

and dashing off foaming through a rocky fissure, to be precipitated down a second, third, fourth and fifth chasm, in its further course. We can fancy the feelings with which the daring traveller—the first white man who ever gazed on the sublime spectacle—stood on Garden Island, where the whole body of water rolls clean over, assuming as it falls the appearance of a mighty snowdrift, portions of it, like comets with streaming tails, leaping off in every direction and rushing up, in columns of steam, to the height of three hundred feet. Double and treble rainbows play around the smoke-like columns, when the sun shines on the scene. The natives call these falls by a name which signifies “smoke-resounding”—a name at once poetic and descriptive.

Livingstone returned to England, after his great journey, in 1856. His fame had preceded him, and his reception was most enthusiastic. The simple-minded, modest man had, however, no taste for being lionised, and as much as possible avoided all public displays. He devoted his time mainly to the preparation of his book and a map of the new regions he had explored. Without his seeking, however, honors poured in upon him. The Queen testified her regard for the veteran traveller by giving him an audience; great cities presented him with their freedom; learned societies elected him to their membership; and when, after a stay of two years, he was again about to set out for Africa, in 1858, the Royal Geographical Society invited him to a banquet, at which three hundred gentlemen, the most illustrious in rank, science and art, assembled to do him honor. Foremost among these was Sir Roderick Murchison, whose enthusiastic admiration for Livingstone was one of the most marked features of the latter part of his life. Indeed there was something very beautiful and touching in the cordial friendship of these two eminent men.

Of the “Zambesi Expedition,” on which Livingstone started, in 1858, I have not space, in this brief paper, to say anything, as his last great journey must be glanced at. On the whole, though far from being a failure, it may be described as the least successful of his undertakings. His wife, the daughter of the distinguished missionary Moffat, joined him, but soon after her arrival on the banks of the Zambesi, she sank under an attack of fever. This was a terrible blow to her husband. The death of Bishop MacKenzie, with whom Livingstone was co-operating in the establishment of a mission in Southern Africa, and the failure of his