine tall woman, paid the traveller a visit, and evidently intended to give him a striking idea of the honour done him. She was decked out in all the finery her wardrobe could muster, and was armed with a ponderous spear. Following her was a body-guard of Amazons, also armed with spears. His royal visitor and her retinue, and their dress and accoutrements, did astonish the stranger, but not in the way intended. He burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which disconcerted the royal lady for a moment; but recovering herself, she joined heartily in the laugh—which was re-echoed by her attendants—and then fled from his presence until she had recovered the dignity and gravity becoming so great a queen. The Portuguese assertion, that the river he found running to the north, and named the Chambezi, was one of the main branches of the Zambesi, cost him many a month of tedious and unprofitable wandering. Although he was not long in forming doubts as to the truth of this conclusion, the similarity in name made him cautious in accepting his own notions regarding it. Up and down and across its course he wandered like an uneasy spirit, until at last the conclusion was forced upon him, that it flowed to the north, and could be none other than the head waters of the Nile.

Striking away to the north-east of Cazembe's country, he came to a large lake called by the natives Liemba, from the country of that name which borders it. Following its winding shore to the northwards, he found it to be a continuation of Lake Tanganyika. Returning to the southern end

of the lake, he crossed the Marungu country, and reached Lake Moero; and finding its chief influent the Luapula, he ascended its course to the point where it flows out of Lake Bangweolo or Bemba, a lake nearly as large as Tanganyika itself. The most important feeder of this lake he found to be the Chambezi, so that all doubts as to the course of that river were set at rest. In the hitherto untrodden land to the north, this great and constantly increasing volume of water pursued its winding course; and he braced himself up to the effort of tracing it to a point where, under some other name, it was already well known to geographers. From this lake, Livingstone, in the first place, went to Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find stores awaiting him, and where he could recruit himself for the accomplishment of the arduous task he had set himself to accomplish. From his letters we already know how sadly he was disappointed in his hopes of material help from Zanzibar. While waiting there among rascally Arab traders and their slaves, and equally rascally natives, corrupted by their association with those worthless representatives of the civilisation he had been cut off from for nearly three years, he longed to explore the shores of Tanganyika, and settle the question of its effluent; but Arabs and natives alike were so bent on plundering him for every service rendered, he was compelled to abandon his design. Although worn in body, and scantily provided with stores and followers, he determined, in June 1869, to march across country until he should strike the great river which he knew flowed northwards out of Lake Moero. At Bambarre in Manyema land, as we know, he was laid up for six weary months with ulcerated feet. So soon as he had recovered he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days' journey struck the main artery of his line of drainage—the Lualaba, a magnificent lacustrine stream, with a width of from one to three miles. This great stream pursues so erratic a course, flowing northward, westward, and even southwards, in wide loops, that he was frequently fairly at fault as to its ultimate course. Sometimes he thought he was working away at the Congo, but at last he was completely satisfied that its course was northward. After following it up to its outlet from Lake Moero, and confirming its consequent identity with the Luapula and the Chambezi, he retraced his steps, and saw it lose itself in Lake Kamalondo. As many of the great streams on the watershed were named Lualaba by the natives he christened the stream which flows from Lake Moero to Lake Kamalondo "Webb's Lualaba," to distinguish it, and also to do honour to one of his oldest friends, Mr. Webb of Newstead Abbey.

Several days south-west from Kamalondo, he discovered another lake called by the natives Chebungo. This he named "Lake Lincoln," in honour of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States during the war of secession. Its principal effluent he named "Young's Lualaba," in honour of another fast friend, Mr. Young, of Paraffin oil celebrity; "Sir Paraffin," as

Dr. Livingstone humorously designates him. The waters of Lake Lincoln pass into the Lualaba by the river Loeki or Lomame

The river which, issuing out of Lake Kamalonda and flowing to the north, was, he now found, the central or main line of drainage, and he named it the Lualaba proper. Although sick and worn, he followed its course as far as four degrees south latitude, and found that it flowed into another large lake. From his letters we know how the brave and dauntless traveller was compelled to turn back when so near to the termination of the quest he had suffered so much in following up thus far, and fell back to Ujiji, with but little hope of succour arriving there from the coast. But help was at hand. He had barely settled down to what he feared must be a weary waiting for succour when Mr Stanley made his appearance, and so unexpectedly, that he was all but face to face with his deliverer before he even knew that any traveller with a white skin was in search of him.

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


Speaking at a meeting of the Geographical Society, on 26th January, 1874, Sir Samuel Baker said "it would be quite an impossibility to say, for certain, whether or not the Tanganyika Lake was connected with the Albert Nyanza, but during his recent expedition he had heard accounts from native merchants which had shaken his faith in the opinion he had formerly expressed that there was no connection between the two lakes. Two merchants told him that they had formerly travelled from one lake to the other by boats, but had ceased to perform the journey in that way, because the canoes were too small to carry ivory. These men had no object in telling a lie—no interest in deceiving him. Some months after this, the envoys whom the Sultan of Uganda sent to Fatiko, gave him a detailed explanation of the geographical features of the country. They said that the Lake Victoria Nyanza, discovered by Speke and Grant, bore the name of Sessi. The natives had formerly stated to Speke and Grant, that Sessi was the name of an island in the lake; but these envoys said not that there was an island in the lake, but that if a person wanted to inquire for the Victoria Nyanza, he must ask for

Sessi. The lake," they added, " was divided into two parts, with a connection between them, which a canoe required a day to pass through. Both of the lakes bore the name Sessi, but they drew a distinction between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza. This latter lake," they said, " was a continuation of the Tanganyika—the whole bearing the name of Mwootanzige. He did not state this as his own theory, but as what he had himself heard."

If these statements are true, Sir Samuel Baker accounted for a connection between the lakes, even if the Tanganyika was on a lower level than the Albert Nyanza at certain seasons:—" When it is remembered that the Tanganyika received its rainfall at the season of the rainfall south of the Equator, while the Albert Nyanza received its rainfall at the season of the rains north of the Equator, it was easy to imagine, that to keep up the equilibrium between the two lakes, there must be a constant flux and reflux. In 1869, Livingstone addressed a letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, in which he said—' Baker's Lake and Tanganyika are all one water.' That was what Livingstone heard at Ujiji, and he had heard exactly the same account at the north end of the Albert Nyanza." Our readers will remember that, on the occasion of Livingstone's first visit to Lake Ngami, he imagined that the River Zouga was the outlet of the lake which Mr. Chapman, several years afterwards, when the lake was very low, found the Zouga flowing into. In vast districts, where there is little difference in level for many miles, it is easy to understand how the streams may flow in one direction during the rainy season, and fill up a lake at the end of the watershed, and that, when the lower lakes fall at the end of the rainy season, the accumulated waters will flow in the opposite direction. If these two great lakes are connected, this would account for the steady flow to the north of the waters of Tanganyika, which Livingstone observed at Ujiji. As it was during the rainy season that Mr. Stanley and Dr. Livingstone examined the Rusizi, they may have witnessed the commencement of the influx of water from the Albert Nyanza. If this be so the Rusizi is both an influent and an effluent of the Tanganyika, which would account for the conflicting accounts received of it from the natives.

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





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