

DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

INTERESTING SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The telegram despatch announcing the death of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, was confirmed in our columns yesterday. It came from London to this country but was in the first place from Zanzibar, and stated that advices had been received from the exploring party accompanying Dr. Livingstone announcing his death. The details are meagre, as is usual with very important telegrams simply recording the facts that he died of dysentery, at an encampment some distance from Unyanyembo, and that his embalmed body was on the way to England. At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the Chairman, Sir Henry Rawlinson, informed the gentlemen present that the expedition in search of Livingstone, headed by Lieutenant Cameron, had reached Unyanyembo, and was about to proceed onward to Ujiji. There hoped to receive intelligence of his whereabouts, and to be able to supply him with the stores and medicines he so much needed. And the Chairman added that in the opinion of Dr. Kirk no intelligence was likely to come from any other source. It is just, therefore, to conclude that the information of his death, which has spread so wide a pang of sorrow and regret, came not from the party of Livingstone himself, but from the Cameron search expedition. It is probable that they travelled but a few days from Unyanyembo when they reached the encampment where David Livingstone was breathing his last, and that they have given to his body the entombment and lining which was necessary to bring it to Zanzibar. This was, indeed, the natural end of such a man, though no one can avoid a keen regret that he could not have died in England after receiving the testimonies of respect and admiration which there awaited him. But those who have read his books of travels must have scanned them to little purpose if they did not see that here was a man predestined to die in harness—one of those indomitable souls to whom the self-made duty is everlasting and the self nothing. And, as an example to others, a bright model of perseverance and self-criticism. David Livingstone dying, surrounded by swarthy attendants, in a tropical forest encampment between Ujiji and Unyanyembo is a greater spectacle than the same man crowned with honors, and passing a peaceful old age in his own country, in the enjoyment of every comfort, amid the filial solicitude of his children.

Rev. David Livingstone was born in 1817 at Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland, of parents who were emphatically poor and honest. His father was a small grocery man, as groceries are understood in that country, dealers in tea, coffee, sugar, and spices. His son David, while yet a wee bairn, had to contribute his share of exertion for the family, and worked in those cotton mills to which the village of Blantyre owes its existence. At night time he picked up the rudiments of learning, and a strong test for books. His father was not the man to tread down such inclinations, and by pinching here and clipping there he was enabled to send his son to the university at Glasgow during the winter months, and during the vacation he worked away among the spindles of the cotton mills. During these years he acquired that modicum of Greek and Latin which, in European colleges, appears as the great desideratum. But the young man had

evidently no taste for classical literature. His great wish was then to go to China either as a missionary or as a surgeon. In the former capacity there appeared to be no opening, so he studied medicine for several years, supporting himself in the meantime by his own labors. In 1838 he passed his examinations in surgery, physics, and medicine, and was admitted as a general practitioner. But, though qualified to practice, such seems never to have been his intention, and learning that the London Missionary Society was in want of agents for the African missions, and that a knowledge of medicine and surgery was very much desired, he made application for such work, and was at once accepted. He was ordained shortly afterwards, and in the following year embarked for Natal. It had been his most ardent wish to go to China, but the Providence that shapes our ends overruled this, to his great disappointment at the time. For the opium war was then raging, and after remaining some time in suspense, the London Missionary Society considered it advisable to abandon that field temporarily, and to send their new agent to South Africa. And through this misfortune as it then seemed, science has received the most distinguished benefit, and the Africans found a friend whose exertions to introduce commerce and to put down the slave trade were of unparalleled magnitude, and of great though not lasting success. The commerce steadily increases, but unfortunately the slave trade, put down at one place, springs up again at another, and indeed will continue to do so as long as the white man desires to engage in it.

At Port Natal Dr. Livingstone found himself associated with Rev. Mr. Moffat, a missionary whose unaffected piety had won universal confidence from the negro tribes. Dr. Livingstone devoted himself with ardor to his sacred duties, and very soon acquired the language of the Bechuans, and commenced to make converts among their head men. He built himself a house at Kolo-beng, to the great admiration not only of the Bechuans, but of the adventurous Makololo, who described it as "not a house but a mountain with several caves." To this home he led his young wife, the daughter of the good Robert Moffat, and here his eldest son, Robert, was born, after which auspicious circumstance the natives invariably called her Ma Robert. For among the Makololo it is the glory of the mother to have sons, and she is not known as the wife of so and so, but as the mother of such a one. Having now established his basis among the people of the Baitkwan country, he commenced that wonderful series of explorations which has ended so sadly in that lonely encampment in thick African woods, beyond Unyanyembo. His first effort was the exploration of the great Kalahari Desert, and after much suffering he was rewarded by the discovery of the Zonga River. Having constructed canoes, he was paddled down the stream, and after some days found himself floating in the tranquil water of Lake Ngami, the most southerly of the great chain of lakes which occupies the centre of Africa. This was in 1849, the ninth year of his residence in Africa. Next year he returned to the newly discovered Lake Ngami, bringing with him his wife and children, for Charles Livingstone had now been born. This time, however, he did not dare the dangers of the Kalahari, but circuitously skirted around the edges. In spite of these precautions, the children and the good, patient wife suffered terribly, and he returned to Koldberry. Here he was warmly greeted by the natives

and made more conversions, and established a charming garden. But the spirit of adventure was unquenchable, and he determined to strike next time for the headquarters of Makololo at Linyanti. He started again in 1851 for the Kalahari Desert, following the windings of the Zonga, but when he reached lake Ngami he struck out to the right, crossing plains covered with a salubrious effluence without springs, and dreadful spectacle of aridity and barrenness. Beyond was the Burobub country of the Makololo, a land very humid by reason of the many rivers. He soon arrived at Linyanti, the capital, where he found a monarch, Sekeletu, most amicably disposed toward himself. Indeed, every African seems to have loved this extraordinary man, and even those who cheated him did so in a half-hearted sort of way—very different from the brazen assurance with which other travelers have been despoiled. He remained some time at Linyanti to refresh himself and party, and then began to examine the country. He was not long in discovering the great Zambezi River, the chief stream of Southern Africa. His ardent imagination now conceived a great enterprise. It was to open up the Zambezi by means of light steamers, and to evangelize the inhabitants in all the region watered by the river, by introducing commerce and the Bible. Fired with this thought, he returned to Koldberry, and immediately broke up his home and departed for Cape Town with his wife and children, where he laid his plan before his immediate superior, proposing to devote the next to or three years to the thorough exploration of the region and the acquisition of the languages. They most heartily assented, and supplied him with the necessary means, his family being sent to Europe. It was in the month of March, 1852, when he left the Cape to start on the most memorable journey, which, whether we regard the distance traversed, the circumstances attending it, or the difficulties surmounted, is unparalleled, either in ancient or modern times. Leaving the Cape, he made his way to his father-in-law's station, some 200 miles south of Koldberry, and was detained there by some unavoidable troubles, which fretted him greatly. But again the finger of Providence had guided his movements, for when he arrived at his own station, his late so smiling home was in ruins, and the natives left in charge killed or scattered by the Dutch Boers of the Suzereinte. The reason for this extraordinary act of barbarity was the friendship between Dr. Livingstone and certain Bechuans whom they accused of stealing their cattle, much after the manner of a well known quarrel between a wolf and a lamb. He at once departed for Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, and found the Prince Sekeletu as loving as ever, which was no doubt very agreeable to his feelings after the recent demonstration of the Boers. He visited the Zambezi again, and then being furnished with escorts and porters, and equipped with stores by the generous Sekeletu, he plunged into the unknown wilderness of forest, having turned his face westward. The circumstances of his extraordinary march to St. Paul de Loando, the capital of the Portuguese settlement of Angola, in Western Africa, has been told by himself in a well known and most interesting book of travels. For two years he was wandering, sometimes detained by curious chieftains, who took his appearance as a personal compliment, sometimes by swollen rivers, sometimes by extortionate head men, but still he pressed on bravely until in the fullness of days he found himself in the