

undertaking by the deadly influence of the climate on his little band, added to the gloom which clouded the enterprise.

In 1864, Livingstone once more returned to England, and was encouraged by Sir Roderick Murchison and the Geographical Society to undertake another exploration, with the view of examining the neighborhood of the still shadowy Lake Tanganyika. Accordingly in April 1866, he left Zanzibar on what proved to be his last great journey which ended in his death, seven years afterwards, on the 1st of May 1873. How he was employed during those seven years—what discoveries he made, what fearful hardships and dangers he passed through, what geographical puzzles he solved, and what additional light he threw on the inhabitants and resources of Africa—of all these we have a record in his “journals,” which fortunately for the world have been preserved, and are now published, without the omission or addition of a line, just as the great traveller left them. The “journals” are among the most extraordinary and precious records of travel ever given to the world.

At the very outset of this journey he had to encounter difficulties and disappointments which would have driven back ordinary men. He had with him thirteen Sepoys from Bombay who turned out to be so utterly worthless that he had to send them back to the coast. Then his camels and all his cattle died by the poisonous bite of the tsetse fly; and to crown all, thirty Johanna men, from the Comoro Islands, whom he had taken with him as an escort, deserted in a body, and on their arrival at the coast, in order to cover their own baseness and cowardice, they spread a lying report of his death by an attack of one of the savage tribes. Still the lion-hearted old man pressed on, nothing daunted. Of all his escort only two—Chumah and Susi—proved faithful, and they clung to him to the last. Food was scarce; the country was devastated by the raids of the atrocious slave-hunters, and horrors of all kinds beset his path. A negro, to whom he had intrusted his medicine chest, disappeared with it. This disaster was severely felt, as he had now nothing to counteract the frequent attacks of fever which began to tell heavily on his iron frame. Onward, onward still, through forest and jungle, hungry, worn, weary, sick—wading through swamps and rivers—scorched at times by the blazing sun, then drenched with heavy rains—no longer has he the great firm stride for which he was noted, but weak and