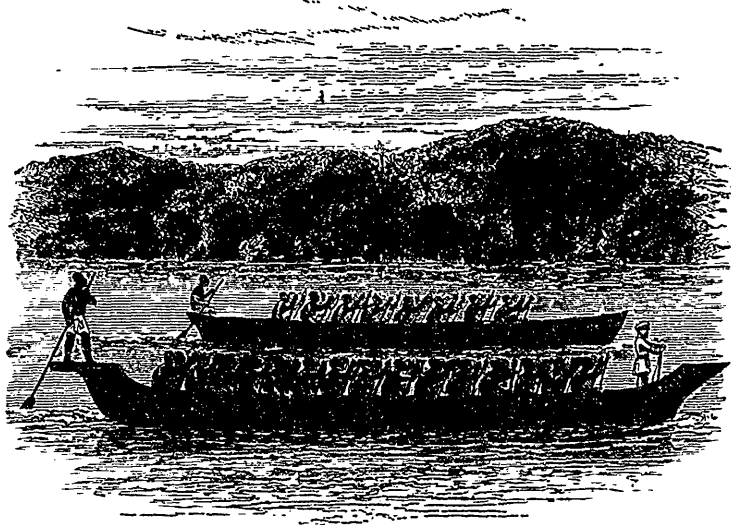


Leaving the Zambesi, the travellers push their way up the Lecambe and soon reach a village nominally ruled over by one woman, and virtually governed by another—her daughter. The young African beauty, who is described as a “tall, strapping young woman,” in a masterful fashion takes Livingstone under her charge and trots him off to her uncle Shinte’s town, where she sees to it that he is received with great honour. And so through this country, breathing pestilence to white man’s blood, through danger, clumsy kindness, rough work, but ever doing good, this modest hero struggles on to the coast at Loanda. Here the slave trade and Portuguese inaction very effectually forbid him the broad avenue for which he sought the sea; and after a few months’ rest he gathers his band about him and



STANLEY'S CANOES—THE “LIVINGSTONE” AND “STANLEY.”

journeys painfully, but without a murmur, back to Linyante. The numerous presents obtained at Loanda for the Chief Sekeletu, among which was a colonel’s gaudy uniform, make that worthy very willing that Livingstone should follow out his next plan of reaching civilization by way of the east coast, hoping that here the road, would not be so fatally barred to good influences. So again equipped by the faithful Makololo, he passes with a little company down the Zambesi to the great Falls, and on through marshes and over vast plains; now bribing the hostile natives, made wickedly cunning by the demoralizing slave trade, again subduing another tribe by a display of force.