

THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION.

The Livingstonia Mission expedition has hitherto been successful. The mission party, by last accounts, had reached the mouth of the Zambesi. There still remained a voyage of nearly 400 miles till they reach Nyassa, and until this is accomplished, there will be some degree of anxiety. The hand of God has hitherto guided and protected them, and we trust it will be still stretched over them.

We subjoin an extract from a letter from Dr. Laws, to Dr. Murray Mitchell, dated "Hongoni, mouth of the Zambesi, 9th August, 1875 :"—

Leaving Algoa Bay at 6.30 a.m., 6th July, after a safe though somewhat lengthy voyage we crossed the bar of the Kongoni on the afternoon of 23rd July. During the voyage the weather was rather variable; at times quite calm, on other occasions squally. On the 18th we were caught by a tornado, but as, providentially, it came astern, we sustained no further damage than the snapping of the chain which supported our square sail.

For three days before landing, contrary to all expectation, the rain poured in torrents, and squalls came from every quarter. On the morning of the 23rd we weighed anchor, hoping to be able to cross the bar; but a fog rolling across the mouth of the river we had to wait till the rising tide gave us nine feet of water, and then with a slight bump we sailed to a good anchorage by the river's bank.

There is no native village at the mouth of the river now; but in the evening three men appeared. Pulling ashore, we received from them a warm welcome, expressed by clasping their hands. Next day, several others appeared; and one of the Portuguese who lived in the neighbourhood came to pay us a visit, attended by three or four slaves. A miserable barefooted creature he appeared, but ready at any moment to bully his slaves, as if they were not human beings as well as himself.

While walking along the shore, looking for a suitable place to build our boat, a human skull and several other bones were found lying a little above high-watermark. This, and the sight of several half-starved moving skeletons, made one sigh that better days may soon come for benighted Africa.

Saturday and Monday were spent in erecting a shed under which we might work at our little vessel, and be protected from the sun's rays. On the evening of Monday her keel was laid, and on the Tuesday of the following week the *Ilala* was successfully launched on the waters of the Kongoni. On Saturday we had up steam, and found everything go satisfactorily. To-day we intend to start on our journey up the river. From the above you may readily understand that we have been anything but idle. I am sorry to say our work was very much impeded by the bolts not having been packed in oil. We found them covered with rust and sand.

As a rule, we found the natives intelligent, able, and ready to work. Most of them are tall, handsome, fair-haired men, but disfigure themselves by tattooing their backs and breasts, their faces also at times sharing in their adornment. The appearance presented is as if a number of split-peas were strewn beneath the skin. Many of them came long distances in their canoes to work for us, and stayed several days, sleeping all night round their fires rolled in their grass-mats. In the morning we went ashore at sunrise, and had them set to work, writing down each man's name on a piece of paper, and chalking a corresponding number on his back, one or two being so greasy that the chalk could leave no traces