

Valley of the Cussarye. He was by this time half crazy with fever, often blind with the intolerable headaches it induced, but powerless to contend with it, having exhausted his quinine. But the sight of the Portuguese plantations along the river gave him new courage, and at length he found him in the City of San Paolo. It was an imposing place, having 12,000 inhabitants, and in the harbor were British men-of-war cruising to put down the slave trade. The astonishment of the Makololo, when they saw the sea, was tremendous. They came to Livingstone and said to him:—"Now we have seen it. We marched along with our father, believing that which our old man said was true, that the world has no end. But all at once the world says to us, 'I am finished. There is no more of me.'" And they were greatly impressed by the universal respect paid to Livingstone, for now, they said, they knew he was a great man.

After he had completely recovered from his almost utter prostration, and had, by copious doses of quinine, expelled from his blood the lurking devil of jungle fever, he turned his back upon the sea, although the commander of the cruise offered to take him home without delay. But the Makololo looked wistfully at their father, who had promised to take them back again to Linyanti, and back again he went with them. After numerous adventures he got safely to Seketelu's place of wattles, and was received with transport. He now in earnest explored the Zambezi, marching down its banks to its mouth, on the Mozambique Sea, upon one of which is the Portuguese fort of Tetto. Not far from Tetto are the great falls of the Zambezi, which he called Victoria. At Tette her Majesty's ship *Frolic* soon arrived, and took him to the Mauritius, whence he sailed for Europe, arriving there at the end of 1856. The dreaded march from Koldberry to St Paul de Loanda, and from St Paul de Loanda to Tette had taken four years. Arrived in England, he received such a welcome as has blessed few men. He was specially invited by the Royal Geographical Society, and the then President, the late Sir Roderick Murchison, alluded to him in terms of the most glowing admiration. Medals and testimonials were showered upon the modest man, whose greatest happiness was in being reunited to his family. In 1857 he published a narrative of his travels, which has since passed through many editions.

In 1858 he returned to Africa to explore the Zambezi and its tributaries with steam launches, and to introduce the blessing of civilization among the people. During the course of this expedition he discovered Lake Nyassa and Shirvan, and made many interesting explorations. But his dear wife died six months after the Nyassa discovery, and the expedition was recalled by the Government in 1863. The open hostility of the Mussulmen, and the covert but ceaseless opposition of the Portuguese, nullified all his efforts, and nothing came of an undertaking that had promised so fairly. The climate also was by no means so favorable as Livingstone had believed, and, in deed, had he not been sanguine he might have guessed that the vicinity of large rivers in tropical countries can never be healthy. He returned to Bombay in 1854, and thence reached London in the month of July of the same year. He was received with the same honors, and his portrait, exhibited at the Royal Academy, was visited by crowds of people, never weary of gazing on the plain homely lineaments of one who

had done and dared so much. Perhaps, if his wife had been alive, he might have remained in England for a longer time, or perhaps, for the remainder of his life; for all who saw him then thought that his iron constitution was beginning to fail. At that time he had suffered from attacks of fever two hundred and seventy-five times. But the expedition in search of the head waters of the Nile sent out by the Government stimulated his always keen desire to be up and doing, and he left England for the last time in April, 1865. His object was stated by himself in the preface to his book on the Zambezi and its tributaries. "I propose," he wrote, "to go inland north of the territory which the Portuguese in Europe claim, and endeavor to commence that system in the East which has been so eminently successful on the west coast—a system combining the repressive effects of her Majesty's cruisers with lawful trade and Christian missions—the moral and material results of which have been so gratifying. I hope to ascend the Rovuma, or some other river north of Cape Delgado, and in addition to my other work, shall strive, by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and round the southern end of Lake Tranganyika to ascertain the watershed of that part of Africa. In so doing, I have no wish to unsettle what, with so much toil and danger, was accomplished by Speke and Grant, but rather to confirm their illustrious discoveries. Having plunged once again into the mysterious recesses of Africa, so long an interval elapsed before tidings were received from him that his friends in England were most seriously alarmed, and a search expedition was started after him in June, 1867. They never came up with him, but managed to get a letter from him, dated July, 1868, from Lake Bangweolo, when he stated that he believed he might safely assert the sources of the Nile to be between 10° and 12° south latitude, and that he thought the Rovuma River was the Rhapsa of the Greek geographer, Ptolemy. This reached England November, 1869. Another communication came to London, May 13, 1869, and was dated from Ujiji. And in 1871, a well authenticated rumor was current that he was making extensive explorations to the west of Tranganyika. From that moment nothing further was heard of him until he was found near Ujiji by Mr. Stanley the correspondent of the New York *Herald*. The discoverer was hailed in England with the heartiest welcome, but his geographical information was not so full as was desired by the Royal Geographical Society, and they started an expedition under Lieut. Grundy to reach him by way of the Congo. The British Government almost at the same time sent out the search expedition under Lieut. Cameron, which had the melancholy fortune of finding the expiring or already dead hero. It is probable that he was not dead when Cameron found him, as he had no persons in his own party who were capable of embalming his body. And as the telegram specially states this, it is fair to infer that it was done by some medical man attached to the expedition of Lieut. Cameron. Peace to his remains! He was a very faithful servant of God, and in him the black man has lost a most loving friend."

MARSHALS OF FRANCE EXECUTED,

For the following list of the marshals of France who have been condemned to death, we are indebted to the *Vorst*:—

Gilles de Laval, called Marshal de Retz, born in 1396, at Machecoul (Loire-Inferieure) distinguished himself in the wars against the English, and particularly at the siege of

Orleans (1429). Accused afterwards of horrible murders and monstrous crimes, he was hanged at Nantes in 1449, and his body was then burned. The people had surmised him Blue Bread.

Louis deLuxembourg, Count de Saint-Pol, Constable of France, born in 1418, beheaded in the Place de Greve on the 19th December 1475, for conspiracy and rebellion against Charles VII. and Louis XI.

Charles de Gontant, Duke de Biron, was son of the great captain of who Henry IV. said, "Biron was my right hand in obtaining my crown." The Bearnais showed him the warmest friendship. They fought side by side in all the great battles. Henry saved his life three times, particularly in the combat of Fontaine-Francaise (1595). At 33 Biron was marshal of France, and in 1598 the king made him a duke and peer. He was of an impetuous character and of unbridled ambition, and not considering himself sufficiently recompensed by his dignities and the government of Burgundy, he several times conspired with foreign countries against Henri IV., who pardoned him. His last crime was of exceptional gravity. It consisted in a scheme for parceling out France into several small states, with the aid of Spain and the Duke of Savoy. The price of the bargain was, for Biron, the hand of the duke's daughter, and possession of Burgundy, the Limousin, and Perigord. Henri IV. and Sully, who were warned, ordered the marshal to Fontainebleau, and tried to win him back to his duty by mildness and caresses, while showing himself haughty and inflexible. Far from defending himself, he gave way to his temper. No mark of friendship could bend his insatiable pride. The last interview of the two old companions in arms was most touching. Biron was leaving the King's cabinet, and His Majesty, holding the door ajar, said. But avow, then, avow." No answer. Then the King, with a grave and melancholy voice, added "Adieu, Baron de Biron." That was the marshal's death-warrant. He could only obtain from his former friend one favour, that of being beheaded inside the Bastille instead of on the Place de Greve (11th July, 1602). He was forty years old.

Marshal de Marillac, arrested in the midst of his army for conspiring against the life of Cardinal de Richelieu. Beheaded the 10th May, 1632, in the Place de Greve.

Henri II., Duc de Montmorency, made prisoner at the battle of Castelnaudary, fought against the royal troops, beheaded in the court yard of the Capitol at Toulouse, the 30th October 1632, at the age of thirty-seven.

Baron de Luckner, marshal of France, served under Frederick II. during the Seven Years' War. Some time before the revolution he entered the French Army with the grade of lieutenant-general. He adopted the principles of '89, was named marshal and, in 1792, charged with the command of the Army of the North. He took Menin and Courtrai, and crushed an Austrian corps near Valenciennes. But suspicion was excited against him; he was taken before the Revolutionary tribunal, and beheaded in 1794.

Philippe de Noaille, Duke de Mouchy, marshal of France, born in 1715. Governor of Versailles from 1789. He was near Louis XVI. at the time of the insurrection of the 20th June, 1792; and, notwithstanding his great age, defended his King against the outrages of the populace. Arrested in 1794 he died on the scaffold, with his wife, Anne d'Arpajon.

Marshal Ney.—The history of this latter is well known. He was shot on the 7th Dec. 1815, at the age of forty-six."