

"No external injury," says Livingstone, "not even a fire, can destroy this tree from without; nor can any injury be done from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow; and I have seen one in which thirty or forty men could lie down and sleep as in a hut. Nor does cutting down exterminate it, for I saw instances in Angola in which it continued to grow in length after it was lying on the ground." "Each of eighty-four concentric rings had, in the case mentioned, grown an inch after the tree had been blown over. The roots, which may often be observed extending along the surface of the ground forty or fifty yards from the trunk, also retain their vitality, after the tree is laid low; and the Portuguese now know that the best way to treat them is to let them alone, for they occupy much more room when cut down than when growing." Compare this with the ephemeral existence of the Kolomo snow-drop, described by Livingstone, which suddenly starts into life and whitens the whole sward for a few hours. Every morning a fresh crop appears, and when the day is cloudy, they do not expand till the afternoon. In an hour or so they droop and die.

One of Livingstone's greatest discoveries was the magnificent Falls on the Zambesi, to which he gave the name of the Victoria Falls. They are larger and more magnificent than those of Niagara, and are caused by a deep fissure in the hard, black basaltic rock which forms the bed of the river, into which the mighty volume of water suddenly leaps down a sheer descent of unknown depth, with a tremendous sound and a shaking of the earth which can be heard and felt many miles away. To obtain some idea of the Victoria Falls, we must picture to ourselves a river nearly a mile in width flowing calmly onward; suddenly it comes to a huge chasm eighty yards wide, caused by some awful convulsion of nature, the crack extending right across the bed of the stream. Into this awful gulf, which has been plumbed to twice the depth of Niagara without touching the bottom, the mile-wide sheet of water leaps. Perhaps on this wide earth there is not another scene so grand and awful. Curiously enough, just as at Niagara, the river is divided into two equal streams, on the very verge of the awful precipice, by an island, which has been named Garden Island, and which Livingstone reached by skilful paddling in a canoe. Standing here a sublime spectacle met his eyes. On each hand a crystal wall of water plunged into the chasm, the two streams meeting midway in a boiling whirlpool,