

"Ah, yes, Dr. Kirk," I asked carelessly, "about Livingstone—where is he, do you think, now?"

"Well, really," he replied, "you know that is very difficult to answer; he may be dead; there is nothing positive whereon we can base sufficient reliance. Of one thing I am sure, nobody has heard anything definite of him for over two years. I should fancy, though, he must be alive. We are continually sending something up for him. There is a small expedition even now at Bagamoyo about starting shortly. I really think the old man should come home now; he is growing old, you know, and if he died, the world would lose the benefit of his discoveries. He keeps neither notes nor journals; it is very seldom he takes observations. He simply makes a note or dot, or something, on a map, which nobody could understand but himself. Oh, yes, by all means if he is alive he should come home, and let a younger man take his place."

"What kind of a man is he to get along with, Doctor?" I asked, feeling now quite interested in his conversation.

"Well, I think he is a very difficult man to deal with generally. Personally, I have never had a quarrel with him, but I have seen him in hot water with fellows so often, and that is principally the reason, I think, he hates to have any one with him."

"I am told he is a very modest man; is he?" I asked.

"Oh, he knows the value of his own discoveries; no man better. He is not quite an angel," said he, with a laugh.

"Well now, supposing I met him in my travels—I might possibly stumble across him if he travels anywhere in the direction I am going—how would he conduct himself towards me?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "I do not think he would like it very well. I know if Burton, or Grant, or Baker, or any of those fellows were going after him, and he heard of their coming, Livingstone would put a hundred miles of swamp in a very short time between himself and them. I do, upon my word I do."

This was the tenor of the interview I held with Dr. Kirk—former companion of Livingstone—as well as my journal and memory can recall it to me.

Need I say this information from a gentle-

man known to be well acquainted with Dr. Livingstone, rather had the effect of damping my ardour for the search, than adding vigour to it. I felt very much depressed, and would have willingly resigned my commission; but then the order was "GO AND FIND LIVINGSTONE." Besides, I did not suppose, though I had so readily consented to search for the Doctor, that the path to Central Africa was strewn with roses. What though I were rebuked, as an impertinent interloper in the domain of Discovery, as a meddler in things that concerned not myself, as one whose absence would be far more acceptable to him than my presence—had I not been commanded to find him? Well find him I would, if he were above ground; if not, then I would bring what concerned people to know, and keep.

#### ORGANIZATION OF THE EXPEDITION.

I was totally ignorant of the interior, and it was difficult at first to know what I needed, in order to take an expedition into Central Africa. Time was precious, also, and much of it could not be devoted to inquiry and investigation. In a case like this, it would have been a godsend, I thought, had either of the three gentlemen, Captains Burton, Speke, or Grant, given some information on these points; had they devoted a chapter upon, "How to get ready an Expedition for Central Africa." The purpose of this chapter, then, is to relate how I set about it, that other travellers coming after me may have the benefit of my experience.

These are some of the questions I asked myself, as I tossed on my bed at night:—

"How much money is required?"

"How many pagazis, or carriers?"

"How many soldiers?"

"How much cloth?"

"How many beads?"

"How much wire?"

"What kinds of cloths are required for the different tribes?"

Ever so many questions to myself brought me no nearer the exact point I wished to arrive at. I scribbled over scores of sheets of paper, making estimates, drawing out lists of material, calculating the cost of keeping one hundred men for one year, at so many yards of different kinds of cloth, etc. I studied Burton, Speke, and Grant in vain. A good deal of geographical, ethnological, and other information apper-