

ever afterwards he was prone to under-estimate the real danger of the disease. Rolling along with her heavy burden, the Pioneer reached the mouth of the Zambesi, and forthwith Livingstone drove her at the Bar. The huge rollers were trampling in from the south, with a rush and a roar, and with seething of foam. As for the doctor, his nerves were iron; but presently the leadman cried, "A quarter two," immediately afterwards, "A quarter less two," and then, "A quarter one." They had missed the channel. What was to be done? There was no help for it. Livingstone put her right about; she answered her helm splendidly, scudded back, and anchored that night five miles from the shore. It was a close shave. But next day, in calmer weather, the attempt was repeated, and an entrance into the river was effected safely.

It was on May Day that they entered the Zambesi; and they steamed on with infinite toil and difficulty, at first past groves of mangrove trees, and then between vast plains of gigantic grass from six to eight feet high, with here and there a palm, and here and there a clump of trees around the house of some Portuguese settler; and then by-and-by, they caught a distant glimpse of the great mountain Morumbala, golden in the sunset, snowy-white at morning with its clouds of vapour; and so, by degrees, into a pleasanter land, well timbered, and then, by a sudden turn, into the river of their hopes, the Shiré—entering which, their troubles were renewed. They were constantly getting aground on sand-banks, and getting off by means of hawsers, at which the bishop was the first and lustiest to pull. It took them four-and-twenty days to do twelve miles; but at length they reached the highlands in which it had been determined to establish the settlement. Landing, they marched towards it in a notable fashion. Mackenzie says of the doctor, "Livingstone was tramping along with a steady, heavy tread, which kept me in mind that he had walked across Africa," and Rowley says of the bishop, "He went onwards with his detachment—pastoral staff in one hand, and a gun in the other—and as we turned to have a last look, we saw the bishop marching on with huge strides after the bearers, the gun depressed, and the pastoral staff elevated and well in view."

Two braver men never set out upon an enterprise more heartbreaking and forlorn. All over the land two curses had spread—the curse of savagery and the curse of slavery. Mackenzie struggled against them both; but though his noble courage sustained him to the last, his shrewd Scottish sense must soon have perceived what a desperate task lay before him. On this very march they met with Portuguese slaves carrying their captives to market, with the horrible slave-yoke fastened round their necks. Flesh and blood could not stand it; they fell upon the slavers and rescued the unhappy natives, who were positively startled when they found that they had not exchanged one slavery for another, but had been rescued to life and liberty by kindly, unselfish men. And so matters went on, more and more hopelessly. Livingstone had to leave the missionary party, and then Mackenzie, already committed to a warlike policy, had to march out with his clergymen, and do battle against native slavers. There was a sharp fight; the bishop again delivered the captives, and "for one little thing (a girl named Dauma), we could find no carrier. So after she had trudged along some distance, the bishop shouldered her and carried her into Magomera," the settlement. It was all beautiful, no doubt; but it was hopeless. They did what they could; building a "Palace," for instance, at which Mackenzie, as usual, laboured hardest of all, so that "day by day you saw him with axe, spade, or pickaxe working as hard as any laboring man in England." They founded a church; they were good, kindly, generous, self-sacrificing, devoted, if ever men were in this world; but around them still stretched the wide vast desert of barbarism, the summer months went by; the autumn came, no rain as yet had fallen, but already they heard the rolling of thunder incessantly reverberating amongst the hills. At last Mackenzie had to leave Magomera, to keep his

tryst with Livingstone at Malo, the place where the little River Ruo falls into the Shiré.

Not a year had passed since his consecration at Cape Town; and, hoping against hope, he was writing home to England for help—notably, to the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Clubs. To the end he was faithful and enthusiastic; and now the end was near, Livingstone, it had been arranged, was to go down in the Pioneer, and bring up one of Mackenzie's sisters, his own wife, and some other ladies. Two days before Christmas the bishop set out upon his journey, and by this time there were fever and famine in the settlement itself. Accompanied by a gallant clergyman who had come out to join him, Mr. Burrup, and by three natives, Mackenzie faced the journey down harder than he had fancied. The mountain streams were now swollen by heavy rain, the clothes of the whole party were wet night and day, and at length, whilst pushing in a canoe through Elephant Marsh on the Shiré, the frail craft overset. Their medicines were rendered utterly worthless, their ammunition was also destroyed or lost. Still pushing on, they reached the rendezvous, only to find that Livingstone had left it and gone down the river some days before. The precise time of his departure was uncertain, and so they waited, daily and hourly looking out for the returning smoke of the Pioneer. It was the 10th of January, 1862, when they reached Malo, and in a few days the bishop, having no longer the excitement of travel to sustain him, fell seriously ill. Even his bodily energy failed him, day after day he sat listlessly in his tent.

Then, longing for his sister, he told Burrup that he thought it would break his heart if she did not come. When such a man talked of his heart breaking, everything else must needs have been broken already. In a day or two more he was down with the fever, and they had not a single dose of medicine left. By the 24th he was incapable of collected conversation; his mind began to wander. On the 31st he died.

Over his grave Livingstone, returning, planted a cross, and now, who shall plant a cross over the grave of Livingstone? Both had their faults and errors—both the dead bishop and the heroic traveller whose death is still uncertain, yet, as we look through the long roll of noble lives that Africa has cost us, we shall find, perchance, that these two were the noblest of them all. Nor shall we rashly and hastily say that even such sacrifices were in vain.

AN OLD WHALER'S YARN.*

"DID I like the life? and if I had my time to live over again would I make the same choice? Well, Miss Waven, it's about this. It's just the finest thing out—so long—as you have—no fluttering here," and he laid his hand on his broad chest. "But when a man's ship ceases to be wife and child and all the world to him, it is another thing altogether; my advice to him is, he'd better give up whaling."

So spoke Captain Harding, erst South Sea whaler, now, these ten years past, gentleman of England, living at home at ease. Captain Harding is sitting in my brother Henry's drawing-room after dinner and a heavy day's sport among the turnips—the captain commonly uses an immense double-barrelled gun which has in old times brought down monkeys many.

Captain Harding is not after our received notion of a sailor; he is sufficiently broad, but much too tall with it; a pale-faced man with a full white beard, he is rather bleached and aged than bronzed by his foreign experiences—fifty-five, he looks sixty—also, instead of the sailor's roll, he has an erect, military carriage, partly to be accounted for by his five years' service in our local volunteers, of whom he is a most efficient officer; only occasionally he orders the piping of all hands instead of the assembly, and all taut in lieu of dressing up.

"It is not to say there is any choice in the matter," continued Captain Harding. "Let a

* This is what it professes to be, an after-dinner conversation.

boy but have the sea fever on him—not the sham thing, that a month's coasting voyage will cure—but the real thirst for the sea, for foreign adventure, and he'd best be let go. I for example, shouldn't have made half a man at home—now, however—"

"You are a man and a half," interposed my brother, heartily.

"In size you mean?" and the captain laughed enjoyably. "Well, my father was in a large way of business, but he had little capital—I should have done nothing at the hum-drum, mill-wheel life I must have been bound to. But he consented that I should go to sea, and I flatter myself I did make a good whaler."

"Self-reliance is the best lesson in the world for a boy," said Henry, sententiously.

"It is, it is. Jack and I, Mrs. Waven, were turned out of the nest to make room for a second brood, and what way we have made has been against wind and tide."

"But there are very many dangers attending whale fishing, are there not?" I asked—"sharks and all sorts of things?"

"We get used to them, Miss Waven, we just get used to them. I have seen men sitting with bare legs over the gunwales of the boat, and a shark come sheer up, and make a snap for them, times out of mind. He comes with a swift motion, as you have seen a pike. Sharks don't often of intention attack a man. When he is about a whale they'll occasionally take a neat piece out of his leg by mistake for the whale's flank. In my thirty years' experience I have not known many men killed by them. And in every way fatal accidents are less frequent than you would imagine. A lot of men about a whale just remind me of a lot of bluebottle flies about a joint of meat. You strike here and there and everywhere as sharply and as fiercely as you like—the chances are they'll all escape you. It is precisely thus with the whale's frantic strokes. Jack was less fortunate in this respect than I. He lost two of his officers in one voyage. Parley—you know Parley of our town, Miss Waven?—his brother was one. The whale brought down its tail on the boat, and he was crushed to death as you would crush a gnat. The other fellow lost his life about two months after in much the same way."

"Now, when you set out on a voyage," Henry asked, "what would be your particular destination?"

"Just where my judgment took me. You see, I was differently situated to most masters. I was allowed more discretionary power. I had in fact, a sort of roving commission. My owners would say, 'there is your ship, Harding—everything, we think, in her that you'll require for four years. Now sail as soon as you like, and let us hear from you as often as you can. Whatever luck you have, good or ill, don't scruple to write—we shall be glad to hear.' Then I would be gone from three to four years, according to my degree of success. For the months of our own summer we would cruise in the Japan seas; for the Antarctic summer in the Australian seas. For six years, through coming home between whiles, I entirely escaped winter."

"And how do you find the whales, Captain Harding?" inquired my sister.

"My wife thinks you fish for them with a rod and a line," laughed Henry, "and a worm at end."

"We find them, Mrs. Waven, by their spouting. With the first of daylight, a look out is told off, and kept going, relieved at due intervals, until night. Sometimes we go two months without even seeing a whale. Then again, I once killed eleven in one day. But they were shoal whales, and the whole eleven not worth so much as one good-sized male whale. A fair-sized male whale is worth five hundred pounds, and some large ones bring in as much as a thousand. When you have secured a large whale, it saves a great deal of trouble if you can get it close up by the ship. This is done by jawboning him—work often falling to my share."

"Why to your share?"

"Because I was always good in the water. You take a rope suited to the purpose, and make