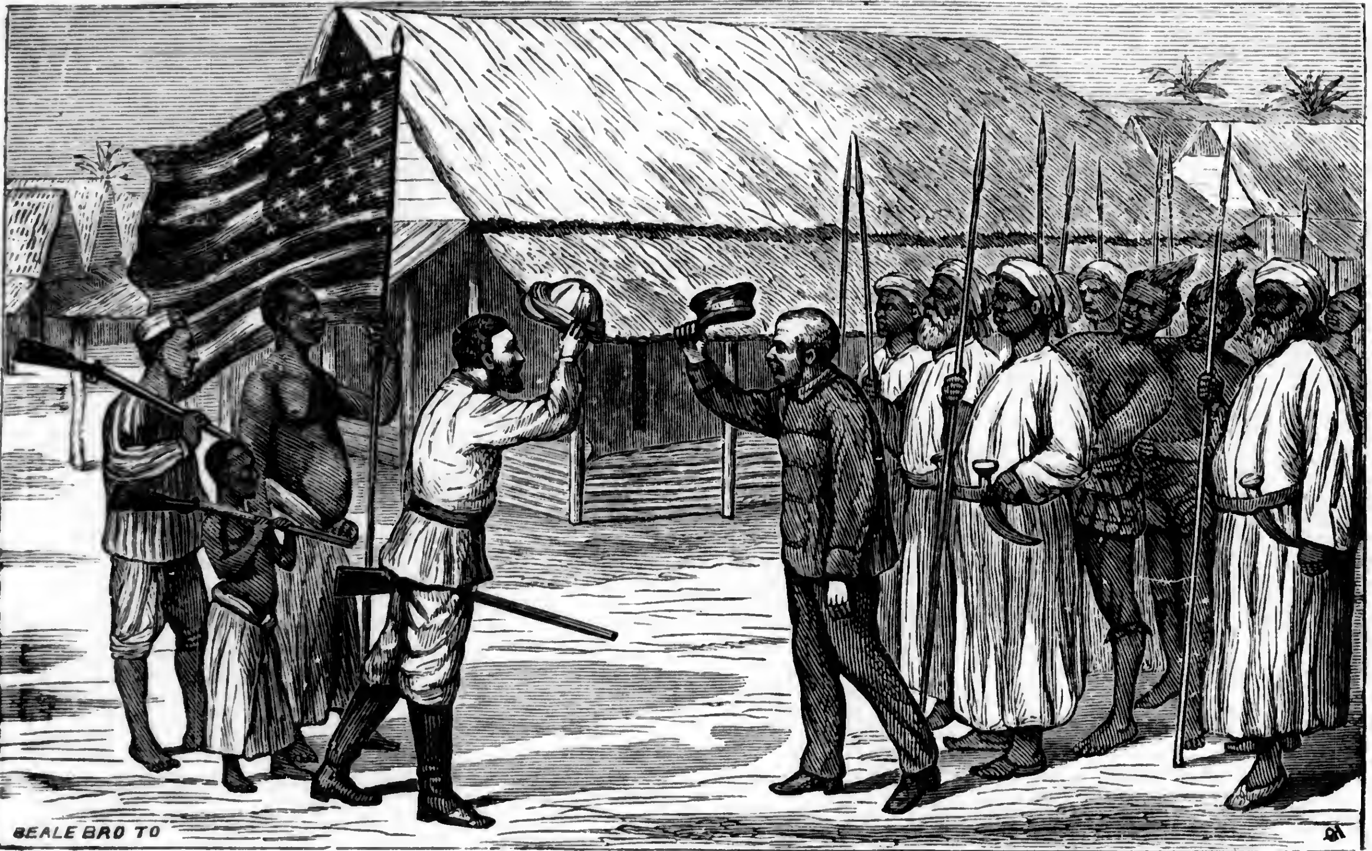

THE MEETING.

THE

Life, Labours, Perilous Adventures,

AND

DISCOVERIES

OF

DR. LIVINGSTONE,

NEARLY THIRTY YEARS

A MISSIONARY EXPLORER

IN

THE WILDS OF AFRICA,

WITH A

THRILLING ACCOUNT OF

HIS RESURRECTION BY H. M. STANLEY.

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TO

CLERGYMEN,

LOVERS OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRIZE,

SUNDAY, AND DAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS,

PARENTS AND GUARDIANS OF YOUTH,

AS WELL AS

CHRISTIANS GENERALLY.

As an acknowledgment of the eminent services which they are rendering to the cause of

CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION,

THIS WORK IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE extraordinary interest which is felt by the reading public of this country, as well as of the whole civilized world, in the adventures and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, renders any apology for the appearance of the present volume altogether unnecessary. If needful to apologize at all, it is for the appearance of anything like a full and satisfactory account of his explorations in that part of Central South Africa, which has hitherto been a *terra incognita* in geographical science,—a region about which the most strange and contradictory reports have been published and believed, and whose fertility and capabilities of improvement, whether as regards climate, soil, or the people who inhabit it, were altogether undreamt-of.

What Dr. Livingstone saw in this great central net-work of broad lakes and mighty rivers : the important discoveries which he made, the difficulties which he overcame ; the toils and sufferings he endured in his wanderings over many thousand miles of strange ground, much of it never before

trodden by the foot of the white man—it is the object of this book to relate, in as clear and graphic a manner as the materials at the writer's disposal permitted. The publication of the work has been delayed longer than the many thousands who are anxiously looking for such a narrative might think necessary or desirable, in order that the letters of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, which come down to a very recent date, might be included in it. These letters will be read with the greatest interest, filling as they do the long period in the eventful life and travels of the world-renowned Livingstone.

While expressing a hope that it will prove satisfactory to the admirers of Dr. Livingstone, and especially to those who are warm advocates of Missionary operations, and friends of the African race, we would also ask for a kindly and candid judgment of our difficult labours. In many instances, it was not easy to realize the scenes and circumstances of Dr. Livingstone's adventurous journeys, with the slight assistance which was afforded by the documents which had been made public, or to which access could be had with sufficient facility; and we have had, therefore, to draw somewhat upon other and independent sources, to give the narrative proper coherency, and to convey to the mind of the reader a clear impression of our traveller's labours and perils in the cause of Christian civilization, and present to them a true picture of the wild regions he explored, and of their savage, yet, in many instances, friendly, generous, and hospitable people.

We have thought it would add completeness to our work to give a sketch of the youth and early missionary labours of Dr. Livingstone, both in Africa and elsewhere; to such labours we would on all occasions direct the public interest and attention. That he should have overcome the difficulties, and escaped the many perils which beset his way in his extensive explorations, is a subject of great thankfulness to all who look with admiration upon the noble disinterestedness of the man, and who estimate aright the devoted efforts of the Christian philanthropist.

THE WEAVER BOY

WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY

I.

EARLY DAYS.

AMONG the "factory hands" at the Blantyre Cotton Works, situated on the beautiful river Clyde, a little above Glasgow, was a lad who entered as a "piecer" when about ten years old, and at the age of nineteen was still there, having advanced through the intermediate stages to the full dignity of a cotton-spinner! Davie, as his companions called him, was silent and thoughtful even when a boy, and as he grew up to manhood he became more so, yet was he not sullen nor morose; ever ready to do a good turn for any one, civil and obliging, he was generally liked, although he shared but little in the sports and pastimes of the lads with whom he worked at first, nor in the amusements of the weavers, male and female, in whose society he afterwards had to pass his hours of labor, which were from six in the morning till eight at ..ight, with short intervals for breakfast and dinner. This, with most young people, would have given little time for mental improvement; but the thirst for knowledge was strong in Davie, and he managed to lay in a good store of information by stealing hours from the night, and letting no odd moments pass by unimproved. There is an immense deal to be done by husbanding these odd moments; to many a poor lad they

have been as staves of the ladder by which he has risen to fame and fortune, and in Scotland especially has this been the case. Our young "piecer" at the cotton works understood their value. With his first week's wages he purchased "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin," which language he studied for several years at an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. The school-master was partly paid by the company that owned the mill, so that he could give his instruction at a very low rate to his pupils. This was a plan adopted with great advantage by many Scottish employers, whose people are more ready to avail themselves of the means of improvement offered than are those of the southern manufacturing districts. Thus Davie was enabled to read many of the classical authors, and by the time he was sixteen knew Virgil and Horace as well as most youths educated in an English grammar school. But he did not confine himself to these authors, nor to the dead languages; he read everything he could lay his hands on, except novels, for which he had no inclination, even if they had not been forbidden by his parents, who were strictly religious people, and looked upon all fiction as trash, or something worse, as in that day (about thirty years since) did most of the piously educated Scottish peasantry, and as many of them do still. Scientific works and books of travel were Davie's especial delight, and often at twelve o'clock at night had his mother to snatch the book out of his hands, and send him off to bed, from which he was to rise soon after five and hurry to the mill; and even there, amidst the ceaseless whirr of spindles, the thump, thump, thump, and other noises of machinery, and the clack of busy tongues, he was able sufficiently to abstract his mind to pursue his studies. Placing his book on a portion of the "spinning-jenny," and casting his eye on it as he passed to and fro, he caught sentence after sentence, and linked them together in his memory, so as to imprint them there, and fix the lessons taught, or carry out the train of reasoning they were meant to illustrate and enforce.

Davie grew up to be a tall, slim young man. not over-strong in appearance, but his face indicated great firmness and decision of character. The labor of cotton-spinning to which he was now promoted was excessively severe; but then the pay was good, therefore he bore it gladly, for he was enabled by working through the summer, to support himself while attending medical, Greek, and divinity classes at the Glasgow University in the winter. He had, by this time, quite determined to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery. Great pains had been taken by his parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into his mind at an early age; and his religious convictions became stronger and deeper as he grew older, till, in the glow of love that Christianity inspires, he had come to this resolution, and it was to China that he turned as a field of missionary labor, in which he would find ample scope for the exercise of his energies and philanthropic desires. To minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of the benighted millions in that far land; to heal the sick, as far as human means could do so, and, at the same time, to direct them to the Great Physician, who alone could cleanse them from the leprosy of sin,—this was a work which he had set before him, and to qualify him for which he was now pursuing the study of medicine and divinity. With a noble independence of spirit, he had resolved that he would himself earn the means for the acquisition of this knowledge; and he records afterwards that, "Looking back now on that period of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education, and, were I to begin life over again, I should like to pass through the same hardy training."

This was the kind of a man who was likely to accomplish great things; of such stuff are true heroes made. We hope that those who read this book will admire such a character, and resolve to work, as he did, for some good and noble object, not looking to others for help, but, as far as God has given them strength and ability, to help themselves; for, by so doing, they will be best preparing to help their fellow-creatures.

Our hero, Davie, had never received a farthing from any one but what he earned, and he would doubtless have accomplished his project of going to China as a medical missionary, by his own efforts, had not Providence ruled it otherwise. Some friends advised him to offer his services to the London Missionary Society, "which sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ to the heathen," and which therefore exactly agreed with his ideas of what a missionary society ought to do; but he hesitated to make this offer, because, as he said, it was not agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way, to be in a manner dependent on others. This feeling, however, was got over, and, in accordance with a summons to that effect, he presented himself in September, 1838, before the directors of the society, to undergo the necessary examination, which, being satisfactory, he and another candidate for admission into the noble army of soldiers of the cross were sent to the Society's Training College, at Chipping Ongar, in Essex. There, in company with Drummond, Hay, Taylor, and others, who have since sounded the Gospel trumpet loudly in various parts of the heathen world, he remained for two years, completing the education for which he had laid so good a foundation in the Scottish village. There dwelt his poor, honest, God-fearing parents; there he worked and studied early and late, with that one great object before him, and an earnest devotion that sanctified his every act and deed, and made his life sublime. His ancestors were small farmers in Ulva, one of the group of islands called the Hebrides, and one of them on his death-bed had called his children around him, and said: "I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If therefore any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it was in our blood. I leave this precept with you,—be honest." This was something like an heirloom to value and cherish, to hand down from father to son bright and unspotted,—an honest name. Better than costly jewels,

and massive plate, and great possessions, to be honest in word and deed, truthful and independent; honest in the fulfilment of all high duties which devolve upon a Christian; serving God faithfully, and, like a true brother, helping fellow-men lovingly, tenderly. When the poet said,—

> "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

he meant all this.

> "A prince can make a belted knight."

but God only can make an honest man; like him who, clad in homely garb, worked for ten years and more in the Blantyre Cotton Factory, and made an early dedication of his whole mind and strength to the service of humanity; who lived frugally, indulged in no enervating excesses, did thoroughly whatever he undertook to do, and went straight on his way, led by the light of a high resolve. Did this young student, when he sat up in the still night hours, in his humble lodgings at Glasgow, studying Greek or divinity,—when he climbed with willing feet the academic stair of Anderson's College, or mingled with his class-fellows,—ever think of the trials and dangers that awaited him; of the conquests he was to achieve over difficulties almost insurmountable; of the wild, wide regions, peopled only by savage beasts or by barbarous tribes as fierce and implacable, among whom the foot of civilized man had never trodden, to whom the glad tidings of salvation had never been proclaimed? Doubtless he did, and his spirit rose to the conflict with death and sin; his bowels of compassion yearned towards these poor benighted ones, and his missionary zeal was kindled to a brighter flame, as he mused upon these things; therefore he wrought while young to fit himself for the contest he was about to enter; and there can be no doubt that but for the frugal and temperate habits which he acquired, and the severe discipline to which he subjected both mind and body, he never could have accomplished the terrible work which

he afterwards had to do, and from which he shrunk not. Who would compare with the heroism of this man that of the warrior who, amid the heat and excitement of the battle, loses all sense of danger, all care for personal safety? Well has Dr. Beattie said of missionaries,—

> "Theirs are the triumphs war can never bring;
> Theirs are the paeans guardian angels sing;
> Their noblest banner is the Book of truth;
> Their trophies,—age, and infancy, and youth;
> 'Tis theirs to free, exalt, and not debase
> The painted brothers of our common race;
> Nor strife, nor tribute, nor oppressive sway
> Degrade their labours, nor obstruct their way;
> Their watchword still,—let war and sorrow cease;
> The noblest epithet,—*the men of peace.*"

Such then is the missionary devoted to the salvation of men, and such was David Livingstone; for it is he of whom we have been writing, and whom we now find at the training establishment in Essex, pursuing his studies. He is described by his fellow-students as a pale, thin, modest, retiring young man, with a broad Scotch accent. If you broke through the crust of his natural reserve, you found him open, frank, and most kind-hearted, ever ready for any good and useful work, not even excepting grinding the corn necessary to make the brown bread in the establishment, chopping wood, and such like laborious, though healthful, occupations.

He was fond of long walks, and he and a friend used to traverse the Essex flats together, sometimes extending their peregrinations into the more romantic neighboring counties. Twelve or sixteen miles were often thus traversed, and the friends, as they passed along, enjoying the beauties of nature, indulged, we may be sure, in profitable conversation, anticipating, no doubt, the glories and triumphs of the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, and strengthening and encouraging each other to pursue the path of Christian duty with faith and earnestness of purpose. Even during these long walks the friends pursued their studies, assisting each other to acquire a more perfect knowledge of the Greek and

Latin tongues. Livingstone exhibited considerable aptitude in the acquisition of languages; but his chief characteristic then, as it proved to be all through his career, was indomitable resolution and perseverance. An incident which occurred at this period may serve to illustrate this, and show what might be expected of him, when he had to contend with dangers and difficulties.

On one of the coldest and most foggy mornings in 1838, he got up at three o'clock to walk to London, in the western suburb of which he had some business to transact for his father; as he was returning, his energy, humanity, and the medical knowledge he had acquired at Glasgow, were called in play. A lady was thrown out of a gig, and Livingstone, without regard to the etiquette of the thing, at once offered his services, and instituted an examination, which resulted in the satisfactory assurance that there were no bones broken. He ought, of course, to have rendered what assistance he could in stopping the horse, picked up the lady, conveyed her to a place of shelter, and so forth, leaving the rest to "the regular doctor." It was very improper to go beyond this; but still it was very comforting to the poor lady, who warmly expressed her gratitude; and it was *very like Livingstone.*

Having performed this good office for a fellow-creature in distress, our traveller trudged on his homeward way. Long ere he reached Stamford, about two miles from Ongar, it had become quite dark; he was sadly wearied, and faint with hunger, having scarcely eaten any food all day; but he determined to push on, and did so. Presently, however, he found himself on strange ground, having evidently taken a wrong turning somewhere. Here was a new perplexity; his knees trembled under him, and he seemed almost constrained to lie down under the hedge, and make his bed there. But, no; that would not do for Livingstone, whose motto was "Never give up!" So he braced up his energies for an effort, climbed a guide-post, and, by the light of the stars, which were now shining clearly above, made out his whereabouts, and again pushed on for home, where he arrived, pale as

a ghost, and sank into a seat, so exhausted that for a while he could not utter a word. After taking a little food, moistened with milk-and-water, he went to bed, and slept soundly till the middle of the next day, when he awoke perfectly refreshed, and ready for another journey. He had walked upwards of fifty miles. Livingstone was a strong advocate for teetotalism; when at Ongar, he and some other of the students drew up a pledge, which they severally signed. He did not, in his student days, shine as a speaker; his oral delivery was slow and hesitating. It is recollected that once he bestowed great pains on the composition of a sermon, which he intended to deliver from memory; but when he mounted the pulpit and attempted to do so, the whole had escaped him.

These reminiscences of the early life of a great man are most interesting, especially now, when there is reason to fear that his useful career is suddenly ended. In the chapters which follow are related the most remarkable of his adventures in South Africa, the scene of his extraordinary missionary labors and discoveries.

II.

MARRIED, AND NEARLY KILLED.

About seven hundred miles from Cape Town, in the country of the Bechuanas, is the missionary station called Kuruman, or Latakoo, and it was here that Livingstone commenced his missionary work. He left England in 1840, landed at Cape Town, after a three months's voyage, proceeded from thence to Algoa Bay, and then passed inland to the station above named. China, as we have already said, was the land towards which his desires pointed; but the opium war had for a while closed that vast empire to missionary enterprise,

which had for a long time past been directed to South Africa, where many good men of various creeds and countries had devoted their lives to the service of Christ, doing their best to civilize and enlighten the barbarous tribes of that benighted quarter of the globe.

The station at Kuruman had been founded about thirty years, by Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat, when Livingstone arrived there, and found in the shapely mission house, and church built of stone, the well irrigated gardens stocked with fruits and vegetables, and the general air of order and comfort which prevailed, a pleasing contrast to the wild and rugged scenes through which he had lately passed, and which were totally different from anything he had before been accustomed to. The rocky ravine, with its dried-up water-course, the tangled forest, and the desolate, arid waste, following shortly after a long sea-voyage, could but have a depressing effect upon the thoughtful and sensitive mind of the young man, who, with a deep sense of the responsibility of his holy calling, had left home and friends to go forth into the desolate places of the earth, for the salvation of souls. Moffat received with joy his more youthful coadjutor, and with him and his family he spent a short time, preparing, in accordance with his instructions, to proceed beyond this, which was then the farthest inland station from the Cape. So, in company with another missionary, he proceeded northward to the Bakuena, or Backwains, a tribe or section of the great Bechuana nation. These are, on the whole, a harmless, inoffensive people, very different from the Zulu Kaffirs, and some other of the South Africans. They are divided into numerous tribes, such as the Bakatla, which means "they of the monkey," Bakuena, "they of the alligator," Batlàpi, "they of the fish." This naming after certain living creatures would seem to indicate that they had been at one time animal-worshippers, like the ancient Egyptians, although the only trace of such a custom which is now to be found among them is a superstitious dread, entertained by each tribe, of the animal after which they are named, which prevents their ever

eating it, and in reference to killing it they use the term, "ila," hate or dread. It appears likely that dancing was among their ancient religious rites, for if it is desired to ascertain what particular tribe an individual belongs to, the common question asked is, "What do you dance?"

At Kuruman, Livingstone found a printing-press, worked by the original founders of the mission and those who had since entered into their labors; and through means of it, and the efforts of the teachers, the light of Christianity was being gradually diffused around. And here, too, he found that greatest of all earthly blessings, a good wife, who shared his labors and anxieties, and entered heart and soul into all his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the natives. But it was not immediately that he obtained this great treasure. Four years of African life he passed as a bachelor, before he ventured to put a very serious question to Moffat's eldest daughter, Mary, beneath one of the fruit-trees in the garden. In 1844, his marriage took place, and ever after until she was smitten down by fever, and he buried her beneath the baobab-tree, on the banks of the Zambezi, at Shupanga, she was to him a true helpmeet. Born in the country, and therefore to some extent acclimatized, inured to the privations and dangers of a missionary life, acquainted with the peculiarities of the people around, expert in household matters, she was, to use his own expression, "the best spoke in his wheel at home, and a great comfort and assistance to him in his travels abroad, when it was possible for her to bear him company."

Livingstone's first visit to the Bakwains was not of long duration; he returned to Kuruman, where he remained for three months, and then went to a spot called Lepelôle, from a cavern of that name: here he secluded himself from all European society, in order to study the native tongue, and obtain an insight into the habits, modes of thinking, and laws and manners of the Bechuanas. This course of study he found of inestimable advantage to him in his after intercourse with

the wild tribes of South Africa, among all of whom there prevails a certain similarity, in most respects, so that a knowledge of the peculiarities of one people or tribe affords a key for the comprehension of all.

While at this place, which is now called Lituruba, he began to make preparations for a settlement, and when the work was well advanced, he went northward to the Cakaa mountains, the only European visitor to which, who was a trader, had, with all his people died of fever. Here dwelt the Bakaa, Bamangwato, and Makalaka tribes. The greater part of this journey had to be performed on foot, the draft oxen being sick, and the natives laughed at the idea of his being able to accomplish it in that way. "See," said some of them, who did not know that he understood their language " he is not strong, he is quite thin, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (meaning his trousers); he will soon knock up." They, however, changed their opinion when they found that he kept them at the top of their speed for days together.

Returning from this expedition to Kuruman, the news reached him that the friendly Bakwains, among whom he intended to settle, had been driven from Lepelole by the Barolongs, another tribe, who sought to deprive them of their cattle, the great staple of wealth, and the constant cause of wars between the South African tribes.

Setting out, then, in search of some other suitable spot for a settlement, he beheld a blazing comet, which awoke the superstitious fears of his followers and the people on his route. The last appearance of such a portent, in 1816, had been followed by an irruption of the Matabele, a tribe of Kaffirs, who had proved the most cruel enemies the Bechuanas had ever known; there was a general dread that this, also, might be a messenger of wrath. Having to restore some of the Bamangwato people to their chief, Sekomi, Livingstone again travelled northward some hundred miles, this time on ox-back. Returning toward Kuruman, he selected a beautiful valley called Mabtoso as the site of a missionary station, and thither he finally removed in 1843, the year before

he took to wife Mary Moffat, and at this time and place it was that his earthly career was nearly terminated.

In no part of the world is that king of beasts, the lion, so strong, and fierce, and daring, and plentiful, as in South Africa. In the thick jungle, or rocky glen, he generally crouches during the day, but at night comes forth in search of food, and then all the wild creatures fly in terror at the sound of his roar, reverberating like thunder over the wild karroo and the stony desert. Then, too, is heard the shrill cry of the jackals, that follow him to feast on the carcasses of the animals he kills and only designs to take a portion of; the mocking laugh of the hyena, and the bark of the dingoes, or wild dogs, that pursue the zebras and antelopes across the desert, and seldom fail to run them down. Though safe in their airy homes amid the brenches, or far-up clefts of the rocks, the large apes and smaller monkeys chatter and scream with affright when that hungry roar goes rolling over the waste, or swells up through the gorges of the mountains. The camelopard stretches its slender neck forward, and strides along in a swift though awkward gallop; the quagga utters its shrill neigh, sniffs the tainted air, and with flying mane and tail bounds off with a speed only equalled by that of the ostrich, that with short wings fluttering, and long legs stretched out to their utmost extent, seems to outstrip the wind. Even the rhinocerous, in its impervious hide and armed with a horn that would rip up, in a moment, any assailant, trembles to hear that roar; and the mighty elephants, that have gone to slake their thirst at the sedgy pool, although not fearing an attack, stand aside to let their acknowledged monarch pass down, and drink before them; while the hippopotamus retires farther into the reeds and river mud, and lies with only his enormous snout projecting from the water. But the cattle in the kraals, as the native villages are called, are perhaps the most terrified of all at the approach of this their deadly enemy. The Hottentot herdsman, awakened by their lowings of fear, feels his flesh creep, as he thinks of friends and comrades borne off from beside the

very watch-fires, to be found in the morning a few crunched bones and mangled remains in the blood-stained thicket. The Dutch Boer, as well as the Kaffir chief, trembles for his most valuable possessions, his cattle, when he knows that a lion has approached the settlement, or station; there must be no peace, no rest, until the unwelcome intruder be either killed or driven away far into the desert.

Livingstone's friends, the Bakatla, were troubled by lions, which leaped into their cattle-pens by night, and had grown so bold that they even sometimes attacked the herds by day. In their superstitious ignorance, they believed that a neighboring tribe had, by some spell of witchcraft, given them into the power of these fierce brutes; hence it was, perhaps, that their attacks upon the animals were faint and half-hearted, and therefore unsuccessful. It was only necessary to kill one of the troop that infested their village to induce the others to quit that part of the country, in accordance with the well-known habit of these creatures. But this they had not been able to accomplish; therefore it was that Livingstone went out with them, in one of their hunts to assist and give them courage.

They discovered their game on a small tree-covered hill. The circle of hunters at first loosely formed around the spot, gradually closed up, and became compact as they advanced towards it. Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster who was with Livingstone, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired but missed him, the ball striking the rock by the feet of the animal, which, biting first at the spot struck, bounded away, broke through the circle, and escaped, the natives not having courage enough to spear him in the attempt, as they should have done. The circle re-formed, having yet within it two other lions, at which the guns could not be fired, lest some of the men on the opposite side should be hit. Again there was a bound and a roar, and yet again, the natives scattered and fled, while the lions went forth free to continue their devastations. But they did not seem to have retreated far; for as the party was

going round the end of a hill, on their way home to the village, there was one of the lordly brutes, sitting upon a piece of rock, as though he had purposely planted himself their to enjoy their defeat, and wish them "good-day." It was about thirty yards from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels into the little bush, behind which the creature stood. "He is shot! He is shot!" is the joyful cry, and the people are about to rush in; but their friend warns them, for he sees the tail raised in anger. He is just in the act of running down his bullets for another fire, when he hears a shout of terror, and sees the lion in the act of springing on him. He is conscious only of a blow that makes him reel and fall to the ground; of two glaring eyes, and hot breath upon his face; a momentary anguish, as he is siezed by the shoulder, and shaken as a rat by a terrier, then comes a stupor, which was afterwards described as a sort of drowsiness, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, although there was a perfect conciousness of all that was happening. This condition is compared to that of patients under the influence of chloroform; they see the operation, but do not feel the knife; and Livingstone thinks that this is probably the state of all animals when being killed by the carnivora, which he opines is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death. We are glad to hope that it may be so; if not, we may be sure that God does not inflict pain upon any of his creatures without some wise and good object.

Being thus conscious, as one in a trance might be, Livingstone knew that the lion had one paw on the back of his head, and, turning round to relieve himself of the pressure, he saw the creature's eyes directed to Mebalwe, who, at a distance of ten or fifteen yards, was aiming his gun at him. It missed fire in both barrels, and immediately the native teacher was attacked by the brute, and bitten in the thigh; another man, also, who attempted to spear the lion, was seized by the shoulder; but then the bullets which he had received took effect, and, with a quiver through all his hugh frame,

LIVINGSTONE UNDER THE LION'S PAW.

the cattle-lifter rolled over on his side, dead. All this occurred in a few moments; the death-blow had been inflicted by Livingstone before the lion sprang upon him, in the blind fury of his dying efforts. No less than eleven of his teeth had penetrated the flesh of his assailant's arm, and crushed the bone; it was long ere the wound was healed, and all through life the intrepid missionary bore the marks of this deadly encounter, and felt its effects in the injured limb. The tartan jacket which he had on wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so preserved him from much after-suffering, such as was experienced by the others who were bitten, and had not this protection.

III.

AT CHONUANE AND KOLOBENG.

After his marriage, which took place, as we have said in 1844, Livingstone was carrying on his missionary operations at Chonuane, a station which he established among the Bakuena, or Bakwains, to which tribe he had especially attached himself, and whose chief, Sechele, was a man of great intelligence. He embraced Christianity, and expounded its doctrines to his people. He was very desirious of conforming to its practices, but found it most difficult to do so, as they were so different from those to which he and those around him had been accustomed. "Would," he exclaimed to the missionary, "you had come to our country before I was entangled in the meshes of our customs!" Being extremely anxious that his subjects should become converts, he proposed calling his head men together, and making them, with whips of rhinoceros hide, assist him to beat them into a new state of belief; but of this plan the white teacher did not approve. How could an African chief, a great warrior, the owner of herds of cattle, and a number of wives, for each of whom he had given so many horned

heads, condescend to argue with his people? They must be whipped, and made to believe these new truths which he had embraced. More enlightened potentates than he have made the mistake that religion might be propagated by force, and tried the method; but it has always signally failed. However, Sechele, really set his subjects a good example, and this was the best kind of teaching. He put away his superfluous wives, although he lost much worldly wealth, and made many enemies by doing so. He learned to read, in order that he might study the Scriptures, and did all he could to help on the missionary work. Complaining of the paucity of those who attended family worship, which he established in his own house, he said: "In former times, when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs, and became fond of hunting too; if he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking for these amusements too; if the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different: I love the word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me." How many good men in enlightened Christian communities might say the same! There are plenty ready to follow a leader into the pleasant paths of self-indulgence, but few into those of self-denial. When this chief was baptized, with his children, a great number of his people came to see the ceremony. They were astonished to find that only water was used, having been told, by enemies to Christianity, that the converts would be made to drink dead men's brains. Old men cried, to see their father, as they called the chief, so far given up to the power of the white man, who they considered had bewitched, and so made a slave of him. All the friends of the divorced wives became enemies to the new religion, and very few beside the family of Sechele continued to attend the mission church and school; yet did they continue to treat the missionary with respectful kindness. Whatever they might think of his religion, they could not doubt that he was their friend, for he had shown this in many ways. Over the people he never attempted to exercise any control, but by argument and gentle per-

suasion, to lead them in the right way. In several instances, by his appeals to their reason, and that sense of right and wrong which he had endeavored to awaken in their benighted hearts, war was averted. By purchasing of them the land required for a station, which was a proceeding altogether new and strange to them, and explaining that this was due as a payment for something taken which had been theirs, and to avoid future disputes, he convinced them of his desire to deal justly by them. Rude and uneducated as they were, deeply sunk in superstition and moral debasement, so that they were slow to comprehend and realize the great truths of Christianity, yet were they shrewd in all matters affecting their worldly interest and the wants of every-day life. Well acquainted with the habits of the wild creatures around; expert hunters; good judges of cattle and other animals on which they depended for existence, —of modes of culture, and of soil required for different kinds of grain, and other vegetables; with their bodily powers well trained, and their senses exercised in that peculiar keenness of observation which distinguishes the savage; they were by no means stupid, although their generally apathetic and listless manner, and slowness of comprehension of new facts and ideas presented to their minds, would lead one to suppose they were. A living faith in his divine mission they could not at once have; but they could see and acknowledge the beauty and goodness of the doctrine taught and *lived* by the missionary, even when, in practice, departing most widely from it themselves. Hence it was that Livingstone could command their love and respect, and, to a considerable extent, their obedience. To his advice and exhortations they would listen, well knowing that it was a faithful friend who spoke to them, and who prayed to the Great Spirit above on their behalf.

One of the most prevalent and deeply rooted superstitions of all the South African tribes is the belief in the power of "rainmaking," said to be possessed by certain favored individuals. In the not unusual prevalence of long droughts, when the land is parched and arid, and

the cattle and human beings suffer greatly, if they do not perish, for want of water; when all vegetation becomes shrivelled up and ceases to afford nutriment, and the sun glares down, like an avenging demon, out of a brazen sky,—then it is that the rain doctor, as he is called, becomes a person of greater importance than the most powerful chief. By the exercise of certain incantations and magic spells, he can call down from the skies the longed-for shower, invigorate the fainting powers of man and beast, and restore freshness and fertility to the land. Such is the popular belief; and cunning pretenders to this divine power trade often upon the credulity of the people to their own great profit. By a long and careful observance of the signs in the heavens, they can generally tell when rain is likely to come, and only consent to call it down at propitious times, pretending, when solicited to do so at others, that the anger of the Great Spirit or some other obstacle, prevents their success. The chief, Sechele, was himself a celebrated rain-doctor, and probably believed, as many did, that he had the power ascribed to him. He confessed to Livingstone that the giving up of this superstition was the most difficult of all the requirements of the new faith into which he was baptized. But he did give it up, and when his people were suffering from a severe drought of long continuance, and importuned him, as their chief and father, to relieve their distress by the exercise of his magic power, he refused. Believing him to be under the influence of a spell laid on him by the missionary, they sent to him a deputation of old councillors, entreating that the chief might be permitted to make only a few showers: and their prayer took a form something like this:—

"We faint beneath the burning sky;
We see no signs of coming rain;
If you refuse, the corn will die;
Let not our prayer be in vain.
For water, hark, the cattle low;
With udders shrunk and dry they stand;
The children wail; our heads we bow
Down to the hot and thirsty land.

Only this once! a little shower!
We know your heart is good and kind;
Revive, refresh the withered flower;
Oh, let our sorrows pity find!
Then shall we all—man, woman, child—
Come to the school, and sing and pray;
Long since it is that we have smiled;
Oh, turn our night of grief to day!"

The rain-doctors will often enter into subtle arguments to prove that they really have the powor of opening the clouds; and if told that only God can do this, they will probably reply: "Truly: but God who has been so bountiful to the white man has given to us this little thing of which you know nothing; that is, the knowledge of certain medicines with which we can make rain; and these medicines we gather from every country, because in every country is rain wanted. The black men, whom God made first, he did not love; so he only gave to them the assegai (spear), and the power of rain-making. You, he made beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing; we have not hearts like yours; we never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed, and go to them to increase their power. By our medicines we must overcome their charms. Of our knowledge you are ignorant; do not, therefore, despise it, for we do not despise the things that you know, although we know them not."

This is their mode of reasoning, and its plausibility convinces the uninstructed minds of their countrymen that it is correct. "What is the use of your everlasting preaching and praying," said the rain-makers to the missionary, "if it brings not rain? Other tribes who do not pray get rain in abundance, and it is plain that our charms have more power than your prayers."

And very extraordinary are the medicines or charms which they employ to obtain the so much desired blessing, reminding one of the prescriptions of the herbalists, quack doctors, and professors of witchcraft in our own

country some centuries ago. The following ingredients might have added potency to the witch-broth thrown by the hags of Macbeth into their seething cauldron,—jackals' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, hairy calculi from the bowels of old cows, serpents' skins and vertebræ, and every kind of tuber, root, and plant to be found,the more poisonous the better. One particular bulb is dried and powdered, and given to a sheep, which dies in convulsions; a portion of it is burned, and converted into smoke, which ascends into the sky; in a shorter or longer time rain falls, and, of course, this has produced it, just as much as the wonderful cures of the credulous and ignorant nearer home are effected by the quack nostrums which have the credit of them.

It was during a season of great and long continued drought that Livingstone pointed out to Sechele, that the only way to guard against the misery and suffering of its occurrence was to provide for the irrigation of the land and gardens; to select as a dwelling-place the neighborhood of some never-failing river, and dig canals for the water to flow into, so that it might be easily conveyed over the cultivated grounds. His advice was taken, and the whole tribe moved to the Kolobeng, a stream about forty miles off. Our missionary had learned to make himself useful at most mechanical employments. In addition to being a physician and preacher, he could, when required, be a smith, carpenter, gardener,—in short, a Jack-of-all-trades out of doors, while his wife was maid-of-all-work within. So, at this new station, called after the river, Kolobeng, he set to work, and assisted the natives to build a square house for Sechele, and they in turn helped him to erect his own house, school, and other buildings, dig canals, and make a dam for irrigating purposes.

Here, with his wife and children, he took up his abode, and continued until 1849, doing what he could to civilize and Christianize the friendly Bakwains, assisted only by Mrs. Livingstone and two native teachers. From Kuruman they not unfrequently received kindly greetings, and fruits, and other valuable additions to their necessaries

or comforts. Mary, the industrious wife, could make candles, and soap, and clothes, and almost everything else that was needed ; so they had become tolerably independent of the outer world. We have spoken of a square house ; now this is what a native architect would never dream of constructing. All the dwellings of the South African, and, indeed, we believe of most savage tribes, are round ; they work in circles. This is the form of the single hut; and the collection of huts, forming a kraal or village, is also placed in a ring, with a circular cattle-pen in the centre, and outer boundary of tree-trunks planted in the ground.

A missionary must not be very particular as to what sort of labor he puts his hand to, and the more generally useful he can make himself the greater will be his influence among the wild people with whom, for a time, he casts in his lot. His great mission is, undoubtedly, to teach the divine truths of Christianity ; but he must in a manner prepare the soil for the reception of these by ministering to the bodily wants and necessities of his people, —by teaching them better modes of doing things, and by working himself to help them. He must civilize while he attempts to Christianize. The best worker will in this way be ever the most successful teacher; his knowledge and ability to do things which the blind and ignorant heathen *can* understand will lead them to believe that he is right when he speaks of those which they cannot. Livingstone understood this part of a missionary's duty, and performed it thoroughly ; his early training well fitted him for the performance of much manual labor and endurance of fatigue, and he had lost no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the useful arts. When a house was wanted, brickmaking and laying, plank-sawing, squaring, putting together, all must be done offhand and on the spot, and a thousand contrivances extemporized to make the whole compact and comfortable. So with the reclamation of land from the wilderness, and all matters of domestic economy. The tailor, the butcher, the grocer are not within reach, and most of the necessaries of life must be prepared, or obtained direct from

that part of the great storehouse of nature which is close at hand. The following picture of one day of missionary life at Kolobeng will give some idea of the various duties and labors involved in it. We take the sketch from Livingstone's own account of his "Travels and Researches in South Africa;" to which, and his later work, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," we are indebted for most of the facts contained in this volume.

"We rose early, because, however hot the day, the evening was deliciously refreshing. You can sit out till midnight, with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship and breakfast, between six and seven, we kept school—men, women, and children being all invited. This lasted till eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labor, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labor for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest, succeeded, when the wife attended her infant schools which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundered strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which was equally well relished. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse either on general subjects or on religion. We had a public service on three nights in the week, and on another, instruction in secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. In addition to these duties we prescribed for the sick, and furnished food for the poor. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armor. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, forms a reputation which procures favor for the Gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, "love begets love."

III.

ACROSS THE KALAHARI DESERT.

THE Boers, as the Dutch settlers in Africa are called, had for some time past looked with jealous eyes on the spread of missions among the natives, foreseeing that with knowledge and enlightment would come an end to their exactions and arbitrary rule. Their possessions extended inland from beyond the Cape Colony to the north east, and they were gradually encroaching upon the tribes in the interior of the continent,—keeping from them as much as possible a knowledge of the mercantile value of the ivory and other products of the country which they obtained from them in exchange for articles of trifling cost. They were especially desirous of keeping closed to white missionaries and traders those regions from which the chief supply could be obtained, and were annoyed at Livingstone's efforts to enlighten and civilize the Bechuanas, the more especially when they found that he was making enquires as to the means of crossing the great Kalahari desert, with the view of determining the exact position of a lake, called Ngami, which he had heard spoken of by the natives, although it was not laid down on any map of the country; most of the interior of South Africa, being, indeed, at that time, a perfectly unexplored region, and thought to consist of desert lands unfit for human sustenance or habitation. Livingstone had formed other conclusions, which he was desirous of verifying. English traders, who had penetrated to the Bakwains, had sold them arms and ammunition, which, above all things, the Boers wished to keep out of their hands, and they planned an expedition against Sechele, at Kolobeng, to seize these weapons, but this, on the representation of Livingstone that the Bakwains would fly to the desert, where they would be safe from the pursuit of white men, rather than give them up, was deferred for several years, although no winter passed without a foray of some sort by the whites

upon one or other of the Bechuana tribes, in which the latter suffered great losses, in cattle or children, the burning of their kraals, and slaughter of themselves. A cooking-pot lent by Livingstone to his friends, and taken by them on an expedition against a refactory under chief, which Sechele made, contrary to the missionary's advice, was magnified into a cannon; the five guns which he possessed became five hundred, and the Boers professed to be seriously alarmed. They wanted Livingstone to act as a spy upon his friends; which he refused to do, explaining that it was contrary to his principles, and, if it were not, this would be quite useless, for the Bakwains would take their own course, as they had with regard to the expedition above named. His possession of a sextant, for taking observations, was looked upon as a sure sign of his immediate connection with the English government, from whom, it was contended, this supply of five hundred muskets must have come; and the setting up of Lord Ross's telescope at the Cape, about which the Boers had heard exaggerated reports, was somehow associated with these supposed hostile proceedings. "The government had set up that glass to see what they were about behind the Cashan mountains," they said; and the consciousness of their evil doings rendered them very jealous of being overlooked. Notwithstanding the feeling of hostility which existed on the part of the Boers, some of them were glad to avail themselves of Livingstone's medical knowledge, and came to Kolobeng for the purpose of doing so; others, in defiance of their own laws, came to trade with the natives in muskets and powder; and both these parties were ready to act as spies, and to bear false witness, if it suited their purpose, about what they saw and heard. The questions which they put to his people were reported to Sechele, such a course being considered a point of duty,—every man in a tribe feeling himself bound to tell the chief all that comes to his knowledge. Sechele consults his white friend as to how these queries are to be answered. "Tell the truth!" is the emphatic and natural reply. "We have no cannon, very few

muskets, and but little ammunition for hunting purposes." So used to dissimulation themselves, the Boers expect it from others, and these truthful replies were read the wrong way upwards. When Livingstone attempted to benefit the Bechuanas, at a distance from his station, by placing native teachers, who had been instructed in religious truth among them, he was told by the Dutch commandant that the blacks must be taught their inferiority to the whites;—the doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God would not do there. Sechele had letters sent to him ordering him to surrender to the Dutch, and acknowledge himself their vassal, and also to stop English traders proceeding through the country. One can but admire his reply: "I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not by you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends. I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like."

Among the conditions on which the independence of the Dutch Boers was guaranteed by the colonial governor was the abolition of slavery among them, and a free passage for the English through their dominions to the countries beyond; but when the commissioner with whom they treated was asked by them, "What about the missionaries?" he is said to have replied, "You may do as you please with them;" an answer probably uttered in joke. It was, however, taken seriously, and the destruction of several stations speedily followed; that of Livingstone escaped for a time, but afterwards, when he was away on his journey across the desert, an attack was made upon Sechele by four hundred Boers, who slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried off no less than two hundred of the children into slavery. The Bakwains defended their homes until nightfall, when they fled, under cover of the darkness, into the mountains. They slew eight of their enemies; and this was the first occasion on which the Bechuanas had ever killed any of the settlers. Under the pretext that Livingstone had taught them how to do this, his house was plundered, his books, the solace of his solitude,

and his stock of medicines ruthlessly destroyed; large quantities of stores left in the keeping of the natives by English gentlemen, who had passed on to hunt in the country beyond, with his furniture and clothing, were carried off, and sold to defray the expenses of the foray. These were the deeds of men calling themselves Christians! What could the natives think of a religion which allowed them to act thus? These valiant Boers seldom or never engaged in conflict with the warlike Caffres; they confined their operations to the more peaceable Bechuanas. Their plan of attack was to place in front some of the natives whom they had conquered and enslaved, and under cover of them to fire away upon the defenceless people.

Livingstone had spoken to Sechele about crossing the desert which stretched out to the north of them, and penetrating that unknown land beyond. No white men had ever attempted the journey, which to the natives was one of great fear and peril. Now he had determined to make the attempt; and two African travellers, to whom he communicated his intention, resolved to accompany him. These were Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, the latter of whom undertook to defray the expense of the guides. To go straight across the desert was out of the question; it must be skirted for a considerable distance, and struck into at a narrow part. So, on the 1st June, 1849, he and his company set out, a train consisting of some eighty oxen, twenty horses, and as many men. The friendly chief, Sechele, could not go with them; but he gave Livingstone two of his best men to be, as he said, "his arms to serve him."

A long and tiresome journey they had before them, full of hardships and unknown dangers. Sekomi, chief of the Bamangwàto, through whose lands they had to pass, and who had been propitiated with the present of an ox, would not assist the party, because, he said, in the direction of the lake lived the Makololo, mortal enemies of the Bechuanas, who would kill the white men, and so he would incur the blame of all his nation. But the secret, however, was, that the lake-country

abounded in ivory, a good deal of which passed through Sekomi's hands, and he was desirous of keeping this traffic to himself as much as possible. It was said that he was acquainted with the best route to this region of elephants; but he kept it carefully concealed. With him, as with the Dutch Boers, self-interest was the guiding principle.

After travelling several days through a flat, sandy country, interspersed with open forest, bush, and grass lands, which did not put much stress upon their powers of endurance, the party left the road and struck away northward into the desert. They soon came to a soil of soft white sand, into which the wheels sunk over the felloes, so that the oxen had great difficulty in drawing the wagons. On they go, laboring and panting, with open mouths and lolling tongues, while the drivers smack their long whips, and with loud shouts encourage or threaten them; at times lifting the clumsy wheels, that have sunk deeper than usual, or making an united effort to push the heavy wagon on. Livingstone and his friends, with the native guides, walk ahead, and send eager glances on every side in search of water, which has now become very scarce. The sun pours down its hot rays, and the sand beneath burns the feet if they rest on it too long in one place. Soon the wide, wild, pathless desert extends on every side of them, bounded only by the horizon, without a sign or sound of life, except those of their own party. Man and beast alike are possessed by a burning thirst,—an intense desire for water, or any kind of fluid; the feet sink into the soft, yielding sand above the instep, and to lift them and drag along the wearied frame is an exertion almost too much for the fainting powers. No shade of green to relieve the eye, no freshness in the air, no moisture anywhere. Even the conversation has become irksome, and they walk as men in a dream, or, unable to do this, sit on the oxen, swaying to and fro, and scarcely knowing of, or caring for, anything in life, except it be that which will cool the parched tongue, and quench the burning thirst. So on they go, wearily, drearily, until the day's journey

is done, and the halt called, and the stores are brought out for the repast. They have found some hollows, like those made by the buffalo and the rhinoceros when they roll themselves in the mud. In the corner of one of these is a little water which would be lapped up in a minute by the dogs had they been permitted to approach it. Stay! softly! dig away the loose sand, and clear out the holes to the depth of six feet, also taking care not to break the hard substratum at the bottom, on reaching which, the water flows into the line where the soft sand comes in contact with it. And now there's enough for all; they drink and are refreshed. Wonderfully changed is the aspect of the whole party: eyes brighten, tongues begin to wag; the step becomes firm and elastic again; the dogs are frolicking round them, or ranging out far in search of game; the cattle, relieved of their burdens, are eating the food provided for them, cropping the scanty herbage which is to be found here and there around, or crouching, with looks of perfect content, beside the wagons, while the Bechuanas are laughing and chatting away beside the watch-fire which has been lighted, as happy as if they were in their native kraals. Some of them are out ranging the desert with the dogs in search of ostrich eggs. They may, perhaps, light upon a patch of "leroshùa,"—a small plant with long, narrow leaves, and a stock not thicker than a crow's quill; following this down into the soil, from twelve to eighteen inches, they come upon a tuber as large as the head of an infant; the rind of this is filled with a pulpy mass of cellular tissue, containing a sweet fluid, deliciously cool. If they are very fortunate, they may find the "kengwe," or watermelon; especially if it should happen to have been a rainy season will they be likely to do this. Then, in many parts of the desert, whole tracts are literally covered with them, and animals of every kind, as well as man, rejoice in the fresh supply. The lordly elephant, and his foe the sharp-horned rhinoceros, revel alike in their jucy richness. Even the flesh-eating animals, such as lions, hyenas, jackals, seem to take to these watermelons kindly, as a

pleasant change of diet; and the many kinds of antelopes, that in vast herds wander on the grassy plains, and traverse the arid tracts in search of fresh pasturage, or to escape from their enemies, feed on them with avidity. See! that Bechuana has found one of these succulent gourds; he holds it up with a shrill cry of joy, while his white teeth gleam out from between the parted lips; he strikes it with his hatchet, and applies his tongue to the gash. Bah! it is a bitter one; the smile passes from his face, and we are reminded of the apples of the Dead Sea,—fair to the eye, but bitter to the taste. This, however, is not the case with all the watermelons; most of them are deliciously sweet; and it is curious that these all grow together, and afford no outward indications to distinguish one from the other. On these melons, and the tubers above described, with some bulbs, which are buried deep in the sand, not only the creatures already named, and especially the antelopes, which have pointed hoofs well adapted for digging, and which are able to go without water for months, in a great measure subsist, when they leave their pasturage grounds, and retire into the more inaccessible wilderness. There, too, one finds the little, fussy porcupine, which is forever running to and fro, and setting its quills on end, whether in play or anger one cannot tell. Serpents abound in this inhospitable desert, many of them very poisonous; and venomous insects are more plentiful than pleasant. Sometimes a hyena comes prowling about the halting-place, which is always near to water, and frightens the cattle; sometimes an eland, the noblest of African deer may be seen cropping the herbage that grows in patches here and there; and now and again the beautiful zebras, and their near relatives the quaggas, those wild asses of the desert, with flying manes and tails, go bounding by; the brindled gnu, with ox-like head and deer-like legs and body, comes, with red eyes fiercely glaring, to look upon the intruders on its desolate domain, but turns and flies before the presented gun and the yelping dog.

Day after day, day after day, the wearied party toiled

on! A month or more had passed, and still the wild waste lay before and around them. Far down beneath the arid soil were reservoirs of water and succulent vegetables, which sufficed to quench their intolerable thirst, when they could be discovered, which they could only be by experienced guides, and not always even by them. In some parts of the desert they found a profuse growth of vegetation,—tall grasses rising in tufts, with bare spaces between, or intervals covered with creeping-plants, on whose roots the scorching sun had no effect, so deeply buried were they in the soil; and between these stalked the ostriches, or awkwardly galloped, with legs wide apart, the tall, ungainly giraffes. Ants here have made their tortuous galleries in the sand, in which also, the ant-lion has hollowed its circular pitfall, and lies patiently at the bottom, until an incautious insect, coming too near the edge, slips over and is instantly devoured. There is also another curious insect, an inch and a quarter long, and about as thick as a crow's quill, covered with black hair, which puts its head into a hole in the ground, and quivers its tail rapidly; attracted by the movement the ants approach to examine it, and the moment they get within reach of the animated forceps, are snapped up. Nor is this desert altogether without human inhabitants. The Bosjemen, or Bushmen, the smallest in stature, and most degraded of all the African tribes, have here their habitation,—if the mere hollows in the sand, holes in the rocks, or rude structures formed of such grasses and vegetable fibres as come to hand, can be so called. Living upon the carcasses, often putrid, of the animals which die, or are slain,—on roots, or insects, or anything that can be eaten; uttering uncouth sounds, which can scarcely be called a language; the term human beings seem almost misapplied to these strange, wild people, who are found only in the most desolate and inaccessible parts of the country. Sometimes hunting or war parties of the Bakalahari, as the people who live on the confines of the great desert are called, were met with. These were well acquainted with the situation of all the spots where water might

be obtained, and were enabled to give the travellers valuable information; but they were somewhat deterred from doing this by Sekomi, who had sent on two of his people to drive them and the Bushmen away, and prevent their acting as guides to the party.

Another month had passed, and they were yet in the trackless waste, although evidently approaching its boundaries; the face of the country assumed a different appearance, the patches of verdure became more frequent and extensive, and the scrub thicker; the old river courses which they crossed began to exhibit signs of moisture, and at length they came to a pool of rain-water, nearly full, into which the cattle rushed, lowing with pleasure, until the delicious fluid was nearly on a level with their throats, and drank till their sides were distended as if they would burst. Mingled with the grass, they now came upon clumps of the "wait-a-bit thorn," so called, because its sharp, strong spines pierce the traveller's legs, and arrest his progress. Presently, a group of graceful palmyra-trees rise upon the view, and beneath their shade is a delightfully fresh spring. And now it seems that there lies spread before them, beneath the beams of the setting sun, a broad sheet of water, glistening and flashing. Is this the long looked-for lake? Nay, it is only the deceitful mirage, caused by the blue haze floating over extensive salt-pans. And now they come to a large and beautiful river, running to the north-east, and the people of the village on its farther bank tell them that it is the Zouga, and that it comes out of the great lake. Following its course, they at length reach the object of their search, and on the 1st of August, exactly two months after they set out, they look with delight and thankfulness upon Lake Ngami.

V.

FROM LAKE NGAMI TO THE GLOBE.

We can understand something of the feeling of delight with which Livingstone, as he stood by Lake Ngami, gazed on its broad expanse of unbroken water, to which no boundary could be seen. In all probability, no European had ever before beheld it; the natives had no record of a white man having been seen in its neighborhood, or beyond the great desert at all. He had come upon it at the north-east end, and the people who lived about the lake, and called themselves Bayeiye, that is, men, told him that they could go round in three days, which, at the common rate of travelling, would make it about seventy-five miles in circumference. Several large rivers had been observed flowing into it. From whence did they come? was the natural question. "Oh," was the reply, "from a country full of rivers; so many, no one can tell their number, and full of large trees." Here was an explosion of the theory that the interior of South Africa was a sandy plateau, and barren. It must be, as Livingstone had concluded, a well-watered and wooded, and most likely a populous region, which only required opening to civilizing influences to make it rich and productive, a glory and a blessing to mankind. Here were souls to be saved, and bodies to be benefited, nations unknown and peoples uncounted, to be lifted out of the depths of superstition and ignorance; here was a virgin soil, of vast extent, in which to cast the seeds of the Gospel. Compared with this discovery, that of Lake Ngami sank into insignificance, and Livingstone felt himself irresistibly impelled to press forward, and become the pioneer of Christianity into this *terra incognita*.

The Bayeiye were a tribe of the great Bechuana nation, by some branches of which they were looked upon with scorn, and called Bakoba, or slaves, because they would not fight. Their forefathers, they say, in i r first essays at war, made bows of the palma crista,

that is, the kind of oil from which castor-oil is obtained, which has brittle wood; these broke, so they gave up fighting. They are the Quakers of Africa, refusing to use arms, and submitting to the rule of every sable conqueror who may choose to take possession of their territory. Yet we do not learn that they suffered more in their persons and possessions than the most warlike tribes; nay, it seems likely that they did so far less than most. They took not the sword, and, as a rule, did not perish by it. They lived very much on the lake, or the rivers running in or out of it, rather sleeping in their canoes, where they were safer from the attacks of wild beasts, than on land.

Although Sekomi's messengers had circulated the report that the object of the expedition was plunder and spoliation, yet was the party received kindly by these "friends" indeed. The people, ordered by their chief to assist them all they could, readily obeyed, and gave as much information as they possessed of the regions beyond the lake. There lived the Makololo, a nation distinct from the Bechuanas, whose great chief, Sebituane, resided about two hundred miles farther on. Livingstone wanted to push on, and visit him at once. Why make this weary and perilous journey back across the desert, leaving unfulfilled one great desire of his heart? The Bayeiye could not furnish guides, but there was nearer the lake a half tribe of the Bamangwato, called Batauana, who perhaps might. Their chief was applied to; at first he objected, fearing that where Livingstone led, other white men might follow, and supply the Makololo with fire-arms, and so frustrate his object of obtaining a conquest over them, he being a young man, ambitious of increasing his power. On being pressed, however, he consented, or appeared to do so, but sent men to the Bayeiye, ordering them to refuse a passage over the river Zouga, which they must cross, before commencing their journey. Determined to accomplish his object, if possible, Livingstone attempted to make a raft, working himself many hours in the water, in great danger from the alligators which abounded there. But

the only dry-wood he could procure was so rotten and worm-eaten as to be quite unfit for the purpose, so his design was frustrated.

The season being now far advanced, and Mr. Oswell having volunteered to go to the Cape and bring up a boat it was thought best for the party to turn their steps northward, which they accordingly did, returning to Kolobeng, where Livingstone remained until April, 1850, when he again set out, this time with Mrs. Livingstone, and his three children, hoping to be able to establish a mission among the Makololo. Sechele also accompanied him, with the intention of visiting Lechulatebe, the Bamangwato chief, by Lake Ngami, over whom he claimed a kind of headship, he being the eldest of the three chiefs who ruled over the three sections of the Bakwains. Sekomi had ordered all the wells made by the party on their first passage to be filled; they therefore kept more to the eastward, and crossed the Zouga at its lowest extremity, travelling up the northern bank. After going some distance, however, they were obliged to retrace their steps and recross the river. Many oxen were lost by falling into pitfalls made to catch the wild animals; and then came information that, higher up, the dreaded tsetse abounded. This is a poisonous fly which stings the cattle, so that they lose all power of exertion, become emaciated, and soon die. It abounds chiefly on the banks of rivers, and in most marshy places, through which it often renders the advance of travellers impossible, by destroying all their oxen. Although apparently an insignificant insect, it is more dreaded than wild beasts or unfriendly natives. Livingstone feared that it might bring his wagons to a stand-still in the wilderness, where no supplies for his wife and children could be obtained. Being now told by the Bayeiye that some white men, who had come to the lake for ivory, had been stricken with fever, he made a hasty journey of sixty miles to succor them. One of the party, an artist, had died; the rest, by the aid of medicines and such nursing as Mrs. Livingstone could give them, recovered. And now the same motherly care was called into requisition

by her own children, two of whom were prostrated by that scourge of hot and malarious districts, which also seized upon the servants, so that the prosecution of the journey that year had to be given up.

Back once more to the missionary station they went, leaving Mr. Oswell on the Zouga to hunt elephants, which abounded in the lake district, and were destroyed by hunters chiefly on account of the value of their tusks, a pair of those of an old male being worth as much as twenty-five pounds. No wonder that the native chiefs were jealous of encroachments on their hunting-grounds, and that the Dutch Boers endeavored to keep the traffic in their own hands.

In no country are elephants so large and abundant as in Africa, where the height of the full-grown male is from ten to eleven feet and sometimes more. It is distinguished from the Asiatic variety by having large ears, and a more convex forehead, and some other particulars not so obvious. In Asia all the females and many males are without tusks; in Africa both sexes have them, and in certain districts their numbers are prodigious. In Nyanja, Mukuiu, or elephant marsh, on the river Shire, Livingstone has seen as many as eight hundred of these enormous beasts. This is the game most eagerly sought by Gordon Cumming and other Europeans who choose Africa for their sporting ground. From his success in killing elephants, the natives estimated Mr. Oswell's prowess very highly. When they wished to compliment Livingstone, they would say, "If you were not a missionary, you could be like Oswell."

While Livingstone was at Kuruman—for thither did he go to recruit the health of his children, and rest after his fatigues—messengers came to Kolobeng, from Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, who had heard of the missionary's attempt to reach him, bringing thirteen black cows for Sechele, with a request that he would do all he could to facilitate the passage of the white men through his country. He also sent the like number of white cows to Sekomi, and of brown cows to Lechulatebe, with similar requests. These messengers were

allowed to return before Livingstone got back to Kolobeng; the monopolizing spirit being too strong in each of these chiefs, to allow of their cordially carrying out the object desired, although they took the presents. As agents, in the exchange of Sebituane's ivory for the goods he required, they obtained considerable profits, which they were fearful of losing if white traders penetrated to his country. Had Livingstone seen the messengers of the Makololo chief, he would have obtained valuable information as to the best and safest route, if he did not secure their services as guides.

Encouraged by the desire of the chief to receive him, and nothing daunted by his former failures, Livingstone set out on his third journey, again taking his wife and children. Sekomi, on this occasion was unusually generous; he even furnished a guide for the party, who, however, only knew the route up to a certain point, beyond which the greatest difficulties commenced, so that one might well suspect his sincerity. Fortunately at about this point, it happened that one who was well acquainted with the Bushmen who peopled much of the territory thereabout, and who were familiar with the intricate ways which led into Sebituane's country, had broken the mainspring of his gun, and Livingstone undertook to mend it, on condition that the owner would put him in direct communication with these children of the desert.

So, after passing quickly over a hard, flat country, covered with short, sweet grass, with mopane and boabab trees scattered about, and extensive salt-pans, having a gentle slope towards the Zouga, they reached a place called Matlomagan-yana, or "The Links," where they found many families of Bushmen, one of whom, named Shobo, consented to guide the party across the waste between the springs, which were here very plentiful, to the Makololo country. These Bushmen were different from those of the Kalahari desert, being taller and of darker complexion. "To produce complete blackness of skin requires moisture as well as heat," says Livingstone. "Here we have plenty of moisture; in the desert, where

there is none in the air, the Bushmen have yellow skins." The way now lay over a dreary tract of level sand, enlivened only by a low growth of scrub. No bird or other living creature was to be seen; although there were traces of elephants, which had been there in the rainy season, following which, the guide lost his way, and after wandering to all parts of the country, and making fruitless efforts to find it again, he sat down in despair, saying, "No water—all country only—Shobo sleeps—country only." Accordingly he curled himself up, and went to sleep, leaving the travellers to get on as best they could. The fourth day had now arrived, and there were yet no signs of getting out of this dreary wilderness. Shobo had disappeared, after professing utter ignorance of his whereabouts; the supply of water was exhausted; the children were crying with thirst, and the tearful eyes of the mother told how she sympathized in their sufferings, although she uttered no word of complaint. Somewhere in the west of them must flow the river Mababe; here is the trail of a rhinoceros going in that direction; some birds are also seen flying that way; some of the cattle are unyoked, and rush off in that direction too. And now, when near the end of the fourth day, the men who had gone in search of water returned with the longed-for fluid; and now the river itself is reached, and there, by its banks, stands Shobo, with a party of Bayeiye, whom he had fallen in with, and whom he wished to impress with a sense of his importance. He therefore assumed an air of great consequence, and spoke as if he had command of the party. Next day they travel on, and reach a village of the Banajoa, who live on the borders of the marsh, in which the Mababe loses itself. They live in huts built on poles, and make a fire in them at night to smoke away the mosquitoes, which are more abundant on this river and the Tamunakle, out of which it flows, than in any other part of the country. They have lost their corn-crop, and are subsisting on a root called "tsitla," which contains a quantity of sweet starch. The women of this tribe shave the hair off their heads; they are of darker complexion than the Bechu-

nas. Their head-man seemed a simpleton; but a younger relative, who acted for him, was intelligent enough. Under his direction the travellers pursued their journey, and, crossing the river, soon reached the banks of the Chobe, in the country of the Makololo, some of whom met them there, and expressed great delight at seeing them; but Sebituane was twenty miles off, down the river, and Livingstone and Oswell at once proceeded in canoes to his temporary residence, to which he had come from a distance of more than one hundred miles to meet the white men, whom he understood were in search of him.

VI.

IN THE MAKOLOLO COUNTRY.

THE redoubtable chief, Sebituane, was a tall, wiry man, with an olive complexion, not over-clear, and a head slightly bald; his age was about forty-five; his manner cool and collected; his answers to questions frank and free; very different in this respect from most other African chieftains, who seemed to think, with the French philosopher, that words were given them to hide their thoughts. He was a great warrior, always leading his men to battle himself, and so fleet a runner that no skulking coward who fled from the fight could escape him. Sometimes he would let such a fugitive go; but, on his return home, he was summoned into the chief's presence, and told that as he preferred dying at home to dying in the field, he might do so; and he was immediately executed. Like many other great conquerors, his only right to the possessions he held was that of the strong arm. He came from the North, and was now eight or nine hundred miles from his birthplace. He was not even the son of a chief among his own people, though nearly related to the reigning family. He com-

menced his career with an insignificant party of men and cattle, with whom he fled to the North, when driven by the Griquas from Kuruman, in 1824. The Bakwains, and other of the Bechuanas, collected and threatened to "eat him up." Nothing daunted by their superior numbers, he placed his men in front, his women behind the cattle, attacked and defeated them, following up his victory by taking possession of the town and goods of Makabe, chief of the Bangwaketse. After experiencing a variety of fortunes,—sometimes losing all his cattle, and being put to great shifts, but always keeping his men together, and taking more than he lost,—he crossed the desert by nearly the same route as Livingstone; he fought his way into the densely populated Makololo country, and eventually conquered all the black tribes, which inhabited an immense region; although often opposed, and sometimes defeated for a time by the Matabele, a most warlike people of the Kaffir nation, under Mosilikatse, almost as great a warrior as himself. To recount all the deeds of daring, the shifts and stratagems of this sable Napoleon, who was as wiley as he was brave, would fill a volume. In peace, he was benevolent, kind, and hospitable, so that he gained the affections of his own people, and the gratitude of strangers whom he succored and entertained. Meal, and milk, and honey were set before those who came to his town, whether for traffic, or other purposes. Poor and rich, he treated all alike, and, delighted with his affability, all were ready to impart to him any information they possessed. In this way he became acquainted with the movements of his enemies and other matters which it was important for him to know, and his praises were sounded far and wide in such terms as these: "He has a heart! He is wise!"

This chief had long wished to establish direct relations with the white men; hence his invitation to Livingstone, with whose mark of confidence in bringing his wife and children he was much pleased. He was found upon an island, with all his principal men around him, engaged in singing what was probably a song of welcome to the

travellers, to whom he behaved most friendly He promised them cattle to replace those bitten by the tsetse, which would surely die, and said he would take them to see his country, that they might select a suitable place whereon to settle. An ox, and a jar of honey, as food, were at once handed over to Mahala, who had headed the messengers whom he sent to Kolobeng, for their use, and prepared ox-skins, as soft as cloth, for them to lie upon. Next morning, before daybreak, he came and sat by their fire to talk with them, and show how much he valued their friendship.

But, alas! the great monarch, the mighty warrior, the astute statesman, must die, just as this desire of his heart, that he might have the white men in his country to teach and to civilize his people, and to make him yet more wise and powerful, was accomplished. Sebituane fell sick with inflammation of the lungs, originating in an old wound got in one of his many battles. This was the second attack in two years, and it proved fatal. The native doctors were unable to save him, and Livingstone, seeing that death was likely to ensue, was afraid to use such remedial means as his skill suggested, lest the fatal result should be attributed to him. "Come near," said the dying chief to the missionary, "and see if I am any longer a man. I am done." Alas! he knew nothing of a hope after death; and of this Livingstone ventured to speak. "Sebituane cannot die; speak not of death to him," said the doctors present, confident, or pretending to be so, in the power of their enchantments. With a silent commendation of that departing soul to God, the pitying white man stood looking on. His little boy, Robert, was with him, and the chief, who had been pleased with the child, fixed his eyes, over which the film of death was spreading, upon him, and faintly said: "Take Robert to Maunka (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk." These were his last words. "Never," says Livingstone, "was I so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the other world, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for

the dead. The dark question of 'What is to become of such as he?' must, however, be left where we find it. 'The Judge of all the earth will do right.'" They buried him in the cattle-pen, according to custom, and over and around the spot the cattle were driven for an hour or two, that all marks of it might be obliterated. Hereafter no one could tell where the great chief reposed. Why was this done? Perhaps that his remains might not be subjected to indignities by enemies; perhaps as a rebuke to the pride of man, or the superstition of those who would worship the relics of departed greatness. And yet these poor benighted Africans had never learned to realize the sublime truth embodied in the words which follow that mournful declaration of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—"I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and although after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

Sebituane's chieftainship devolved on a daughter, named Ma-mochisane. Very rarely is this mode of succession permitted, as a female hand is not strong enough to hold together a wild and unstable people, and keep in subjection the often discordant elements of a scattered and uncivilized community; and we shall presently see that this chieftainess did not long remain in power. At the time of her father's death she was twelve days' journey to the north, at a place called Naliele. She gave Livingstone and his companion perfect liberty to visit any part of the country they chose, and they explored it as far as Sesheke, which was about one hundred and thirty miles to the north-east. At the end of June, 1851, they discovered that noble river, the Zambesi, in the very centre of the continent. This must eventually become the great highway of traffic into the interior of a land, beyond most others rich, fertile, and populous. Although known by name, it had been very erroneously placed, in the Portuguese maps, far to the east of its real position. It is a magnificent body of water, a main artery

of a great river system, a complete network of rivers, many of them of great size and volume. In the dry season, when Livingstone first saw it, there was a breadth of from three to six hundred yards of deep flowing water. It rises annually thirty feet of perpendicular height, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of lands adjacent to its banks. At such times the whole basin through which it flows has the appearance of a vast lake, the towns and villages which are built on the spots which rise here and there above the surrounding level standing out like islands. On these little hills, and amid the swampy tracts between them, live the Makololo, secured by the nature of the ground from the attacks of enemies, against whom, in the higher and more healthy districts, there is no such defence.

So, here among the reedy rivers and swamps and woods, wherein grow the mimosa and mobane trees, the wild dates and feathery or fanlike palms, and a profuse under-vegetation, live the Makololo, rearing their cattle, which often have to be sent to the higher grounds to escape the dreaded tsetse; cultivating their plots of maize and cotton, their yams and pumpkins, and other esculent vegetables. There is little trouble in this, as the heat and moisture so stimulate the growth of vegetation, that the husbandmen, or rather husbandwomen, for the females mostly do this, may leave the work pretty much to nature; they have only to sow, and gather when ripe. Their lords, when not engaged in war, hunt the hippopotamus or elephant, fish, or shoot the birds with which the woods and swamps abound. Sometimes they paddle their long canoes up and down the great rivers, or engage in combat with the scaly crocodile or the deadly snake, and at night they gather round the fires, whose smoke protects them from the mosquitoes and other venomous insects, and engage in noisy chatter. All the Africans are great talkers and boasters, and in recounting their deeds of daring and adventure they do not always keep strictly to the truth. They are great eaters as well as talkers, and not over-nice in the kind of food they take. There is an enormous frog, about five

and a half inches long, called matlermétlo, which they esteem a great delicacy, and several kinds of caterpillars, which are eaten by them. The loud croaking of the former kind of game leads to its easy detection and capture. The natives say that it falls from the clouds, because after a heavy rainfall it becomes exceedingly plentiful, although just previously none were to be found, and the croaking chorus is heard where but a few minutes before all was silence. Fever was very prevalent in these marshy districts, where Livingstone could find no suitable place for a settlement; and on the hills it would be altogether unsafe to dwell. He did not so much heed the danger to himself, but he feared for his family, and, not liking to relinquish this opening into what appeared a good field of missionary operation, resolved to take Mrs. Livingstone and the children to the Cape, from whence they could embark for England, and then return and fully explore the country, in search of a healthy district, which might prove a centre of civilization. At Kolobeng he felt that there was little chance of his affecting much good, in consequence of the open and covert opposition of the Boers; and here it seemed that Providence had pointed out a way of largely benefiting his fellow-creatures. The Makololo appeared to be a teachable people, their country was wonderfuly fertile and productive, and the countenance of its chief ruler would be of advantage. The opportunities, too, of communication with people farther north, as well as east and west to the coast, by means of the large rivers, were additional incentives to operations in this direction. So once again the missionary and his family journeyed southward, and after a short visit to Cape Town,—the first which he had paid to any seat of civilization during some years,—he bade adieu to those nearest and dearest to him, and turned his face once more towards the wilderness, into which he plunged, and was lost to the world as completely, for a long time, as if he had been swallowed up by the waves, or gone down quick into the grave.

Year after year passed by, and still no tidings of him came to relieve the anxiety of his sorrowing friends.

From time to time vague rumors reached them of a white man, who had been seen by one who drove his coffle of slaves from the interior to the Portuguese settlements, on the eastern or western coast; or by an ivory trader, or hunter, who had passed near to, or through, the Makololo country; but no letters, no authentic information of any kind was received, and it was feared that one more earnest and devoted soldier of the cross had fallen a victim to the pestilential climate, or the ravening beast, or the sable savage whom he sought to bring to a knowledge of Christ and his salvation.

VII.

AMID THE GREAT WATERS.

PLEASANT is the town of Linyante,—Linyante, queen of the swamps and mobane woods; whose reedy empire stretches far away to the hills which encircle the fruitful basin in which she sits, throned in state, crowned with the feathery palmyra, gemmed and jewelled with the rich blossoms and the bright plumage of her tropical plants and birds and insects, that spring up luxuriantly, and flutter and sing and hum and buzz around her. The rainbow sheen of her magnificent waterfall, Mosioatunya, "smoke resounding," is ever around her, and its thunder in her ears, coming from miles and miles away, sounds like a song in praise of her greatness. Great is Linyante! the capital of the mighty Makololo people, who have come in like a flood, and subdued the Basutos and other tribes which formerly inhabited these rich and fertile regions. The Zambese, with its vast volume of waters, winds about and protects her, and sends its tributary, the Chobe, to lay its offerings at her feet. Rich in ivory is Linyante; countless are its elephant-herds, and its cattle who shall number? The honey-bird calls from every tree for the bee-hunter to come and take of the sweet store. The eland, noblest of deer, and antelopes

of many kinds and sizes, crowd the forests and humid plains and hill-sides, and ask to be killed, that she may have venison enough and to spare. Where is the croak of the frogs so loud and musical as at Linyante? Where is their flesh so delicate and savory? All around her the slopes are golden with the ripening maize; the little she needs for clothing is furnished by the skins of the wild animals and the pods of the cotton-plant; the marupa pours out its sweet juices that she may drink and be merry; and the serpent casts its speckled skin, beset with gems, for her adornment. Amongst her subjects are monstrous crocodiles and mighty river-horses, —behemoths of the flood; and all kinds of fish abound in her teeming waters, the roar of the lion is her nightly music, as he goes forth to hunt with his train of screaming jackals and laughing hyenas; the zebra and the quagga, twin brothers of the desert, are slain for her pleasure by the Bushmen and the Bakalahari; their skins are soft and glossy, and beautiful to look upon, and their flesh is good for food; and the straddling giraffe, that lifts its long neck, and curls its lithe tongue around the tender twigs of the date palm, yields up its life as a tribute to Linyante; and the eggs and beautiful plumes of the ostrich are hers, to eat and to deck herself withal. The fiery-eyed buffalo wallows in her marshes, where the witch-lights dance in the sultry nights, and the mosquitoes come out in swarms, and over which hovers, night and day, the dreaded tsetse, that kills the horse and the ass and the dog, and all creatures that are under the protection of man, but spares the wild animals and man himself. But not for these things alone is Linyante great and glorious. She is the capital, the seat of empire, of the Makalolo people. There dwelt the mighty chief, Sebituane, who led his warriors across the desert, and ate up his foes before him. At the sound of his war-drums, even the warlike Matabele trembled; Mosilikatse, their renowned chief, that lion that scattered other tribes like frightened oxen, stood still and listened with anxious face, then crept like a snake into the morass, and tried to gain by stratagem the victory he could not win by force.

Far away from the south country, by the sources of the Likwa and Namagari rivers, came Sebituane, with a handful of men and cattle. Lo! now, all the Barotse,—the black men,—the people of the water are his subjects. Great was Sebituane, and great is Sekeletu, friend of the white men; and glorious is Linyante, his palace amid the great rivers, that shall one day come to be the broad highways of commerce.

Thus might the "senoga," or native bard—one who holds intercourse with the gods—have celebrated the praises of the Makololo capital, and of its first and present royal residents; the latter of whom was waiting in a state of anxious expectancy the arrival of a guest, whose coming had been announced by some of his people in terms like these:—

"Up the Chobe comes the stranger,
Through the reeds he sails along;
What cares he for toil and danger?
Give him welcome with a song.
Friend of the poor Makololo,
He has dropped down from the sky;
Fill the bowl with sweet boyalo;
Let the fatted oxen die.

"With the stars he holds communion,
Talks with spirits just and good;
He is king of all the waters;
See! he rides upon the flood!
All the river-horses fear him,
Alligators from him fly;
Water-snakes will not come near him;
Would you know the reason why?

"He has medicines to charm them,—
Medicines of wondrous power,—
Not a living thing can harm him;
Happy is the day and hour
That has brought him o'er the river,
With the words of love and peace;
May he dwell with us forever,—
Make our wars and troubles cease."

It was the time of the annual overflow of the river,

which had lasted longer, and been more extensive than usual. The mid-channel of the Chobe could only be detected by the open spaces left between the rushes and tall papyrus plants, which were closely bound together by creeping convolvuli. Between these, here and there, were lanes and openings which led into what seemed a broad lake, but which, in the dry season, was marshy land. Finding it impossible to bring his waggons on through this watery wilderness, Livingstone—many of whose men had been struck down with fever, and his oxen bitten by the tsetse, and whose Bushem guides had left him for their drier and more congenial homes—embarked with one of the strongest of his weak companions, with the hope of striking upon the main channel of the river, and making his way to the residence of the Makololo chief. After surmounting great difficulties, and escaping many dangers, being often up to the neck in water, having the body and limbs torn with brambles, and the flesh lacerated, and clothing quite destroyed by a serrated kind of grass whose edges cut like a razor, he came to the village of Moremi, where the traveller was recognized by one of the natives, who had seen him on his former visit. On learning who he was, the chief sent some of his head-men with a party of Makololo to conduct him to Linyante. The wagons were taken to pieces and lashed to canoes, and the oxen were made to swim, the natives diving under and about them like so many alligators.

Linyante has some six thousand or seven thousand inhabitants, and the whole population turned out to witness the arrival; they had never seen wagons in motion before, and the phenomenon astonished them very much. Sekeletu, who was the son of Sebituane, now reigned in his father's place, his sister having declined the power and station offered to her. This chief had the same olive, or, as it is called, coffee-and-milk complexion as his father, than whom he was a much less able man; he was about twenty-eight years of age, and had a rival candidate for the chieftainship in Mpepe, who favored the slave-traders, and was by them supported. He hoped by

means of their fire-arms to destroy or overcome Sekeletu, and to become lord paramount over the Makololo. A large party of the Mambari, who, in conjunction with the half-caste Portugese, are the chief slave-dealers of that part of Africa, had come into the neighborhood of Linyante, while Livingstone was making his way there. They were supplied with food, and made a compact with Mpepe to kill Sekeletu the first opportunity. Luckily for the chief, the attempt was made while he was in the company of Livingstone, on a journey up the Zambesi, in search of a healthy locality for a settlement, and frustrated by the interposition of the missionary. Mpepe was killed, and his adherents fled, and the party returned to Linyante, where the white teacher remained awhile, and endeavored to instruct the natives; but he made little progress in this work. Sekeletu himself, although he professed great regard for the missionary, and wished him to stay in his country, declined to be taught to read the Bible, lest it should change his heart, and make him content with only one wife; he must always have five at least. Like all chieftains, he had a head wife, or queen, whose hut is called "the great house," and whose children inherit the chieftainship. If she dies, one of the other wives is raised to this dignity. Our traveller found that but few of the people among whom he now sojourned were the true Makololo, who came from the North with Sebituane—the wars and the fever had cut off most of these; but they were the dominant race, to whom the conquered people had to render subjection. These last were proud to be called by their master's name, and often were so called; but really they were Makalaka, that is, servants. Their servitude, however, was not very galling; they cultivated their own land, and lived as nearly independent as might be. Were they not well treated, it would be easy for them to escape to other tribes, who would gladly receive them; so it was necessary for their masters to secure their affections, or they would probably find themselves without servants.

The true Makololo ladies seldom labor, except on such

home matters as the proper adornment and regulation of their own huts. They are generally plump from drinking large quantities of boyaloa, which is made from a gum called *holcus sorghum* and is very nutritious. Their wooly hair is short and crisp, and their bodies, which they anoint with butter, shine like polished ebony. They wear a kilt of soft ox-hide, which reaches to the knees, and when unemployed a skin mantle is thrown gracefully over the shoulders. They have brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of the same metal or of ivory. So heavy are the former, that they sometimes blister the ankles; and this is one of the penalties paid to fashion by her votaries even in savage Africa. A trader might get almost anything for beads to hang round the necks of these sable beauties, especially if they are of the fashionable colors,—light-green and pink. Traders make enormous profits out of these beads, for which they get in exchange ivory and other valuable products of the country.

Livingstone was allowed to hold his religious services in the kotla, or hut of the chief, and the people were summoned to attend them by a very important personage, the court-herald, who proclaims the sovereign's will to his people, calls all assemblies for councils, feasting, or other purposes; by him is the royal palace kept clean, and the fire burning, and by him, when a public execution takes place, is the body dragged away, and put out of sight. What would our royal heralds, or even our town-criers think of some of these duties? Fancy this remarkable functionary, who had, among other things, to welcome distinguished visitors, rising up from his crouching attitude before the kotla of his chief; leaping and gesticulating, as if he were a lunatic, and shouting at the top of his voice in a kind of measured chant,—

"Don't I see the white man?
Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane?
Don't I see the father of Seketelu?
We want sleep.
Give your son sleep, my lord."

Sebituane had heard that the white man had a pot, that is, a cannon, which would destroy any party attacking its possessor, and being desirous of ending his days in peace, which he thought this would enable him to do, he greatly wished to obtain it. The herald, who was an old man, and had filled the office when he died, was cognizant of this wish, and embodied it in his song of welcome.

The congregations who attended at the summons of the herald were sometimes very numerous,—from five to seven hundred. They were not kept long at their devotions: there was just a reading of the Bible, followed by a short explanatory address and a prayer, in kneeling down to which many of the mothers who had brought their children, bent over and hurt, or frightened them, which caused a simultaneous squawl. This provoked a suppressed titter from those who had not children, which burst into a hearty laugh, as soon as the "Amen" was said; and in half an hour the whole party would be dancing like mad, where so shortly before they had been devoutly kneeling. So that the associations of the place where sadly against any religious impressions which the good missionary labored to make. Lest the native doctors, a powerful class much given to enchantments, should look upon him with suspicion and thwart his ministrations, Livingstone, as a rule, declined to attend the sick, unless at their request, or when the cases were given over by them. In the severe forms of disease they were glad to avail themselves of his skill.

Feeling that the missionary ought to be above suspicion of mercenary motives, he also declined to enter into any trading transactions, or to receive valuable gifts of ivory from the chiefs, to whom presents were invariably made. He had too high a sense of his holy mission for that. "The religious instructor," he said, "degrades himself by accepting gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professes to seek." Out of his modest salary of one hundred pounds a year he contrived to support his wife and family, before he sent them to England, and to pay the extra expense of his long journeys, undertaken for

the wider diffusion of the Gospel, including the presents to chiefs. Of course the produce of the lands which he cultivated greatly assisted him. It was only by barter that he could make his way at all among the natives, as they were unacquainted with the use of coin. Put down before a Makololo a sovereign and a bright button for choice, he would take the button, and give more in meat or fowls or some other of his own produce for it, because it had an eye.

But though the trader and the missionary should never be united in the same person, yet legitimate commerce can greatly assist evangelizing efforts, as these at least can aid in opening up new and rich fields for commercial enterprise. No one had a stronger sense of this than Livingstone, who, while doing all he could to discourage the shamefully demoralizing slave-trade, which he found prevalent on the east and west coasts and all through Central South Africa, winked at, if not openly encouraged, by the Portuguese government, endeavored to establish commercial relations between different tribes and peoples wherever he went, and to open for them fresh channels of communication. For this object it was that he permitted a trader to accompany him when he went in search of Lake Ngami, which trader, by the way, afterward claimed to have been the discover of the lake.

From Sebituane, when he first visited the Makololo country, he received several tusks; but this was for the purchase of some useful articles, which, on his second visit, he delivered to his son Sekeletu, who, when the missionary expressed a desire to prosecute his journey up the river, desired him to name anything he would like to possess. A canoe was the only requisition; but the chief would insist on his taking five elephants' tusks, as the most valuable articles he had to offer. Fearful of offending him, Livingstone took them, but afterwards gave them to some of his subjects to sell on their own account. Thus with singleness of purpose, and a holy aim, did he prosecute his researches, face dangers, and

endure hardships, such as few met have ever met and overcome.

> With singleness of purpose, and high aim,
> That never earthly recompense would claim.

VIII.

UP AND DOWN THE ZAMBESI.

After remaining awhile at Linyante, and recovering from the fever, of which he had here his first experience, our missionary took his departure for his exploratory journey up the great river, which has at different parts of its course various names, such as the Leeambye, Luambeji, Luambesi, Ojimbesi, Zambezi, according to the different dialects spoken; all the terms having the same meaning, namely, the large river—*the* river, in fact,—this magnificent stream being the main drain of the country. Sekeletu and many of his underchiefs were of the party; they passed at first through a flat country, varied only by slight natural elevations, and artificial mounds of enormous size, thrown up by the termites, or white ants; these were mostly covered by the wild date-trees, which the Makololo cut down, as soon as the fruit is ripe, rather than take the trouble of climbing for it. Camel-thorns, mimosa, and baobab trees grew upon the other elevated spots, with here and there a tall palmyra, light and graceful; coarse grass spread a thick mat over the damp level grounds. On the right of the path, which winds around the swamps and marshes and gentle hills, is the river Chobe, with its broad fringe of reeds, which frame the picture in that direction. On went the long cavalcade, slowly and painfully, on account of the nature of the ground,—a varied and picturesque group, winding in and out amid the rank vegetation and green hillocks. Most of the chiefs bore small clubs of

rhinoceros-horn, and with each was his shield-bearer, with shield and bundle of assegais, or spears. Sekeletu, riding on Livingstone's horse, was surrounded by his well-armed body-guard of young men, the finest that could be selected, of about his own age; these are called "mopato." The attendants, many of whom act as porters, and are heavily laden, are not much encumbered with clothing; but some have caps made of lions' manes on their heads, and some bunches of black ostrich feathers, waving as they move. The effect is heightened by the red tunics, and gayly colored prints, which some of them had been fortunate enough to obtain, and of course wear on all great occasions.

The "machaka," or battle-axe men, carry their arms only, and are ready to make or repel an attack, or to run off on an errand,—it may be a hundred miles away. There is a great chatter and laughter all along the line; for the irrepressible savage, especially the African, will make a noise, and the chief is commonly "Hail-fellow-well-met" with his subjects.

Livingstone, and some of the party have guns for shooting game; but not many of the natives can be trusted with these, as they blaze away at random, and waste an immense deal of ammunition. Some of the young men, seeing the chief mounted, get upon the oxen; but having neither saddle nor bridle, and being unused to equitation, generally fall off, to the great delight of their companions, who expedite their descent by pelting the awkward riders, or goading the beasts to the performance of certain angry and grotesque movements.

The missionary, grave and thoughtful, walks along, hearing and seeing much which he will note down and put into his books for the information of his countrymen at home and future travellers and explorers. He is thinking how he can lift these poor savages into a higher state of civilization, and prevent the slave-hunters and those of their own color and country from preying on and plundering them. His keen eye takes in every object, and he hesitates not to ask for an explanation, of

that which he understands not, of the humblest of that motley train who may be near him. Sometimes he enters into animated conversation with Sekeletu, or one of the minor chiefs, and always he has a smile and a kind word for every one who does him a service, however slight.

Heedlessly feed the leches or lechwis, those pretty and graceful antelopes, with long, ribbed horns, something like those of the ibex, over the grassy flats. When the lowlands are flooded, they congregate on the mounds; then the Makololo, in small, light canoes, cautiously approach them, increasing their speed as they near the islets; but before they can reach them, they are off with prodigious bounds, as it almost seems, over the surrounding shallow water, so swiftly do their feet strike the bottom, and rise again. But the arm of the Makololo is strong, his aim true, and his spear swift; many of them fall, and there is a venison feast in the village. Closely concealed amid the reeds and rushes lies the nakong, or water-antelope; he has twisted horns, like those of the koodoo, but they are smaller, and have a double ridge curling round them. Disturb him in his oozy bed, and he will probably make for the deeper part of the stream, and, immersing his whole body, leave but the point of his nose and ends of his horns visible; these he will sometimes allow to be touched by the flames, when the hunters set fire to the reeds around him, before he comes forth to be killed. Pity, it seems, that the slaughter of these beautiful and harmless creatures should be necessary; but they are given to man as food, and if they were suffered to breed and multiply unchecked, would in time make earth a grassless and herbless wilderness. Too often, alas! they are killed in mere wantonness and amidst protracted agony. Africa, which teems with animal life of all kinds, is in nothing perhaps so wonderfully productive as in the creation of the deer and antelope species; everywhere are vast herds of them seen, of all sizes, in numbers defying computation, from the stately eland to the nimble little springbok. Hence it is the paradise of the carnivorous or flesh-eating animals,

whose monarch, the lion, is here more numerous and daring and powerful than in any other land. He would not, however, venture to attack such a party as this, nor even man at all, unless rendered desperate by hunger, or the necessity for doing so in defence of his own life; or unless he could take his foe at a disadvantage, and spring upon him unawares, like a great cat, as he is, stealthily and treacherous, cat-like in all his ways and motions.

So on they pass, with great shouting and laughter at times, and much harmless merriment; and by and by they come to a village, the whole female population of which turn out to "lulliloo" their chief; that is, greet him with shrill cries, to which they impart a tremulous sound by a quick motion of the tongue. "Great lion! mighty chief! sleep, my lord!" are the words of welcome uttered by both men and women, and received by Sekeletu with the most lordly indifference. Then comes a confabulation; the news is told, and the head-man of the village brings forth some large pots of beer, one of which is given to each chief of the party, who distributes it among the followers as he pleases; so many black hands are thrust out to grasp the ca'abashes, that there is great danger of their being broken and their contents spilled. Bowls of thick milk, each holding six or eight gallons, are produced, and into this the black hands are thrust, and then conveyed to the mouth, the creamy fluid escaping between the fingers, and running down the breasts and other parts of the eager drinkers. Livingstone has presented to some of his friends iron spoons; but it is long before he can teach them to use these articles properly; they will persist in putting the milk into them with their hands first, and thence transferring it to the mouth, instead of conveying it direct there with the bowl of the spoon. Of course, all are highly delighted with this refreshment, and laugh and chatter louder than ever. Everywhere on the route is this hospitality exhibited. In the present case, it was an exhibition of loyalty to the chief; but all through Livingstone's travels, he found it customary for the head-man of the town or village at which travellers might

arrive, to offer refreshment in this manner, and before the custom of payment had been introduced, they did not look for presents in return, as they now generally do, and look pretty sharply to get what they consider to be value for their outlay.

On a state of journey like this, the chief is expected to feed all who accompany him, and he selects oxen for this purpose from his cattle-stations, which are scattered through the country, or calls upon the heads of the villages to supply them. When an ox has to be slaughtered, a thrust of a javelin near the heart kills it very quickly, without letting out the blood, which, with the entrails, etc., are claimed by the slaughterman; when the carcass is cut up, the joints are placed before the chief, who apportions them among the party. The meat is cut into long strips, and thrown upon fires, which they almost cover and put out. When half broiled, and burning hot, they are snatched off and handed round, each tearing off a mouthfull, and boulting it as quick as he can, to be ready for another chance. Mastication is out of the question; so the man who swallows the quickest, gets the most, and "the noble savage" dines like a ravenous beast. It is not an edifying spectacle, neither are some of the feasts of more civilized communities, where gluttony prevail. At night a level spot is selected, as free from vegetation as can be found, or perhaps a space has to be cleared of reeds and thorn-bushes; the fires are lighted, the tents, in which Sekeletu and some of his chief men sleep, are pitched, and the missionary, after commending his soul to God, finds repose, on his mat of rushes, as calm as if it had been the softest featherbed. Not at once, however, can he do this, for the noisy Makololo, if they do not get up a dance, will sit around the watch-fires far into the night, and tell stories of wonderful adventures, or sing songs with rousing choruses, and interspersed with screams and whistles, and all sorts of discordant noises, in imitation of the wild birds and animals, which frequently answer them from swamp and brake, marsh and wood, to their great delight and amusement. Sometimes their mirth grows so

obstreperous, that Sekeletu sends two or three of his minor chiefs, with whips of rhinoceros hide, to beat them into silence, just as an angry parent might have his children whipped and put to bed. And did never angel-faces come in the dreams of the good missionary, and look upon him out of kind and compassionate eyes, as he lay there far from home and kindred? Did never well-known voices whisper words of comfort and encouragement in his ears, closed then to all earthly sounds? Oh, yes, be sure they did, and he arose refreshed and strengthened for the work that was yet before him, arduous and painful as that work might be.

After several days' journeying in this way, the party came to a place called Kotonga where there is the village of a chief named Sekhosi, a tributary of Sekeletu, who demanded canoes to ferry them across the river, which is here six hundred yards wide. "The elders of a host always lead the attack," said some, who had been comrades of Sebituane, and precedence was given to them in crossing. It took a long while to get the whole party to the other side, and then several days were spent in collecting canoes from the villages about for the prosecution of the journey by water.

Here they found the country covered with groups of beautiful trees, with open glades between, stretching away in every direction. It was bounded by a ridge, beyond which the over-flow of the river, in the rainy season, did not reach; but the rainfall gave sufficient moisture for the cultivation of maize, ground-nuts, etc. In these grassy meadows, and on the open plains beyond, were found buffaloes, zebras, elands, and several other kinds of deer, so that the party had plenty of food; here, too, they found great numbers of the small antelope, named Tinanyane, unknown in the South. Its upper parts are of a brownish-red color; its lower, white; it is very timid and graceful in its movements, and has a cry of alarm something like that of the domestic fowl; by a soft pat of its foot on the withers it puts its fawn to rest in a safe place, and, with a plaintive bleat, alarms it should danger be nigh.

Everything being prepared, the travellers again start, this time on the breast of the broad Leeambye, with a fleet of thirty-three canoes, and about one hundred and sixty men. Livingstone had choice of all the vessels, and selected one which was thirty-four feet long, and manned by six paddlers, who stood upright and kept the stroke with great precision, although they had to change from side to side, according to the exigencies of the current. The canoes were flat-bottomed, so that they could go in shallow water; and when the paddles, which were eight feet long, reached the bottom, they were used as poles to push the boat along. Inferior to the Makololo on land, on the water the Makalaka, or conquered race, beat the others hollow. Bending their lithe forms to the stroke, with every sinewy tense, and with looks of joyous exultation, they dash along at the top of their speed, and only slacken when some bend in the river, or obstacle to their course, renders it necessary for them to do so. They are good swimmers, which the Makololo are not, and seem to enjoy a capsize and plunge into what appears almost like their native element. One of those large waves which the east wind raises in the Leeambye filled the canoe of an old doctor, who went down like a stone; the men saved themselves by swimming, but he was drowned. Had he been a man of much consequence, they would certainly have been executed for this; as it was, they escaped, somewhat to their own surprise, with a reprimand. We may presume that the chief happened to be in a gracious humor, or that the poor doctor had no friends.

Up the Barotse valley goes the cavalcade, surrounded by magnificent scenery that no European had ever looked on before. Richly-wooded islands, some of great extent, studded the river, which was more than a mile in breadth; like great masses of verdure, adorned with blossoms of the most brilliant hues, they rested upon the flashing waters. The date-palms and lofty palmyras rose above the rest, and painted their graceful outlines on a background of cloudless sky. Down to the shores, on either side, came creeping all the glorious forms of a tropical vegetation,

and stooped over the banks to look in the clear mirror below. Innumerable water-fowl swam and fluttered along the shore and around those isles of light and beauty. Some of the trees sent down their thirsty roots into the water, where they appeared like winding water-snakes. The ground was rocky, with a covering of rich, fertile soil, of a reddish color, in which the Banyeti, a poor and industrious people, raised large crops of maize. They are expert hunters and fishers, and skilful in handicraft work, making many useful articles of wood and iron. Their great enemy is the tsetse, which prevents their rearing domestic animals. Of wild ones, they have about them plenty of elephants, and other large game; but the leches and nakongs, and other small antelopes, which are very plentiful farther to the south, appear to shun this stony ground.

The Banyeti, or Manyeti, are a peaceful people, as are most of the tribes in the centre of the continent where the slave-trade has not reached. Their only quarrels are about cattle, which some of them refuse to keep, because it tempts others to come and steal, and so leads to war. Higher up, the rocks become more obtrusive, pressing upon the bed of the river, narrowing the channel, and forming a succession of rapids. At high-water the rocks are covered, and the stream flows pretty smoothly, but at low, the current is broken and accelerated, so as to be dangerous to navigation. "Katima-molelo," "quenched fire," is the native name of this part of the river, alluding, no doubt, to the igneous origin of the rocks. At one part it was necessary to run the canoes on shore, and carry them more than a mile by land.

As they passed on up the river, the Banyeti turned out from their villages to present Sekeletu with food and skins as tribute. Even in the middle of the stream the tsetse lighted on the travellers; but they passed out of its range when they got 16° 16′ south latitude, where the lofty rocks, crowned with trees, left the river, and stretched away over ridges two or three hundred feet high, until they get to be thirty miles apart, forming the true Barotse valley, through which the Leeambye

flows. The people build their villages on mounds, to escape the inundations which are the cause of the great fertility of the land: Two crops of grain are frequently produced in one year. There are grasses which sometimes reach the height of twelve feet, with a stem as thick as a man's thumb.

Sekeletu had never before visited these parts since he had succeeded to the chieftainship, and, as the people about here had taken part with Mpepe, they were in great terror, especially the father of this aspirant to royalty, and another chief conspirator. These two men were seized and drowned in the river, notwithstanding Livingstone's remonstrances. Naliele, the capital, like most others of the Barotse towns, was built upon an artificial mound. When the lands are flooded, the water comes up to the wall of reeds which surrounds the huts. Santuru, a former chief, had here his storehouse for grain; the river now flows where his ancient capital and another important town once stood. He was a great hunter, was Santuru, fond of taming wild animals. Among his pets were two hippopotami, which were brought to him when young. After gambolling in the river all day, they would go to him at night for their supper of milk and meal. Most pets come to untimely ends; so did one of these; although it was not eaten up by the cat, it was speared by a stranger, under the idea that it was wild. In the like happy state of ignorance did a native once kill a cat, which Livingstone gave to Sekeletu. He brought the trophy to his chief, thinking to be rewarded for destroying a new kind of animal. This was one of a pair, and its death cut short the breed of mice-destroyers, whose services were much wanted at Linyante.

In these northern districts, more regard is shown to the female sex than in the south. Sebituane's daughter as we have seen, was named to succeed him as chief, and only at her own request was the authority transferred to Sekeletu. When Mpepe was conspiring against him, an effort was made to induce the chief's wife, Ma-Mochisane, to put him to death, and marry the conspirator,—a proof

that female influence was considered important. And even in the Barotse country, the town or mound of Santuru's mother was shown to Livingstone; this was preserved as a sort of monument to her memory, as in his more recent capital, Lilonda, were the groves of trees planted by the late chief, with the various instruments of iron made by him, just as he left them. Some of these were wrought in ornamental designs, and to them he was accustomed to present offerings, when he desired to prosper in war or agriculture, as the case might be. Certain people, who had charge of these articles, were supported by presents from the chief and others who followed his example. This was the nearest approach to a priesthood that had been met with. That these men believed in a future state of existence was shown by their reply to the request made for some of these relics; "Oh, no, Santuru refuses."

According to a native custom, which seems prevalent all through South Africa, of giving to a woman the name of her first-born child, with the addition of Ma, Mother, the Bechuanas used to call Livingstone's wife Ma-Robert. This name had gone with her to the Makololo country, when she, with her husband and children, visited it in 1851, and now the missionary found that it had taken root there, and extended far up to the north, having been given to several of the children. Little black pickaninnies were shown to him as Ma-Roberts. Some also bore the inappropriate names of Gun, Horse, Wagon, Jesus, etc. The date of this visit was known as "the year when the white man came;" showing the importance attached to this event, although they could little understand how important it was to them and their children. No traces, traditional or otherwise, of an earlier visit of Europeans to this country could be discovered, although close inquiry was made.

The Mambari, who are of the Ambonda race, which inhabits the country south-east of Angola, having direct communication with the Portugese, some of them indeed, being half-caste, had penetrated here in their slave hunting expeditions. They visited Santuru, who with his

head-men refused them permission to buy any of his people. Some of the Makololo had given them children in exchange for guns, cloth, or even beads. Sometimes a tribe at war with another would sell them their captives. With this end in view they promoted quarrels between the different tribes. They encouraged drunkenness, knowing that it led to strife and poverty, which would induce a man to part with wife, children, everything he possessed, and commit any crime which they or his evil passions might suggest. Coming in the guise of peaceful traders in ivory and other native products, they carried out their nefarious plans secretly, or openly, as opportunity served, and did the devil's work, to which they were pledged, most thoroughly,—not unfrequently themselves destroying villages, and killing many of their inhabitants, and conveying the rest captive to the Portugese settlements on the east or west coast, where they sold them for shipment to the American or other markets for slave labor. Livingstone had, on several occasions, frustrated the designs of these traffickers in human flesh and blood, and they hated and feared him accordingly. They saw that the introduction of Christian civilization among the people on whom they preyed would be fatal to them; therefore the missionary and the *honest* trader must be kept out if possible. The profits of legitimate commerce were not large enough to satisfy them. But the time is fast approaching when they, and such as they, will be driven farther back into the dark places of the earth. The struggle between light and darkness in those regions, which they have so long ruined and devastated, commenced when Livingstone had overcome the difficulties of his desert journey, and the eye of the white man of God first gazed upon Lake Ngami; and the issue cannot long be doubtful. The Gospel trumpet has sounded through those thickly peopled valleys, and on the surrounding hills the banner of the cross is now planted.

Livingstone on his way fully examined the Barotse country, but he could find no eligible site for a missionary station. He had left Sekeletu at Naliele to ascend the river farther. The chief had furnished him with men

and a herald, that he might go in proper state. "Here comes my lord, the great lion," shouted this functionary, as soon as he approached a village; but he pronounced the *tau e tôna*, great lion, so much like *sau e tôna*, great sow, that it was thought best to dispense with his introduction, and bid him be silent. Everywhere the party received a hearty welcome as messengers of sleep, or peace; so that it might almost have been thought that the people had in their minds the voice of inspiration, "How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

A party of hippopotamus hunters from the Lobale region are scared at the sight of the Makololo, and run off, leaving their canoes, utensils, and clothing. On these the attendants seize as fair game; but, at the bidding of the missionary, they lay down their plunder upon a sandbank, and leave it for its rightful owners. In Libonta, twenty miles farther, the woods come down to the water's edge, and wherever this occurs the tsetse abounds. Up, still up, to the confluence of the river of Londa or Lunda, named Leeba, after which the Leeambye is called the Kabompo.

Then comes the Loeti from the W. N. W. through a level, grassy plain, named Mango, mingling its stream of one hundred yards wide, and of a light color, with the dark greenish waters of the greater river. Here the larger game are in prodigious numbers, and remarkably tame; herds of stately elands stand by day, without fear, at a distance of two hundred yards, and in the evening the buffaloes go tramping within gunshot, as they sit by the fire. Every night the thunder of the lion's roar smote on the ear and seemed to shake the ground, close to which, on the opposite side of the river, they could see the named king of the forest stand, and place his mouth close to the ground to make the sound reverberate.

Back, down the Marile, another branch of the Leeambye, they come, and rejoin the chief, at a town called Ma-Sekeletu, where they are feasted and well entertained. It is a time of great rejoicing, for the peo-

ple have never before seen their chief, and there is more ox-flesh, milk, and beer served out than his followers can possibly consume; so they stuff to repletion, and then, to assist digestion, get up a dance in this wise: A circle is formed by the men, who are nearly naked, and have clubs or battle-axes in their hands; then all commence roaring at the top of their voices, while they simultaneously stamp heavily twice with one foot, then once with the other; and so they keep on, with their arms and heads thrown about in every direction, until the perspiration streams off their bodies. The air is filled with discordant noises, and they are enveloped in a cloud of dust, out of which they emerge in every conceivable posture, looking like excited and angry demons; every now and then one advances into the middle of the circle, which is, perhaps, composed of one hundred persons, makes a few grotesque motions, and then retires to be succeeded by another. Meanwhile, the women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally adding their shrill voices to the horrid din. "What do you think of it?" says head-man Motibo to the missionary who witnesses these strange antics. "It is very hard work, and brings but small profit," is the grave reply. "It is," rejoins Motibo; "but it is very nice, and Sekeletu gives an ox for dancing for him." This was all-sufficient; the savages would do anything for an ox; eating and drinking constitutes pretty nearly all they know of earthly felicity.

Sixty geographical miles in one day is quick work in canoes on an African river; and at that rate down stream with the current they went, first to Sesheke, and then back to Linyante.

IX.

AWAY TO LOANDA.

LIVINGSTONE found much to excite his interest and compassion in these poor, benighted Makololo folk. They were decidedly the most intelligent of the African tribes he had yet come in contact with, and they seemed truly desirous of having the white man to settle among them. On all occasions they had treated him with the greatest kindness and respect. He was therefore most anxious to establish a missionary station among them, and to afford them the means of commercial intercourse with other nations. The fever which prevailed, more or less, all through the alluvial districts in which they dwelt, and the presence, in most parts, of the tsetse, rendered a settlement there out of the question at present. On some of the high lands which surrounded the basin of the Zambezi healthy spots might be found. At all events, the country to the west might be explored for available routes to the coast; and this he determined on attempting. He might have effected his object by attaching himself to one of the parties of Mambari, who passed to and fro occasionally; but he was anxious to discover another line of march than that trodden by the slave-traders.

The Portugese town of Loanda, on the western coast, was the destined end of the journey, on which it was resolved to set out in November, when the rains, which generally begin to fall then, had tempered the heat, and rendered travelling less difficult. To accomplish an object so much desired by chief and people alike, a band of twenty unhired natives were deputed to accompany the missionary. Two only of these were true Makololo; the rest consisted of Barotse, Batoka, Bushubia, and others of the conquered tribes, generally included under the term Makalaka. A public assembly, termed a "picho," was called to deliberate on this expedition, and, as is customary, great liberty of speech was allowed, of which

one of the old diviners availed himself, saying, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments smell of blood!" His croakings, however, were of no avail, and all was bustle and activity, preparing for this adventure.

At this time, fever, which had quite disabled the three servants he brought with him from the south, had also very much prostrated the strength of Livingstone; if he looked up, or even turned suddenly, he was seized with a strange giddiness, which caused him to fall heavily to the earth, if he did not catch hold of something for support. His friends were anxious about him, and asked, "Suppose you should die on the road, how shall we excuse ourselves for letting you go away into a strange country of enemies?"

He assured them by promising to leave a book with Sekeletu, which would explain all that had happened up to the date of his departure. This he did; but the book was afterwards lost. Finding that he did not return, and fearing the worst, Sekeletu entrusted it to a trader, from whose hands it was never recovered.

Weak as he was, and just about to set forth on a journey beset with peril, Livingstone could not help thinking at times how near he was to death; but he flinched not from his determination to open up this part of Africa, or perish in the attempt. The prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful earth, and entering on an untried state of existence, did not frighten him; his only solicitude was for the dear ones far away, about whom he wrote to his brother, commending them to his care. The Boers, by destroying his property at Koloberg, had saved him the trouble of making a will, and now he was prepared, as heretofore, to do God's service in a manly way.

His wagon, and all that remained to him of wordly goods, he committed to the care of the Makololo, and then, encumbered with but little spare clothing, provisions, ammunition, and a few beads, to propitiate such savages as he might meet with, he and his party set forth. A characteristic ceremony took place before the

start; two sable warriors, by name Ponuane and Mahale, brought forward each a fine heifer calf, and, after performing a number of warlike evolutions, asked the chief to witness the agreement between them, that whoever of the two should first kill a Matabele, in defence of the wagon, should, on his return, have both the calves. A small gypsy tent, just large enough to sleep in, a horse-rug for a bed, and a sheep-skin mantle for a blanket, composed the missionary's whole sleeping outfit. He had his sextant and other instruments for "talking with the stars,"—as the natives called taking observations,—and a magic lantern, which he had found of great use to frighten or propitiate foes, or amuse friendly heathens, whose dancing, roaring, singing, and oft-times obscene jesting filled him with disgust and abhorrence at paganism even while he entertained the greatest pity for the pagans, and an earnest desire to rescue them from their grovelling condition.

It was on the 11th of November, 1853, that the party left the town of Linyante, amid general expressions of good-will and regret from the whole of its inhabitants. The friendly chief left Livingstone his own canoe ; and accompanied him to the main stream of the Chobe, to reach which several branches must be crossed. This river is much infested with hippopotami, which are only dangerous if attacked or approached too near. They swim about lazily, with their enormous snouts just above the water, or lie sunning themselves on the sandy flats, or in the reed-beds by the shore. By day they are commonly found in the mid-stream, where they keep floating; then, if a canoe passes amid the herd, it is very likely to be struck by one or more of them in their efforts to escape, and perhaps swamped. Towards night this is the safest place, for they are mostly roaming about on shore, or on the islands, feeding upon the rank herbage and grasses. At this time the gardens and corn-patches of the natives are sometimes visited by them. Certain old males, which have been expelled by the community, swim or wander about by themselves. It is dangerous to come upon these, for they rush, open-mouthed, at everything

and body. They will, sometimes, with their enormous jaws, rend a canoe completely to pieces, and send the people in it swimming for their lives. On such occasions it is best to dive at once to the bottom, as the enraged animal always wreaks its vengeance on whatever may be on the surface, and moves off if he finds nothing there. Sometimes one of these surly "bachelors" will dive under a canoe, and then rise, so as to lift it clean out of the water with his broad back; then he goes to work with savage fury; feet and tusks and jaws are used with terrible effect, and all is havoc and confusion. Hunting hippopotami, however, is not such dangerous sport as that of many other animals of the larger kind. They can generally be speared, or shot from safe positions, especially from trees that overhang the water. On land they are awkward and ungainly, and are easily outrun by the hunter, who can go round and round them, delivering his fire, or spear-thrusts. They always make for the water if they can, and to intercept them is dangerous, if only for the immense force which the impetus of running gives to such ponderous bodies. A horse could not stand against it, much less a man. If a shot is fired into a sleeping herd of hippopotami, they all start up and stare about them in a stupid manner, waiting for a second shot, before they seem to understand what it means; then they make off in all directions. But the mother will not leave her young; rather will she die with it; although, if she has twins, she is said to destroy one of them. A white hippopotamus is sometimes seen in a herd, contrasting strongly with the dark slaty hue of the rest. It is not, however, quite white, but a dirty pink. Elephants of the same tint are about as common, and these are also called white. If this albino should be a male, some of his progeny will probably be marked with light patches. If the traveller observes an old surly male by himself in the water, biting at it in a frantic manner, and shaking his large head from side to side, and asks the natives what he is doing. "Oh" will be the reply, "he is slamming the door;" the meaning of which is not very clear, unless by the door is

meant his mouth. Hippopotamus flesh, like that of nearly all animals, is eaten by the Africans. Travellers say that it is coarse and hard, unless very young, when it is not unlike pork. Being altogether a vegetable feeder, this animal never attacks others, and is not often attacked by them. They seem to respect its enormous strength as they do that of the rhinoceros and elephant. About nine or ten feet long, and four high, is the ordinary size of this river-horse, which is supposed to be the Behemoth of Scripture. Antelopes, wild hogs, zebras, buffaloes, and elephants abound among the magnificent trees and reeds and grasses which clothe the high banks of the Chobe, which has a very torturous course, winding and turning upon itself frequently to as to make rowing upon it very tedious. Among the trees which the traveller observed on its banks were some species of the Indian fig; acacias, with their light-green foliage; the lofty *motsintsela ;* of whose wood good canoes are made, and whose fruit is very nutritious; the *motsouri*, with its beautiful pink plums chiefly used to form a pleasant acid drink. At one part of the river, called Zabesa, or Zabenza, it spreads out into a small lake, surrounded on all sides by dense masses of tall reeds. The stream which issues from this is one hundred and fifty yards wide. At certain points along the bank villages of observation have been placed, from which a lookout can be kept for the Matebele, whose attacks might be expected from that quarter. All through the route Livingstone found that orders had been sent on, by the chief, that the *Nake*, meaning the doctor, should not be suffered to become hungry.

After passing out of the Chobe into the Zambesi, the travellers came upon two large islands on which a piece of treachery had been enacted, which illustrates vividly the savage and lawless state of these regions. A Makalaka chief had there lured a number of fugitive Bamangwato, after separating them from their wives, whom they had appropriated, and left them to perish. The town of Sesheke is next reached, with its white sandbanks, which is the meaning of the term. Here dwelt Moriant-

sane, brother-in-law to Sebituane, and here again another characteristic incident occurs. A Makalaka having stabbed an ox, and being unable to extricate his spear, was by its evidence convicted of the offence, bound hand and foot, and placed in the burning sun until he should pay a fine. He denied his guilt, and his mother believing him, comes with her hoe, and threatens to cut down any one who interferes, loosens the cords, and takes him home. Thus set openly at defiance, the chief refers the case to Sekeletu, who acts upon a suggestion made by Livingstone, and condemns the offender to give the amount of the fine in labor. According to the Makalaka custom, the culprit ought to have been drowned in the river. This would not restore the lost property; but here was a more excellent way, punishing and affording compensation at the same time. Henceforward this was the plan adopted.

The day after the new moon is observed as a partial day of rest in this part of the country. It is the only Sabbath of which any traces can be found. This luminary seems to be an object of worship with the people, who watch eagerly for the appearance of the new moon, and, as soon as the first faint outline shows above the horizon, they utter a loud cry of *kua*, and shout prayers to it. Those who accompanied Livingstone observed this custom, saying to the object of their worship: "Let our journey with the white man be prosperous; let our enemies perish, and the children of *Nake* become rich; may he have plenty of meat on his journey," etc., etc. This is the Makalaka idea of true felicity,—plenty of meat!

Under the spreading camel-thorn that shaded the kotla of Moriantsane, the missionary addressed five or six hundred of the people, who were assembled to hear him. They were all very attentive, except some young men, who continued their work of preparing a skin, and at whom, in the middle of the discourse, the chief hurled his staff as a gentle reprimand. Different effects are produced upon different hearers, just as of old the seed scattered by the sower sprang up, or withered, or was

choked, as the case might be. Some prayed to Jesus without knowing what they were doing; some, after hearing solemn truths, talked frivolous nonsense, as even instructed Christians are apt to do; others had their rest disturbed at night by thoughts of a future world, and resolved not to listen to such preaching again; many were determined not to believe, and these we may compare to certain villagers of the South, who put all their cocks to death, because they crowed, "*Tlang lo rapeleng*," "Come along to prayers."

They now began to ascend towards the high lands, and Livingstone partially recovered from his attack of fever. The rainy season begins to set in, but it does not yet increase the volume of the river, which is never less than three hundred yards wide. Opposite the villages, they wait for supplies of food, and the head-man of the Makololo takes care to exact the full quantity, in accordance with his chief's orders. Here, among the Banyeti, they got a bright-red bean, which grows upon a large tree called *mosibe*, with honey to make it palatable; also a fruit resembling a large orange, with a hard rind, the pips and bark of which contain the deadly poison strychnia, while the juicy pulp, which is eaten, is wholesome and pleasant to the taste. A sweet fruit, called *môbola*, which has the flavor of strawberries; and another fruit, about the size of a walnut, and called *mamosho*, "Mother of morning," and most delicious of all, were likewise presented to them. As they ascend into higher latitudes, they come to other forms of vegetation. There contrasting beautifully with the fresh leaves of light-green, which many trees are putting forth, is the dark *motsouri*, or *moyela*, covered with pink plums as large as cherries.

The bed of the river now becomes rocky, and the shallowing waters flow swiftly over the craggy bottom, forming rapids, which it is dangerous to navigate. There are islets, covered with trees and cataracts, and it requires all the skill of the Makololo to prevent the flat-bottomed canoes being swamped or overturned. The cooing turtle-doves make their nests above the roaring

torrent; the ibis perched on the end of a stump, utters her loud, harsh scream; a kind of plover flies before them, with plaintive cries, which sound like warnings of danger; and the piping of the fish-hawk is heard above the metallic ring of the alarm-note "*tinc-tinc-tinc*" of another plover, called *setula-tsipi*, or "hammering-iron." This is the bird famed for its friendship with the crocodile, for which it is sent to perform the part of toothpicker. Here it is frequently seen, in company with this animal, and, as some say, perched on its shoulder, and chases the white-necked raven, a much larger bird, amid the rocks, and makes it call out for fear. Here the turtles ascend the steep banks to lay their eggs, and sometimes, toppling on their backs, fall a helpless prey to man or beast.

Among the forest trees that fringe the rocky banks are birds with pleasant songs; one with dark-blue and chocolate-colored plumage, with two long features projecting from the tail; another parti-colored, white and black, a sociable bird, generally seen in companies of six or eight. There, too, are jet-black weavers, in great force; tailor birds they are sometimes called, because they sew up the leaves to make their nests. Francolins and guinea-fowl also abound, their curious cry echoing amid the rocks. On every stump or stone that is in or overhangs the water, sits the web-footed darter, or snake-bird, sunning itself, or standing erect with out-stretched wings, ready for a plunge; or sometimes it may be seen in the water, swimming with its head and neck only visible. The fish-hawk, with white head and neck, sits on the tree above, or hovers over the stream poised upon motionless wings; its keen eye sees the flashing of a fin, and down with the speed of lightning it comes. This is a somewhat dainty feeder, eating only a piece out of the back of its prey, and leaving the rest for the natives, who watch its descent with great interest, and run races for its leavings. With legs deep in the water, stands an awkward-looking pelican; he makes a dart, and gets a fine fish safe in his pouch; down comes the hawk with a rush, making as much noise as possible to attract the at-

tention of the pelican, which opens its mouth wide to utter a cry of terror. This is just what the hawk wants; he catches hold of the fish, and dexterously whisking it out of the pouch, bears it off in triumph, while the bird he has robbed quietly resumes his fishing. As the canoe divides the yielding waters, numbers of small fish, about the size of our minnow, skim along the surfice in a succession of hops, like the oyster-shell, or other flat, substance, which boys often amuse themselves by throwing. In the overhanging branches, lizards, called *mpula* or *iguanos*, are enjoying the sunshine,—splashing into the water as the boat approaches, and disappearing, if they are not speared by the boatmen, who are eagerly looking out for them, as they are considered a great delicacy. As they round a bend of the river, what at first sight seems a large log in motion moves slowly down to the water and plunges in; it is a huge crocodile, after which, it may be, a Barotse dives, and is lost to sight for a minute or two. Presently there is great agitation of the surface of the river, which becomes dyed with blood. Other natives, armed with knives, now take to the water, and swim away vigorously to the scene of action, where their dark bodies appear and disappear amid the foaming and flashing waters, which are lashed by the tail, and churned by the legs of the dying animal, whose snapping jaws open and close like steel traps, in furious attempts at the destruction of its assailants; but not for long, the death-wound has been given, and the great lizard floats lifeless, and is dragged to shore, amid cries of triumph from the Barotse, who will eat its flesh, as they do almost everything which is possible to eat. In the reaches of still waters, between the rapids, herds of hippopotami are seen swimming about, or resting in the shallows. The females are distinguished by their lighter color. It is impossible to tell their number, as they are constantly in motion, monstrous heads appearing and disappearing as the creatures come up to breathe. In all directions deep furrows in the banks show where they ascend to graze during the night. They are guided back to the river by scent alone, and sometimes, after a

heavy rainfall, on account of the prevalent moisture, they cannot tell where to seek it, and are surprised and shot by the hunters, while they have no possibility of escape. Generally, when in the water, their snortings may be heard a mile off; but when there is a necessity for concealment, they will float with their snouts among the water-plants, and breathe very gently.

It is now November 30, and they have reached the Gonye Falls, where the river rushes and eddies with great violence through a deep fissure in the sandstone rocks, a hundred yards wide, and several miles in length; but the country is parched, and the trees, though in full leafage, are languid, like the travellers, for want of rain. The canoes have to be carried some distance by land, to avoid the falls, on which no boat can live; and this is done by the people of Gonye—a merry, light-hearted set—by swinging them on poles. Above the falls are islands covered with beautiful foliage, and the view from thence is magnificent.

On, till they reached Nameta, where, finding that Mpololo, the head-man of the Barotse valley, had supported a Makololo chief, named Lerimo, in a foray against Masiko, who had established himself on the banks of the Leeba, and taken his subjects captives, doubtless with the intention of selling them for slaves; Livingstone rescued some of these, and took them to be restored to Masiko.

At every village they met with kind treatment; the men fed, and the women "lullilooed" them. A man would come with an ox, and modestly say, "Here is a bit of bread for you;" unlike the Bechuanas, who, in presenting a miserable goat, would pompously say, "Here is an ox!"

At Naliele refreshing showers begin to fall; but the air is still hot and close; and the missionary has another attack of fever. Here Sekeletu's canoes were sent back, with an abundance of good wishes, eight riding oxen, and seven for slaughter, and others were borrowed from Mpololo. Naliele is left behind, and the ascent of the river continued; between low banks, steep and regular,

like those of a canal, they paddle along, with immense numbers of sand-martins and bee-eaters coming out of their holes to look at them, and the lively little blue-and-orange kingfisher, with its speckled namesake, flashing hither and thither in the sunshine, like colored fire.

They reach Libonta on the 17th of December, and here collect fat and butter, as presents for the Balonda, among whom it would not do to go empty-handed. More captives were given up by Mpololo, at this the last town of the Makololo, where Livingstone's medical skill was called into requisition by two of the people who had been wounded by a lion; as well as by others suffering from fever and ophthalmia.

Libonta belongs to the two chief wives of Sebituane. By them oxen and other food were furnished, and Livingstone's heart glowed with gratitude at the liberality and kindness shown him by all parties here. They now get quite beyond the inhabited part of the country, and meet with animal life in great abundance. Upwards of thirty species of fish are found in the river alone: avocets and spoonbills, stately flamingoes, Numidian and other cranes, graceful demoiselles, gulls, black and other geese, and ducks of several species. There is plenty of game and fish; vegetables and fruits in abundance; milk and butter. No wonder that when they leave this fruitful land, the Makololo sigh for a return to the peace and plenty which it affords, falling away, and pining for its enjoyments.

The company were now divided, part proceeding along the banks with the oxen, and part on the water in the canoes. Every now and then the land party had to be carried across one of the numerous smaller streams which run into the Zambesi, and which are swarming with crocodiles, which are here bolder and more savage than elsewhere. One of the men swimming across was caught by the thigh, and carried under water; but he had the presence of mind to use his javelin with such effect that the brute let him go, with the marks of its teeth upon his thigh. In some parts, if a man is bitten by a crocodile, or only has a little water splashed over

him by one, he is expelled the tribe; but it is not so here. Some imagine that the mere sight of this animal gives inflammation of the eyes. A Bakwain will spit on the ground when he sees one, to express his disgust, and say, "*Boleo ki bo*,"—"There is sin." These people have many superstitions regarding animals; for instance, if a man be bitten by a zebra, he is obliged to go, with all his family, away to the Kalahari desert, although all eat the zebra's flesh very freely. When Livingstone first put guns into the hands of his men to shoot game with, they wanted gun medicine to make them shoot straight. They strongly believe in charms, which they call medicine. The chief, Sechele, once gave thirty pounds' worth of ivory for a medicine to render him invulnerable to shot. Livingstone advised him that he should try it on a calf, to show him the folly of it. The animal was tied to a tree, anointed with the charm, fired at, and of course killed. The chief thought it was pleasanter to be deceived than undeceived. The party have now reached the confluence of the Zambesi and the Leeba, and bid adieu to the former river, to make their way up the latter; they have lately had a pleasant time of it; rain had fallen, and all nature has revived; the woods are full of singing-birds, fresh foliage, and beautiful blossoms; game is amazingly plentiful, and there is no mortal so happy as a Makololo, with plenty to eat.

X.

UP THE LEEAMBYE.

At the point where its confluence with the Leeambye takes place, the Zambesi, that noblest of African rivers, turns off to the east to precipitate itself down the Mosioatun-ya Falls, which we shall, by and by, have an opportunity of visiting. Our course now lies to the northwest; we are close at the end of the month of December, in latitude 14° 10′ 52″ S., longitude 23° 35′ 40″ E., and

not far from this point, lives Masiko, to whom we have to restore some of the captives rescued from Mpololo. It is credibly reported that this chief is in the habit of seizing friendless orphans and others, and selling them to the slave-dealers, and a message is sent to him to the effect that Livingstone "is sorry to find that Santuru (the name of the chief's father) had not borne a wiser son. Santuru loved to govern men, but Masiko wanted to govern wild beasts, and such acts would lead to war: he had better live in peace."

The color of the Leeba's waters are darker than those of the Zambesi, and they wind slowly through delightful meadows, receiving many tributaries in their course. Groups of graceful trees stand here and there, and the whole scenery is very park-like. These trees stand mostly on verdant knolls, and it seems likely that the whole country is annually inundated. All around are the lovliest flowers, in great profusion, from which the bees gather their sweet store. Among the flowers are some which have the pleasant flagrance of the hawthorn, inhaling which the traveller's thoughts fly homeward, and he is a boy once more, wandering amid green lanes and grassy pastures, where the white flocks feed, without fear of the lion or other destroyer. Wonderfully luxuriant is the growth of many kinds of plants; the climbing ones especially, covering with their bright blossoms the stems and branches of the trees, which support and are adorned by them. Here they gather the yellow, sweet-tasted fruit of the *maroro*, or *malolo*, a small bush; it is full of seeds like the custard apple; and here, too, they find the breeding-place of the crocodiles, from which two broods have just emerged. The eggs are about as large as those of the goose, and as many as sixty have been taken out of the nest; they are lined with a tough membrane, and the young require the assistance of the dam to release them from their confinement. So she covers them up with earth, and, at the proper time, returns to perform this duty; after it is accomplished she leads them down to the water to fish for themselves. The yolk of the crocodile's egg is the only

part that coagulates, and that is eaten by the natives. These animals feed mostly by night, and the loud champing noise made by their jaws, once heard, is not soon forgotten. By day they lie motionless as logs, sunning themselves on sand-banks, or in the water, through which they rush with wonderful agility. Baldwin, in his "African Hunting," related many curious stories of narrow escapes which he had from these voracious creatures. On one occasion, when just recovered from fever, he went sea-cow shooting, and, landing on a small island covered with trees, feeling weak and tired, he sat down with his feet dangling in the water, and went fast asleep, in which state his friends found him within a few yards of several enormous crocodiles, which were making towards his resting-place, and would, no doubt in a few minutes have seized him.

They now arrived opposite the village of Manenko, a female chief of the people called Balunda or Bolanda, with whom our travellers were in bad repute, owing to a report that one of their party had acted as guide to the band of marauders, under Lerimo, who carried off some of their children. Two of these, a boy and girl, were now restored to them by Livingstone,—thus proving that neither himself, nor Sekeletu, from whom he came, were parties to the outrage. Manenko's suspicions had induced her to remove, with most of her people, to a place of concealment at some distance from the river; and, as it was desirable that she should be propitiated, Livingstone resolved to wait until the Bolanda had reported his message to her and returned. Two days he waited and spent them in hunting for game in the lands about, which were well covered with forests, having in them open glades. Here he met with native hunters, who assisted him to shoot zebras. A chief, named Sekelenke, who was out elephant-hunting on the right bank of the Leeba, sent the party large bundles of the dried flesh of that animal, and from Manenko they received a basket of manioc roots, with orders that they were to remain there until she visited them. Then counter-orders came that they were to go to her; but, as

the negotiation was a very difficult one, and much time had been lost, they passed on without seeing the lady. And so, again, on and on, to where another large river called the Makondo enters the Leeba from the east. It is New Year's Day, 1854, and the rainy season has fairly set in. The villagers on the banks of the river as they pass, bring baskets of a purple fruit, called *mawa*, for which they received pieces of meat in return. At the spot where the two rivers meet, the man-stealing Mambari cross, and here they find a piece of steel watch-chain. How suggestive was it to Livingstone's mind of the works and ways of civilization, from which he was so far removed! But no truly civilizing influences were borne, by those who dropped it there, into the heart of that dark region, into which he was so earnestly desirous of introducing the Gospel of salvation. Honest traders do these Mambari often seem,—honest, as they are undoubtedly enterprising. They come to a native town, they build their huts, and lay out their goods,—wonderful cotton prints, which the natives can scarcely believe to be the work of mortal hands. "English manufacturers," say the Mambari, "come out of the sea, and gather beads on its shores." And then they speak of the cotton-mills, and the machinery by which the fabrics are made. "It is all a dream," say the natives, "all a dream. How can iron spin and weave and print so beautifully?" And after endeavoring in vain to comprehend it all, they end with the exclamation, "Truly, ye are gods!" Often might they have said to the Mambari traders, "Truly, ye are devils," when in the dead of the night wild cries arose, and the death-shot rang through the village, and the red flames devoured their huts, and their wives and children were borne away captives.

Great dreamers are the people who accompany Livingstone, and they put much faith in dreams. One of their number has had a very ominous one, and the whole party are greatly depressed. There is nothing like active exercise for vagaries of this sort; so they are ordered into the canoes, and set to work rowing, and are soon ashamed to confess their fears. They stop their

paddles before the village of Sheakondo, and send a message to the head-man, who soon appears, accompanied by his two wives, bearing presents of manioc, or cassava, which as well as dura, ground-nuts, beans, maize, sweet potatoes and lekoto, or yams, the Baionda chiefly cultivate. Stepping with the mincing gate of an African beauty, the younger wife makes music as she goes, having little pieces of sheet iron attached loosely to a profusion of rings of the same metal, round her ankle. She, like the old wife, is anxious to anoint herself withal. The man, who had probably never seen a European before, does not seem to have any fear, until some of God's words are repeated to him. He speaks frankly, and merely points to the sky, when he would make an asservation.

It is observed that some of Sheakondo's people add, as they suppose, to their beauty, by filing their teeth to a point; they also tatoo their bodies in various parts, especially on the abdomen, the skin being raised so as to form a star or some other device. The skin shines with its varnish of fat, or oil, compressed from the seeds of the *palma christi*, or castor-oil plant, and others of the same nature.

Rain, rain, rain, for a fortnight, with clouds over the face of the sky, so that no observation could be taken, and yet the Leeba did not rise greatly, nor become discolored, as the Zambesi does. There are but few birds here, and the crocodiles are scarce, having, it is said, a wholesome dread of the poisoned arrows with which the natives shoot them. There is a great cry,—a man is bitten by a serpent: it is a non-venomous one, and of course he gets no harm. "But why?" say his friends. "Because many of them were looking at it, and this was a charm against the poison."

Shinte, the greatest Balonda chief in this part of the country, has a sister, who is also a chief, named Nyamoana, and the travellers are now opposite her village. Her husband, Samoane, comes out in his state dress, a kilt of green and red baize, armed with a spear, and broadsword of antique form. He and his rather aged

queen, who has a bad squint, are seated on skins in the centre of an elevated circle, surrounded by a trench, beyond which are persons of both sexes, the males mostly well armed. There is a clapping of hands, the usual salutation, and then a palaver, in which the objects of the missionary are explained.

These people, who are real negroes, with woolly heads, black skins, would not believe what Livingstone wore on his head was hair at all. "It is the mane of the lion," said they. A superstitious people are these Balonda, great believers in charms, of which they have filled two pots, and placed them in two little sheds, erected for the purpose. These are their temples, and the charms their holy relics. The men are dressed in prepared skins of the jackals, the wild cat, and other small animals, and the women anyhow, in whatever they can get hold of. The first evidence of idolatry which the traveller had yet seen came to light here; it was a human head carved out of a block of wood, and sprinkled over with red ochre. There were several of these as idols. Sometimes a crooked stick was the object of worship. Incisions were made in the trees, and small pieces of manioc root and ears of maize are hung upon the branches as propitiatory offerings to the dreaded beings who are supposed to reside in the depths of the gloomy forest; and there are heaps of sticks, met with here and there, raised by every passer-by adding a bundle, as cairns are raised of stones by northern nations.

The travellers are desirous of proceeding further up the Leeba with the canoes, but Nyamoane objects, as does also her daughter, Manenko, who now arrives upon the scene. She is a tall, strapping young woman, and, like most Balonda ladies, considers elegance in dress to consist in wearing as little as may be, but a profusion of ornaments, and medicines, or charms, and smearing the body over with fat and red ochre.

She is a virago, and scolds away right and left, especially a party of under-chiefs, who had come on an embassy from Masiko to Livingstone, bringing a present, with expressions of gratitude and good-will towards the Mako-

lodo. It appears that Masiko had once sent to Samoana for a piece of cloth, such being the common way of keeping up friendly intercourse; but he returned it because it looked as if it had witchcraft medicines on it. A very grave offence this. Now the ambassadors from the offending chief had slept in one of the huts of Manenko's village, without asking leave, and the chance of retaliation was too tempting to be rejected. So she gave them an oration in the most approved African style, with plenty of energetic motions and shrill interjections; reproached them with everything bad they had ever done, or been supposed to have done, since they were born, and finished by saying she despaired of their ever being better until they were all killed by alligators. This torrent of abuse was received in silence, and the fire of her anger, not being stirred or fanned into a fiercer flame, soon died out, and Masiko's people departed with an ox from the missionary for their chief, and good advice against kidnapping and other offences, which lead to wars between those who are all children of one common Father.

Manenko's husband, Sambanza, when he and his wife and people had listened to Livingstone's proposal for an alliance between them and the Makololo, made a great oratorical display, varying his flow of words by significant actions, such as stooping down, every now and then, to pick up sand, which he rubbed into the upper part of his arms and chest; this being a mode of polite salutation in Londa. Another is, to touch the ground with one cheek after the other, and clap the hands, or drum the ribs with the elbows; but the very acme of politeness is to bring a quantity of ashes, or pipe-clay, in a piece of skin, and rub it on the chest and upper front part of each arm. The ankles of this polished specimen of a Bolanda chief were ornamented with copper rings, which were not, however, so numerous and heavy as to impede his walk; but, as it is the height of fashion to be, or to seem, encumbered and overloaded, he hobbled along with his feet apart as if he were. The missionary smiled at this exhibition of vanity, "Oh," said his attendants, observ-

ing it, "that this is the way they show high blood in these parts." What a capital parody we have here upon what is of constant occurrence in highly civilized communities!

Manenko, the strong-minded, readily agrees with Livingstone's proposal for an alliance with the Makalolo, and proposes that Kolimbota, the head-man of his party, shall take a wife from their tribe. She will send on Livingstone's baggage to her uncle, the great chief, Shinte. He would have proceeded farther up the Leeba, and is moving off to the river; but she lays her head on his shoulders, and says, in a motherly sort of manner, "Now my little man, just do as the rest have done," that is, submit to her will; and as she has taken possession of his goods, and the Makololo do not seem inclined to resist her, there is no help for it, and the missionary goes to hunt for meat, of which they are much in want, until all can be prepared for the journey.

On the 11th of January they start for Shinte's town, Manenko heading the party, and striding on at such a rate as kept all the rest almost at double-quick. "Ah, she is a soldier!" remarked the men. Her drummer thumped away most vigorously as long as he could, but soon was obliged to give over. The rain poured down in torrents, notwithstanding the incantations of her husband to drive it away. On she went, in the very highest marching order, replying to Livingstone, who rode upon an ox by her side, and who asked why she did not protect herself against the rain, "A chief must not appear effeminate, but always seem young and robust, and bear vicissitudes without wincing."

A long and weary journey this, sometimes through forests so dense that a way has to be cut with axes. All the party were wet, and looked miserable; but they kept up their courage, and went bravely on. Where a woman could lead, men must follow. Food was short. The people in the hamlets they passed by, or through, were niggardly. They have gardens of maize and manioc, and their guardian angel, which they call "a lion," was a figure more resembling an alligator, formed

of grass, and plastered over with soft clay, with two coarse shells for eyes, and the bristles from an elephant's tail stuck about the neck. This elegant and artistic idol stands in a shed, and before it the Balonda pray, and beat drums all night, in cases of sickness. To such hideous work of men's hands do the heathen in their blindness bow down.

A sense of insecurity seems to prevail among these niggardly Balonda, who are the subjects of Shinte. They live in constant dread of enemies, spiritual and bodily. The superstitious element is largely developed in their character, probably encouraged by the deep gloom of the thick surrounding forests. Each house in a village is surrounded by a palisade of thick stakes, one or two of which are removed when the owner wishes to squeeze himself through, and then replaced, so that no opening is left visible. Wild beasts are not plentiful here, having been much thinned by the bows and arrows of the natives. The forest becomes more dense as the party get further north; climbing-plants, like huge snakes, entwine themselves about the lofty trees, and often kill that which protects them, like some ungrateful people.

Here are found many artificial bee-hives, made out of the bark of a tree and coiled grass rope. They become common from hence to Angola, and furnish all the wax which is exported from the south-western ports. Round the trunk of each tree on which one is placed, is tied a piece of medicine to protect it against thieves, who believe that the charm can inflict disease and death. Great quantities of mushrooms are found and eagerly devoured by the natives, some of which, growing out of ant-holes, have a diameter of six or eight inches.

The people of the villages now become more friendly and liberal. If they are not, as is sometimes the case, seized with a panic at the sound of the drum, which Manenko has beaten to announce the approach of great people, and run off, they receive the travellers kindly. They will even take the roofs off their huts, and lend them for shelter during the night; a friendly act which an English villager would find difficult of performance, unless he lent the whole structure.

When they got near to Shinte's town, Manenko sent forward a messenger to announce her intended visit with a white man, and waited for permission to advance, such being the custom of the country. At the end of two days, came the chief's invitation, with presents of manioc and dried fish. His men were dressed in black monkey-skins, having a mane of pure white; and Livingstone was gladdened by the intelligence that he would meet two other white men from the West at Shinte's capital.

He was again prostrated with fever; but the thought of meeting with Europeans in such an out-of-the-way region invigorated him wonderfully. But then a doubt rose in his mind, and he asked, "Have they the same hair?" "Is this hair?" said they; "we thought it was a wig; we never saw the like before; you must be the sort of white man that lives in the sea." "Oh, yes," exclaimed the Makololo, "his hair is made quite straight by the sea-water." It was useless for Livingstone to explain to them that the phrase, coming up out of the sea, only meant that his countrymen came, not out of, but over the water. They persisted in believing and reporting that their leader was a kind of merman. They now proceed through a lovely valley, watered by a beautiful stream, to the town of Shinte, embosomed in bananas and other tropical trees. They wait outside until, in the opinion of Manenko, the sun is of the proper altitude for a lucky entrance.

Throngs of negroes come out to gaze on them. The travellers notice an alteration in the mode of building. The huts are not circular, as among tribes more to the south, but have square walls, and the streets are straight; with the Bechuanas they are always winding. The reported white men, are, as Livingstone suspected, native Portuguese traders, half-castes, with unmistakeably woolly heads. A number of Mambari were with them, and they had for sale some young female slaves, recently purchased in Lobale. Some of the Makololo were very indignant at seeing them in chains. "They are not men," said they, "but beasts, to treat their children so."

Next day there was a grand reception, and Sambanza, his wife being unwell, had the honor of presenting the travellers to Shinte. He was gaily dressed, having a profusion of beads, and a cloth of such a length that a boy carried it behind him as a train. On a throne covered with a leopard's skin, in the shade of a banana-tree, within the enclosure of the place of audience, sat the great chief, Shinte. His state dress consisted of a check jacket, a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green; around his neck were strings of large beads, and heavy and large were the copper armlets and bracelets he wore; his helmet was covered with beads, and had in its crest a great bunch of goose feathers. Altogether glorious was Shinte,—no doubt awful and terrible in the eyes of his subjects, although a sorry spectacle in those of European civilization. He had his lictors, too, like the old Roman consuls and emperors. These were three lads with large sheaves of arrows over their shoulders; and his chief wife was there, with a curious red cap on her head, no doubt thinking she looked very queenly. And there, too, were about a hundred other women, gloriously apparelled, not in oil and red ochre, like the barbarous Balonda females of distinction but bright red baize. Great was the rubbing in of ashes upon arms and chests by Sambanza, and others who led the ceremony on this august occasion, and low and many the obeisances made by the different members of the party who were presented. Great the shouting of the savage-looking soldiery, as with frantic gesticulations they rushed towards the tree beneath which stood the missionary and the chief men of his party, as if they intended to eat them all up, and admirable the order in which they wheeled around, as they got close to them, having apparently altered their minds very suddenly; and then the capering, the running and leaping, when the "picho" began. It was altogether a strangely grotesque scene. Backwards and forwards before Shinte stalked the spokesmen of Sambanza and Nyamoane, vociferating all they knew, and a good deal more, of Livingstone's history, and his connection with the Mak-

alolo; explaining the objects of his mission, and advising Shinte to give the white man a good reception, and to pass him safely on his way.

The king's musicians, with drums neatly carved from the trunk of a tree, having the ends covered with antelope skin, and a kind of piano, named *marimba*, and consisting of wooden keys attached to calabashes, and having a cross parallel bar of wood, discoursed sweet music at intervals; and ever and anon, between the pauses of the speaking, the ladies burst forth in a sort of plaintive ditty which was by no means unpleasant to the ears. With the soldiers, who numbered three hundred, there could not have been less than twelve or thirteen hundred people present.

Livingstone was the first white man the chief had ever seen, and though he retained his African dignity, yet he kept his curious gaze on him all the time. With exemplary patience he listened to no less than nine orations, before he got up to leave; afterwards he expressed a desire that "the men who came from the gods should approach and talk to him." He was very good-humored, and ready to listen to the missionary's advice. He said that his mouth was bitter for want of ox-flesh, and Livingstone responded to this broad hint, and greatly delighted him, by presenting to him an ox. But when his strong-minded niece, Manenco, heard of this present, she declared that the animal was hers. "Did not the white man belong to her? Had she not brought him here?" So she sent her own people to fetch the ox, had it slaughtered, and gave a leg only to Shinte, who took it all as if it were a good joke. No such thing could possibly have occurred in the South, where the women have less influence. Several other interviews occurred between the missionary and the chief, who professed the greatest interest in his proceedings. He had always been a friend, he said, to Sebituane, and to his son, Sekeletu. He was not merely a friend but a father, and how could a father refuse a request made by a son? Sekeletu was now left far behind, and the missionary must look to him, Shinte, for help, which would be al-

ways freely rendered; and he proved his sincerity by his unvarying kindness and valuable presents. So, after a pleasant sojourn of several days in his capital, the party leave to pursue their journey, with a hearty salutation from the friendly chief, and the wish, on their part, that God might bless him.

XI.

STILL WESTWARD HO!

PASSING down the lovely valley in which the town of Shinte stands, and then on through forest lands, the party reach a Balonda village, and halt for the night. Near them is a fine range of green hills, called Saloisho, inhabited by the people who work the iron ore, which abounds there. The soil of the country is dark, with a reddish tinge, and is very fertile. Maize and manioc grow freely, with but little cultivation, and are the stable food of the people, who, hereabout, are hospitable, and most polite in their manners. Orders are sent to all the villages on the route that Shinte's friends must have abundance of provisions; and Intemese, the chief guide, deputed by him to accompany them, sees that these instructions are carried out. Small presents of beads made to the villagers are always thankfully received. The travellers were struck with the punctilious manners of the Balonda guides. They would not partake of the food cooked by the other travellers, nor eat at all in their presence. After meals they stood up, clapped their hands, and praised Intemese. If the fire in the hut of one of these men should go out, he would light it again himself; and not, as is commonly done by the Makalolo, take fire from the hut of another. It is probable that superstitious fears are at the bottom of much of this strict observance of etiquette.

In the capital it was observed that when inferiors meet superiors in the street, the former at once drop on

their knees, and rub dust on their arms and chest, and continue their salutation of hand-clapping, until the great ones are out of sight. In illustration of their superstition, we may note that, when the woman who holds the office of water-carrier to Shinte passes along, she rings a bell, to warn people that they must get out of her way, as it would be a grave offence for any one to approach the drink of the chief, lest an evil influence should be exerted on it.

The slave-trade had had a very deleterious effect on Shinte and his people. Offences of the slightest character were made the pretext for selling the offenders to the Mambari traders, to whom friendless fugitives and kidnapped children were often sold. Indeed, children were looked upon as so much property, valuable only for what it would fetch. Parents would often dispose of their own. Shinte presented a little slave-girl to Livingstone, and when he declined to accept it, offered him another a head taller, thinking the first was not big enough for him. The missionary spoke to him privately on the subject, telling him how displeasing it must be to God to see his children selling one another.

Crossing the river Lonaje, and passing the villages embowered in banannas, shrubs, and manioc, our party reach the Leeba, at a part much higher up than where they had left it, and encamp on its banks. They notice here a custom, which they had not observed elsewhere, of plaiting the beard in a threefold cord.

Lying away to the N. E. of Shinte, the town of the chief, Cazembe, was pointed out to them; it is celebrated for its copper anklets, which people come from far and near to purchase. Cazembe's subjects are Balonda, or Baloi, and his country is called Londa, Lunda, or Lui, by the Portugese. Perereira and Lacerda are said to have visited this country; and a very old native told Livingstone that he had often heard of white men, but had never before seen them, although one had been to Cazembe when he was young. Livingstone's Makololo attendants and Shinte's guides revelled in the abundance of food furnished by the natives, in accordance with their

chief's orders, and were not inclined to move on faster than they were obliged. Intemese himself was sometimes laid up with pains in the stomach, under which infliction, however, he was quite cheerful and talkative; his favorite remedy was a fresh supply of beef. One of his men stole a fowl which had been given to Livingstone. No such instance of theft among the Makalolo had ever occurred, and the Bakwains were strictly honest. Everywhere, hitherto, had Livingstone's property been considered sacred; perhaps, because he was looked upon in the light of a public benefactor. Among the Balonda he was not so well known, and he subsequently found that the idolatrous people among whom he travelled were less mindful of moral obligations than the others, although they were scrupulous in their observance of the punctilities of life. Having crossed the Leeba, the party entered upon a plain, at least twenty miles broad, and covered with water, which was ankle-deep at the shallowest parts. Intemese, who had lingered on the further side, where Shinte's dominions ended, and his powers of commanding food from the people consequently ceased, came on reluctantly, after considerable delay, and left behind the pontoon of which he had taken charge, saying that it would be brought on by the head-man of the village, which it never was; so a most useful article was lost. To avoid the more deeply flooded plains of Lobale, the travellers keep as close as possible to the Piri hills on the right, or east. These plains are among the greatest reservoirs of water in South Africa, and the sources of supply to many important rivers, such as the Chobe. They are perfectly level, so that the water, which falls in prodigious quantities in the rainy season, stands there until it soaks into the boggy soil, from which it afterwards oozes and collects in the river channels. The flooded plains look like great prairies, being covered with thick grass, of a pale-yellow color, interspersed with clumps of date and other bushes. In some places the dreary flats were gay with lotus flowers. Here, on the calm, still nights, the marsh-lights dance over the quagmires, and the tortoises, crabs, and

other fish-eating animals come up from the deep pools, and pass from one feeding-place to another. Here, too, the buffaloes wallow, and the hippopotami flounder through the morasses, and the water snakes wriggle along among the rank herbage, seeking for frogs and other small reptiles, or the nest of some marsh-building bird. Some antelopes, too, are found on these watery plains, such as the water-reed and bush-bucks, the lechwe, poku, and nakong, all of which naturally flee to swamps for protection. In pursuit of these the leopard will sometimes come prowling here by night; and the green monkeys, when driven out of their favorite shelter among the mangroves by the river, will go chattering and screeching from one to the other of the wooded knolls, which stand out like islets, shaking their wet feet and tails, and looking round frequently for the enemies which they know are not far off.

On! on! no rest must be taken here, or the poisonous miasma will pass into the lungs, and fever will seize upon the frame, prostrating the energies and destroying the vital powers. They are obliged to remain one night upon an island, and are badly supplied with firewood. The rain pours down in torrents, and they are wretched and miserable.

Then on they march again, to a ridge of dry inhabited land, where the people, according to custom, lend them the roofs of their huts for shelter. But again the rain comes down so copiously that their beds are flooded from below. The men turn out to make furrows around their sleeping-places and raise the centre. In the morning, when they want to go on, Intemese says they must wait until he has sent forward to apprise Katema—a chief, whose residence he says is near at hand—of their coming; whereas the place is two day's journey off, and he lies to obtain more rest. So on, again, through a rich and fertile country, crossing streams and halting at villages and the towns of chiefs; one of whom, Soana Molopo, scolded because the Makololo, of whom he was afraid, had been shown so much of the Balonda country. "Shinte did well to aid the white men; but these Mako-

lolo could not be trusted." He, however, gave them a handsome present of food. Intemese was here left behind, in a fit of the sulks, because Livingstone refused to give him an ox. Stopped by the rain, they halt at the home of Mozinka, an intelligent and friendly man, who, with his wife and children, are the finest negro family Livingstone had ever seen. The woman asks the missionary to bring her a cloth from the white man's country, which he promises to do; but alas! on his return afterwards, she is dead, the hut in ruins, and the beautiful garden a wilderness,—it being the custom for a husband to abandon the spot where his wife, or any near relations had died.

They next visit Quendénde, the father-in-law of Katema, and find him so polite and intelligent that they do not regret having to spend Sunday with him. He had a great crop of wool on his head, the front being parted in the middle, and plaited into two thick rolls, which fell down behind the ears to the shoulder, the rest being gathered into a large knot, which lay on the nape of the neck. The funeral of one of his people was just over, and the drum was beating the *Barimo,* or spirits, to sleep. One of the funeral drums is kept in every village, and it is heard going at all hours of the day,—this being the mode of propitiating the souls of the departed, who are looked upon as vindictive beings.

A custom here came to Livingstone's knowledge, which seemed to be prevalent among the Makololo and other tribes. Each man of a party of travellers who might come to a village and receive food, without having the means of paying for it, would adopt one of his entertainers as a comrade, and be bound to treat him with equal kindness, should occasion arise. Here is a lesson for Christians. We may learn much even from the heathen.

Messengers arrive at the village to announce the death of a chief, named Matiamvo, who was insane, and sometimes took a fancy to kill his people, because he said they were too numerous, and wanted thinning. When asked if human sacrifices were common with

them, as had been reported, they replied that they sometimes took place, when certain charms were needed by the chief. They were astonished at the liberty allowed to the Makololo, especially that they should have oxen of their own; only their chief kept cattle. They knew that there was direct water communication between their country and Sekelutu's, for one of them asked, if he were to make a canoe and take it down, could he get a cow for it? The messengers told a good many queer stories of the dead chief, who, if he took a fancy to any particular article of great value, would order a whole village to be brought up, and exchange them for it. He would seize the entire stock of a slave-trader who visited him, then send out a party to some considerable village to kill the head-hand, and sell the rest of the inhabitants to the trader for his goods. As with the Barotse, it is a custom of this people, when a chief dies, to slaughter a number of his servants to bear him company; and yet, though they thus acknowledge the continued existence of the soul, they have no notion of another world, but imagine that it always remained near the place of sepulture; hence their dread of burial places. When spoken to of a judgment by God, who is no respecter of persons, they replied: "We do not go up to God as you do; we are put into the ground."

Our travellers now cross the river Lotembwa, and come to the chief town of Katema, who is a tall man about forty years of age, in a snuff-colored coat, with a broad band of tinsel down the arms; he has a helmet of brass and feathers, and carries a large fan made of the tails of gnus,—those curious animals with shaggy heads, almost like bisons, and bodies which in some respects resemble both the horse and the antelope, to which family, indeed, they belong. Swift as the zebras and the wild asses, they scour the desert, and are very difficult to capture or kill. So Katema, with his fan of gnus' tails, which had charms attached to it, kept himself as cool as he could, and talked to the white man, to whom and his party he had generously given meat and fowls and eggs. "I am the great Lord Katema, the fellow of Matiamvo;

there is no one in this country equal to us two. I and my forefathers have always lived here, and there is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place in which you are encamped. I never killed any of the traders; they all come to me. I am the great *Moene* (or Lord) Katema, of whom you must have heard."

There was a tipsy kind of dignity about this exalted personage, which was very amusing to see. He was not a bad sort of a fellow though, for, besides feeding the travellers well, he gave them good advice as to the route they should pursue, which was more northerly than that trodden by the slave-traders; and, better still, he sent guides to direct them on their way. He wanted a coat, as his own was growing old, and Livingstone promised to bring him one on his return from Loanda. He was a laughing philosopher, extremely fond of giving and receiving compliments, and altogether a good specimen of an African chief; but he would not listen to anything serious. He had quite a number of beautiful cows, which he had bred from a couple, brought when young, from the Balobale; but he did not know how to milk them, and they were so wild that when one was wanted to eat, it had to be shot. He would not see Livingstone's magic lantern exhibited, because he thought he might be bewitched by it. His authority was not very absolute, for some of his people, whom he offered to Livingstone as carriers, refused to go. To be sure they were only fugitives, who had come to him from other tribes, and, as African chiefs always encourage this kind of immigration, as it gives them more men, he did not punish them for their disobedience. The people here are fond of singing-birds, and have canaries, wild and tame, about them. They have also very beautiful domestic pigeons. There was not much game here, nor many troublesome flies nor mosquitoes; but they had a charming collection of spiders, some of them an inch long, and venomous. Here the leader and several of the party are down with fever, and here they have that rarity in Africa, a cold wind from the north. Usually from this quarter the

winds are hottest, and cooler from the south; but they seldom blow directly from either of these points.

Notwithstanding the fever, they leave the friendly chief, and get on their way, and reach a lake called Dilolo, which is about three miles across at its broadest part and abounds in fish and hippopotami. Livingstone was too ill to explore it, or determine its exact position by astronomical observation; so they push on, over a large inundated flat, across which they have to feel their way, as it were, wading where there is no footpath, or one to be avoided rather, because it is trodden deeper than the rest of the earth. Here they notice that the sagacious ants build their houses of soft clay upon the stalks of grass, at a point above high-water mark. This they must do before the waters begin to rise, as they could not get the material to the desired spots after they have risen. Their habitations are about as large as a bean, or a man's thumb.

After leaving this inundated plain, which appears to be the water-shed between the southern and western rivers, the travellers enter a district in which they have to cross a succession of valleys, each with one or more deep streams running through it, over which some rude bridges have been thrown; others have to be swam, or forded. But even where there are bridges, they are often submerged to such a depth that those who ride on ox-back get wet to the middle. Now, too, an unpleasant custom of demanding toll, at all difficult passages of water courses or curves of roads, begins to prevail, and endless are the disputes into which they are led; many times they are denied the liberty or means of passing a certain point until they have complied with some exorbitant demand upon their fast-decreasing property. It is no uncommon thing for a chief to say that he must have a man, a gun, or an ox as toll. The first is out of the question; the second equally so, for it would be arming enemies against themselves; and for the third, it is like parting with life, for meat has got extremely scarce, and they are much reduced from having to live chiefly on manioc and other vegetable diet. They are

in a tract of country where there are no wild animals to be seen, but where the people eagerly hunt for mice and moles, and esteem such food a delicacy. They breed no oxen here, and the Makololo are astonished that the people make so little use of the fertility with which God has abundantly blessed these rich slopes and well-watered valleys. The curse of the slave-trade is upon them. They are mercenary and extortionate, lying and deceitful, demanding far more than they ought to ask, and promising in return gifts which they have no intention of giving. And so poor Livingstone, smitten down by fever, weak and wasted to a mere skeleton, with scarce strength to sit upon the wet blanket, and clinging to the bands which secures it on his ox, —an ill-tempered creature, which every now and then makes an unexpected plunge into a water-course, or darts into an opening of the forest, where the thick creepers entwining the trees are pretty sure to catch and bring him to the ground,—is obliged to argue and negotiate, temporize and threaten, and yield up, one by one, oxen and cotton and beads,—even his own scanty stock of wearing apparel, and almost every article of value he possesses,—to buy his way through the obstacles set up by these inhospitable tribes, whose contact with Europeans has taken away all their simplicity of character, and rendered yet more repulsive and inhuman their native savagery. If a river has to be crossed, so wide and deep that it cannot be swam, or forded even, negotiations must be entered into for the use of the canoes. "A shirt, or a blanket? bah! what are they? A strip of cotton? won't do! we want a man to sell to the Mambari; we want an ox to eat; we want a gun to go slave-hunting with. Give us one of these, or you can't pass." Yes, but if the reward is given first, the service will not be rendered. Or, at the further end of the bridge, deeply submerged, perhaps, is a band of savages, ready to dispute the passage unless toll is paid. And the good missionary, weak and ill as he is, almost sinking with exhaustion, rouses himself to make the necessary effort; talks to them, reasons with them, gives them all he possibly can to

avoid bloodshed, which, on several occasions, seems imminent. He has to pacify his own followers, too, who, of course, are greatly enraged at this treatment, so different from what they have experienced in their own country, where hospitality to travellers is the rule, and where little is asked or expected beyond, perhaps, a few beads, a strip of cloth, or a bit of common metal, for the most sumptuous feast which the head-man of the village can produce.

Not unfrequently the valleys were so deeply flooded that the men were up to their chins in crossing them, and sometimes on the bridges the water was breast-high. Holding on by the tails of the oxen, the travellers would make their way across as best they could. On one occasion, Livingstone lost his hold of the belt by which his blanket was fastened to the ox which he rode, and had to strike out for the opposite bank. The Makololo, who did not know he could swim, were greatly alarmed for his safety, and about twenty of them dashed in to the rescue, leaving their loose articles of apparel to float down the stream. Their joy at his escape from this danger was unmistakable, and the missionary was gratified and cheered by this proof of their devotion. After this, when the natives had tried to frighten them by telling them of the depth of the rivers they had to cross, they would laugh and say, "We can all swim: who carried the white man across but himself?"

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the disheartened party plod on, wearily, drearily, through the morass and the river-bed and the tangled forest, oftentimes with the tall grasses two feet above the heads of those who ride the oxen, on whom the moisture with which these grasses are laden falls as from a shower-bath. Now hot and parched with the burning fever, with the blood flowing like liquid fire through the veins; now faint and trembling, with the dreadful chill which precedes it; with the clammy perspiration breaking out all over the frame, and a weight, as of tons, upon the throbbing brow and aching limbs. And then there is gnawing hunger to add to all these miseries, and the inhumanity

of fellow-men. No wonder, then, that the Makololo grow mutinous, and declare they will go back. They cannot face these dangers and dreadful privations, inured as they are to the difficulties and hardships of life in a wild country. The wonder is that the cry of this brave man should be still, "Onward! onward to the sea, although it be yet hundreds of miles off. We must open a way for the missionary and the trader, to those fruitful lands and those broad rivers, which will become the highways of traffic; and above all, to those benighted souls that wait for the glad tidings of salvation."

XII.

AT LOANDA.

On the 31st of May, 1854, Livingstone, with his faithful followers, came in sight of the Portuguese settlement called Loanda, or St. Paul de Loanda, the place taking its name from the island on which the town is partly built, and which, stretching out at some distance into the Atlantic, forms a safe and commodious harbor. This is the capital of the Portuguese settlement of Angola, once a great African kingdom called Abonda, and was a place of much importance in the early days of maritime adventure and discovery. Sailing up the river Congo, or Zaire, the above-named people had, by treaty or conquest obtained vast tracts of land, in which they planted crops, and established trading stations,—the chief commodities obtained being ivory and slaves.

Pleasant was it to the white man, as he came down the declivity that led into the town, and saw the waters of the great, wide sea sparkling in the sunshine before him, and felt the fresh breezes play about his temples, to think that he should once more enjoy communion with educated Christian men, and the comforts of civilization. Since he parted from his family at Cape Town, and turned his face once more to the North, in June, 1852,

he had been a sojourner in the forest and the wilderness, either in solitude, or with strange faces around him, and strange dialects in his ears. Hungry and weary and sick, longing for rest and refreshment, he now came to the sea once more, with a great purpose partly accomplished, and a strong, unquenchable desire to complete the object of his journey, although with strength so reduced by fever and dysentery that even thought was a trouble to him, and motion inexpressibly painful. Since he had left behind the Chiboque and the Bengala and other savage tribes, who had threatened his life and demanded his property, he had been treated at the outlying stations of the half-caste Portuguese officials and traders with the greatest kindness and attention. By the bishop of this province, who is also governor of Loanda, he was now received in a most friendly and generous manner. The services of the government physician were placed at the disposal of the invalid, and everything done that could be to exhibit the respect and solicitude that was felt for him. Oh, the luxury of finding himself once more upon a good English couch, after sleeping so long on the ground, and of feeling secure from the attacks of unseen enemies! Oh, the enjoyment of fresh, clean clothing, and of good food, properly cooked, and decently served; of intellectual converse, and the habits and conveniences of civilized life! In the house of Mr. Gabriel, British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, Livingstone rested, and recruited his strength. On the 14th of June he was able to pay a visit to the friendly bishop, and as this was a state occasion, his Makololo attendants accompanied him, arrayed in new dresses of striped cotton, with red caps on their heads, of which they were as proud as peacocks. Many questions did the great man ask them of their native country, and he invited them to visit Loanda as often as they pleased. "Loanda, that wonderful place with stone houses,—not huts, but mountains, with many caves in them," as they afterwards said, when describing these wonders; "and ships as big as houses, nay, towns, into which you must climb by a rope. These are

not canoes: bah! we thought ourselves sailors. Only the white men are sailors, that come up out of the sea, where there is no more earth; but earth says: "I am clean gone, dead, swallowed up, and there's nothing but water left." And the ships have masts like forest-trees, and white sails like smoke, or the form of the great Falls; and they carry big guns, full of thunder and lightning, to put down the slave trade with. Wonderful! *Wonderful!!*" Everything they saw was wonderful to these simple people. They were afraid at first to go on board the British cruisers, lest they should be taken away as slaves, or eaten, as they had been told on the way they would be if they ventured into Loanda. But Livingstone reassured them by telling them that the sailors were his countrymen. So they went, and soon were on very friendly terms with the Jack tars, who slapped them on the back, patting their woolly locks, called them "hearties;" gave them junk and biscuits, tobacco and grog, and got up no end of fun for their amusement. So they called the deck the kotla, and made themselves quite at home. During their stay at Loanda they were not idle altogether; they cut firewood in the outskirts, and sold it in the town, and were engaged to unship a cargo of coals. But after working at it for a month they left off, declaring that there was no end to the stones which burn contained in the ship. With the result of their labors they were able to make considerable purchases of cloth, beads, and other articles, to take back to their own country. The copper and iron rings, and almost everything they possessed of ornament or utility, had been parted with, to the exacting savages who barred their way to the coast, and they were glad of this opportunity of obtaining a fresh stock of valuables.

Livingstone was strongly pressed by the captain of a British cruiser to recruit his health by a sea-voyage to St. Helena; but although the offer tempted him strongly, for home and all that was dear to him lay in that direction, yet he refused. He could not leave his faithful Makololo; he must take them safely back again, if God so willed, and he must prosecute his design of establish-

ing missions, and opening ways for lawful commerce into the interior; yet greatly did he require a change of climate, and a long period of repose. The strong man of iron will and nerve was yet weak as a child. In August he had a return of the fever, which had for some time left him, and was again reduced to a mere skeleton, but from this he soon recovered, and was glad to find that the lassitude which had hitherto prostrated his energies had left him. On looking about Loanda, he found it to be nothing more or less than a great convict establishment, that is, as far as the European inhabitants are concerned; most of them had been sent into exile for some political or other offence against the laws; they are, however, greatly outnumbered by the blacks and half-castes; there are 9,000 of the former, of whom 5,000 are slaves.

But little religious instruction among the natives seems to be attempted; the convents of the Jesuits, who were formerly zealous teachers here, are now waste and tenantless. Sugar and rice and cotton, and most other tropical products might be cultivated with great success; but the curse of slavery seems to rest like a blight upon every useful branch of commercial enterprise. The wild excitement and horrible greed, fostered by this lawless traffic in human beings, seems to possess every mind, so that there are few who will engage in the calmer pursuits of agriculture, or manufacturing industry. Livingstone noted that the cotton-plant was growing wild all about, and wasting its silky filaments; that indigo and coffee, and other valuable products might be had almost for the gathering; and that several sugar and other manufactories which he visited were not so successful as they might be, if more spirit and capital were thrown into their management; and he sighed over the folly and inhumanity of man, in neglecting the bounteous gifts of God, and exercising cruelty and oppression on his fellows.

Gathering up his strength for another effort, he left Loanda on the 20th of September, 1854, passing round by sea to the mouth of the river Bengo, and so up that

river through a district well adapted for the growth of the sugar-cane. Mosquitoes abound on the Bengo, or Senza, as it is sometimes called, more than elsewhere, and they are glad to get away from it. Advancing eastward, they reach higher ground, and enter upon a fine level road adorned with a plant named *bolcamaria*, which has a beautiful red blossom. The markets or public sleeping-places here are well supplied with provisions, and the native women are mostly engaged in spinning with a spindle and distaff precisely like those used by the ancient Egyptians. In the market-place, good cotton is sold at one penny per pound, and very good table-knives, made of country iron, for twopence each. Labor is cheap; handicraftsmen may be hired for fourpence a day, and agriculturists for twopence. What need then of slaves? Livingstone now turns aside through Cazenzo, a district famous for the abundance and excellence of its coffee, the produce of real Mocha seed, first planted here by the Jesuits. Then, accompanied by the Commandant of Cazenzo, he proceeds down the river Lucalla to Massangano, situated on a very fertile tongue of land, between the Lucalla and the Coanza, the latter being a noble stream, about 150 yards wide. Here are the ruins of a large iron foundry, established in 1768, as a private enterprise, now partly worked by the government. which pays its native workmen, not in coin, but a kind of fish called *cacusu*. Along the banks of the Lucalla, maize, manioc, and tobacco are cultivated,—the latter sometimes growing to the height of eight feet, and having thirty-six leaves on a single plant. Fires are frequent here; if one should consume a whole town no record of it would be left, there being not a single inscribed stone in it, although it has two churches, and the ruins of two convents, and a hospital. On the north side of the Coanza are lands belonging to a tribe called Quisamas, or Misamas, which the Portuguese have never been able to subdue, owing to the scarcity of water in their country; the reservoirs of this are formed in the trunks of the baobab-trees, and when the natives retreat before an enemy the supply is let out. This country

produces much salt, which is a considerable article of commerce with its people.

There is another independent tribe, living amid the mountain ranges not far from Massangano, called Libollo. Fowls, with the feathers curled upward, were observed here, this being a provision of nature to protect them from the intense heat of the sun; the natives call them *kisafu;* the Portuguese, *arripiada,* or "shivering." Returning to Golungo Alto, where he had left some of his men, Livingstone finds several of them laid up with fever; but they are cheerful and courageous yet, or their words belie them, for they say, "It is well you came with Makololo, for no tribe could have done what we have, in coming to the white man's country; we are the true ancients, who can tell wonderful things." There were three very obstinate cases, and one of these, when delirious, said to his companions, "Farewell! I am called away by the gods," and he set off at the top of his speed; but he was caught before he had run a mile, and gently bound, to confine him and prevent mischief. Instances of this kind had been noticed by the missionary before.

Waiting for his sick followers at Golungo Alto, Livingstone visits a deserted convent at Bango, a few miles to the west of this place. He learns that the Jesuits, and other Catholic missionaries, as the Capuchins, had, while there, diligently attended to the instruction of the people, but had produced no permanent effect, because they had not given them the Scriptures. They had been supplanted by other teachers, whose political opinions were more in accordance with the Portuguese government, and these had been allowed to die out, so that there were now no Christian ministrations in the place. The Sova, or chief Banga, received him in considerable state, having his councillors, etc., although he is subordinate to the dominant European power. The people are very much divided into classes, the highest being the councillors of the chief, who levies fines, and inflicts penalties, pretty much as he likes; and the lowest class, that is of the free men, for the slaves have no recognized

position. There are gentlemen, and little gentlemen in this complex society, and the former, although black as ebony, speak of themselves as white men, and the others, who may not wear shoes, as "blacks," and look upon them with contempt, although they themselves, for this privilege which they enjoy of wearing shoes, have to pay a fine to the chief.

There is here a fraternity of Freemasons, into which none are admitted who cannot shoot well; their outward distinction is a fillet of buffalo hide round the head. Being trustworthy and active, they are much employed as messengers, and are the most valuable soldiers in time of war, when the militia are of little use. These last are idle and intemperate; they are chiefly supported by their wives, and they spend much of their time in drinkin *malova*, a kind of palm-toddy. They act as police, and guard the residences of commandants, stores, etc.

The chief recreations of these people of the Bango country appear to be marriages and funerals, both of which they celebrate with much pomp, noise, and debauchery. To pay the expense of these celebrations they frequently impoverish themselves for years. Ask a man to sell you a pig, he will tell you he must keep it in case any of his friends should die. Ask another why he is drunk, he will perhaps give what would generally be considered a valid reason, "Why, my mother is dead." Very litigous are these Bango folk; if one can but say of an enemy, "I took him before the court," he is delighted. These and many other things did our traveller observe during his enforced sojourn in the place, which Livingstone was glad to leave on the 14th of December, being anxious to take back his Makololo, and to prosecute his researches. He had sold the ivory with which Sekeletu entrusted him to great advantage, and the produce of this, and the presents sent to the chief by the governor and merchants of Loanda, such as a horse, colonel's uniform, two donkeys, and specimens of articles of trade, added greatly to the responsibility of his charge; so he pushed on as fast as he could, which was not very fast, owing to the weakness of his invalids, on

whom the sudden changes of temperature had produced a bad effect.

Crossing two small rivers, the Caloi and the Quango, they reach Ambaca. They then and there pass over the Lucalla, and make a détour to the south for the purpose of visiting the famous rocks of Pungo Andongo; they rise in columnar masses to the height of 300 feet or more, and in their midst stands the village, approached only by narrow defiles, which a small body of troops might defend against an army. This was the stronghold of the Jinga tribe, who originally possessed the country. The Portuguese consider it a very unhealthy spot, so that banishment to its black rocks is a worse sentence than transportation to any other country. It is, however, in reality, one of the most healthy parts of Angola; it has pure water, a light soil, an open and undulating country, generally sloping down towards the river Coanza, which, thirty leagues below Pungo Andongo, reaches Cambamhe.

There is a king of Congo, to whom the Jinga formerly paid an annual tribute in cowries, and who, on their refusing to continue this, gave over their island to the Portuguese, who thus commenced their dominion in this part of Africa. This prince, who is professedly a Christian, still retains the nominal title of Lord of Angola, the European governor of which province he addresses as a vassal when writing to him. On the death of one who holds this high office, the body is kept wrapped up in cloth cerements until a priest can come from Loanda to consecrate his successor. There are twelve churches in the kingdom of Congo, the fruits of a mission established long since at St. Salvador; they are kept in partial repair by the people, but are not the centres of christian civilization which they ought to be.

XIII.

BACK TO LINYANTE.

On New Year's Day, 1855, the party is again in motion; leaving the black rocks behind, and shaping its course to Cassange along the right bank of the Coanza, through a rich pastoral country. At the confluence of this river with the Lombe they leave it, and proceed, in the north country direction, to the village of Malange, where the path of the former journey is struck, keeping to which they come to Sanza and Tala Mungongo. Here they meet long lines of carriers, bringing from the interior beeswax and elephants' tusks for the merchants of Angolo, and of the natives they purchase fowls at the low price of a penny each.

On the 15th they descend from the heights of Tala Mungongo to the valley of Cassange, whose rivulets are now dry; but there is plenty of brackish water in the Lui and the Luare, and the fast-ripening fruit of the palms and the wild dates and the *guavas* quench the thirst with their acid juices. The edible muscle, whose shells exist in all the alluvial beds of the old rivers, as far as Kuruman, is here too; and a black lark, with yellow shoulders and a long tail, whose feathers are eagerly sought by the natives as plumes, floats over in the grasses, with its tail in a perpendicular position; while the *lehuttutu*, a large bird resembling a turkey, utters the curious cry from which its name is derived, and goes on with its work of insect-killing.

At Cassange, which is next reached, they find the people a prey to the most degrading superstitions, notwithstanding their partial intercourse with white men. To cure a sick child a diviner is called in, who throws his dice, and works himself into a state of ecstasy, in which he pretends to communicate with the Barimo, or Great Spirit,—a dim notion of a supreme being, which all people, the most benighted, seem to have. His fee for this divination is a slave, but he receives instead a

brisk application of a couple of sticks to his back by the father of the child, who has no faith in his incantations. The mother rushes away, and commences the doleful wail of one who sorrows without hope, while, as an accompaniment, her female companions elicit screeching sounds from an instrument constructed of caoutchouc. A woman is accused by her brother-in-law of being the cause of his sickness, and, to prove her innocence, offers to take the ordeal, that is, drink the infusion of a poisonous tree. If the stomach refuses it, she is considered innocent, if not, she dies, and that is proof of guilt. If an accusation of witchcraft is made, this is the mode of trial. Hundreds thus perish yearly in this valley of Cassange. The same superstitious ideas prevail all through the tribes who live north of the Zambesi, and seem to indicate a community of origin. That the souls of the departed still mingle with the living, and partake of their food; that these spirits desire to take the living away from earth and all its enjoyments; and that in sickness it is necessary to appease them with sacrifices of fowls and goats, and even sometimes of human beings; that in case of murder or manslaughter a sacrifice must be made to quiet the spirit of the victim; that charms must be employed to avert the dangers which encompass them,—these are common articles of belief,—shadows, which nothing but the pure light of the gospel will dissipate. How did the heart of the missionary yearn towards these poor benighted heathens, whom he would fain teach better things! "How fearful," he says, "is the contrast between this inward gloom, and the brightness of the outer world, between the undefined terrors of the spirit, and the peace and beauty that pervade the scenes around me! I have often thought, in travelling through this land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld, in still mornings, scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in an atmosphere of delicious warmth, to which the soft breeze imparts a pleasing sensation of coolness, as if from a fan! Green, grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the

kids skipping, the groups of herdsboys, with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women winding their way to the river, with watering-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shaddy bananas; and the old, gray-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry branches to repair their hedges. Such scenes, flooded with the bright African sun, and enlivened by the songs of the birds before the heat of the day becomes intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

But no long pause must be made to indulge in humane reflections, and to look upon pictures of peace and quietude. On the 20th the party leave Cassange, with a westerly wind blowing strongly, which observations made by travellers show, in this district, to be the sure forerunner of fever, with which several of their number are prostrated, and a halt has to be made for a while. Then they move on towards the Quango, meeting several trading parties. Among the articles they bring from the interior is a tusk weighing one hundred and twenty-six pounds; the fellow to it weighed one hundred and thirty pounds; and these were borne by a small elephant. It is here remarked that the ivory which comes from the east and north-east of Cassange, is larger than that from the south, a single tusk sometimes weighing as much as one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. What must be the strength of the neck which can carry such an enormous burden? With every now and again enforced halts on account of sickness, they reach at length the Quango, near which is the village of the chief, Cypriano, who has just lost his step-father, and spent more than his patrimony in funeral orgies. Thirty yards of calico are demanded by the ferryman, who, however, takes six.

The Ambakistas, with whom the travellers came in contact on the eastern side of the Quango, are sometimes called the Jews of Angola, although they have nothing of the Jew about them except his subtlety and intelligence. They are shrewd men of business, and are much

employed as clerks and writers, their penmanship being characterized by a feminine delicacy which is much esteemed among the Portuguese. They are the beauclerks of the African tribes, having generally a pretty good knowledge of the history and laws of Portugal, that being, however, the only European country of which they do know anything.

The deleterious effect of the traffic in an inferior kind of spirit was painfully manifest among the people who had been brought most closely into contact with the so-called civilized race. Casks of this liquor were constantly passing to the independent chiefs beyond the Quango, out of which the bearers helped themselves by means of straws, and made good the deficiency with water. Sometimes it was conveyed in demijohns with padlocks on the corks, and these were carried off bodily, which, apart from its being an act of robbery, was not a circumstance to be regretted.

Now the rain comes down again; in truth, "it raineth every day," and to meet the drenched travellers, out from his village comes the chief, Sansawe. He asks if they have seen the *Moene Put*,—"King of the white men, or Portuguese," and graciously intimates that he will come again in the evening to receive his dues, which he does in great state, mounted on the shoulders of his spokesman, which excites much laughter among the Makololo. He presents a couple of cocks to Livingstone, and expects a far more valuable present in return; but he gets only, as a token of friendship, a pannakin of coarse powder, two iron spoons, and two yards of printed calico, with a lecture on the impolicy of levying black mail upon travellers through his dominions.

The Portuguese traders, who now accompanied Livingstone, had to watch their native bearers very closely, to see that they did not make off with the goods. Salt was one of the articles they carried, and this became lighter as they went along, being, as they said, very liable to melt,—a self-evident truth. Having to be so much in the water, often, indeed, sleeping in it, brought on Livingstone an attack of rheumatic fever, which forced

him to lie by for eight days, tossing on a sleepless bed, made up like a grave in a country church-yard, with grass on the top. Here, covered with his little tent, with nothing but drip and drizzle around him, with aching head, and racked limbs, he tossed and turned about, scarcely conscious of what was going on, until, by the gentle remedy of a dozen leeches to the nape of the neck and loins, applied by a kindly Portuguese, he obtained partial relief; but he was much too weak to move on, and now arose another difficulty. The head-man of the village near by had received a blow on the mouth from one of the missionary's followers, and this insult must be paid for. Five pieces of cloth and a gun were given as an atonement; but this would not do. Help from all the surrounding villages was called in to avenge the affront, and the matter really began to look serious. The more concessions the travellers made, the more the natives clamored and demanded, until Livingstone resolved that he would yield no more, and, ill and weak as he was, led his party forth, grim and ghastly, with his six-barrelled revolver in his hand. His appearance frightened his opponents, who had already made an attack upon the party, and the chief exclaimed, "Oh, I have only come to speak to you, and wish peace!" When told to go away to his village, he expressed a fear of being shot in the back. So the doctor mounted his ox, and left him to carry out his peaceable intentions with his friends.

Their progress for a while was very slow, seven miles being about the extent travelled on each day, when they moved on, which was not above one-third of the time, two-thirds being consumed in stoppages occasioned by sickness or the necessity for seeking food.

The Portuguese, who bore the party company, were the bearers of large presents for Matiamo, whom their countrymen desired to propitiate, and one of them had eight good-looking women chained together. When Livingstone was talking to the chief, they appeared to feel deeply their degraded position, and the missionary's heart bled for them, but he could not interfere then.

They crossed the Loange, and several other rivers, which were observed to flow in deeper valleys than they did at the parts crossed in the former passage. At length the rain ceased, and there was a fall in the temperature. The people amid whom they now were had a more slender form, and were of a lighter olive color, than those they had lately been accustomed to see. They had singular modes of dressing the hair. Some ladies had a hoop, which encircled the head, from which the hair radiated like the rays of a star, or spokes of a wheel, so as to form a kind of nimbus, or glory, such as we see in old paintings of saints and the Virgin Mary. Others wear a kind of helmet of woven hair and hide, with a long fringe of buffaloes' tails hanging down behind. Others weave their own hair on pieces of hide, into the form of a pair of buffalo-horns, which stick out on either side of the head; while yet others have but a single horn projecting in front; all of them no doubt considering this to be in exquisite taste. But in the matter of head-dresses, civilized Europe can hardly afford to laugh at uncivilized Africa. The latter is yet innocent of the monstrous chignon.

The travellers now made a détour to the southward, for the same reasons which impel people with us to go to Wales, or the Channel Islands, namely, to get cheaper provisions; they are now more out of the track of the slave-traders, and they find the natives more timid and civil. Some of the young men are great dandies here; they are covered with ornaments, and the oil with which their hair is soaked drops upon their shoulders; some are constantly strumming a musical instrument, and some never go out without a gun, or bows and arrows. The one wishes to appear musical, the other warlike,—neither of which they really are. Well, we must not blame them too harshly, as people nearer home do the like. These warlike gentlemen wear a piece of hide for every enemy they have killed, or say they have. And they have bird-fanciers there, too, who carry canaries about in pretty cages; and ladies with lap-dogs, which they will by-and-by eat. Our ladies do not exhibit their

affection for canine pets in that way, at all events; nor do they eat moles and mice, as, in the absence of other animal food, these people do. The traps set for "such small deer" may be seen everywhere in the woods, with which the villages are generally surrounded. Up on the roofs of the huts fly the cackling hens, to lay their eggs in the baskets provided for them there, and when any travellers arrive, there is much noisy offering of these and other articles of food, and chattering and haggling by men, women, and children, but all with the greatest civility and good temper.

Now on through the zigzag forest paths, beset with climbing-plants, through which a way has often to be cut, and sometimes bitten,—for the carriers, after tugging at the lithe, yet tough stems that bar their progress, apply their teeth to them, and so break through the obstruction. Thus, slowly toiling on, they reach another river, abounding in crocodiles and hyppopotami. Then they get among bogs, surrounded by clumps of straight evergreen trees,—bogs, on whose slimy surfaces the prismatic tints are exhibited, telling of their ferruginous origin. The river glens are green and shady, a few feathered songsters enliven the solitude, and there is a chittering and humming all about, which tell of insect life; but the level plateaux between the rivers are bare and dreary enough, presenting scarcely any signs of animated existence.

More streams, and yet more; the Kanesi and the Fombeji are crossed, and they reach Cabango, on the banks of the Chihombo. They are coming into a more densely populated part of the country, where provisions are cheap and plentiful; four persons can be well fed upon vegetable and animal food at the rate of about a penny a day, paid in cloth or beads. Hear this, O miserable starvelings of St. Giles! Hear this, famished operatives, working half-time, or no time at all; and Dorsetshire laborers, who manage to feed and clothe and house a wife and seven children upon ten or twelve shillings a week!

Cabango is a considerable town, of some two hundred

native huts, and several real square houses, constructed of poles, with grass woven between; in these dwell the half-caste Portuguese, who act as agents for the Cassange traders. One of Matiamvo's subordinate chiefs is ruler here; he rejoices in the name of Muanzanza. No business could be transacted in the village for four days, because a person had died there, and the funeral obsequies would occupy that time. So Livingstone, who is now much better, employs the time in writing up his journal.

In Matiamvo's well-peopled country there is little or trade; what there is consists of an exchange of calico, salt, gunpowder, coarse earthenware, and beads, for ivory and slaves. There are no cattle, except a herd kept by the chief, to supply him with meat; he is mild in his government, and more just than African chiefs generally are. We are now among the Balonda, who are better-looking than the people nearer the coast; they are a sprightly, vivacious people, spending their time chiefly in gossip, and marriage and funeral ceremonies, at the latter of which they are most merry and uproarious, probably to conceal their grief, which they manage to do most effectually. The women do not file or discolor their teeth, and many of them would be really pretty, if they did not greatly expand the nostrils by inserting pieces of wood into the cartilages of the nose.

The travellers wish to strike out to the south-east to visit an old friend, Katema, and Muanzanza lets them hire a guide, who insists upon receiving pay for himself and his father, too, beforehand; he goes with them one day's journey, and then coolly leaves them to get on as they can, with his unearned wages on his back in the shape of cotton; they manage pretty well without him, meeting with much kindness from the southern Balonda people, who are out of the track of the slavers, and consequently less sophisticated and mercenary. At the village of a chief named Bango they kill a cow, and offer him a leg; but he informs them that neither he nor his people eat meat of that kind, for they look upon cattle as human, living as they do at home among them. Cattle,

too, they say, bring enemies and cause war; then why have cattle? The rivers here do not flow in deep channels, as they do more to the north, and oftentimes to the south, nor are the grasses so tall and luxuriant; the country is flat, suitable for cultivation, and game begins again to be plentiful, so that to refuse ox-flesh is no great privation, although Livingstone says there is no flesh like it, either for flavor or nutriment. Bango, however, did not object to buffalo flesh, when it was brought to him, with other fruits of the chase, by tributary chiefs.

Bango is now left behind, and the river Loembwe reached and passed; then came bogs and gloomy forests, where the frequent idols, and little sheds with pots of medicine in them, attest the superstition of the people, who are generally mild and inoffensive, although Livingstone here saw the only instance of unarmed men striking each other he had ever known. They will quarrel and swear with frightful volubility, and, having in this way let off the steam, will generally finish with a hearty laugh, whether at themselves or their opponents cannot be told. Clothing is here eagerly sought for by the women, who are mostly naked. They are delighted to get for a fowl and twenty pounds of meal a piece of cloth about two feet long. "See," they say, holding up their babies to excite compassion, "the fire is their only clothing by night." But at first sight of the white man they run away screaming with fear, or cautiously peer at him from behind walls and round corners, snatching up their babes, and making off when he approaches, as do the dogs, with their tails between their legs, as though they had seen a lion. They make of him a hobgoblin to frighten naughty children, just as ignorant people among us would a black man, simply because he is far removed from their standard of beauty.

It is now the second of June, and our party have reached the village of Kawawa, consisting of about fifty huts. A great hullabaloo was going on over the body of a dead man. Drums were beating, and women were making a clamorous wail at the door of the hut where

the dead man lay, and addressing him as if he were alive. Early in the morning a person fantastically dressed, with a great number of feathers, had gone away into the forest, and he, who represented one of the Barimo, or gods, would return in the evening to take part in the jollification. It was all very much like an Irish wake, only more picturesque and less quarrelsome.

Strangely familiar to Livingstone must have looked a jug of English ware, which the chief Kawawa showed him as the greatest curiosity he could produce. It must have carried his thoughts back to the old country, with its myriad forms and forces of manufacturing industry, exhibiting scenes so different from those he was now witnessing. Thinking that the pictures of his magic-lantern might amuse, if they did not instruct, the people in some of the ways and works of civilization, he had an exhibition, at which all were greatly delighted, except the chief, who was frightened, and several times started up to run away, but he being in the front rank could not for the press behind him. Kawawa heard that to the Chiboque had been given an ox, as the price of a passage through their country; so he thought he might as well try his hand at a similar exaction. So when the party were ready to start he demanded not only an ox, but a gun with some powder, and a black robe that had taken his fancy. If this were refused he must have a man and a book which would tell him if his paramount lord, Matiamvo, ever resolved to cut off his head. He told Livingstone very coolly that he had seen all his goods, and if his demands were not complied with, he would prevent the party from passing the Kasai river. "Never," replied the missionary, "will I have it said that a white man paid tribute to a black; I will cross the Kasai in spite of you." Kawawa had gathered his followers all around, and matters looked very threatening; but Livingstone presented a bold front, reassured his panic-stricken attendants, and with his goods moved on to the river. But the ferrymen had been ordered to refuse a passage, and took away their canoes, leaving them helpless on the banks. However, the quick eye of

a Makololo had noted where the canoes were hidden, safe, as it was supposed, amid the reeds, and when it became dark, he and some more of his countrymen, swam to the spot, quietly abstracted the boats, and before dawn the whole party were safely across, to the great astonishment of Kawawa's people who shouted out, "Ah, ye are bad!" To which the Makololo replied, "Ah ye are good! and we thank you for the loan of your canoes!"

We must not pass over the incidents of the rest of the journey back to Linyante, where they arrived at the end of the winter season, that is, in August, and were welcomed with every demonstration of joy. Livingstone found that the goods which he had left at Sekeletu's were perfectly safe, as were a quantity of things sent by Moffat for his son-in-law. A party of Matabele had brought the packages to the south bank of the river, and as the Makololo would not touch them for fear they might contain witchcraft medicine, they had left them there; but after a while the Makololo had so far overcome their superstitious terror as to convey them to an island in the middle of the stream, and build a hut over to protect them from the weather. And gladly, we may be sure, did the good missionary peruse the letters and papers they contained, although the dates were older than they should have been, and the public news was somewhat stale. It was probably new to him, cut off for so long a time from communication with Europe and *home*.

XIV.

AT THE GREAT FALLS.

THE next step to be taken was the subject of long and anxious deliberations between Livingstone, Sekeletu, and his people. It seemed likely that an available road could be opened to the west coast, and the thoughts of the traveller turned naturally to the east,—towards Tette,

the most inland station of the Portuguese; or Zanzibar, on the Mozambique channel. If the former course were decided on, the river Zambesi might be rendered available for water carriage a great part of the way. A "picho," or national council, was called. to discuss the advisability of a removal from Linyante to the Barotse valley, so that they might be nearer to the market, now rendered accessible to them, and which the presents from Loanda, and goods procured by the sale of their ivory, made them eager to have within reach. It is true the horse presented to the Makololo chief by the governor of Loanda had died on the way, and a pair of donkeys, intended also for him, had to be left in an exhausted state at Naliele, where their music startled the inhabitants more than if they had been lions. But the colonel's uniform came safely to hand, and excited the unbounded admiration of the chief and his people; and many other articles of use or ornament. There was a very animated discussion of this question of removal; some were very unwilling to abandon the line of defence against the dreaded Matabele, formed by the rivers Chobe and Zambesi; then, in the Barotse valley there is much fever when the annual inundation subsides. It is a good cattle station, for there is no tsetse there, where the oxen breed faster than elsewhere. "But the grass is so long," say the young men, "we cannot run fast, and it never grows cool in that valley." Then the chief stood up, and said, "I am quite satisfied that we ought to go there to be nearer to Loanda. But with whom shall I live? You," addressing Livingstone, "are going away to the white man's country, to bring Ma-Robert. Come back with her, and wherever you wish to dwell, there you will find me;" and Sekeletu no doubt spoke from his heart. He had a real liking for the good missionary, and he saw the advantage of having him always at hand as a friend and counsellor, and, if need be, a protector against enemies. The wonderful stories which the people related of what they had seen on the way, and at Loanda; how, sick and weak as Livingstone was, he had made friends, or frightened or outwitted enemies;

and how the white men, "at the end of the world, where there was no more land," respected and loved him,—all these reports had greatly raised Livingstone in the chief's estimation, and especially his disposal of his ivory at so much greater advantage than he expected. Then he could teach him how to extract the sweet juices from the sugar-cane, and make it an article of profit, and a number of other things, calculated to make the Makololo rich and prosperous. His medical knowledge, too, how useful that was, and all sorts of knowledge which he possessed! "Oh, he must go, but not yet; not until the rainy season commences, and the air becomes cooler. He must go, and come back again, with a sugar-mill, all kinds of handsome clothing, especially a mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass wire, and any other beautiful things that he may find in his own country."

So said the chief, anxious for his departure, that he might be the sooner back, yet not willing that he should risk travelling in this terrible heat, with the temperature up to 138° in the sun, and in the shade but thirteen degrees less. So he supplied all his wants abundantly, and made much of him, and carefully selected two of his best men for guides, when he should set forth, and did everything in his power to make his stay pleasant, and his journey safe and successful. Pleasant, however, it could hardly be. Much as Livingstone pitied these poor people, and desired to do them good, he could not help feeling a sad sinking of heart, and an utter loathing of their heathenish ways and manners. At this season, during the day, they kept very much in their huts, which were cool compared with the temperature without. But towards evening, when the glare of the sun was not so intolerable, they came forth, many of them half-maddened with the beer, or boyaloa, which they had been drinking, and then ensued such a cross-fire of banter and raillery, with shouts of laughter and yells and shrieks and antic-dancing, as made the scene a pandemonium, and sleep out of the question. The women applauded all this with clapping of hands, and the men, who were too old to take an active part in the mad revelry, pronounced it "very fine."

Here, however, in this central region of South Africa, Livingstone sees before him a promising field of missionary operation. There are no actual impediments offered to instruction, as there are among the tribes nearer the coast, whom it is for the interest of the slave-trader to keep in a state of ignorance, and to incite to war among themselves or upon tribes farther in the interior. The chiefs and head-men of these alluvial plains and valleys are pleased to have an European visitor, or better still, resident, in their territory. By them his property is respected, and his life is an object of great solicitude. Any missionary station planted among them would be cared for, and protected to the extent of their power; and they would listen to instructors who could teach so many useful arts, while imparting religious knowledge. No doubt the prevalence of fever, caused by the malarious exhalations, drawn by the heat of the sun from the decay of the exuberant growth of vegetation produced by the rich, moist soil, is a sad drawback; but this may be avoided by choosing a site somewhat elevated; and even in the low grounds there is a whole or partial absence of other diseases, such as consumption, scrofula, small-pox, measles, hydrocephalus, epilepsy, cholera, or cancer, etc. These are counter-balancing advantages, which should be taken into account, and which were seen and acknowledged by Livingstone, whose sufferings from fever are scarcely to be taken as a fair criterion of what other Europeans might expect. He was constantly travelling, most usually in the rainy season, sleeping on the damp ground month after month, exposed to drenching showers, and having his lower extremities thoroughly wetted two or three times a day in crossing rivers or wading through bogs; often living on manioc roots and meal only, and exposed to the direct rays of the burning sun. The wonder is that he lived through it all, and made such journeys and discoveries. And now he is about to set forth again, this time in an easterly direction, to follow, as closely as he may, the course of the Zambesi, and see what facilities that great river affords for opening up the heart of South Africa to Christianity and commerce.

It is the 27th of October, 1855, when the first continuous rain of the season begins to fall; then he and his party make ready for their departure, and on the 3rd of November they set out, accompanied by Sekeletu and two hundred of his Makololo. The mother of the chief had prepared for Livingstone a bag of ground-nuts fried in cream, with a little salt, which is considered a great delicacy; and Mamire, her second husband, made a farewell speech, expressive of hope for his safety, and quick return with his wife, Ma-Robert, whose coming to dwell among them they all seemed greatly to desire. So the cavalcade set out, as it had done before, with Livingstone for a leader, and the friendly chief bearing him company on the way with a numerous escort. Towards night they have a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, and drenching rain, which wets the missionary to the skin; his clothes have gone forward, so he cannot change them, and Sekeletu gives him his own blanket to sleep on, going without himself,—an act of kindness of which few savages would be capable. Afterwards he presents him with twelve oxen, and hoes and beads, etc., sufficient to purchase a canoe when they reach the Zambesi, beyond the celebrated Mosi-oa-tunya, or "Smoke-resounding," Falls, which, after travelling for about a fortnight, they were now approaching. These falls, which are described as large and more magnificent than Niagara, are caused by a deep fissure in the hard, black basaltic rock, which forms the bed of the river, into which the mighty volume of water suddenly leaps, down a sheer descent of unknown depth, with tremendous sound, and a shaking of the earth, which can be heard and felt many miles away. The river is here about 1,860 yards wide, flowing from north to south, and the crack in its bed, caused by some great convulsion of nature, lies right across it, being about as long as the stream is wide. The width of the crack, at its narrowest part, is about eighty yards. So into this tremendous chasm, which has been plumbed to twice the depth of the Niagara Falls, plunges that mile-wide sheet of water,—a spectacle the most sublime, perhaps, that this

earth affords. On the verge of this awful precipice, and in the midst of the water, dividing it into two nearly equal streams, stands Garden Island, a little spot of ground which, by skilful paddling, may be approached in a canoe, and, looking from thence down the sheer descent of that crystal wall, one may see nearly half a mile of water, collected in a channel from twenty to thirty yards wide, flowing to the left, at exactly right angles to its previous course, while the other portion of the fall flows to the right. These two streams meet midway in a boiling whirlpool, and dash off, foaming and seething, through another rocky fissure, at right angles to the crack down which they first were precipitated, and from the eastern end of which this outlet is about 1,170 yards, but not more than 600 from its western end. Through this narrow escape channel, which does not appear to be more than twenty or thirty yards wide, the Zambesi rushes southward, for about the distance of 130 yards, when it enters a second chasm, somewhat deeper and nearly parallel with the first. The eastern half of this great chasm is left dry, and has large trees growing in it, while the volume of water goes steadily off to the west, forming a promontory which has at its point the second escape channel, about 1,170 yards long, and 416 broad at the base; after reaching which, the river turns abruptly round the head of another promontory, flowing away to the east, through a third chasm; it then glides round a third promontory, and away back to the west by a fourth chasm; and in the distance it seems to round yet another promontory, and bend once more back to the east in a fifth chasm. There has been no wearing away of the rocks by the long-continued action of waters here, as at the great American falls. They are right throughout the course of this gigantic zigzag so sharply cut and angular that it can at once be seen that the hard basalt has been broken by a force acting from beneath into their present form, how many ages since, no one can tell; but, as Livingstone conjectures, it was probably done when the ancient inland seas were let off by similar fissures nearer the ocean.

From the different promontories views may be obtained of the falls under varying aspects, all agreeing in the one element of sublime grandeur; but perhaps there is no finer than from Garden Island, where the whole body of water runs clean over, quite unbroken, but after a descent of ten or more feet the whole mass suddenly assumes the appearance of a mighty snow-drift; portions of it, like comets with streaming tails, leaping off in every direction, twisting and whirling in a mad dance that dazzles the eye and makes the brain giddy to look upon. Clouds of these aqueous comets invested in finer spray, rush up in columns, as it were of steam, to the height of 200 or 300 feet; they may be seen at the Batoka village, Moachemba, about twenty miles off, and it is from these, and the sounds like thunder which may be heard as far as they can be seen, that the name Mosi-oa-tunya, or "smoke-resounding," has been applied to the falls. This vapor, becoming condensed, falls in constant showers upon the evergreen trees upon the island and banks, from whose leaves the heavy drops roll like globules of quicksilver, and form rivulets, which, running down the face of the rock, are licked off their perpendicular beds by the uprising column, and sent again into the air, to be again returned in showers upon the trees, and again thwarted in their efforts to find the level of the main stream, that goes rushing and roaring in the narrow escape channels, or gliding, with a smoothness that indicates the vast depths of the hollows which receive it round the tree-covered promontories, on which one can stand and view the amazing spectacle. When the morning sun gilds these smoke-like columns, double and treble rainbows flash and corruscate about them. In the evening there is a yellow sulphurous haze, as if from the mouth of the bottomless pit. "Have you any smoke-soundings in your country?" was one of the first questions put by Sebituane to the first white man he ever saw; and he again asked, "What causes the smoke to rise so far out of the water?" This was in 1851, when Livingstone, with Oswell, approached the falls, within two days' journey; but it was not until now, in 1855,

that he beheld them, and he was obliged to confess, that of all the wonders of the lands he had visited, he had seen no such stupendous spectacle as this, and there is no doubt that he was the first European who had ever gazed on it. He did not, on this occasion, make a lengthened examination of the falls, for Sekeletu and his two hundred followers were with him, and these could not be detained the necessary time; besides, he wanted to explore this eastern route as closely as possible. In 1860 he again visited the spot, and made a careful examination of the falls. This was at the end of a drought, and the river was then at its lowest, but his brother, Charles Livingstone, who was with him, and had seen Niagara, gave the palm to Mosi-oa-tunya. At flood, the volume of waters here must greatly exceed that of the American fall; and the tortuous course of the channel, the many deep chasms into which the current leaps, the numerous points of view from which it may be seen, and the effects produced, are so strange and startling, that it must ever be an object of wonder and reverential awe. One is not surprised to learn that the ancient Batoka chieftains considered Garden Island and Boaruka, another small island farther west, and also on the verge of the descent, as sacred spots for worshipping the deity, of whose existence they had some misty and confused consciousness. Under these cloudy columns, lighted up with brilliant rainbows, upon ground that seemed to rock and tremble, and with this ceaseless rush and roar in their ears, they might surely here, if anywhere, realize the presence of an Omnipotent Being, and tremble at his majesty and power.

Short as was his first visit to the place, Livingstone endeavored to turn to account the moisture that fell from the columns of watery vapor, by planting some fruit-trees, which he hoped might here obtain nourishment and thrive, and which he charged his Makololo friends to hedge about, and protect from the hippopotami, which it was plain sometimes came to the spot. On his second visit he found that the trees had been destroyed, as he feared they would be, by the great river-horses that ven-

ture so near the edge of the falls that the wonder is they are not carried over, as it is likely they sometimes are, although the current above is very calm and smooth, giving no indication of the tremendous leap it is about to take into the abyss that has so strangely opened across its way, and on the other side of which there is the promontory or tongue of land, which forces it into a zigzag course, on the same level as the banks of the river, and beyond that another, another, and yet another promontory, all with herbage and trees, as if we had taken a piece of forest land, and divided it into triangles, the base of one corresponding with the apex of another, so that there should be a continuous channel between, through which the water poured into it from above should flow, alternately from east to west, and from west to east, until it finally escaped below. But what kind of power was it that cut those channels, or rather, broke them up from beneath in the hard basalt which formed the bed of the river? The same power, no doubt, which cleft the edges of that rocky basin, and let the waters escape, which once made a vast inland sea of the whole of central South Africa, compared with which Ngami, Nyassa, Tanganyki, and the other lakes recently discovered are but as the pools and puddles left when the tide flows out and leaves the lately submerged marshy lands firm and dry for a time; and like the little ditches and water-channels, which are then seen going in every direction and often crossing each other and communicating with these pools, are the great rivers, which form a network through the central basin, rich with alluvial soil, rank with vegetation, thickly inhabited, and annually overflowed with an abundant rainfall; and this geographers once thought to be a howling waste of burning sand, wherein no human being could long exist. This is one of the geographical illusions that Livingstone has dispelled, and to him belongs the honor of a great discovery, fraught with consequences of the utmost importance to mankind at large, and especially to the tribes inhabiting those hitherto inaccessible regions. First was he of all Europeans to cross the inhospitable Kala-

hari desert; first to stand by Lake Ngami; first to view the broad expanse of Lake Nyassa; first to make his way through obstacles and difficulties which scarcely another man would have braved, and could have overcome, from the central country to the western coast, then back again, a fever-stricken, famished man, yet with an indomitable spirit, and with a firm dependence upon God's helping and sustaining hand, that nothing could daunt or turn from his course. He has explored rivers of great length and volume, whose names even were unknown to geographers; made observations which will be of the greatest use to travellers; and opened to commerce and Christianity realms of exhaustless fertility, rich in animal, mineral, and vegetable productions, and tribes of men, numerous beyond calculation, gentle and teachable, who only need the quickening and enlightening influence of the Gospel of Christ to lift them from their state of degradation, and make them useful members of the great family of man. He has marked and exposed the evils of that cruel system of slavery which is eating its way like a cancer farther and farther into the heart of South Africa, corroding and corrupting all whom it touches, and now he stands by the wonderful falls of that great river, Zambesi, whose course and capabilities he was the first to determine, and of which he hopes to make a broad highway for the merchant and the teacher. Now, bidding adieu to Sekeletu, who here leaves with him one hundred and fourteen men, he turns his face northward, and sets forth again on his toilsome travels.

XV.

AWAY TO THE EAST COAST.

LEAVING the valley in which the Lekone flows at the village of Moyara, and directing their course more to north-east, over a rough and rocky soil composed chiefly of red sand, they pass through a tract of country which was formerly thickly populated, but is now bare and desolate. The Batoka tribes, among whom they now travel, have some peculiar customs, such as knocking out the front teeth of both sexes when they arrive at the age of puberty, causing the upper lip to fall in so that the under one protrudes in a very unsightly way; this gives an old appearance to the face, and makes the smile hideous. No Batoka belle would like to show herself abroad with her upper incisors in. This, like the elongation of the lip caused by wearing a metal ring in it, practised by so many of the South African tribes, is one of their peculiar notions of beauty, of which we can only say, there is no accounting for tastes. The Batokas give as a reason for this practice that they wish to appear like oxen, and not like zebras, for which latter animals they have an abhorence.

The great chief, Sebituane, strove to abolish this pernicious practice; he gave orders that none of the children living under him should be subjected to it; but still it went on. The power of fashion was too strong for him, as it has proved for most potentates who have set themselves against it. Such a shaft of ridicule as "Look at his great teeth," aimed at one unfortunate individual, was sufficient to make him ashamed of himself, and very soon his offence against propriety would be expiated.

Very dark in color are these Batoka of the Zambesi, and very degraded in their appearance and manners; much given to a kind of intoxication caused by smoking the *mutokwane*, a kind of hemp, which causes a species of frenzy. Its use is common to most of the interior

tribes. Its effect upon some is to magnify every object they see, so that they lift their feet as high in passing over a straw as if it were the trunk of a tree.

Livingstone's party consisted of nine of these Batoka, with some of the Bushubia, and Barotse, the latter being chiefly useful on account of their ability to swim, and navigate canoes. They carry their paddles with them. Sekeletu's tusks were borne by the Batoka; these were to be sold, or exchanged for other articles on the east coast, towards which they began to descend after passing the Unguesi, a tributary of the Zambesi, which falls into it a little above the rapids.

They now meet with the baobab and other trees, similar to those which are found in the descent to the west coast, notably one called *moshuka*, yielding a fruit which looks like an apple, and tastes like a pear, of which there were great quantities. It grows to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and has leaves as large as a man's hand, hard and glossy. There was also the *maneko*, a hairy-rinded fruit, about as large as a walnut, full of a sweet, gummy water, and the beans called *nju*, contained in a large square pod; these are freely eaten by the men, and the pulp from between the seeds of the *nux vomica*, which yields the deadly poison called strychnine. That magnificent evergreen tree, the *motsikiri*, bears up its masses of dark foliage, contrasting with the light-leaved acacias, which, like the *mopane*, fold their leaves together, presenting the least possible surface to the action of the hot sun. There are palms in the surrounding country, but they are not of the oil-bearing kind, and through the parched soil many bulbous and other plants are pushing up their emerald spikes, and putting out their leaves to clothe the ground with verdure and beauty. Conspicuous among all stands the *mola*, with its spreading, oak-like form, covered with brownish-green leaves, looking as if they were bronzed.

It is now the 30th of November; another river, the Kalome, about fifty yards broad, with a rapid current, which falls into the Zambesi below the falls, is crossed, and before them, to the eastward, is a treeless, undulat-

ing plain, covered with short grass. They are on the elevated ridge which encloses the great central basin on the east and west, and on which the climate is by no means unhealthy, so that missionary stations might be established here, from whence operations might be carried on among the natives on both sides of them. Here they meet with that rare sight in Africa, a tuskless elephant, and see herds of buffaloes feeding in all directions during the day,—a sure sign that they have not been much disturbed, as, where this is the case, they retire into the densest forests, and only come out to feed by night. Inexpressibly refreshing and invigorating it is to look out upon a wide expanse of country, after having travelled for a long time in thick forest lands, where the air is hot and close, and danger may be lurking within a foot or two. Here, upon this elevated ridge, there are no obstructions to the view; no pitfalls and morasses to entrap the feet; the step becomes more firm and elastic; the lately sluggish pulsations more quick and distinctly marked; despondency is banished from the mind, and hope and cheerfulness resume their sway. So the party went on rejoicing in the altered circumstances of their route. The peculiar whistle of the honey-guide was frequent in their ears. "Come and see! come and see!" he said; and the men answered him by a peculiar response, in their own language, which might be interpreted, "All right! go ahead! we'll follow!" and some of them would go after the bird which flew off slowly, so that they could keep it well in view, and it would not be long before it settled upon some tree, in the hollow of which the wild bees have stored up their honey, which was borne off in the dripping combs by the natives, for a feast, while the bird made a meal of the detatched portions which fell around. This probably is the inducement for the invitation which it gives to all and sundry to come and rifle the sweet treasure.

Over the Mozuma, or river of Dila, now they pass, leaving the *Taba Cheu*, or "White Mountain," to the south-east. Between the banks of the river, in which no water flows at present, Livingstone observes, with

much satisfaction, pieces of lignite, probably indicating the existence of coal, everywhere a great adjunct to civilization. Here were ruins of large towns which had been depopulated by war, most likely caused by the atrocious slave-trade. Millstones, with the balls of quartz with which the grinding was effected, were left behind, showing that death had overtaken the inhabitants, or that they had made a hurried retreat. Here it was, that Sebituane had lived before he removed finally into the conquered Makololo country. From thence he mads his forays into the surrounding districts, and here collected great herds of cattle, with which the country was then exceedingly rich. The advantages of this position for a missionary settlement was pointed out by Sekwebu, who was the head-man of the party of natives, he having received his chief's orders to do so; and to Livingstone the only want seemed that of population,—the Batoka having fled into the hills. Being now in the country of those who were considered rebels against Sekeletu, some apprehensions were entertained of their friendly reception, and some furious manifestations were made against them, which all ended in angry words and gesticulations; but when they got beyond this fringe of malcontents, the found the Batoka or Batonga people quite friendly. They hailed with great joy the appearance of the first white man, and offered presents of maize and *masuka*. They have a singular mode of salutation,—throwing themselves on their backs, rolling in the dust, and slapping their thighs, exclaiming "*kina bomba.*" As they advanced, the population became more dense, villages crowded upon villages, and the people came forth in multitudes with ground-nuts, and maize and corn, for the good missionary, who spoke to them of Him who had sent forth the proclamation, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." And this scattered and war-scourged people, who had been driven from place to place, and never allowed to remain long in quiet without understanding the full import of the message, gladly seized upon the central idea of peace. "Give us peace," they said; "give us rest and sleep. We are

tired of flight and warfare. Oh, give us rest!" And well might they say this; well might they long for rest and quietude, over whom the tide of conquest had so often swept. First from the south-west, the country of the Zulus, came a chief named Pingola, who devastated their whole territory, sweeping away oxen, cows, and calves, leaving them scarce a single head. They were just beginning to recover from this blow, and get up their stock again, when Sebituane came in upon them like a flood, and carried off what was left of their cattle. And after him the Matabele, under Mosilikatse, made inroads into their territory, and stripped them, so that they became a truly scattered and peeled nation.

Sunday, the 10th of December, was spent in the village of Monze, who was the principal chief of the Batoka. On the hill, called by the pleasant name of *Kisekise*, lived Monze, and from thence the eye had a range of thirty miles over open, undulating country, covered with short grass, with but few trees. Formerly, the people lived much in large towns, but since the devastating wars to which they had been subjected, they had adopted a more wide-spread mode of habitation, the better to see and give warning at the approach of an enemy. On Monday, comes Monze to roll in the dust and scream "*kina bomba,*" while his wife, armed with a small battle-axe, screamed in concert, but did not roll. A few goats and fowls were all the live stock Monze and his people now possessed, and he gave one of each to the missionary, and was highly delighted to have in exchange some printed cotton handkerchiefs, with one of which he proposed to decorate his child, and then send for all the people to dance round it. No white man had ever visited Monze before, and the black traders who came to him had from him ivory, not slaves. On the whole, he seemed a very good sort of a fellow, as African chiefs go.

But we must not tarry with him longer; the east coast is before us, and we must push on to reach it. But first, who are these men, with tall extinguishers on their heads? These, like the Bashu Kulompo, have the

hair plaited into a cone. Sometimes they eke out their own hair with that of animals, as ladies in civilized Europe are said to do. Of course, we don't believe it. The operation by which this is effected is a painful one, but what is pain to fashion? The scalp is drawn tightly up, so that it is difficult to close the eyes. The cone is often eight inches round, and from eight to ten high. Sometimes it is bent forward, so that it resembles a helmet. The head-man of the party who visited Livingstone, had in his a wand, which projected full a yard from the head. Making a détour a little to the north to visit an influential chief named Semalembue, they slept at the village of Monze's sister, who conducted them some distance on the road the next day, and sent forward orders for their entertainment at the place where they would again rest. At parting she said, "How pleasant it would be to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing with a spear!"

Crossing the rivulet Nakachinta, which flows eastward into the Zambesi, with the range of tree-covered hills, called Chamai, before them, they now proceed to a lower level, where the ground is fertile, but the vegetation nowhere rank. The *Masuka* and other trees, with which they had lately been familiar, had been left behind, and the orchilla weed, with lichens on the trees, and mosses on the ground, begin to appear. As they pass along, the people supply them with food in abundance. They had somehow found out that Livingstone had medicine, and they brought their children and sick folk to be cured by him, much to the disgust of his followers, who wished to monopolize his skill and remedies. Here, for the first time was heard the curious cry "*Pula, pula,*" signifying, "rain, rain," uttered by a bird, probably a kind of cuckoo. The natives call it *Mokwa reza,*—"Son-in-law of God," and say that its cry predicts heavy falls of rain. This is a bird of good repute; not so the crow, whose nests are destroyed in times of drought, to break the charm, which it is said seals up the windows of heaven. More and more beautiful does the country now become, being furrowed by deep valleys, which abound

in large game, such as buffaloes and elephants; three of the latter are shot, and a plentiful supply of meat obtained, in which the natives are glad to share. Leaving the elephant valley they cross the rivulet, Losito, and reach the residence of the chief, Semalembue, situated at the bottom of the rocky ranges, through which the Kafue finds a passage; this is on about the same level as Linyante. The river is here about two hundred yards wide, and abounds in Hippopotami. The chief was very friendly, giving them large supplies of food, and making at the same time, many apologies for being obliged to keep them hungry, as a gentleman, in more civilized countries, might apologize to his guests for setting before them so poor a repast, which probably consists of all the delicacies of the season. Semalembue was a considerable merchant, receiving large quantities of ivory from the surrounding tribes, and transmitting it to other chiefs on the Zambesi, who sent in exchange English cotton goods, brought from Mozambique by Babisa traders. His attendants were mostly large men, with fine crops of wool on their heads, which were drawn up together in a tapering bunch at the crown, or twisted in little strings like a fringe on one side, and allowed to hang down on the other, so that it looked like a little cap cocked jauntily on one side. A present of a shirt to the chief, who accompanied Livingstone partly on his way, highly delighted him. The country about here is well cultivated, the people industrious and keen traders; maize, ground-nuts, and sweet potatoes, are the chief produce; the sugar-cane is also cultivated to some extent.

On they march like a triumphal procession, with much clapping of hands by the men, and lullibalooing by the women, out of the dominions of the friendly chief, and across the hills towards the confluence of the Zambesi with the Kafue. The precipitous nature of the ground makes their progress slow here, so that they are three days before they reach the top of the outer range of hills, and look upon a glorious prospect. At a short distance below was the Kafue, winding its way to its

confluence with the Zambesi, which was hastening over a forest-clad plain to join it; a long range of dark hills at its farther end, with a line of fleecy clouds at their base, marking the course of the great river. The plain below was crowded with large game. In the open spaces grazed buffaloes and zebras; beneath the trees fed majestic elephants, in numbers quite astonishing. As they descended amongst them, they found these animals remarkably tame, not having been much disturbed by the natives, who live chiefly on the hills and have no guns. As they approached the Zambesi, the cover became thicker, and they had frequently to shout to elephants to make them get out of the way, and even to shoot one of a herd of buffaloes which wanted to become too friendly with the oxen. Water-fowls begin to abound, as they get to the banks of the river, of which the Barotse say that "its fish and fowls are always fat." On an island in the Zambesi, about a mile and a half long and a quarter broad, a herd of sixty buffaloes have their feeding-ground, and are always ready to fight for its possession.

In a valley between ranges of hills, through which the Zambesi flows, they find on the north side the Batonga, and on the south the Banyai. They have two ways of killing the elephants; one is to erect stages on trees over the paths they frequent, and, as an animal passes beneath, it is struck in the back by a spear with a blade twenty inches long by two broad, and a handle four or five feet long and as thick as a man's wrist. The wounded elephant rushes off, and the handle of the embedded weapon, striking against the trees, makes frightful gashes, which cause death. The other plan is to insert a spear in a heavy beam of wood, and suspend it by a cord, that passes over the branch of a tree, and is attached by its other extremity to a latch, placed in the path; this being struck by the animal's foot, flies back, and releases the cord, so that the beam falls, and the spear, which enters the back being poisoned, death quickly ensues.

They have now rains and flooded lands again, and

have to make their way through damp and rank vegetation, by following the footpaths of wild animals. Different kinds of antelopes are abundant, as well as wild pigs; so there is no lack of food. The head-man of the village furnished grain, and quickly conducted the party on. All were friendly except Selole, who, having been somewhile before, with other chiefs, attacked and robbed by an Italian, named Simoens, who had married a chief's daughter, and came up the river from Tette with some armed slaves, suspected that Livingstone was another Italian, or Simoens, who had been killed in the expedition, come to life again. But he was soon pacified by an explanation, although he and others continued to view the party with suspicion, and it required constant care and watchfulness to keep them together, and safe from an attack. An office something like that of the priesthood exists among the chiefs of these parts, who are supposed to have power to propitiate the Deity. Supposing that he possessed this power, hunters of elephants, hippopotami, and followers of other vocations came to Livingstone to beg for medicines which would give them success. The missionary pointed them to a higher power for aid in all their good undertakings. A strong, muscular race of people were those about this part of the course of the Zambesi, which was their great highway. Both men and women cultivate the ground. They have the lower lip deformed by artificial means, which so disfigures most of the tribes. Their villages are picturesquely situated among the hills, and their valleys are occupied by gardens, where maize and native corn grow luxuriantly. They cannot keep oxen, for the tsetse, and look upon white men as marauders, having been much robbed by the half-caste Portuguese, whom they call Bazunga. "They have words of peace all very fine," they say; "but lies only, as the Bazunga are great liars." They knew not then that they might trust the *Makoa*, the "English."

XVI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Reaching, on the 14th, the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, the party crossed the former river on the 15th, in the presence of a large armed concourse of natives, from whom they expected an attack. This however, did not take place, and they proceeded along the bottom of the range, called Mazanzwe, where they found remains of houses and a church, indicating the site of a once flourishing commercial settlement of the Portuguese, who were now at war with the native tribes around, which rendered the course of a white traveller among them somewhat perilous. They pass several inhabited islands in the Zambesi, which belong to independent chiefs, who do pretty much as they like. They are greatly delayed in their march by being obliged to stop at every village, the people of which would consider it an insult if the travellers had passed without doing so. Rain falls daily, and everything is beautifully fresh and green. Their oxen, however, are bitten by the tsetse, and cannot march above two miles an hour; and they are anxious, too, on account of the uncertainty of their reception by each chieftain, in whose territories they advance.

The people of Mpende surround their encampment at night with strange, wild cries, and seem about to attack them; but are content with the performance of certain incantations intended to render them powerless, or at least to frighten them. When Livingstone sends word to the chief that he is an Englishman, his reply is, "We don't know that tribe; we suppose you are a Mazungà (Portuguese), the tribe with which we have been fighting." Assured that this was not the case, something like the truth dawned upon the native mind, and the exclamation broke forth, "You must be one of that tribe that loves the black man." What an honorable distinction is this! It established friendly relations, and the chief did all he could to aid their progress. The people of a large

island are ordered to ferry them across the river, here 1,200 yards wide, and 700 or 800 deep. They are now among the Babisa. To the north lies Senga, which abounds in iron ore. English cotton goods begin to be abundant, and the name of an Englishman is a passport to the favor of the natives. "He is a man," say they; "his countrymen are enemies to the slave trade." And when the slaves themselves report Livingstone's approach to Tette, then about ten days' journey off, they say, "Oh, this is our brother who is coming!" Still the enmity of all the tribes on the north of the Zambesi to the Portuguese, and their practice of making night attacks, renders travelling more dangerous the nearer they come to Tette, which, however, they at length reach on the 3rd of March, and are hospitably entertained by the commandant, who does all he can to recover Livingstone from his emaciated condition, and make his followers content to remain awhile. A house of his own is assigned them, until they can build huts for themselves, in order that they may escape the bite of a venomous insect, called the tampan, or *carapatos*.

The town, or village, of Tette is built on a slope up from the river, close by whose edge stands the fort, which has been the salvation of the Portuguese power in this quarter. Although it mounts but few guns, and has only thatched apartments for the residence of the troops, yet it is strong enough to resist the attacks of the natives, and to keep them in some kind of awe. Latterly, however, they have approached very near to it, burning and destroying the houses to its very walls. This was done while the commandant was absent on an expedition against Nyande, a man of mixed Asiatic and Portuguese breed, who had built a stockade at the confluence of the Luenya and the Zambesi, and levied black-mail upon all the traders who passed up or down. Learning that the commandant was on the way to attack him, this worthy despatched his son with a strong party up the left bank of the river, who plundered and burnt the place, in which there are about thirty houses for Europeans, built of stone, cemented with mud instead of mortar, and thatched

with reeds and grass, and 1,200 huts for natives. The house of the commandant, with the church and fort, were not destroyed by the rebels, who carried off all the cattle they could find, and much other plunder. When news of this counter-move reached the army before Nyande's stockade, a panic seized the men; they dispersed and fled home, each by the way he thought best, and being thus separated, many of them were captured by Katolosa, "a half-caste," who had hitherto professed to be friendly with the Portuguese, while another, name Kisaka, who lived on the opposite bank of the Zambesi, also rebelled. He imagined, or chose to say, that his father had been bewitched by the Portuguese, and in revenge he plundered all the plantations of the rich merchants who had their villas on the north bank of the river. Thus were the people of Tette impoverished, and the trade of the place ruined. An effort was afterwards made to punish the chief rebels, who kept the Portuguese shut up in their fort for two years, so that they could only get goods sufficient to buy food, by sending them overland along the north bank of the Zambesi to Quillimane. This man was eventually pardoned by the home government, probably because he was able to bribe largely. Major Sicard, the Commandant of Tette, when Livingstone reached the place, had considerable influence with the natives, which he had exerted to restore peace, which, however, had not lasted long. He had been told by some natives that "The Son of God, who was able to take the sun down from the heavens, and place it under his arm (this was in allusion to the sextant and artificial horizon), had come," and having previously heard that Livingstone was on his way thither, felt sure that this was he, and prepared to receive him.

There is much coal in the vicinity of Tette, and iron; and a gold field, which is only fitfully and partially worked by the natives, lies at no great distance. Large crops might be raised of maize, indigo, and cotton, with other tropical produce; and labor is cheap, or might be did not the goose with the golden eggs get constantly killed, by the deportation as slaves of the natives, who

would gladly work for low wages. As it is, a fine country is made comparatively unproductive, and what might be a thriving and industrious population, thinned, and converted into blood-thirsty ruffians, by the odious slave traffic.

There was formerly an establishment of Jesuits, called Micombo, at a distance of about ten miles from Tette; but this has been suppressed, and the only religious teachers now in this part of the country are two gentlemen of color, natives of Goa, to whom the Enropean residents of the town send their children for education. There is but one school in the place, where the native children are taught to read and write.

Livingstone was anxious to start for Quillimane early in April; but suddenly there occurred a change of temperature, and the commandant himself and many others in the place were prostrated with an attack of fever. The only medical man there was the apothecary with the troops; and the missionary was glad to exert his medical skill in the service of those who had treated him so kindly. His stock of quinine was exhausted; but he found that a plant, possessing strong febrifuge properties, grew plentifully in the country; and he used this with much success. When the commandant was fairly recovered, and Livingstone sufficiently strong, he prepared to descend the Zambesi. Selecting sixteen men who could manage canoes to accompany him, he left the rest at Tette, where Major Sicard gave them a portion of land, in which to cultivate their own corn, supplying them with sufficient for sustenance in the mean time. They had also permission to hunt elephants and purchase goods with the ivory and dried meat, that they might have something to take home when they returned. Many more would have accompanied Livingstone; but he heard that food was scarce at Quillimane, and therefore took no more than he absolutely required.

Leaving Tette on the noon of the 22d, the party proceed on their canoe-voyage down the noble river, with whose name that of Livingstone will be ever associated. Past the stockade of the rebel Nyande they go, not ap-

proaching it nearer than they are obliged; it is composed of living trees, and therefore cannot well be burnt. It might soon be destroyed by the guns of a vessel, but musketry would have little effect on it. On the 27th they arrive at Senna, which stands on the right bank of the Zambesi, with many reedy islands in front of it, and much stagnant water about, which renders the place unhealthy. Stagnation and rain seem to be its marked characteristics. Like Tette, it has suffered greatly in the wars between the natives and the Portuguese. An old fort of sundried bricks, with the grass growing over its walls, and mended at places with palings, offered but a mockery of resistance to an invader. A tribe of the warlike Zulus, called the Landeens, visit the village periodically, and levy fines upon the inhabitants. In league with them appear to be the half-castes, who convey information to them when resistance is contemplated, or any attempt made to coerce them, and who pay them tribute when it is forbidden by the commandant, Senor Isidore, a man of considerable energy, who was about to surround the village with palisades, to protect it against these enemies. Many of the natives here had been instructed in boatbuilding and carpentry, at the expense of the commandant, and were now employed by him in constructing boats and launches of from £25 to £100 value, and in the wood-work of houses,—in both of which branches of trade they evinced great skill and dexterity. All colonial Portuguese officials are so badly paid, if they receive pay at all, that they are obliged to engage in some kind of commerce by which to support themselves, and it is happy if they do not take to slave-dealing, as too many of them do; hence the always covert and often open encouragement given to it by those in authority. Manica lies three days' journey to the north-west of Gorongozo, which can be seen from Senna. It is the best gold country known in Eastern Africa, and is supposed by some to be identical with the ancient Ophir of Scripture. The Portuguese say that there is a small tribe of arabs there who have become completely assimilated with the other natives. There are said to be

several caves in the country, with walls of hewn stone, which the people say were the work of their ancestors.

Livingstone left Senna on the 11th, and was accompanied to his boats by the commandant and the principal inhabitants, who had furnished an abundant supply of provisions. About thirty miles below Senna they pass the mouth of the river Zangwe on the right, and five miles lower that of the Shire on the left. It appeared to be about two hundred yards wide, and brought down into the Zambesi immense quantities of a gigantic duckweed, and another aquatic plant, which barotse called *njefu*; it bore in the petiole of the leaf a pleasant-tasted nut, which was so highly esteemed by Sebituane that he made it part of his tribute from subjected tribes. These plants are found growing on all the branches and lagoons on the Leeambye, in the far north, and their existence here in such abundance seems to prove that the Shire flows from the ame large collections of still waters. It is said by some about Tette to have its origin in the southern extremity of a lake called Nyanja, situated about forty-five days north-west of that place, and that the flat, marshy region through which it flows is numerously occupied by a brave population. Leaving the mouth of the Shire a few miles behind, they lose the hills entirely, and sail between extensive flats, well-wooded. All the country on the right is subject to the Landeens, who generally levy a tribute on passengers, and consider the whites a conquered tribe. Livingstone was desirous of meeting with some of them, to ascertain if they were really Zulu Caffres, or of the Mashona family; but they did not make their appearance.

Here at Mazaro, the Zambesi is a magnificent river, more than half a mile wide, and without islands to break its expanse; forests of fine timber cover its banks, but here begins the delta, and all before is an immense flat, covered with high and coarse grass and weeds, amid which are a few mango and cocoa-nut trees. Turning aside from the main stream, which had already been explored from the sea up to this point by Captain Parker, Livingstone entered what in reality is one of its branches, although it bears a distinct name, which is Mutu, this

being the direct route to Quillimane. They cannot, however, sail up this river, it being narrow, overhung by trees, and obstructed by aquatic plants and reeds; so they had to leave their canoes behind them and carry their luggage about fifteen miles, after which the channel receives the tributary waters of several other rivers, and becomes navigable. Taking the name of the town to which it conducts, it is termed the river of Quillimane, or as it is often spelled, Kilimane. This is a seaport in Eastern Africa, which may be called the capital of the Portuguese territory of Mozambique, although it is scarcely more than a village, built upon a mud-bank, surrounded by mango-bush and marsh; it has a harbour, but with no great depth of water, and with a most dangerous bar at the entrance. Its population, including that of the surrounding country, is said to be 15,000. The small stream which connects the Zambesi with the river of Quillimane is dry, or nearly so, for nine months of the year, and all communication with the interior has to be accomplished by land-carriage. Anywhere, at a depth of two feet, water may be reached at Quillimane; and the soil is so soft and spongy that houses built upon it are continually sinking. A more unhealthy spot can perhaps scarcely be found, and no European remains longer there than he is obliged; he is sure to be smitten by fever, and, if of plethoric habit, is generally carried off. This place Livingstone reached on the 26th of May, 1856, just about four years after he set out from the Cape. During the whole of that time no news of him had reached Europe, and the worst apprehensions were entertained of his safety by his friends.

In this unhealthy spot he had to remain six weeks, at the end of which time H. M. brig "Frolic" arrived off the bar, which is above twelve miles from the town. An offer of a passage to the Mauritius was made to the missionary, and thankfully accepted, and he left Quillimane on the 12th of July, accompanied by Sekwebu, and one other native attendant only, who pleaded so very hard to come on board ship with him, that he could not refuse. "You will die, if you go to

mine," said Livingstone to him. "That is nothing," replied the faithful creature; "let me die at your feet." It was so all through with these Makololo, they proved most devoted servants to the missionary, ever ready to peril their lives for him. Eight of them had begged to be allowed to come as far as Quillimane, and they would have come farther, in order that they might obey Sekelutu's injunction that they should not turn until they brought Ma-Robert back with them. "Wherever you lead, we must follow," said they, when the difficulty of crossing the sea was explained to them. They were, however, sent back to their companions at Tette, there to await the return of the white teacher with his wife from Europe. Some of Sekelutu's tusks are sold to purchase them calico and brass wire for clothing and trading, and the rest are consigned to the care of Colonel Munes, with instructions, in the event of Livingstone's death, or failure of return, to sell them, and give the produce to Sekelutu's men. When this was explained to them, they said, "No, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekelutu;" and he promised that nothing but death should prevent his doing so; they, on their part, engaging to wait until he came back. So he left them to hunt, and till the ground, and cut up firewood for sale, as they did at Loanda.

A sad accident had occurred to damp the joy felt by Livingstone at the prospect of seeing his friends and the old home once again. He had learned that, previous to his arrival, Commander MacLune with Lieutenant Woodruffe, and five men of H. M. brigantine, "The Dart," had been lost on the bar, when coming in to see if they could pick him up, and the gloom caused by this event was deepened by the death of his faithful attendant, Sekwebu, who embarked with him in "The Frolic." Everything he saw was so new and strange, that the poor fellow got quite bewildered and crazed; and, leaping overboard in a fit of insanity, although a good swimmer, he was drowned, having actually pulled himself down by the chain cable, hand under hand; his body was never found.

At the Mauritius, Livingstone remained until the fine

climate, and rest and proper treatment had nearly restored him to health; then in November, he came up the Red Sea in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's ship, "Canada," and on the 12th of December was once more in dear old England. He records his thankfulness in these words: "No one has cause for more abundant gratitude to his fellow-man and to his Maker than I have; and may God grant that the effect on my mind be such that I may be more humbly devoted to the service of the Author of all our mercies!"

XVII.

BACK AGAIN TO AFRICA.

On the 10th of March, 1858, Livingstone again left England in the "Pearl," H. M. colonial steamer, with the object of exploring the great river Zambesi, and its mouths and tributaries, with a view to their being used as highways for commerce and Christianity to pass into the interior of Africa. He had come among his friends like a man from the dead, and related such particulars of his wonderful travels and discoveries as he could within the compass of public addresses, with the modest reticence which characterized the man, and the hesitancy of speech of one long unaccustomed to the use of his mother tongue. Everywhere he was hailed and honored as a great discoverer and philanthropist. The gold medal of the Royal Geographical Societies of London and Paris were awarded to him, and our national universities conferred on him the honorary degrees of LL.D. and D. C. L. respectively. Other distinctions were also conferred upon him. Wherever he went crowds assembled to listen to his descriptions of regions hitherto unexplored, and savage tribes, of whose existence the civilized world had, till then, been unaware. Strange and startling as were the revelations which he made, yet no one doubted their truth. Every word that he uttered bore the stamp of veracity. This

was no idle boaster, no self-sufficient egotist, proclaiming his doings upon the housetops, and calling all men to listen and applaud. He was compelled to speak and describe what he had seen and heard, for only by so doing could he advance the great cause to which he had devoted himself; else would he gladly have remained silent. This was evident, and no less so was it that all he had so nobly dared and done was for the glory of God and the salvation of his fellow-men. A man of iron frame and determined will, few could have borne, and suffered, and accomplished, what he did; and yet how gentle, and humble, and modest was he! And such is ever the truly great man. With strength impaired and constitution enfeebled by sickness and privation, and exposure to burning heat and pestilential miasma, and all the ill effects of a tropical climate, he had come home to rest and recruit himself, and enjoy the sweet converse of those near and dear to him; and one would not have wondered if he had remained here much longer to enjoy the repose he so greatly needed, and the delights of home and family But no; he had taken up the yoke, and would bear it while his strength lasted. The cry of those poor benighted Africans was ever in his ears, and he must return to save and succor them. Much sooner he would have done this, but his book, which he hoped would call the attention of Christendom to their wretched and degraded state, required time for its preparation and revision, and no hand but his own could accomplish this. So he kept his faithful Makololo waiting for him at Tette longer than he had intended, and now, having obtained the help of government for his enterprise, he was again on his way to the Cape, accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. R. Thornton, the second named being the naturalist of the party. At Cape Town, Mr. F. Skead, R. N., joined them as surveyor, and they proceeded round to the east coast, which was reached in May. It was found, on examination, that the Zambesi pours its waters into the ocean by four mouths, namely, the Milambe, which is the most westerly; the Kongone, the Luabo, and the Timbwe, or Muselo. There is also a natural

canal, when the river is in flood, which winds very much among the swamps, and is used as a secret way for conveying slaves from Quillimane to the bays, from whence they can be shipped, or to the Zambesi. The Kwakwa, or river of Quillimane, which is far from the mouths of the Zambesi, has long been represented as the principal entrance to that river, in order to put the cruisers upon a false scent. While they are watching this false mouth, slaves can be quietly shipped from the true ones. A map, recently issued by the colonial ministers of Portugal, propagates this error; can it be designedly? The best entrance was found to be the Kongone, and into this the "Pearl" was taken, and also a small steam launch, named "Ma-Robert," which was brought out in three sections, and screwed together when the spot was reached at which her aid would be required in the work of exploration. Navigation on the east coast is rendered especially dangerous by the bars of sand, which are caused by the action of the waves of the Indian Ocean rolling in upon the land, brought down in immense quantities by the rivers, and formed into banks, on which the sea breaks with great fury. These bars cause the waters of the delta, in most cases, to find their exit sideways. The name Kongone, applied to the channel by which Livingstone entered, is that of a fish. The banks were covered with mangrove thickets, into which the natives escaped from their canoes directly they saw the white men, taking them probably for Portuguese slave-traders. In the grassy glades, buffaloes, wart-hogs, and antelopes of several kinds were feeding, so that animal food was easily procured. The heron, the kingfisher, and many other birds are here, and every now and then the loud "ha! ha! ha!" of the glossy ibis resounds through the glades, warning his fellows that danger is nigh.

Leaving behind the mangrove swamps, the river passes over level plains of rich dark soil, covered with grasses from five to ten feet high, amid which hunting is impossible. Every year, in the month of July, when the herbage is driest, the natives apply fire to it, and a sea of flame rolls across the plains, driving out the animals

that seek covert there, and destroying all but the most hardy of the trees, such as the borassus palm, and lignum vitæ. On the right bank of the river, huts, raised by poles a few feet above the low, damp ground, peep out from the bananas and cocoa-palms. The soil hereabout is wonderfully rich, and the people appear to be industrious cultivators of rice, pumpkins, and other produce. The sugar-cane is also grown here, and so wide is the field, that all Europe might be supplied with sugar from this source alone. The people here are mostly Portuguese "colonos," or serfs; they are almost naked, but appear to be pretty well fed. As the steamers passed up they stood on the banks, wondering at its size and mode of propulsion; all were eager to sell fowls, baskets of rice, and meal, and paddled after the ships, or ran along the banks, shouting, "*Malonda! Malonda!*"—"Things for sale."

Very broad generally is the river Zambesi, but the deep channel, or *Quete*, as the canoemen call it, is narrow, and winding between sand-banks which make the navigation difficult. When the wind freshens and blows up the river, which it usually does from May to November, the waves upon this channel are larger than elsewhere and a line of small breakers marks the edge of the shoal-banks. The draft of the "Pearl" was found to be too great for the river, so the goods belonging to the expedition were taken out, and placed on an island, about forty miles from the bar, and the vessel returned to the sea, with Mr. Skead, the surveyor, so that the party were left very much to their own resources. Boats were employed to carry the luggage up to Shupanga and Senna, and this was a source of some danger, as the country was still in a state of war. Some of the party remained on Expedition Island, as they named it, from June 18 to August 13, and here had their first experience of African life and African fever. Their state of inactivity in the malaria of the delta, rendered them very liable to this. Active employment is the great safeguard, and those who were working with the boats strained every nerve to complete their task, so that their fellows might be removed from

their perilous position. The weather was fine, with an occasional shower or fog. Those who remained on the island employed their time in botanizing and taking meteorological and magnetical observations. Daily, as they looked abroad to different points of the horizon, they could see large columns of smoke arise, showing where the natives were burning off the crops of tall grass. Buffaloes, zebras, and other large game were plentiful; but no hunters were to be seen. The small seed-eating birds were very numerous, and the orderly evolutions of their flocks were most amusing. On reaching Mazaro, from whence is a communication with the Quillemane river, they found that a half-caste, named Mariano, or Matakenya, which signifies trembling or quivering, like trees in a storm, had set the Portuguese at defiance, built a stockade at the mouth of the Shire, and claimed all the land from that point back to Mazaro. This was the old iniquitous story of murder and rapine. Mariano was a keen slave-trader, and he cared not where he obtained his victims. He had a large number of well armed men, and committed frightful atrocities in order to carry on his inhuman traffic, and make his name dreaded. After a war with the Portuguese, which lasted six months, he was taken and sent to Mozambique for trial, and soon after, his stockade, which was defended by his brother Bonga, was destroyed, and the rebellion crushed. Livingstone several times came in contact with both parties, and was regarded as a man of peace, and a friend to both. Mazaro means the mouth of the creek; the country around is called Maruru, and the people Mutu. The Portuguese say they are expert thieves, and that the goods of the merchants, while in transit from one river to another, suffer losses by their adroitness. They generally man the canoes that ply from Senna to Tette. Not being trusted themselves, they give no trust to others, but insist upon payment beforehand, saying in the words of a favorite canoe-song: *Uachingere, Uachingere, Kale!*"—"Thou art slippery, slippery, truly!"

Lords of the right bank of the Zambesi are the warlike Landeen, and every year they come in force to Senna

and Shupanga for the tribute which the Portuguese pay, and the more land they find under cultivation the more tribute they demand; so that it is like a tax upon improvement, and operates to retard it. The merchants of Senna, on whom the tax chiefly falls, complain of it bitterly; but a refusal to pay would involve a war with these savage people, who, with much flourishing of spears, and smiting of shields, and grotesque dancing and gesticulating, advance their claim, and back it with an imposing array of stalwart warriors. Like true lords of the soil, they even levy contributions on those who use the timber growing therein; thus, for permission to cut down timber of the Gunda trees, which makes good boatmasts, and has medicinal properties, a Portuguese of Quillimane pays them 300 dollars a year.

The Governor of the Province of Mozambique made Shupanga his head-quarters during the Mariano war. His residence stands on a gentle slope which leads down to the Zambesi, with a fine mango-orchard to the south, while to the north stretch away cultivated fields and forests of palms and other tropical trees, beyond which towers the lofty mountain, Morambala, amidst the white clouds, while yet more distant hills are seen faint and far in the blue horizon. Beautiful are the green islands in front, reposing on the sunny bosom of the tranquil waters; and pleasant the shade beneath the great baobab-tree, where now, far from their native land, rest in peace those who were very dear to the leader of this expedition —one, especially, whose grave is marked with a white cross, of whom we shall by and by have more to say.

The Province of Mozambique costs the home government between £5,000 and £6,000 annually, and yields nothing in return, great as its capabilites are. The Portuguese officials generally were very friendly towards Livingstone, notwithstanding his denunciations of the slave-trade, from which most of them derive considerable profits. Colonel Munes and Major Sicard were especially kind, causing wood to be cut for the small steamer, Ma-Robert, which had now been put together, and sending men to help in unloading her. Ebony and lignum vitæ

were the woods often burnt in her furnaces; what should we think of using them for such a purpose in England? On the 17th of August, 1858, the expedition started for Tette. The Zambesi from Shupanga to Senna is wide and full of islands, and the black pilot often took the wrong channel, and ran the vessel aground, which greatly incensed the Krooman sailors, who had the work of getting her off; she was badly constructed, and consumed an immense amount of wood; it took a long while to get up steam, and when in motion her progress was so slow, that the heavily laden country canoes nearly kept up with her, and the lighter ones shot ahead, the paddlers looking back at the toiling "asthmatic," as Livingstone called her. She does, however, at length reach the shoal channel, on which Senna stands, and, as she could not be taken up, is left at Nyaruka, a small town six miles below, and the party walk up in Indian file through gardens and patches of wood, with singing birds all around them; but somehow it is not like the sweet songsters of the woods and fields at home, it seems all in a foreign tongue; the natives, whom they meet going to their work in the gardens, the men being armed, and the women carrying hoes, greet them courteously, with bows and courtesies, standing aside to let them pass.

XVIII.

ABOUT SENNA AND TETTE.

On a low plain, on the right bank of the Zambesi, stands Senna, surrounded by a stockade of living trees, to defend its inhabitants from the attacks of enemies. There are a few large houses, some in ruins, a weather-beaten cross, marking the site of a church, the remains of an old monastery, and a dilapidated mud fort close by the river. There is little or no trade in the village, and the Senna merchants send parties of slaves into the interior to hunt for and purchase ivory. Let no one imagine

he is safe from fever at Senna, because he does not take it on the first day; it is sure to come on the second or soon after. Its redeeming feature is Senor H. A. Ferrao, a native of the place, of which his father was formerly governor. The benevolence of this gentleman is unbounded; no one is ever sent from his door hungry He feeds the starving natives in times of scarcity, when hundreds claim him as their master whom he never sees at any other time. He received the travellers kindly, and gave them a bountiful breakfast. "When it's to their interest, blacks work very hard," said some of the principal men of the place, who came to confer with Livingstone about cotton cultivation by free natives; and this seems to be the opinion of the most men who have had an opportunity of observing the negro on his own soil, or in any way working for himself. The party were also entertained by another very honorable Portuguese of Senna, Major Tito A. d'A. Sicard, who told Livingstone that his discovery of the Kongone entrance to the Zambesi had ruined Quillimane. He also said that when the war was over, he would take Livingstone's goods up to Tette in canoes; and this promise he afterwards performed.

They return to their little steamer, and receive a visit from a head-man with a "seguati," or present, consisting of a few ears of maize, for which he expected to receive at least double value in return. This seems to be a very common practice. Say to the shrewd African, when he makes his offering, "We will buy it." "Oh, no sir; it is a seguati; it is not for sale." It is something like the reply given in our own country, when one asks the price of a service performed. "I'll leave it to your generosity, sir." And this customary, if crafty piece of politeness, was generally submitted to, with the understanding that the offer was a compliment and nothing more.

At a little island called Nyamotobsi, the travellers find a party of hippopotamus hunters, who have been driven by war from their own island. These hunters are a distinct people, seldom intermarrying with others. One reason for this probably is, that many of the native tribes

look with as much abhorrence on the flesh of this animal as the Jews and Mahomedans do on that of swine; they would not use a pot in which the flesh had been cooked. These hunters are known by the names Akombwi, or Mapodzo. They are a comely race, with smooth, black skins, and are without the lip-rings, or any other so-called ornaments which so frightfully disfigure most of the natives. It is their custom to go out on long expeditions, taking their wives and children, cooking-pots and other utensils in their canoes. When Livingstone spoke to the chief of this party about a common Father, he demurred, saying, "How can that be? We could not become white, let us wash ever so much." Of the huge river-horse, which it is the business of these people to destroy, we have already spoken several times.

It is now the month of August, and the heat steadily increases, yet foggy mornings are rare. A strong breeze blows up stream every night, commencing early and gradually getting later. For a short time it makes the frail cabin-doors fly open, and sends anything that may be loose flying before it; then it drops suddenly, and a dead calm succeeds. Game is here very abundant, herds of zebras, pallahs, water-bucks, and wild hogs are seen at the places where they stop for fuel, and the marks in the river-bank show where elephants and buffaloes come down at night to drink. At one of these places they find a baobab-tree of immense size, which has bark within as well as without,—a peculiarity of this kind of tree. Now the river broadens out into an expanse of two or three miles, with numerous islands, which makes the navigation difficult, and now it is compressed into a deep, narrow channel, called the Lupata Gorge, up which the heavily laden native canoes are drawn in two days by means of strong ropes; but the little steamer stems the current bravely, notwithstanding the whirlpools and eddies which abound there. The superstitious natives place offerings of meal on the rocks, to propitiate the turbulent deities who are supposed to preside over the most dangerous spots; and the Portuguese, almost as superstitious, take off their hats to the river gods, and pass them in solemn

silence, and when once beyond the promontories, fire off their muskets for joy, and give the canoe-men grog. Beyond Lupata the country becomes more hilly and picturesque, and more thickly populated. Crowds of people come out of the villages, and gaze in astonishment on the steamer, imitating the motions of the paddles with their arms.

On the 8th of September, 1858, the ship anchors off Tette, and Livingstone is once more among his faithful Makalolo, who rush into the water to embrace him, but are restrained by the fear of spoiling his new clothes. They hear of Sekwebu's death with sorrow; but console themselves with the philosophical reflection, "Men die in any country." Thirty of their own number had died of small-pox, and six young men who had got tired of cutting firewood for a living, and had taken to dancing instead, had been killed by the half-caste chief, Bonga, of whom we have already heard—on the pretence that they had brought witchcraft medicine to kill him. According to the belief of the Makololo, the victims of small-pox had been bewitched by the people of Tette. "We do not mourn for them," said the survivors; "but our hearts are sore for the six youths who were murdered by Bonga." Regret, however, was useless, and justice on the murderer out of the question. He still held his stockade, and the home government winked at his offences, against its authority, hoping thus to coax him into a recognition of it.

The poor Makololo regretted that they had no oxen, only pigs, to give their friend. "We shall sleep, now he is come back," they said, and the minstrel of their party extemporized a song, which he sung to the jingling of his native bells, in praise of the good missionary, to whom Major Sicard had kindly granted the use of the government house for a temporary residence It had been stated that the Portuguese government would support the Makololo while Livingstone was away, and this promise had much relieved his mind during the time he was at home, preparing his journal for the press; but he found that no such order had been issued to the authorities at Tette,

whose pay indeed was several years in arrear, and who, if it had been, must have supported them out of their private means, if at all. So the poor fellows had to hunt, and cut wood, and do what they could for a living; some of them, as we have heard, took to dancing, and paid dearly for it. Major Sicard very generously assisted them at his own cost.

Tette stands on the right bank of the Zambesi, which is here 1,000 yards wide; the houses are built on a succession of low sand-stone ridges, so that shallow ravines, running parallel with the river, form the streets, about which indigo, senna, stramonium, and capers grow as weeds, and are annually hoed off and burned. The place has the usual church and fort, and is surrounded by a wall of stone and mud, outside of which the native population live in huts. The soldiers here are chiefly of the convict and the incorrigible classes, living mostly on the produce of the gardens of their black wives.

The people of Tette are superstitious above all others. Droughts are frequent here, and these are ascribed to the influence of evil spirits, or to witchcraft. They worship the serpent, hang hideous little images about the dead and dying, and propitiate the invisible spirits of the earth and air by offerings of meat and drink. Livingstone put up a rain gauge in his garden, and this was looked upon with great dread and suspicion, as a kind of machine for the performance of incantations; "it frightened away the clouds," said some of the knowing ones among them.

These people of Tette believe that if a man plants a mango-tree he will soon die, and nothing will induce one of them to do this; although the fruit of the tree, which grows luxuriantly about the place, is a delicious and refreshing food during four months of the year. The Makololo had imbibed this superstition, and when advised to take some mango-trees, and plant them in their own country, they refused, although very fond of the fruit, because they did not wish to die too soon. It is also believed that if a man plants coffee he will never be happy; yet they drink coffee, and enjoy it very much.

"Give us rain, give us rain," is the cry of the perishing people to their unseen gods; but, like Baal, they are deaf to their entreaties; so a native chief gets up a grand performance, full of ceremonies and incantations, to call down the desired boon; but it comes not. Then, not to be outdone by the heathen, the Goanese padre of Tette has a public procession, and prayers to St. Antonio, who also is awhile deaf to the supplications of the faithful. Relenting when again appealed to, after a new moon had arisen, he sent so much rain that the roof of the Residencia gave way, and the whole of the place was flooded. Then was St. Antonio greatly honored, and a golden coronal, worth £22, was placed on the head of his image, to which many knees were devoutly bent. How much alike in practice were the savage and the pseudo-Christian!

There is much slavery in Tette; but the Portuguese do not make bad masters; it is the half-castes who commit the greatest enormities. Men cunning in the preparation of charms abound there,—the elephant-doctor, the crocodile-doctor, the gun-doctor, and a host of others, all "medicine men," who, for a consideration, will furnish charms, each one of which gives immunity from some particular kind of danger, or ensures success in some particular pursuit. The dice doctor is a diviner; by casting his cubes, and reading the numbers, he can tell where stolen property is hidden, and all that it is the business of the detective to find out.

They now reach that part of the Zambesi where its course is crossed by the range of hills called the Kebrabasa, or Kaorabasa, meaning finish, or break of the service, in reference to the change which here takes place from water to land transit, as the canoes cannot pass up the rapids, and luggage has to be conveyed overland to Chicova. The river, which is here half a mile wide, flows through a groove in the rock of from forty to fifty yards in width, the sides of which are polished and fluted by the boiling action of the water, which, when at flood, overflows this narrow channel, and confines it to the breadth of the river below. The rapids of Kebrabasa

are explored with the view of ascertaining if they are navigable, and also the cataract of Morumbwa. Higher up the travellers scramble over rocks so hot that they blistered the soles of the feet. In the valleys below live the Badema tribe, their state of insecurity being indicated by their practice of hiding their provisions in holes and crags in the wooded hill-sides, sewn up in cylindrical vessels, made of the bitter bark of a tree to which mice and monkeys have an antipathy. On the hills above and on the banks are the Banyai, who, even at the shortest distance from Tette, are independent of the Portuguese traders. They demand a tribute for passing through their country. "Why don't you come on shore like other people?" they say to the men on board the steamer. "Don't you see we are held to the bottom with iron?" is the ironical reply; "we are not like you Bagunzo." They wanted the travellers on shore that they might extort something from them. Not always, however, nor often, do the party sleep on board. Generally they encamp for the night not far from the river, and usually they find the natives friendly, and disposed to furnish them with food on fair terms of exchange. Sometimes musicians will come and play on the *marimba*, which is formed of bars of hard wood, of varying breadths and thickness, laid upon different sized calabashes, and tuned, the whole being placed in a frame. They are struck with rounded sticks with knobs, and give out a pleasing kind of music. They have also the *sansa*, a stringed instrument; and reeds fastened together, and blown into, like what we call pan-pipes. After playing awhile, they receive a piece of cloth, and thankfully depart. Back again to Tette, where they find that a Portuguese captain of infantry has been sent prisoner to Mozambique for administering the *muave*, or poison ordeal, and killing the suspected person on that evidence alone. While they were away the river rose a foot, and became turbid, and a complaint was made to the commandant that the English were doing something to cause this.

Christmas is come; but how can one recognize it in such a summer dress? The birds are singing, the corn is

springing, and the hum of busy insect life is heard over all the flowery plains; brilliant butterflies flit from flower to flower, vying in the brightness of their tints with the charming little sun-birds, which, hovering on tireless wing here represent the humming-birds of the west and the sun-birds of the east. The ant communities are all hard at work, storing up food; overhead hovers the brown kite, sending down his shrill call, like a boatswain's whistle. "*Pulu*, *pulu*," cries the spotted cuckoo, and the high notes of the roller and hornbill grate upon the ear, when heard through the volume of sweet sounds poured forth by the sweet songsters, which make an African Christmas seem like an English May. Although not confined to villages, Livingstone notices that here, as elsewhere, they usually congregate thereabout, as if their song and beauty were designed especially to please the ear and eye of man; for, see, in those deserted villages where the inhabitants have been swept off by slavery, although the corn is standing, there are few or no birds.

The yellow wagtails and blue drongo shrikes, which are here winter birds of passage, are all gone; the little cock whydahbird, with a pink bill, has assumed his summur garb of black and white, and has graceful plumes attached to his new coat; and the weavers have laid aside their garments of sober brown, and put on scarlet and black in honor of the season of love and feasting; others of the same family have donned their doublets of green, and appear in bright yellow, with patches like black velvet. Black, with a red throat is one, which comes a little later, wearing a long train of magnificent plumes, which greatly impede his motions; he is like those who sacrifice ease to dignity, or follow fashion to their great discomfort. Such, too, is the case with a kind of goatsucker, or night-jar, which, with a body only ten inches long, has a couple of feathers twenty-six inches long in each wing; generally the bird flies very quickly, but when its flight is retarded by these appendages it can be easily captured. Not only is there this difference in the climate, but almost everything one meets with in Africa is at variance with our preconceived notions "of

the eternal fitness of things;" this was remarked long ago by one who said that "wool grows on the head of men and hair on the backs of sheep." "And," says Livingstone, "in feeble imitation of this dogma, let us add, that the men often wear their hair long, the women scarcely ever. Where there are cattle, the women till the land, plant the corn, and build the huts; the men stay at home to sow, spin, weave, and talk, and milk the cows. The men seem to pay a dowry with their wives instead of getting one with them. The mountaineers of Europe are reckoned hospitable, generous, and brave; those of this part of Africa are feeble, spiritless, and cowardly, even when contrasted with their own countrymen on the plains. Some Europeans aver that Africans and themselves are descended from monkeys; some Africans believe that souls at death pass into the bodies of apes; most writers believe the blacks to be savages; nearly all blacks believe the whites to be cannibals. The nursery hobgoblin of the one is black, of the other white. Without going further on with these unwise comparisons, we must smile at the heaps of nonsense which have been written about the negro intellect." After going on to remark on the nonsense which is often addressed to aborigines by travellers, as if they were children, and the ludicrous mistakes which are made through ignorance of their language, he continues, "Quite as sensible, if not more pertinent, answers will usually be given by Africans to those who know their language, as are obtained from our uneducated poor; and could we but forget that a couple of centuries back the ancestors of the common people in England, probably our own great-great-grandfathers, were as unenlightened as the Africans are now, we might maunder away about intellect, and fancy that the tacit influence would be drawn that our own is arch-angelic. The low motives which often actuate the barbarians do, unfortunately, bear abundant crops of mean actions among servants, and even in higher ranks of more civilized people; but we hope that these may decrease in the general improvement of our race by the diffusion of true religion."

XIX.

UP THE SHIRE.

Finding it impossible to ascend the Zambesi beyond the rapids of Kebrabasa with a steamer like the "Ma-Robert," of only ten-horse-power, Livingstone sent off an application to government for a more suitable vessel, and with characteristic energy turned his attention at once to the Shire, a northern tributary, which joins it about one hundred miles from the sea. So covered was the surface with duckweed and other aquatic plants, and so hostile the natives who lived on its banks, that, after two or three attempts to explore it by the Portuguese, the task had been given up as hopeless. But, nothing daunted Livingstone turned the bow of his little steamer into those waters, which no European had ever navigated far up, bidding defiance alike to the poisoned arrows of the blood-thirsty Manganga, and other perils of the way.

The first attempt was made in January, 1859, when the river was encumbered by the floating weeds, but not sufficiently so to prevent a canoe or any other craft getting up; and this nearly ceased after the first twenty-five miles, at which point they reached a marsh from which it appeared chiefly to come. A little beyond this was a lofty hill, called Mount Morambala, and here they first experienced the hostility of the natives, who had sent their women out of the way, and were evidently prepared to resist their advance. A chief, named Tingane, who was notorious for being adverse to all intercourse between the Portuguese half-caste traders and the natives further inland, collected his followers to the number of five hundred, and commanded the party to stop. The men behind trees were observed taking aim at those on board the steamer, and a conflict seemed inevitable. But Livingstone, without exhibiting any sign of alarm, went on shore, into the midst of the excited savages, and calmly explained to the chief that he was English, and had come neither to take slaves nor

to fight, but to open a way for his countrymen to come and purchase cotton, or whatever they had to sell except slaves. His fearlessness and candor had due effect, and Tingane became at once quite friendly.

In all his communications with the natives, Livingstone always spoke openly and plainly of the English detestation of slavery. The efforts made by his countrymen to suppress the slave-trade were by this time pretty well known to those who had engaged in the traffic at all, and they could quite understand the motives which induced him to come among them, and advise them to plant and sell cotton and other products, instead of capturing and selling their fellow-men. The belief, too, in a Supreme Being, who is Maker and Ruler of all things, and in the continued existence of departed spirits, being universal among them, they were quite prepared to see and acknowledge the force of his arguments, founded on the will of that great Father of all, as revealed in his book. The idea that this great and good Being is displeased with his children for killing and selling each other gains a ready assent, and they respect the teacher of such doctrines, even when they, from self-interested motives, continue in their evil ways. It is difficult to make them *feel* that they have any relationship with the Son of God, who appeared among men, and still speaks to them in his book, although the story of his life and sufferings always awakens their interest and admiration. Their moral perceptions are so blunted that they cannot understand, and their eyes so darkened that they can but see indistinctly the beauty of the picture presented to them; nor can they comprehend how divine a thing it is to follow in the steps of such a leader. Their moral elevation can be secured only by the instruction and example of good Christian men residing among them for a long period. So Livingstone found ready credence for his words and approval of his course of action, even from those who made no resolutions of amendment themselves, but kept on in their evil ways.

Their further progress up the river was not interrupted

until they came to the lowest of a series of cataracts, to which they gave the name of the distingnished president of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison. Not deeming it prudent to risk a land journey beyond the falls, among a strange and savage people, who looked with suspicion upon their movements, they resolved on returning to Tette. They were now about one hundred miles up the Shire, as the crow flies, but had probably gone double that distance in following the windings of the river. Down stream their progress was much faster than it had been up, being aided by the current. The floating hippopotami got out of the steamer's way; but a huge crocodile would sometimes rush at it with open jaws, thinking it some great beast, and go suddenly down like a stone when a yard or two from it, having doubtless discovered the mistake.

In the middle of March, 1859, Livingstone started for a second trip up the Shire. From the natives, who were now very friendly, he easily obtained rice, fowls, and corn. About ten miles below the cataracts, he found the chief, Chibisba, a remarkably shrewd and intelligent man, with whom he entered into amicable relations. He had sent an invitation to the white man to come and drink beer with him when he first visited the spot; but his messengers were so terrified at the sight of the steamer, that they jumped out of their canoe, which they left to drift down stream, and swam away to the shore as for dear life, first shouting out the invitation, which nobody understood. A great deal of fighting had fallen to the lot of Chibisba; but then it was never his fault, but always some one else who begun it. He was a firm believer in the divine right of kings, and felt that he could do no wrong,—for was he not a chief, clothed with authority and possessed of wisdom? His people reverenced and feared him, and, it was thought, so did the crocodiles, to protect his people from the bite of which he placed a medicine in the river, so that they could bathe or swim without danger.

From Chibisba's village, near which they left their vessel, the party set out in search of Lake Shirwa, of

which they had heard, and which, after many difficulties and dangers, they reached on the 18th of April. They found it to be a considerable body of brackish, bitter water, with islands like hills arising out of it, abounding in leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami; the shores were covered with weeds and papyrus; the length of the lake might probably be about sixty or eighty miles, by twenty broad. But this, they were told was nothing in extent when compared with another lake to the north, from which it is separated only by a narrow tongue of land.

Finding the people to be still suspicious of their movements, and even in some instances hostile, and wishing to gain their confidence before proceeding further, they resolved to return to the ship, which they did by a new passage to the southward, close by Mount Chiradzuru, among the relatives of Chibisba, and thence, by the pass Zedi, down to the Shire. They find their quartermaster, who was left in charge, stricken with fever, and treat him with large doses of calomel, which were very effectual. On the 23d of June, "Ma-Robert" is again anchored in front of Tette, where she undergoes repairs, and is then dispatched down the Kongone to receive supplies from one of H. M. cruisers. The Kroomen, who had hitherto navigated the ship, were here dismissed, and the crew made up of Makololo.

The newly invented steel-plates, of which "Ma-Robert" was built, were but the sixteenth of an inch thick, and they now began to show that they were not adapted for this kind of service. Some chemical action on the metal caused small holes in them, from which minute cracks ramified in all directions, so that the bottom soon became like a sieve; as soon as one hole was stopped another was discovered. Add to this source of discomfort, the frequent heavy showers which fell, flooding the cabin-floor, and wetting the cushions on which they slept, spoiling the botanical specimens laboriously collected by Dr. Kirk, and doing other mischief. A quantity of the stores with which they had been supplied were spoiled. The assertion of the Portuguese,

that they had known the Kongone entrance to the Zambesi long before Livingstone went up it, was contradicted by the testimony of one Paul, a relative of the rebel Mariano, who had just been to Mozambique to "arrange" with the authorities, and who now told Livingstone that the governor-general knew nothing of the Kongone, but thought that the Zambesi entered the sea at Quillimane.

About the middle of August the ship again left Tette, and for the third time steamed up the Shire, between the ranges of wooded hills which bound the valley through which it flows. Past the hill, called Morambala —"the lofty watch-tower"—they go, from whose precipitous side next the river a village peeps out. Here the people have a bracing atmosphere, and are above mosquito range. During the rainy season fleecy clouds rest upon the top; farther down, lemon and orange trees grow wild, and pine-apples when planted. Amid the great trees, at the base, are found antelopes, rhinoceri, monkeys, and large birds. A hot spring bubbles up on the plain, at the north end, which boils an egg in two or three minutes. To the west is a rich plain, forming the tongue of land between the Shire and Zambesi, with clumps of palm and acacia trees. According to the reports of the canoe-men, lions come here after the large game. On, now, for many miles, winding through a marsh, like a broad sea of fresh green grass, and then before them stands the dome-shaped mountain Makanga, or Chikanda, with other gigantic peaks, stretching away to the north, and forming the eastern boundary of the valley; then past a broad belt of palms, where game is abundant, and elephants have been feeding on the sweet, fruity nuts. Here the great serpents, called pythons, twine among the branches, and the buffaloes charge furiously upon the men who are cutting wood, so that they can only escape by jumping into the river. These are pleasant incidents to enliven the way. Then, in the evening, the men go fishing, agitating the waters, directly after throwing in the line, to attract the attention of the finny people, as the disciples of Isaac Walton do at home. Maize, pumpkins, and tobacco fringe the

marshy banks, belonging to the natives of the hills, who, besides raising their crops, catch fish and dry it for future consumption. A deep stream, about thirty yards wide, now flows in from a body of open water, several miles across. Natives are busy at different parts, filling their canoes with *nyika*, a kind of lotus root, which is extensively use as food; when boiled or roasted it resembles chesnuts. This lagoon is called *Nyanja ea Motope*,—"Lake of Mud,"—and out of it the chief part of the duckweed which covers the Shire flows. Another name for it is *Nyanga Pangono*, "Little Lake," while *Nyanja Mukulu*, "Great Lake," is the name applied to the Elephant Marsh farther up the river; and these Nyanjas appear to have been the boundaries of Portuguese geographical knowledge in this district. Of the existence of the Shire cataract, only one hundred and fifty miles from Senna, they do not seem to have been aware.

Steaming on for another day, they come to the village of Chikanda-Kadze, a female chief, and ask to purchase rice for the men. Time seems to be of no account here; so they are coolly told if they wait until next day they shall have some. Forty hungry men have to be fed, however, and they go a few miles farther to another village. All around them are rich lands, waiting only for tillage to yield an abundant supply. "Plenty," thinks Livingstone, "has the Almighty Father given. Oh, that there should be so many perishing for lack of food!" One of the men is here drowned by the capsizing of a boat, which they are obliged to tow astern to lighten the steamer, as she could not carry all the hands they needed.

Next day they reach the village called Mboma, where the people are eager to sell rice, and where in the evening a native minstrel brings his one-stringed fiddle, and serenades them with a number of wild but not unmusical songs. He has a quaint kind of instrument, which looks like a small drum, made out of a carved calabash, with a long handle, parallel with which, and on the top of the drum, is stretched the single string, and screwed

tight with a peg, round which it is wound. The bow is much curved, and clumsily made; but our savage Paganini managed to scrape some sweet sounds out of the calabash with it. He talked of spending the night with his "white comrades," in the big canoes; but as this would have been too much of a good thing, they bought him off with a piece of cloth, and sent him away happy.

Next day, on goes the vessel, puffing along close to bank. A huge hippopotamus is frightened from his morning bath by this strange monster, and, in his hurry to escape rushes directly under a trap. Down comes the heavy beam, driving the poisoned hard-wood spike a foot deep into his flesh. In agony he plunges back into the river; but he dies in a few hours, and his carcass floats, to be drawn ashore by the natives, who cut out the meat just around the wound, and feast on the rest, rejoicing. More and more crazy and leaky does "Ma-Robert" become, and Livingstone has christened her the "Asthmatic," she labors and breathes so heavily. The cabin floor is always wet, and has become a favorite breeding-place for mosquitoes, whose presence commonly indicates that the spot is malarious, and warns man off to one more healthy.

Tingane, the beat of whose war-drums can speedily muster hundreds of armed men, is again visited, and is found very friendly, Soon they come in sight of the majestic mountain, Pirone, to which they give the name of Mount Clarendon. The river Ruo, which is said to have its source in the Milanje mountains, flows into the Shire a little above Tingane's, and a short way beyond this lies the great Elephant Marsh, in which vast herds of these animals find shelter and safety from the attacks of the hunters, who cannot follow them into the swamps. As many as eight hundred of these monstrous and sagacious creatures were counted from the steamer's deck: truly a magnificent spectacle!

Such herds as these are mostly found in remote and secluded districts, and they generally select a level tract of country, over-grown with rank and luxuriant vegetation, through or near which flow large streams or rivers,

in which they delight to bathe, walking deep into the water, and throwing it up in streams with their trunks, and letting it fall over them. A very noble object is the lordly elephant, tranquilly browsing amidst the wild magnificence of an African forest, or taking his morning bath in the strong glare of the burning sun, which seems in no way to affect him. Terrible, too, is his anger, as with trunk upreared, and shrill trumpeting, he rushes after his assailant with a swiftness wonderful in so ponderous an animal. The mounted hunter has to put his horse to its utmost speed, and even then cannot perhaps escape, except by turning suddenly round, and letting his pursuer go crashing on like an avalanche through every obstacle. Baldwin and other travellers relate some marvellous escapes which they had from infuriated elephants, which they had wounded but not unto death. Wonderful is the quantity of lead they will sometimes take before they succumb; and it is only by poisoning their assegais that the natives can succeed in killing them without fire-arms.

Great numbers of wild fowl congregate about these marshes; plotuses, and cormorants with snaky necks, are there, and flocks of pretty ardettes, of a light-yellow color when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when they stretch their wings and fly off over the green surface of the swamp, to settle, it may be, on the backs of buffaloes and elephants which are hidden in the rank vegetation. Snowy pelicans glide over the water, fishing, while melancholy herons stand motionless, and gaze intently into the pools. Disturbed by the noise of the steamer, the large black and white spur-winged goose springs up, and circles round for a while, then settles down again with a splash. From the clumps of reeds rise on the wing hundreds of linon-golos, which build in the low trees, from whose pith hats are made; and charming little red and yellow weavers fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to their pendant nests, chattering to their mates within. Overhead are kites and vultures, beating the ground in search of carrion, while the equally foul-feeding *marabout* stalks solemn and stately on the

same quest. Men and boys in groups are busily searching for lotus and other roots, and some are standing up in canoes, on the weedy ponds, spearing fish, or stooping down to examine their sunken baskets. As evening approaches, hundreds of pretty hawks are wheeling and circling above the reeds and grass, or darting in among them to catch the locusts and dragon-flies on which they feed. The scissor-bills, in flocks, are standing in the water, ploughing it with their lower mandibles, which are nearly an inch longer than the upper. Everywhere is there this exuberance of life, turning the stagnant marsh into a scene of beauty and enjoyment. At the south-eastern end of the marsh is a forest of palm-trees, whose gray trunks and green tops give a pleasing tint to the color of the scene. This is the Borassus palm, not an oil-bearing tree, but very useful; the fibrous pulp round the large nuts is eaten by men and elephants; the sap that flows freely out when the top of the root-shoot is cut off makes palm wine, which is not intoxicating when fresh, but highly so after standing a while; used as yeast, it makes bread very light. During summer, men and boys remain by the trees night and day, living upon the nuts and wine, with fish from the river. As they pass beyond the marsh into the higher country, the population continues to increase. At one place is a long line of temporary huts, where crowds of men and women are hard at work making salt, with which the soil is here impregnated. In such soil it is observed the cotton is of finer staple than elsewhere, and both on the Shire and Zambesi there are large tracts of this rich, brackish soil, admirably adapted for the cultivation of this valuable plant. A number of low fertile islands now stud the river, and the large village of the chief, Mankokwe, who owns a number of them, is passed on the right bank. And so on, till they reach, on the 25th of August, Dakanamoio island, opposite the cliff on which Chibisba's village stands. This chief is away on the Zambesi, but his head-man is very civil, and promises guides and whatever else may be required. Cleaning, sorting, spinning, and weaving cotton is here the

common employment. Each family has its cotton-patch, just as in Scotland, each, in days gone by, used to have its patch of flax, from which most of the homely garments of the family were made ; but here, not only is the cotton useful as clothing, it stands in the place of money, being the common medium of exchange.

XX.

ON LAKE NYASSA.

On the 28th of August, 1859, a party, numbering forty-two in all, four being whites, thirty-six Makololo, and two native guides, left the ship, bent on the discovery of Lake Nyassa. Crossing the valley in a north-easterly direction, they roach the foot of the Manganja hills, up which they climb by a toilsome road. On reaching an elevation of a thousand feet, and looking back, they behold a lovely prospect, which we must not pause to describe. Resuming their weary march, they at length halt at Makolongwe, the village of Chitimba, which stands in a woody hollow, on the first of the three terraces of these hills. Like all Manganja villages, it is surrounded by a hedge of poisonous euphubia, so thick as to be impenetrable ; no grass grows beneath this sombre tree by which fire could be conveyed to the huts inside, and the branches act as a fender to all flying sparks. After the usual chaffering with the people of the village for the needful provisions, the party sleep under the trees, the air being cool and pleasant, and free from mosquitoes. At early dawn the camp is again in motion, and the ascent is continued until the upper terrace is reached ; there is three thousand feet above the sea-level.

The fertile plains, the wooded hills, the majestic mountains, and other features of this splendid scenery, now gazed on with delight for the first time by European eyes, were seen to great advantage from this elevated plateau. The air was fresh and bracing as that of the

Scottish mountains, and here in some of the passes they found bramble-berries, reminding them of home and its thousand endearing associations. They spent a week crossing the highlands in a northerly direction, then descended into the upper Shire valley, which has an elevation above the sea of 1,200 feet; it is wonderfully fertile, and supports a large population.

A pleasant and well-watered land in this Manganja country; rivers and streams abound in it; its highlands are well wooded, and along its water-courses grow trees of great size and height; it is a country good for cattle, yet the people have only goats and sheep.

Every village has its chief, or head-man, and all those of a certain district pay allegiance to a paramount chief, called Rondo, or Rundo. Part of the upper Shire valley has a lady-chief, named Nyango, in whose dominions women rank higher, and are treated more respectfully, than their sisters on the hill. There, if a chief calls his wife to his presence, she drops down on her knees, clasps her hands in reverence, and receives his orders in this position. All the women of the hill-tribes knelt beside the path as the travellers passed; but there was a great difference when they got to Nyango's country. The head-men of the villages here consult their wives before concluding a bargain, and are much influenced by their opinion.

The sites of the villages here are chosen with much judgment and good taste; a flowing stream is always near, and the ground is shaded by leafy trees. At the end of the villages is the *boalo*, or "spreading-place," usually comprising an area of twenty or thirty yards, made smooth, and close beside it the favorite baobab, or banyan tree. During the day the men sit and work here, and smoke tobacco and bang, and in the delicious moon-light nights they sing their national songs, dance, and drink beer.

The first place to which a party of travellers proceed on entering a village is the *boalo*, where mats made of split reeds are usually spread for them to rest on. The natives then gather about, and the guides tell them who

their visitors are, whence they come, where they want to go, when return, and what are their objects. The chief is duly informed of all this, and will perhaps come at once to greet the strangers. If, however, he is timid and suspicious, he will stay until he has used divination, or summoned his warriors from outlying hamlets. As soon as he makes his appearance, all the people begin to clap their hands in unison, and continue doing so until he has sat down opposite his guests. Then his counsellors take their places beside him; he makes a remark or two, and is silent for a few seconds. The guides, who are the spokesmen for the party, then sit down in front of the chief, and they and he and his counsellors lean forward, looking earnestly at each other, until the chief says some such word as "Ambuiatu" (our father, or master), or "Moio" (life), and all clap their hands; another word, two claps; a third, yet more clapping. Then each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward, with measured clap; then sit down again, with clap, clap, clap, growing fainter until it dies away. It is ended by a smart loud clap by the chief. In this kind of court etiquette, perfect time is kept. The guides now tell the chief, in blank verse often, all they have told his people, with the addition perhaps of some suspicions of their own. He asks some questions, and converses with the strangers; but always through the guides, for direct conversation is not customary. All parties are wonderfully polite and ceremonious until the usual presents are exchanged, when etiquette is thrown aside and eager bargaining commences.

It would be interesting to multiply such pictures of savage life and manners, and show how nearly some of them approach to those of a higher state of civilization. Interesting, too, would it be to dwell on the features of the panorama which is unrolled before us, as we ascend these African rivers and explore its vales and mountains, where everything is so new and strange; but we must hasten on to tell how the intrepid pioneers of the Gospel pushed their way on, on through numerous obstacles

and dangers, until they stood by Lake Nyassa, a little before noon, on the 16th of September, 1859, undoubtedly the first Europeans who had looked upon that inland sea, notwitstanding all that Portuguese authorities may say to the contrary, and the claims since set up by one or two other travellers to its discovery. Dr. Roscher, an enterprising German, was, it seems, the nearest to them in point of time, he having reached the lake on the 19th of November, so that he was only two months later than Livingstone, who struck upon its northern end in 14° 25' S. lat., and 30° 30′ E. long. The exact position of Nusseewa, on the borders of the lake, where the German stayed for some time, is not known; he was murdered by the natives, on his way back by the Arab road to the usual crossing-place of the Rovunma. His murderers were seized by one of the chiefs and sent to Zanzibar, where they were executed. The particulars here stated are derived from the statements made by Dr. Roscher's servants after they had reached the coast. We shall have more to say about this lake presently; now we must turn our attention to the great curse which rests upon its borders and desolates some of the most fertile and beautiful places that a tropical sun ever shone upon. Close to the confluence of the lake with the river Shire is one of the great slave-paths from the interior, and Livingstone was told by an old chief, who hospitably entertained him, that a large slave-party, led by Arabs, was encamped close by. They had been to Cazembe's country, and were returning with plenty of slaves, ivory, and malachite. Some of the leaders came to see our travellers, and offered them young children for sale, probably wishing to get rid of the incumbrance. On learning, however, that these were English, they hastened away and decamped in the night. Some of this party were afterwards taken near the coast, by H. M. ship "Lynx," and the slaves released. They were a villainous-looking set, armed with muskets, and ready to commit any atrocity. Livingstone could probably have set these captives free, but he knew not what to do with them, and if left to themselves they would no doubt have

been again taken and sold by any of the Manganja chiefs who could lay hands on them; for these will even sell their own people to the Ajawa and slave-dealers, who are encouraged to come among them for this kind of traffic. "We do not sell many, and only those who have committed crimes," they say, when remonstrated with; but there is no doubt that others are sold, as well as criminals. It is easy to get up an accusation of witchcraft, or other assumed crime, against any person, and the temptation is strong upon them: they have little else to give for the brass rings, pottery, and cloth offered by the traders, for up in the hills they have little or no ivory. Hence it is that orphans and other friendless people often disappear from their villages, and no questions are asked about them; and all down the mountain slopes and through the Shire villages, coastward, goes the daily-increasing cavalcade of human misery, the wretched captives manacled and fastened to each other, kept apart, so that they cannot give mutual assistance, by the insertion of the necks of the stronger of them in forked sticks, with pins through the extremity of the forks, and guarded by brutes in human guise, who would not hesitate to leave a sick and fainting fellow-creature to perish by the way, or to cast to the crocodiles, dead or alive, a child who might encumber the march. Truly,—

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> *Does* make the angels mourn."

Constantly, in his explorations up the Shire and around Lake Nyassa, did Livingstone come upon ruined villages, and fugitives, hiding among the reeds and tall grasses, perishing of hunger and exposure, while skeletons and human forms in every stage of decomposition attested the frightful character of the deeds which are committed in carrying out this horrible traffic, which has converted a peaceful and industrious people into idle and dissolute robbers and assassins, or miserable crouching creatures, who scarcely dare to call their souls their own,—who look upon every stranger as an enemy, and have no con-

fidence even in their own friends and relatives. Urged by the greed of gain, one portion of a tribe will not unfrequently set upon and overcome the other, that they may sell the conquered ones,—some members of a family will seize and sell the rest; hence all social ties are broken, and a state of demoralization ensues, compared to which a simple state of primitive savagery is innocence itself.

Livingstone found the Manganja tribes more suspicious and less hospitable than those on the Zambesi, and no wonder. Often a party has come to a peaceful village on pretence of trading, got permission to remain for a while, and begun to cultivate plots of ground for their maintenance, then suddenly in the night thrown off the mask, attacked the village, slaughtered those who resisted, and carried off the rest as slaves. This had been repeated in so many instances that it seemed quite likely that, when the rites of hospitality were extended to strangers, the people might be entertaining not angels, but devils, unawares. A small steamer, placed upon Lake Nyassa, might do much to suppress this traffic, and restore confidence and peace to the natives, and Livingstone strongly advocates this measure. The Englishman is known everywhere as "the friend of the black man," and he is feared and respected by the slave traders; his constant presence in those inland waters, around which the detestable traffic is carried on, would assure the oppressed natives of succor and safety, and act as a check upon the Manganja chiefs and the half-caste traders, and also upon the Portuguese officials, who would be conscious of an ever-watchful eye being kept upon their proceedings, and feel compelled to observe treaty obligations better than they now do. Legitimate trade, too, might be amazingly developed by the constant presence of a small body of active and energetic men, capable of instructing the natives in improved modes of culture, and pointing out the value of the products of their rich and fertile soil, which are now growing to waste. And all this might be done without firing off a single gun in hostility, or sacrificing a human life. Poor Bishop Macken-

zie, when he attempted to form a settlement among the hills above the Shire, unhappily got embroiled in the quarrels of the natives, in which no missionary should ever take part, and so his efforts were rendered nugatory, and his valuable life was sacrificed.

Livingstone compares the outline of Lake Nyassa to that of Italy, it being somewhat like a boot in shape, that is, looking at it from the southern end. The narrowest part, which is about the ankle, is eighteen or twenty miles across. From this it widens to the north until it becomes fifty or sixty miles over. The whole length is about two hundred miles, in a direction nearly due north and south. The western shore is a succession of bays, the depth varying, at a mile out, from nine to fifteen fathoms. In one rocky bay where soundings were taken, it was one hundred fathoms. It seems likely that no anchorage can be found far from the shore. The lake appears to be surrounded by mountains; those on the west side being only the edges of high table-lands. Like all bodies of water that are so enclosed, it is subject to sudden and tremendous storms. At one moment the surface may be perfectly calm, and the next lashed into fury by a squall of wind, that rushes down from a mountain gorge with the force of a perfect hurricane. Livingstone's boat was caught in one of these storms, when anchored a mile from the shore, in seven fathoms of water. There was a furious surf on the beach, and the big waves, driven by the wind, came rolling on in threes, with their crests driven into spray streaming behind them. If any one of these had struck the vessel there would have been an end of her, and probably all on board; but, happily, she escaped, after riding it out for six hours. These storms usually occur in September and October, and during their prevalence the travellers had to beach the boat every night to prevent her being swamped at her moorings. The annual rise of the water in the lake is about three feet. This does not take place until January, although the rains begin in November. On the low and fertile land, which borders the lake on the west and south, the population is very dense. On the

beach of every little sandy bay dark crowds stand gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail. When the travellers land they are immediately surrounded by hundreds, who hasten to stare at the *chirombo* (wild animals). If they sit down to take a meal, they are hedged in by a thicket of dusky forms, who watch their proceedings with great interest. They are quite civil, and attempt no exactions in the shape of fines or dues. They catch large quantities of fish, and cultivate the soil. Near the north end of the lake the vessel sailed through what seemed at first a dense fog, but proved to be a crowd of midges, or gnats, called by the natives "*kungo*" (a cloud or fog). They filled the air to an immense height, and swarmed upon the waters in countless millions. The people gather these insects by night, and, after boiling, press them into cakes, which they eat as food.

The men on the lake fish chiefly by night. They have fine canoes, which they manage with great dexterity, standing erect while they paddle. They do not mind a heavy sea; but suffer much from fever. Although there are many crocodiles in the lake they seldom attack human beings, having plenty of fish, which they can easily see in the clear water. The natives here are all tattooed from head to foot; and the women make themselves hideous with the lip-ring and other ornaments, as they consider them. Livingstone says, "Some ladies, not content with the upper pelele, go to extremes, as ladies will, and insert another in the under lip, through a hole opposite the lower gums. A few peleles are made of a blood-red kind of pipe-clay, much in fashion, sweet things in the way of lip-rings, so hideous to behold that no time nor usage could make our eyes rest upon them without aversion." A northern chief, who generously entertained the travellers, asked, pointing to his own bracelet, which was studded with copper, and much prized, "Do they wear such things in your country? On receiving a negative reply, he took his off and gave it to Livingstone, and his wife did the same with hers. Another asks them to come and spend

a whole day drinking his beer, which is quite ready. The slave-trade was going on at a terrible rate on the lake; an Arab "dhow," crowded with wretched captives, was running regularly across it. 19,000 slaves from this Nyassa county alone, pass annually through the custom-house at Zanzibar, and it has been estimated that not above one in ten of those in the interior reach the coast.

XXI.

TO THE MAKOLOLO COUNTRY AND BACK.

All these facts, and many more, Livingstone obtained on his second visit to Lake Nyassa, when his exploration of it extended from September 2nd to October 27th, 1861. In the interim between his first and second visits many things had happened, of which but a very brief summary can be given. Leaving Dr. Kirk and his associates to pass overland from the Shire to Tette, Livingstone once more takes poor "Ma-Robert" down to Kongone, and has her beached for repairs. While there, H. M. S. "Lynx" calls in for supplies. One of her boats is capsized on the heavy breakers on the bar, and the mail-bags, containing government despatches and private letters for the travellers, are lost. The governor of Quillimane comes down in a boat to find out the best place for ships to anchor, and boats to land. He takes the fever, and goes back without accomplishing his mission. A Portuguese naval officer is subsequently sent to examine the different entrances. He goes and looks, and publishes a report, using, without acknowledgment, Livingstone's soundings. On the way back, opposite Expedition Island, "Ma-Robert's" furnace-bridge breaks down: more waiting for repairs. At Shupanga they remained eight days for cotton cloth from Quillimane; they can do nothing with the natives without this, any more than they can do with the slave-traders, who give four yards for a man, three for a woman, but who

fetches more if she is young and handsome, and two for a child, if it is not thrown in as a make-weight. As many as two hundred pieces of this cotton cloth, besides beads and brass wire, have been paid to different chiefs by a trader for leave to pass through their territory, during a trip of six months, and this territory is marked in the Portuguese maps as belonging to them. Twenty-four fowls are sold in the market of Senna for two yards of calico. If you want to engage a native to perform any kind of work, the stipulated price will be so much calico. It is a cumbersome kind of money, but the only kind in general use at present. Learning that it would be difficult for his party to obtain food beyond Kebrabasa, before the new crop comes in, Livingstone determines on delaying his departure for the interior until May, and runs down again to Kongone, hoping to get letters and despatches from the man-of-war that was to call in March. At Senna, he hears news of the lost mail, which had been picked up on the beach, and forwarded to Tette, passing him somewhere on the river.

Having now a prospect of obtaining a steamer proper for the navigation of the lakes, which could be unscrewed and taken up the rapids in pieces, the engineer, Mr. Rice, was sent home to superintend her construction. He took with him botanical specimens collected by Dr. Kirk for Kew Gardens.

Feeling bound by his promise to take the Makololo back to their own country, Livingstone determined to discharge this obligation now. He therefore made preparations for this long expedition, and set out on the 15th of May. The men did not leave so willingly as one would have expected. Some of them had taken to themselves wives of the slave-women, and had children, who were claimed by the women's masters, and therefore could not be taken away. Some of these preferred to remain where they were. By a law of Portugal, all baptized children of slave-women are free; but this law becomes void on the Zambesi; "possibly," as the officials say, laughing, when these Lisbon-made laws are referred to, "by the heat of the climate they lose their force." So

the Makololo remain with their wives and pickaninnies, and the party set off without them, accompanied by three men, sent by a merchant of Tette, with presents for Sekeletu, whom they reach on the 18th of August, at his new town of Seshcke, still afflicted with leprosy, and fretful and suspicious, issuing contradictory orders, and evidently much worse in mind and body than when Livingstone left him. He is, however, kind as ever to his white father, as he calls the missionary, and welcomes back his people with joy.

Strange and wonderful adventures have they gone through in the out and home journeys, and long tarriance at Tette. They are men of consequence now, great travellers, who have seen both ends of the world, and all that is in it; big ships with cannon and white men with muskets, thousands upon thousands; mountains higher than the moon, with white caps on their heads, and clouds half way down them; and rivers that wind round and round the earth, and come back again; and lakes deeper than the sea, with fish so thick in them that you might walk on their backs; beautiful birds, with feathers like the rainbows above the great Smoke-Falls of the Zambesi, and songs sweeter than anything they had ever heard! Such riches! Beads, and ivory, and brass wire, mountains of them; and cotton cloth enough to spread all the way from Loanda on the west, to Quillimane on the east coast! But they were glad to be back again with their father, Sekeletu, in that quiet valley. They had suffered as well as seen much, and the cruelties exercised upon their dark-skinned brethren by the fierce Ajawa and white traders had sorely frightened and afflicted them. Yes, glad to be back again with something to talk about, for the rest of their lives. And they were never weary of praising the good missionary who had brought them back, and shown such tender care and solicitude for them. "Why does not he bring Ma-Robert, and live among us?" said they. "But she comes not. Poor Sekhose went to fetch her, and was swallowed up in the angry waters. Will she ever come? We hope so!" This was the burden of their story, and admiring groups gathered around them to hear it.

Not long does Livingstone remain with Sekeletu. On the 17th of September he sets out again, conveyed by Pitsane and Leshore, two Makololo head-men, who go on a diplomatic mission to the tributary chief, Sinamane, who lives below the falls, and will be able to supply canoes for the passage down the river. Leshore was commissioned to commend the party to whatever help the Batoka could render. This worthy had a curious way of inspiring confidence in the people of the villages by or through which they passed. His followers were men of the subject tribes, and, according to his account, great rascals. "Look out," he shouted, as soon as he came within hearing, "look out for your property, and see that my fellows don't steal it."

But we must not pause by the way, although there is much to engage our attention. With the thunderous sounds of the great Smoke Falls in our ears, and their misty columns, glorified by rainbows, behind us, we pass on to where the Zambesi runs broad and smooth again, and where dwells Sinamane of "the long spears," the most redoubtable of the Batoka chiefs, who, in his possession of the river, held the key of the Makololo country which could hardly be invaded by their old enemies, the Matabele, while he remained in alliance with Sekeletu. They spend a quiet Sunday with this chief in his islet called Chilombe, and there part company with their convoy.

In five canoes, furnished by Sinamane, and manned by his people, they pass down the river, which is here 250 yards wide, and flows serenely on, between high banks, towards the north-east. The Batoka are great tobacco cultivators; they salute the travellers by hand-clapping, in the usual way. At a large island, called Mosanga, lives the chief Moemba, who, hearing that Livingstone had called Sinamane's people together to talk to them about the Saviour, wished his also to be "Sundayed." The canoes of the other chief were here sent back, and fresh ones obtained to take the party on; and so the whole passage was accomplished, with fresh relays at each stopping place, as people here would post from inn

to inn; and with them, as with us, the pay was always ready in such coin as was well understood and valued.

On they go, down the rapids of Nakansalo, near Kariba, without having a cunning man to pray to the gods for their safety. Through herds of hippopotami, with crocodiles tugging at one they killed, and had in tow; with excited natives rushing along the banks, and clammering for the meat; past rocks and tree-covered hills, gardens and villages,—on they go, amid a people, friendly and industrious, who bring them food in abundance, so that they have a merry time of it. Past the beautiful island of Kalabi, and the village of Sequasha, the great elephant-killer, who has travelled far, and can speak a dozen different dialects; he has brought home some American clocks from Tette, which have got him into trouble. He set them all going, in the presence of a chief, who was frightened at the strange sounds they made, and looked upon them as witchcraft agencies. So a council was called, and it was decided that Sequasha must be heavily fined for his exhibition of clock-work. The fun of it was, nobody had the least idea of the use of these time-measures.

Now the Zambesi is full of islands, to which buffaloes are attracted by the fresh young grass; now it is narrowed again by the mountains of Mburuma, and there is another rapid, which the canoes enter without previous survey, and the large waves of the mid-current begin to fill them. Without a moment's hesitation, two of the men jump overboard from Livingstone's canoe, and desire a third to do so, although he cannot swim; for, say they, "The white man must be saved." Holding on to the gunwale, amid the foaming waters, they guide the canoe safely down, and nobly do their duty. A passing call upon their old friend, Mpende, who had to pay a fine for driving away the clouds, and causing a drought; and then through thunderstorms and turbid waters they go, amid the Banyai, and past the base of the Manyerere mountain, where the coal seams crop out. Then on to Kebrabasa rapids, where two of the canoes are swamped, and much valuable property, including a chronometer,

barometer, notes of the journey, and botanical drawings, is lost. Thus, amid storm and sunshine, joy and sorrow, like the journey of life, they go, and reach their destination, which is Tette, on the 23rd of November.

XXII.

MISSIONARIES AND SLAVE-TRADERS.

The new ship, called the "Pioneer," reached the coast on the 31st of January, 1861, but the weather being stormy, she did not venture in until February 4th. At the same time two of H. M. cruisers, bringing the Oxford and Cambridge Missions to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, consisting of Bishop Mackenzie, with six Englishmen, and five colored men from the Cape. The "Pioneer" was under orders to explore the Rovuma, and it was arranged that the bishop should proceed in her with Livingstone, while the rest of the mission party returned for the present to Johanna, with the British Consul. On the 25th of February, the "Pioneer" anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma, and there waited for Mackenzie, who did not come until the 4th of March, when the ascent of the river was commenced; but they had only proceeded about thirty miles up, when the water suddenly fell, and as the March flood was the last of the season, and there was danger of their vessel getting stranded, they decided on putting her back to the sea without delay, then return to the Shire, see the mission party safely settled, and afterwards to explore Lake Nyassa, and the Rovuma downwards from the lake. So they went over to Johanna for the missionaries, and from thence to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi, up which they passed into the Shire. The "Pioneer" was an excellent vessel in every respect, except her draught of water, which was too great for the upper part of the river, where she frequently grounded, when much time and labor were consumed in getting her afloat again.

Up this river Charles Livingstone had given much attention to the subject of cotton growing, in which he had endeavored to induce the natives to engage, and with some success. In this district a cotton field of great extent was opened, and if the mission about to be established were only moderately successful, a new era of happiness and prosperity might be looked for here. The confidence of the natives was gained, they had a great desire to trade, and would gladly avail themselves of opportunities which might be offered them of doing so. It had been settled to attempt to found a mission station on the high ground which overlooked the Shire, belonging to the friendly chief Chibisba, and now having reached this point, they learned that there was war in the Manganja country, and the slave-trade was going on briskly. Marauding parties of the Ajawa were desolating the land, and there seemed little chance that missionary work could be carried on successfully at present. Still it was resolved to take the goods up the hills, and attempt to establish the mission. Accordingly, on the 25th of July, they started for the highlands, to show the bishop his new scene of operation. Halting at a village the second day, they were told that a slave-party, on its way to Tette, would presently pass that road, and, in a few minutes, a long train of manacled men, women and children came along the road; the black drivers armed with muskets, and decked with finery, marched before, behind, and at the middle of the line in a jaunty manner, and ever and anon blew exultant notes out of long tin horns. Seeing the white men, they darted off into the forest as fast as their legs would carry them. The chief of the party alone remained, and could not well escape, because he had his hand tightly clasped in that of the leading slave. He was at once recognized by Livingstone as a well-known slave of the late Commandant of Tette. He said he had bought the captives; but they asserted that they had been taken in war, and while the inquiry was going on, he, too, darted off, and escaped with the rest. Then all hands were busy, cutting free the women and children, and releasing the

necks of the men from the forked sticks into which they were firmly penned. The poor people could hardly believe their ears when told that they were free, and might go where they liked, or remain under the protection of their liberators. This they at once decided on doing, and set to work with alacrity, making a fire with the slave sticks and bonds, wherewith to cook the meal which they carried with them for breakfast. They told Livingstone that two women had been shot the day before for attempting to untie the strings; that one mother had her infant's brains knocked out because she could not carry her load and it; and that a man who had fallen from fatigue had been despatched with an axe. Such are the tender mercies of the wicked, and yet people talk of self-interest as a preventive of undue cruelty of the master to his slaves! Eighty-four persons, chiefly women and children, were thus liberated, and attached by the strongest ties of love and gratitude to the missionary. Sixty-four more captives were freed in the course of the journey to the highlands, where the bishop wished to settle, although the actual spot was not decided on, until he received a spontaneous invitation from a chief named Chigunda to come and live with him at Magomero, where he said there was room enough for both.

A resolution having been made to visit the Ajawa chief, and endeavor to persuade him to give up his evil ways, and direct the energies of his people to more peaceful pursuits, and learning that he was burning a village a few miles off, they leave their rescued captives, and set off to seek the desired interview. Crowds of Manganja, who are fleeing from the war in front, meet them, leaving all they possessed, except the little food which they can carry. They pass field after field of Indian corn, or beans, standing ripe for harvest; but none are there to cut it down. Soon the smoke of the burning villages is seen, and triumphant shouts are heard mingled with the wailing of the Manganja women over the slain. The bishop and his party kneel down and pray. On rising they see a long line of the Ajawa

warriors, with their captives rounding the hill. Their presence only makes the conquerors more furious. They are surrounded and attacked, and in self-defence fire their rifles and drive them off. This was a bad commencement of a missionary enterprise, and it led to other troubles, which eventually broke up the mission, and caused the death of Bishop Mackenzie, who appears to have been a very earnest, energetic, and estimable man. He was placed in a very difficult position, and no doubt made some grave mistakes, for some of which it has been said Livingstone was to a certain extent answerable. But had his advice been followed, many of those disasters which occurred would have, no doubt, been avoided. The connection of the members of the Zambesi Expedition with the Bishop's Mission ceased immediately after the above events took place, for the ship then returned to prepare for the journey to Lake Nyassa, the results of which have already been given in Chapter XX. With the after collisions that took place between Mackenzie and the slavers, Livingstone not only had no part, but the steps which led to them were taken contrary to his advice. We may as well mention here that only once more did our traveller see Bishop Mackenzie. He came down from his station, after the return of the party to Lake Nyassa, with some of the "Pioneer's" men, who had been up on the hills for the benefit of their health. He then was well, and in excellent spirits. The Ajawa, having been defeated and driven off, had sent word that they wished to live at peace with the English. Many of the Manganja had settled round the station, to be under the protection of the bishop; and it was hoped that the slave-trade would soon cease in the highlands and the people be left in the secure enjoyment of their industry. Three other Europeans had joined the mission, one a surgeon; another, Mr. Burrup, expected his wife out, and two other ladies, the bishop's sisters, who were coming there to make up an agreeable and mutually helpful party. But soon after all this is changed. The Ajawa, incited by the half-caste rebel, Mariano, who, although sentenced to a three years' imprisonment, had

effected his escape with plenty of arms and ammunition, were committing greater depredations than ever. A party, sent by the bishop to find a short route down the Shire, were misled by their guides to an Anguro slave-trading village. Retreating, they were attacked, and their goods and carriers captured, the others barely escaping with their lives. The wives of the captured carriers came to Mackenzie, imploring him to rescue their husbands from slavery, and it seemed to him a duty to endeavor to effect this object. He therefore went with an armed party to the village, which was burned and the prisoners liberated. This took place during the rains there; and the wet, hunger, and exposure brought on an attack of diarrhœa. While they were still suffering from this, the bishop and Mr. Burrup set out on an expedition down to the Ruo, by the Shire. Going on by night, the canoe was upset by one of the strong eddies of the river. Clothing, medicines, tea. coffee,—all were lost. Fever seized on the bishop; he was at once prostrated; and on an island, called Malo, in the mouth of the Ruo, he died in a native hut, the wretched shelter of which was grudged by the owner. His grave was dug on the edge of a dark forest, and in the dusk of the evening his body was conveyed there by his faithful attendants, who had watched over him to the last. Mr. Burrup, himself far gone with dysentery, staggered out, and repeated from memory, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection of the dead, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Not long did Mr. Burrup survive him. He was taken back to the mission station, and expired soon after he reached it. Deprived of its leader, the mission fled from the highlands down into the lower Shire valley, where it lost more of its chief members by fever, always prevalent there. Oh, this fever! what a terrible scourge it is in all tropical lands! How it prostrates the strength of the strongest, and hurries off the weak to a premature death! Many times was Livingstone stricken down by it; but his iron constitution and temperate habits enabled him to fight the pest, and

rise triumphantly from the bed of sickness on which it so often laid him. A sad record would that be which should give the muster-roll of its victims. Good Bishop Mackenzie and his fellow-worker, with two others of the mission who died in the Shire valley, are the latest we have to notice. Hitherto, it had spared the members of the Zambesi Expedition, but now it seized upon a fine, healthy young man, the carpenter's mate, who had come out in the "Pioneer," and he died suddenly, to the great regret of Livingstone. This was in November, 1861, about two years and a half from the commencement of the expedition that had enjoyed a long immunity, that is, from death, for the leader and several of the party had suffered from the attacks more or less violent, but not terminating fatally; but now, as if to make up for lost time, the pest followed them very closely. They were on the Shire, detained by a shoal five weary weeks, waiting for the permanent rise of the river, with marshes all around them, when the young man died. Released at length from this place of peril, they got down to the Zambesi on the 10th of January, and then steamed down to the coast. On the 30th arrived H. M. ship "Gorgon," with Mrs. Livingstone and the ladies who were to join the Universities' Mission, which had been so disastrously broken up. The sections of a new iron steamer, intended for the navigation of Lake Nyassa, also arrived, and were brought in with the help of the officers and men of the "Gorgon." But they were detained six months in the delta, the "Pioneer" not being equal to the work assigned her, of carrying the portions of the new vessel up to Shupanga, where she was to be put together. The captain of the "Gorgon" took the mission ladies out of the marlarious influence of this part, conveying them in his gig to the mouth of the Ruo, where it was expected the bishop would be waiting for them; but, not finding him there, he proceeded on to the station, and there learned the melancholy news which we have already related; so they brought the bereaved and sorrow-stricken ladies back to the "Pioneer." And soon a greater grief than any he had yet known fell upon Livingstone.

Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk, who had accompanied him, became dangerously ill of fever; and for a time only one of his men was fit for duty, all the rest being sick with the malaria, or the vile spirit sold to them by the Portuguese officials; and, saddest of all, that dear wife from whom he had been so long parted, also took the infection. About the middle of April she sickened, and speedily sank. Obstinate vomiting came on, which nothing could allay; all medical aid was useless, and her eyes were closed in the sleep of death as the sun set on the eve of the Christian Sabbath, April 27th, 1862. What a sad Sabbath was that for the bereaved missionary, so far away from the comforting and sustaining influences of home! It required fortitude and faith to enable him to bear up against this blow, and say to his heavenly Father, "Thy will be done!" No Ma-Robert now for the expectant Makololo; no helpmate now for the lonely man who had suffered and done so much in the cause of Christ. Calmly she sleeps under the shade of the baobab-tree at Shupanga. The white cross planted on her grave shines out of the gloom on that green slope that margins the Zambesi river. Many who pass that way will see it, and ask about her and her brave husband, who has written her epitaph in these words: "Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolobeng, a thousand miles inland from the Cape, and, as the daughter of Moffat, and a Christian lady, exercised a most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all; and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labors, was called to her rest instead. "*Fiat Domine voluntas tua!*""

The next victim to fever is Mr. Thornton, who, prompted by his generous nature, had volunteered to fetch from Tette a supply of goats and sheep for the survivors of Bishop Mackenzie's mission, who were suffering for want of fresh meat in the Shire valley. He accomplished his task, and also took bearings by the way; but the journey was too much for his strength.

He returned in a greatly exhausted condition; dysentery and fever set in, and he died on the 21st of April, 1863.

Soon after this, nearly the whole of the expedition were attacked by dysentery. Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone suffered so severely that it was thought advisable to send them home; so that their council and assistance was lost to the party, which they left on the 19th of August. After it had been decided that these two officers, and all the whites that could be spared, should be sent down to the coast, to wait for a passage to England, Livingstone himself fell ill with dysentery, which reduced him almost to a shadow. Dr. Kirk remained with him until the worst had passed, before leaving for home.

Previous to these events, the "Lady Nyassa," as the new steamer was called, was put together, launched, and on the 10th of January, 1863, she entered the Shire, towed by the "Pioneer;" she was taken to pieces below the first cataract and carried up piecemeal over about 40 miles of land portage, trees having to be cut down and stones removed to clear a way. No fresh provisions could be obtained except what was shot, and the food for the native crew had to be brought 150 miles from the Zambesi. Little help could be got from the natives, as the slave-traders had depopulated the district; but, before they could effect their object, a despatch was received from the home government, ordering the recall of the expedition. The devastation caused by slave-hunting and famine was on every side of them. From the great Shire valley labor had been as completely swept away as it had been from the Zambesi, wherever Portuguese power or influence extended. So the "Lady Nyassa" is screwed together again, and it is resolved to take her along the northern end, and collect data, and then sail down the river, while the "Pioneer" has to wait for the December floods before she can return. In the interim Livingstone visits much of the country adjacent to the lake, and is everywhere horrified by the sights and sounds of woe which attest the suffering and wide-spread devastation of the slave-traffic. While this

is connived at by the Portuguese government, it seems utterly impossible that much good can be effected by missionary or any other effort, and he is sorrowfully compelled to acquiesce in the wisdom of the orders which he has received from England. On the west coast, where the slave-trade does not exert such a baneful influence, Livingstone found, when he was there in 1861, that there were 110 principal mission stations, 13,000 children in the schools, and 19,000 members of the churches. Bishop Tozer, who was Mackenzie's successor as the head of the Universities' Mission, thought so badly of his prospects of success here, that, after making a faint effort to form a settlement at a place about as high as Ben-Nevis, on the humid tops of misty Morambala, were few were likely to join it, retired from the scene, and went home to recommend the abandonment of the enterprise altogether. Livingstone by no means gave up heart or hope. To Christianize South Africa, —this was now the cherished object of his life, and when, in obedience to orders, he turned his back upon this great mission-field, now so familiar and so dear to him,—doubly dear as the last resting-place of her whom he first loved and married there, and steamed out of Zanzibar in the little "Lady Nyassa," bound on a voyage of 2,500 miles to Bombay, he resolved to return as soon as opportunity served, and renew his efforts for the conversion and civilization of the black people, who were indeed to him "men and brethren."

The "Lady Nyassa" was a capital sea-boat; she left Zanzibar on the 30th of April, 1864, and reached Bombay in the beginning of June, having encountered very stormy weather. Her crew consisted of thirteen souls in all, seven native Zambesians, two boys, and four Europeans; namely, one stoker, one carpenter, one sailor, and Livingstone himself, who directed the navigation. The Africans proved excellent sailors, although not one of them, before they volunteered for the service, had ever seen the sea; they were selected from hundreds who were willing to go with the good missionary wheresoever he might take them; and it is curious to

remark that during the whole voyage only one of them was laid down with sea-sickness, although the white sailor and carpenter, who were most anxious to do their duty, were each of them rendered incapable of it for a week or more. Often, when the little vessel was pitching bows under in a heavy sea, one of these ebony Jack tars, lithe of limb, and nimble as monkeys, would climb out along a boom, reeve a rope through a block, and come back with the end of it in his teeth, although at every lurch of the vessel he was submerged in the foaming brine. At first Livingstone had to take the wheel every alternate four hours; but, as this was very wearisome, he initiated his Africans into the mysteries of steering, which some of them were soon able to manage very well. Their wages were ten shillings per month, and this no doubt was their great temptation for entering on so untried a career, although attachment to, and confidence in, the missionary, had much to do with it.

So on went the little "Lady Nyassa," dancing gracefully, as only a lady can, up the east coast with the current, at the rate of 100 miles a day, to within ten degrees of the equator; then out into the wide and trackless ocean, with the dolphins and flying-fish and sharks all around her. Amid storms and calms she went, until the sea-weeds and serpents floating past her told that land was not far off, and soon they sight it, although nearly hidden in a heavy mist; and now the daring voyagers with their bark, so small as to be unobserved, are amid the forest of masts in Bombay Harbor.

XXIII.

HOPES AND FEARS.

OUR concluding chapter must be one over which rests the shadow of a terrible suspense. While we write, it is yet uncertain whether the devoted friend of Africa, the intrepid explorer and great discoverer, whose career we have endeavored to trace, has sealed his devotion with his life, and thus added another name to the noble army of martyrs; or whether he is yet pressing on into unexplored regions, and making fresh discoveries that will astonish the world, and open to Christianity and commerce lands and peoples that have as yet had no place in geography or history.

From various and scattered sources we gather the few facts respecting Livingstone's last expedition which we are enabled to set before our readers. It was organized in Bombay, and consisted of eleven Christianized Africans, from a Church Mission there, two of them being young Ajawa, whom Livingstone had brought with him to India; eleven Sepoys of the Bombay Native Infantry; and some Johanna men, the chief of whom, named Ali Moosa, had been with the doctor during the two years of his last exploration of the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa.

As a British consul, Livingstone was now invested with a certain amount of governmental authority, and might command such services as he required in carrying out the objects of his expedition. From the Foreign Office Despatches, which were read at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held in March, 1867, we learn that the last letter received from him was dated May 18th, 1866. He was then at the confluence of the Niende and the Rovuma, in the same route as that pursued by the German explorer, Dr. Roscher, who was murdered in 1860, after having struck upon Lake Nyassa, at a date about two months later than that of its discovery by Livingstone, who now, at a place called Ngomano,

crossed the Rovuma, and remained some time with a friendly chief. Beyond this point it seemed no white man had ever penetrated, and travelling was now especially dangerous, as all the country around was devasted by the Mafite, a marauding tribe of Zulus, who had settled on the west of Nyassa, and caused great terror by their depredations. There was also a great drought, which added to the difficulties of the way. Food was scarce, and the means of transport greatly diminished by the death of all the camels and many of the oxen with which the party had been provided, they having been bitten by the tsetse. Still Livingstone resolved to push on, as his practice ever had been, in spite of difficulties. He took a westerly direction, and, after a day's march, parted with the Rovuma, whose course they had followed for some time. Then they passed over several plains and tracts of forest land, but thinly peopled, the hill slopes clothed with bamboo jungle, which led into a mountainous region inhabited by Waino and Makua tribes, who were very friendly. Here was a cool climate and much cattle, and chiefs of considerable power ruled over the scattered villages. The party, however, had been much weakened by desertions ; all the Sepoys had left and returned towards the coast, except the havildar, or leader, who had promised at the outset to stand by Livingstone, and did so until he died, as we shall hear presently. Some of the educated Africans had also absconded, reducing the whole number of followers to about twenty. Livingstone knew that his only chance of preventing further desertions was to keep them marching on, so as to increase the distance from home, and so lessen the chance of a successful flight. On, therefore, he went, and, after eight days' march, reached Makata, near the northern end of Lake Nyassa, which was crossed in canoes lent by the inhabitants of a small fishing-village, at a part where it was but six miles wide, and landed at Kampunda, from thence to Marenga and Maksura, lying to the north-west, and then, after two days' march over a marshy tract of mud, "into a land full of fear and dread." The sick havildar, who had

faithfully kept with Livingstone while he was able, worn down by dysentery and fatigue, had to be left behind at Kampunda, where he breathed his last soon after. On, then, into the country of the dreaded Mafite, whose chief may perhaps be reached and propitiated, or whose marauding parties may not be fallen in with, for the country is wide and desolate; they are few in number, and their parties must be far between. So on: since Marenga and the mud-marsh are left behind, a day and a half has passed, and the travellers are not molested, the yet undiscovered Lake Tanganyika lies somewhere in this direction, the last, and perhaps the greatest of the chain of lakes which furnish the head-waters of that ancient and mysterious river Nile. This is "the missing link" of a great geographical puzzle, and Livingstone is anxious to grasp it, to finish the solution of the dark problem which has puzzled geographers in all ages of the world's history.

But the dream of success is rudely dissipated. It is about 9 A. M., and he is marching on at the head of his party, over level ground, covered with grass three feet high, and scattered jungle and forest bush, when he and his negroes, the Johanna men being some distance behind, are suddenly attacked by a party of the Mafite, who come on with a rush uttering their war-cry, and stricking their shields with their broad-bladed spears and axes. A musket-shot from Livingstone brings down one or two of the attacking party, and checks their advance for a moment only. The negroes present their pieces; but owing to trepidation their fire is harmless, and the yelling savages are upon them, just as the doctor is in the act of reloading. One swift stroke at the back of the neck with an axe nearly severs his head from his body, and he falls dead. The Johanna men, who are coming on with their burdens, stop aghast, throw them down, and hide themselves in the interposing thickets. Only Moosa, who is somewhat in advance, and gets behind a tree for shelter, sees all that passes,—notes the partial stripping of the dead body of his leader, and waits until the foe have retired, then, collecting his scared

countrymen, cautiously approaches the spot. A shallow grave in the sand is scraped with some sticks, and the good missionary, with that horrible gash in the neck, which must have caused instant death, is placed therein. And then, leaving the bodies of three or four negroes, and several of the Mafite who have fallen in the conflict, to be devoured by the vultures and wild beasts, the party make a quick and stealthy retreat, without troubling themselves about the goods they were carrying, but glad enough to escape with their lives. Thus lies hidden from the sunlight and the starlight, alike from foes and friends, "the stricken temple of a grand spirit, the body of an apostle of freedom, whose martyrdom should make sacred the shores of that sea which his labors made known to us, and which, now baptized with his life's blood, men should henceforth know as Lake Livingstone."

But what if all this should not be true? By some competent judges of its credibility, the story is not believed. The Johanna men are known to be great liars, and Moosa, from whom the particulars are derived, has given two or more different and irreconcilable versions of it. Making their way, as he states, with all possible speed to Kampunda, they there witness the death of the havildar of the Sepoys, are deprived of their weapons by the chief of that place, join an Arab slave caravan, recross Nyassa, and make for Keetwa, a great slave outlet on the Zanibar coast. But when within eight days' journey of this place, they again encounter the Mafite, who scatter the caravan, seize the slaves and ivory, and send the Arab traders fleeing for their lives. Eventually they reach Keetwa, in a most destitute condition, and from thence, by the kindness of the people, they are sent on to Zanzibar, where they arrive on the 6th of December, and tell their sad story of disaster. They can give no idea of the date of Livingstone's death. Supposing that it really took place as they state, we may conjecture that it was some time in September. The exact spot must also be an uncertainty at present. We can but hope that the whole is a fictitious narrative, made up by Moosa to excuse his

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too probable desertion of Livingstone in a time of great difficulty and peril.

This report of the murder of Dr. Livingstone was first made known here in a letter from Dr. Kirk, at Zanzibar, dated 26th December, and addressed to Mr. Bates, Assisttan Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, whose President, Sir R. Murchison, published it on the 7th of March. Dr. Kirk believed in its authenticity; but there were others who entertained grave doubts on the subject. Circumstantial accounts of the untimely death of the intrepid explorer had before reached England, and his friends cherished the hope that he might still be alive, and pushing on his researches. Afterwards came despatches from Dr. Seward, Acting Political Agent and British Consul at Zanzibar, where the vessels of all nations which was then at the port had exhibited their flags half-mast high on the arrival of the sad intelligence above related. They stated that himself and Dr. Kirk were about to sail for Quiloa, a port more to the south, to make inquiries of the Arabs there, and gain what intelligence they could. Then came other despatches relating briefly the result of these inquiries. Nothing was learned which contradicted the evidence of the Johanna men, nor which directly confirmed their story; but all that they related was consistent with Dr. Kirk's knowledge of the country said to have been traversed. So from that time to this the minds of Livingstone's friends, and of those especially interested in the prosecution of geographical discoveries and the spread of Christianity, have been agitated by alternate hopes and fears, and the latter seem to have greatly predominated at the meetings of the Geographical Society, when this subject has been discussed. Sir R. Murchison, the distinguished president, and others who have spoken, have for thé most part been forced to confess their belief that science and religion have indeed lost a most devoted and useful servant. That distinguished explorer, Sir Samuel Baker, at a meeting of the British Association held as recent as September 9, 1867, said:—

"With regard to the fate of Livingstone I regret to be

forced to the conclusion that the great traveller is dead. The hopes of those who believe to the contrary rest on the well-founded belief that the Johanna men who had escaped the slaughter, and brought home the news, had trumped up the story to excuse their return. It was the very fact of their power of consummate lying that convinced him of the truth of their statement. Natives are scientific liars. They do not lie absurdly, like Europeans; but they concoct their falsehoods with such foresight that the lie itself is an example of profound skill. No native would commit himself to so inartistic a lie as to declare a man dead who is still alive, and might become a witness at a future time against him. The hardihood of the Johanna men in committing themselves by the confession of their cowardice, is a surprising instance of veracity that could only have been prompted by the urgency of the calamity. The death of Livingstone is a fearful drag on the wheel of African exploration. We know but a portion of those immense lake reservoirs in Central Africa; and geographers will not remain content with the bare fact that the Nile issues from these lakes. England, that has untied the knot, must gather in the extremity of the line."

On the other hand, we have, more recently still, a letter from Mr. J. S. Moffat, Livingstone's brother-in-law, and himself an African missionary. Writing to the editor of the "Cape Argus," under date September 17, he says:—

"People are incessantly asking me whether I have not given up all hope respecting Dr. Livingstone. There appears to me no necessity for us to make up our minds on the subject at present. I put off writing to you until we should hear once more from England, and, as no further intelligence about Dr. Livingstone has been received, I shall say once for all what appears to me to be the state of the case.

"All the evidence to the effect that Dr. Livingstone was murdered by the Mafite, comes through one channel, namely, the Johanna men, with Moosa at their head

Two or three different accounts have been given by these men, and no one account is reconcible with the others. I will not occupy space or time by going into details, but any one may satisfy himself on this point.

"Reports have been received through other channels, not corroborating, but absolutely contradicting, the account given by the Johanna men. Arab traders have come from the immediate vicinity of the spot where the murder is alleged to have occurred, and yet have not heard of an event which could not have failed to cause a good deal of excitement through an extended region. A message has been sent to theSultan of Zanzibar, by a chief inland, that Livingstone had passed his territories alive and well, at a point beyond the scene of the supposed murder.

"What has become of the Africans who were with Livingstone? He started from the coast with three sorts of people. The Sepoys soon came back, unable to bear the hardships of the climate and journey. The Johanna men came back with the story which has made so much noise in the world. But where are the negroes, of whom there were nine or ten, who had been sent with Livingstone and the Sepoys from Bombay? It is not said that they were killed. What has become of them?

"Great stress is laid on Dr. Kirk's opinion. Granted. No man is better qualified to judge. But has he made up his mind? He wrote at the first blush of the affair, and said he feared it was true. A month later he wrote and said it was not well to go spreading reports, and putting things in the papers. We had better wait for more evidence. I am not aware that he has expressed himself very decidedly since then.

"The continued silence of Dr. Livingstone is said to look bad. How long has he been silent? Not much more than twelve months. He was silent longer than that when he crossed the continent further south, at a narrower place. I myself have been twelve months without communication with the civilized world, though I have never been in such secluded regions as those to which Livingstone was directing his course when the

Johanna men say he was killed. If Livingstone is off the caravan routes which lead to the coast near Zanzibar, he is not likely to find any one to carry his letters: If, as I think quite possible, the negroes are still with him, having got so far, he would not be likely to return, but would continue his journey, and I should not be in the least surprised if he turned up in some most unexpected quarter.

"Probably the Johanna men, like their neighbors on the continent, can tell most circumstantial lies. My father has been killed and buried too, before now, with all the necessary formalities; and so have I, on a smaller scale.

"My own belief is that when the Johanna men found that Livingstone was going into a region too remote for their taste, they did what many servants, black and white, have done before them,—took to their heels some fine night when the explorer was asleep, and made the best of their way to Zanzibar.

I am, etc.,

"JOHN SMITH MOFFAT."

On this letter the editor of the "Daily Telegraph," in a similar spirit of hopefulness to that which dictated it, remarks:—

"Is Livingstone at this moment pursuing his dauntless way through strange regions in the heart of Africa, with tribes and towns around him of whose name civilization has never heard; or is he lying—all of him that can die—in the tropical thicket, dismembered, perhaps, by wild beasts, and his bones bleached with alterate dews and fierce sunshine? Were those Johanna men not arrant liars, who brought news that they saw him murdered, and had buried him; or, while we write, is he sitting in some equatorial village, wondering what false story his runaway scoundrels have told at the coast to save them-

selves from the calaboose, and to get their pay and passage home? We are at the mercy of 'tidings,' and cannot know at any moment, as Hood wrote, whether it is only Space that stretches its barrier between us, or Death. For our own part, we have never despaired of the brave traveller. We have always been of Sir Roderick Murchison's opinion, that the evidence of the traveller's death was utterly inconclusive, and that, while anything could be done to discover his fate, it was a national duty to do it. In the same hopeful spirit, the brother-in-law of Livingstone, Mr. J. S. Moffat, himself a distinguished explorer in Africa, has written to the 'Cape Argus.' It may be objected that the tendency to sanguine views would naturally be strongest in the doctor's kindred; but if that is to weaken arguments for hope, it will silence us all, since all Englishmen are 'brothers' to the gallant pioneer. Nor has Mr. Moffat's analysis of the case to be read as if it were a plea for doing something: It must be understood that we have done something already, and by this time the steel boat and its crew, which we sent out to ascertain Livingstone's fate, are high up the Shire river; so that the letter has all the interest of the calm, fair, and thoughtful statement. The writer points out, as we have done, that the sinister view of the doctor's case rests solely upon the accounts of the Johanna porters. Now, first of all, lying is as natural as eating and drinking to those gentry, and the Johanna men have given, at least, two or three irreconcilable versions of their narrative. Against them is the negative evidence of Arab traders who have since passed through the Mafite villages where the murder is reported to have been perpetrated, and though they heard of the white man, they heard nothing about his death. Mr. Moffat adds that, in a message to the Sultan of Zanzibar, a chief of the interior has mentioned that Livingstone passed his territories alive and well, and those territories lie beyond the Mafite. Again, what has become of the negroes who accompanied the doctor? He had three sorts of attendants at starting, and first his Sepoys gave it up and came back; then his Johanna people fled to

the coast, bringing the story of his death; but where are the ten African servants? The path was open to them; their homes lay beyond the Mafite; they are not said to have been killed; what has become of *them*? As to the silence of Livingstone, Mr. Moffat points out that it has lasted only twelve months, which is not so long as the time that the doctor spent in crossing the continent further south at a narrower part; nor is it nearly so long as the interval during which we had no news of Grant and Speke. Once off the caravan routes to the sea, the explorer would find no means of communication, and he is too real a traveller to hang back because no royal mail is handy. Mr. Moffat remarks that he has himself been wholly cut off in the African wilderness from his friends and the civilized world for a year; nay, that both he and his father have been circumstantially killed and buried in the same way as Dr. Livingstone. His conclusion is that the Johanna men found their master going too far to suit their travelling stomachs, and that they bolted when he was asleep, hatching their tale up, with many anxious rehearsals, on the journey down to Zanzibar. This conclusion seems quite reasonable, and not even the weighty authority of Sir Samuel Baker forces us to despair of good news from the expedition of inquiry. It may yet be that we shall see Livingstone again, with a budget of discoveries that will make his name even more illustrious than it is now among the pioneers of civilization."

It cannot, however, be long before the public suspense is relieved by some authentic intelligence; a searching expedition, commanded by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion of Livingstone in his Shire and Nyassa expeditions, and under the auspices of the government, having left this country early in June. An enterprising volunteer, Mr. H. Faulkner, is with Mr. Young, and two other Englishmen. They took out with them a boat thirty feet long, by eight broad, and three and a quarter deep, built in Chatham dock-yard, of steel plates but little thicker than a penny piece, in sections, so that it can easily be taken to pieces, and carried past the rapids

and other obstructions to navigation. Accounts have been received from the Cape that H. H. ship "Petrel" had taken on board the party with their portable vessel, on July 15th, and was to sail immediately for the mouth of the Zambesi, where the boat was to be put together, some natives added to the party, Moosa himself being probably one of them, and the ascent made to Lake Nyassa, where they can get within fifty miles of the reported murder. In all probability the little company is, while we write, at, or very near to this spot, and has obtained information of the truth of Moosa's story, or proof of its falsehood. Let us hope that it may be the latter, and that Dr. Livingstone is still, as Bishop Mackenzie has described, "marching on with a firm, steady, and determined tread, that kept me in mind he had walked across Africa." If not, let us mourn his loss, and say with a writer in the "North British Review":—

"It is a proud thing to be a great public link in the chain of human progress. That honor belongs to Dr. Livingstone, as certainly as it did to Columbus before him. The brazen gates, which hitherto preserved the interior of a vast region from the white man's approach, have at length been compelled to turn on their hinges. Through the opening thus made, the arts and intelligence of the more scholarly continents may flow. Through that the streams of commerce may sweep, and water a territory which for mercantile purposes has long been regarded as an irreclaimable waste. Through that too, the holier current of Christianity may glide, and spread gladness and moral vendure over a heathen wilderness, where no blade of pure spirituality was lately to be seen. And the children shall ask their fathers, "By whom was this done? Who had power to open the gates, and let in light on a sealed and darkened land?' And the fathers will reply, 'It was David Livingstone, once a poor factory lad, then a simple missionary, afterwards a patient explorer, and finally a man who left his impress upon the fortunes of millions of his fellow-creatures; for, like all true heroes, instead of toiling for himself, he gave his services to God and mankind."

Pages on pages of similar testimony to the greatness of Livingstone's work; and the nobility of his character, might we quote; but enough has been sead to show how high he stands in the estimation of the thoughtful and religious world. One more extract we may give from an appreciative article from the pen of that large-hearted philanthropist and true Christian man, Elihu Burritt, in whose "Bond of Brotherhood," for April, 1867, the article appeared, with what we should take to be an excellent likeness of the great explorer:—

"Who that saw and heard Livingstone at the British Association at Bath, three years ago, will ever forget that face, or the accents of that voice, when he stood up before the great assembly and apologized for the obsoleteness of his mother tongue to his lips? His very face showed the burning of twenty years of torrid suns. He had come out of the blistering heats of the fever-breathing miasmas of Central Africa, to tell, in his quiet way and half-stammering speech, what he had seen, suffered, and done in the wilds of that savage land, to add to the common stock of human knowledge. So long had he trained his lips to the uncouth languages of those heathen tribes, that his own seemed like a strange one to his tongue. How many who listened to that story, and looked upon that furrowed, sun-smitten face, said to themselves, 'Enough! well done! no man could do more for science; now settle down to quiet rest in your native land.' 'Not so,' said he, or thought in his heart. The furrows of threescore years and more ridged his countenance, though he had seen but fifty. All the red blood of middle manhood seemed exuded from his system, or poisoned in it, by the malarious breath of African morasses. But his work was not done. Once more to the breach! once more! Once more to make and mark footprints in the central sands of that unexplored continent that others should follow and name. Once more into the darkness of that hot-sunned land. Once more with the lantern and mining rod of science, to penetrate the hidden mysteries with gleams of light."

SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The following letter from the Doctor to Sir Roderick Murchison, was read at the meeting of the Geographical Society in London, on the 27th of April:—

"BEMBA, *Feb.* 2, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR RODERICK,—This is the first opportunity I have had of sending a letter to the coast, and it is by a party of black Arab slave-traders from Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar. They had penetrated here for the first time, and came by a shorter way than we did. In my despatch to Lord Clarendon I gave but a meagre geographical report, because the traders would not stay more than half a day; but, having written that through the night, I persuaded them to give me an hour or two this morning, and if yours is fuller than his lordship's you will know how to manage. I mentioned to him that I could not go round the northern end of the Lake Nyassa, because the Johanna men would have fled at first sight of danger; and they did actually flee, on the mere report of the acts of the terrible Mazitu, at its southern extremity. Had I got them fairly beyond the lake, they would have stuck to me; but so long as we had Arab slave-parties passing us they were not to be depended on, and they were such inveterate thieves, it was quite a relief to get rid of them, though my following was reduced thereby to nine African boys, freed ones, from a school at Nassic, Bombay. I intended to cross at the middle of the lake, but all the Arabs (at the crossing station) fled as soon as they heard that the English were coming, and the owners of two dhows now in the lake kept them out of sight lest I shou'd burn them as slavers. I remained at the town of Mataka, which is on the water-shed between the seacoast and the lake; and about fifty miles from the latter. There are at least a thousand houses (in the town), and Mataka is the most powerful chief in the country. I was in his district, which extends to the lake, from the middle of July to the end of September. He was anxious that some of the liberated boys should remain with him, and I tried my best to induce them; but in vain. He wished to be shown how to make use of his cattle in agriculture. I promised to try and get some other boys, acquainted with Indian agriculture, for him. That is the best point I have seen for an influential station; and Mataka showed some sense of right when his people went, without his knowledge, to plunder at a part of the lake,—he ordered the captives and cattle to be sent back. This was his own spontaneous act, and it took place before our arrival; but I accidentally saw the strangers. They consisted of fifty-four women and children, about a dozen boys, and thirty head

of cattle and calves. I gave him a trinket in memory of his good conduct, at which he was delighted, for it had not been without opposition that he carried out his orders, and he showed the token of my approbation in triumph. Leaving the shores of the lake, we endeavored to ascend Kirk's range, but the people below were afraid of those above, and it was only after an old friend, Katosa or Kiemasura, had turned out with his wives to carry our extra loads that we got up. It is only the edge of a plateau, peopled by various tribes of Manganja, who had never been engaged in slaving; in fact they had driven away a lot of Arab slave-traders a short time before. We used to think them all Maravi; but Katosa is the only Maravi chief we know. The Kanthunda, or climbers, live on the mountains that rise out of the plateau. The Chipeta live more on the plains there; the Echewa still further north. We went west among a very hospitable people till we thought we were past the longitude of the Mazitu; we then turned north, and all but walked into the hands of a marauding party of that people. After a rather zigzag course, we took up the point we had left in 1863, or say 20 min. west of Chimanga's, crossed the Longwa in 12 deg. 45 min. S., as it flows in the bed of an ancient lake, and after emerging out of this great hollow we ascended the plateau of Lobisa at the southern limit of 11 deg. S. The hills on one part of it rise up to six thousand six hundred feet above the sea. While we were in the lowlands I could easily supply our party with meat, large game being abundant; but upon these highlands of the Babisa no game was to be found. The country, having become depopulated by the slaving in which the people engaged, is now a vast forest, with here and there, at wide intervals a miserable hamlet. The grain is sown in little patches in the forest and the people had nothing to sell. We had now a good deal of actual gnawing hunger, as day after day we trod the sloppy, dripping forests, which yield some wretched wild fruits, and lots of mushrooms. A woman can collect a load of half a hundred weight; after cooking, they pound them into what they call porridge; but woe is me! they are good only for producing dreams of roast beef of by-gone days. They collect six kinds, and reject about ten, some as large as the crown of one's hat. When we got to the Chambeze, which was true to the character of the Zambezi, in having abundant animal life in its waters, we soon got an antelope on its banks. We crossed it in 10 deg. 34 min. It was flooded with clear water, but the lines of bushy trees, which showed its actual banks, were not more than forty yards apart. We arrived here (at Bemba) on the last day of January; it is a stockaded village, with three lines of defence, the inner one having a deep, dry ditch around it. I think, if I am not mistaken, that we are on the water-shed we seek between the Chambeze and Loapula. I have not had time to take observations, as it is the rainy season, and almost always cloudy; but we shall rest a little here and get

some flesh on our bones. We are about 10 deg. 10 min. S. 31 deg. 50 min. E. Altitude about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea. The Loapula, or Luapula, is said to be a very large river; but I hope to send fuller information from Tanganyika. I have done all the hunting myself, have enjoyed good health, and no touch of fever; but we lost all our medicine,—the sorest loss of goods I ever sustained; so I am hoping, if fever comes, to fend it off by native remedies, and trust in the watchful care of a Higher Power. The chief here seems a jolly, frank person, but unless the country is insecure I don't see the use of his lines of circumvallation. He presented a cow on our arrival, and a huge elephant's tusk because I had sat on it. I have had no news whatever from the coast since we left it, but hope for letters and our second stock of goods (a small one) at Ujiji. I have been unable to send anything either. Some letters I had written in hopes of meeting an Arab slave-trader; but they all 'skedaddled' as soon as they heard that the English were coming. I could not get any information as to the route followed by the Portuguese in going to Cazembe, till we were on the Babisa plateau. It was then pointed out that they had gone to the westward of that which from the Loangwa valley seems a range of mountains. The makers of maps have placed it (the Portuguese route), much too far east. The repetition of names of rivers, which is common in this country, probably misled them. There are four Loangwas flowing into Lake Nyassa. Would you kindly say to Capt. Richards that I had to draw some rifles and ammunition from her Majesty's ship 'Wasp,' and I shall feel obliged if he makes that right? With kindest regards to Lady Murchison, I am ever, affectionately yours,

"David Livingstone."

Extract from a letter from Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Young, of Kelly:—

February 1.

"I am in Bemba, or Lobemba, and at the chief man's place which has three stockades around it, and a deep, dry ditch around the inner one. He seems a fine fellow, and gave us a cow to slaughter on our arrival yesterday. We are going to hold a Christmas feast off it to-morrow, as I promised the boys a blow-out when we came to a place of plenty. We have had precious hard times; and I would not complain if it had not been gnawing hunger for many a day, and our bones sticking through as if they would burst the skin. When we were in a part where game abounded, I filled the pot with a first-rate rifle given me by Captain Fraser; but elsewhere we had but very short rations of a species of millet called 'macre," which passes the stomach almost unchanged. The sorest grief of all was the loss of the medicine-box which your friend at

Apothecaries' Hall so kindly fitted up. All other things I divided among the bundles, so that if one or two were lost we should not be rendered destitute of such articles; but this I gave to a steady boy and trusted him. He exchanged for a march with two volunteers, who behaved remarkably well, till at last hungry marches through dripping forests, cold, hungry nights, and fatiguing days, overcame their virtue, and they made off with 'Steady's' load, all his clothes, our plates, dishes, much of uor powder, and two guns, and it was impossible to trace them after the first drenching shower, which fell immediately after they left us. The forests are so dense and leafy one cannot see fifty yards on any side. This loss, with all our medicine, fell on my heart like a sentence of death by fever, as was the case with poor Bishop Mackenzie; but I shall try native remedies, and trust in Him who has led me hitherto, to help me still."

APPENDIX.

FINDING OF DR. LIVINGSTONE

BY

MR. H. M. STANLEY,

Correspondent of the New York Herald.

INTRODUCTION.

THE PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE FRUITS OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRIUMPH.

It is the misfortune of almost every generation to dote over the deeds of remote and bygone ages and to depreciate its own. The exploits which most affect the world's destiny do not, it is true, betray their significance by a flash and need to be scanned and interpreted in the calm light of human history. The great man whose name heads this chapter may notlive to discover the true import of his own achievements, and certainly, in the course of nature, cannot hope to reap the harvest which he has sown.

The great impediment to the realization of the toils of such a man as Livingstone lies in the incredulity of the human mind. The world is not deficient in the supply of a numerous class who resemble the pertinacious King of Anam, who refused to believe that water sometimes froze in Europe, because it had never been known to freeze in Anam. When Sir John Ross in 1818 penetrated far within the Artic circle he found a fine tribe of savages inhabiting a region of icy grandeur between the prongs of the Greenland glacier, but shut out from civilization and the sun by the great ice wall; and when the gallant explorer told them his ship had come from the south they tenaciously insisted,

"It is not true; there is nothing but ice there!" So intense and blind is the resistance which many otherwise sagacious and reasoning minds offer to the story and conclusions of great pioneers of science and research that when Sir Isaac Newton, on the strictest mathematical principles, arrived at and announced the deduction that the earth was a spheroid, many of the philosophers of the world of the highest repute, among them the great Bernoulli, entered the list against him and declared it an oblong figure with a greater polar than equatorial extent. The great hero of explorations in Equatorial Africa has met with a similar fate among the geographical doctors and speculative scientists of his own country, but he will survive their criticisms, and already we may begin to forecast the fame that awaits him and the advantages which the whole human family will ultimately reap from his self-sacrificing and herculean labors. The esteem in which geographical discovery has ever been held may furnish some clue to the real value of Livingstone's researches. The first circumnavigator of the globe, the indefatigable Magellan, was almost immortalized by posterity. Sir Francis Drake, who followed his illustrious example, was knighted, his voyage in the Golden Hind celebrated in song and the famous bark thronged by thousands of his admiring countrymen. Even in our later period, when the world is more phlegmatic and utilitarian, the very bones of a lost explorer (Sir John Franklin) were so anxiously and energetically sought for, that in 1866 Sir Leopold McClintock estimated the foot explorations accomplished in the search, amid mountains of ice, at forty thousand miles. History fully attests how all geographical discovery, by its influence both directly and reflexively, not only serves to quicken and fecundate all the sciences, but to rouse the human mind itself from its

lethargy, and introduce it to new worlds of thought. But no portion of the earth yields such abundant treasures to the explorer as the torrid zone, in which lies the scene of Livingstone's exploits. The tropics, as Humboldt has suggested, not only give rise to the most powerful impressions by their organic richness and fertility, but they reveal to man, by the uniformity of atmospheric variation and the development of vital forces in their fauna and flora, and by the contrasts of climate and vegetation at different levels, the invariability of planetary lands, mirrored, as it were, in terrestrial phenomena. Africa is emphatically the land of greatest natural productions, of which we have heretofore known less than we do of the surface of the moon, and not much more than the spectroscope has taught us of the photosphere of the sun. Into the most hidden wilds of this vast land mass—nearly four times as large as Europe—the penetrating genius of Livingstone has pushed geographic research and planted the germs of future civilization and empire. In solving, as we may now justly assume he has done, the ancient problem of the Nile, the old explorer has produced the key with which all the secrets of the great Southern Continent may be unlocked and its splendid plateaux, its opulent river valleys and its chains of enormous navigable lakes, seated and embowered high above the sea, may be thrown open to the enterprise of all coming generations. In large sections of this newly-found world—although, like Andean South America, lying almost under the Equator—nature has piled up upon a series of gigantic parterres and terraces every variety of climate and soil, and compensated by cool and lofty elevations for the severity of a vertical sun. If to the nations of extra-tropical countries and high latitudes it seems improbable that a great civilization can be erected in the new world brought

to light by Livingstone, we have only to recall the historic development of the Equatorial South American States and of the famous Carthagenian, Persian and Egyptian civilizations of old, flourishing under climatic and physical conditions no better than those of the Upper Nilatic basin.

But, to be more specific, it is easy to see that the day is not distant when European commerce and culture, crossing the Suez Isthmus by its great canal and descending the Nile valley, must prove an entering wedge to the newly explored country. The present traffic of Equatorial Africa does not at present extend south of Gondokoro, on the White Nile. But once connect this point with known routes of travel and communication, piercing the western drainage of Lakes Tanganyika, Moero, Lincoln, Bangweolo and the valleys of the Lualaba and the Chambezi, and we shall soon have not a lonely and forlorn explorer fighting his way into the darkness and slavery of these regions, but richly freighted caravans of trade, conveying the treasures of knowledge, the blessings of emancipation and peace and the truths of Christianity to these very strongholds of barbarism and benighted heathendom.

When Magellan first circumnavigated the earth, his renowned historian tells us, it was gravely asserted over Europe that no one else would ever dare so foolhardy an undertaking again, so little did men dream that the ocean, which had opened a way for his keel, would soon be furrowed by the countless fleets and argosies of commerce. We doubt not, in like manner, the successful experiment of the African explorer will be followed by the world's pioneers of adventure, traffic and emigration.

But, apart from all the promises of material advantage from Dr. Livingstone's work, there remains the moral benefit to be derived. One germ of true civilzation, planted in

the wilds of Africa, brings them into sympathy and unison with the rest of mankind.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The undying seed of true Christianity once sown will prove fruitful beyond man's most sanguine expectations, and may be expected to outlive the most adverse influences and noxious miasma of heathenism.

The future historian, in summing up the results which attended the marvellous labors and Atlantean undertakings of Livingstone, will accord him the honor of settling and solving "the problem of the ages," of satisfying the demands of scientific and cosmographical research in the great tropical Continent, beside that of opening a new world to commerce and civilization, and of planting the standard of civil liberty in the midst of it. The explorer himself will ever stand forth in history a colossal spectacle of moral heroism, which needs no monument nor memorial to perpetuate its influence.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

Much of what follows, having originally appeared in the form of letters chiefly from Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley—doubtless not intended for publication in book form—written, too, at long intervals, and under a very great variety of circumstances ; no intelligent reader will expect to find an unbroken narrative throughout.

The intense eagerness of the public for reliable information from the old hero is such, that all idea of literary finish will be lost in the contemplation of the man and his herculean achievements.

The very thought that while we read this—far away, in the very heart of South Africa—alone, among savages, under a vertical sun, a voluntary exile from every thing we count dear and precious, the venerable pioneer pursues his giant aim—the opening up of that boundless continent to civilization, religion and commerce should absorb every thought and fill the soul of every reader with sympathy. And if there lives a man or woman disposed to enquire *qui bono*, we ask such an one to go back some four hundred years to Portugal and Spain, where a devoted enthusiast was seen travelling from court to court, and from thence to the palaces of the nobles and others, yet spurned from them all as a monomaniac, till, as a beggar for bread at a convent gate, he finds a sympathizer in the superior, whose influence obtains for him, (but not till seven

years have run their—to him—weary course,)—his long sought for commission, and in due time he is afloat in command of three mere wherries and 120 men, with which to cross the stormy Atlantic, and discover an unknown continent, a task however difficult which he accomplished, despite mutiny, etc. Yet the man who opened up this great continent, now the home of countless millions, received for his reward a convoy home to Spain as prisoner in chains, and Christopher Columbus died a pauper. The king of Spain honoring the body he had allowed to starve with a pompous funeral.

But, says the objector, my question is not answered. Well, the answer is, look at America, which by the way should have been named Columbia in 1485, and 1872.

Well, apart from the slave question, and the religious aspect of the great African continent—and these outweigh all others—the latent wealth which there awaits development defies the powers of mind to comprehend.

Let us hope that a much more fitting reward awaits our own veteran explorer of the 19th century than was accorded to the no less deserving veteran of the 15th. Of this, however, we may be certain, if our own people fail in their duty to Dr. Livingstone, our neighbors and kindred, who have lately furnished a man to find him, will put us to shame by doing what we may fail to do.

The duty of the British nation is plain, and let us hope it will be nobly fulfilled. But little the old Christian hero recks. The man who has braved and endured what he has for thirty years—thinks not of the things that perish in the using, beyond their daily use to him; Livingstone's reward is on high, where "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

THE FINDING

OF

DR. LIVINGSTONE

BY H. M. STANLEY.

THE object of this department of the work is to bring together the scattered information which has reached this country and the United States respecting Mr. Stanley's wonderful discovery of Dr. Livingstone. It was thought that the various accounts, gathered together would be a convenience to the reading public as a carefully prepared account of his extraordinary journey.

The pages in this book which will possess the greatest interest to the reader are those giving Mr. Stanley's despatches to the *New York Herald*, now for the first time published in this country entire and without abridgement. On the 3rd July, 1872, a summary of these despatches was published in the London papers, but, like most summaries, it omitted details of considerable interest.

It is to be regretted that doubts have been expressed in certain quarters as to the reliability of the information and despatches brought by the energetic young American, but any one who has followed the public journals during the past months will have found but little difficulty in arriving at the true meaning of much of the correspondence that has appeared. The fact that Dr. Livingstone chose to write to a New York journal, in a manner somewhat different from that in which he would have written to an English

paper, is no reason why doubt should be cast upon the story of his brave discoverer.

It was open to any inquirer to apply at our Foreign Office, where the answer would have been given—as it was given to the writer many days since—that despatches *had been* received from Dr. Livingstone through the agency of Mr. Stanley, and that the authorities there were *perfectly satisfied* that they were in the Doctor's own handwriting. The many *personal* allusions to Dr. Livingstone in Mr. Stanley's despatches alone offer a sufficient test of the genuine character of the letters and news he has brought us.

Were it worth while, many parallels might be adduced, but we will just take one—trivial enough in itself, but sufficient to show our meaning. Mr. Stanley states that at that memorable meeting—now a matter of history—the great traveller wore a naval officer's cap with a faded gilt band. Now, amongst the Doctor's intimate friends it is known that a cap of this kind is a favorite with him, and when he was preparing his well-known book on the Zambesi, and resided for six months at Newstead Abbey, as the guest of Mr. Webb, its generous proprietor, he invariably wore such a cap, nor could he be prevailed upon to part with it for a covering such as clergymen usually wear.

The fact is trivial enough, but it is just such trivialities as this which go to make the true portrait.

Literary composition is not a favorite occupation with Dr. Livingstone. He prefers to state facts, leaving to others the task of putting them on paper, and it is not altogether improbable that Mr. Stanley may have suggested those allusions to General Grant, Hawthorne, and various American matters, in the second letter to Mr. Gordon Bennet, which have so surprised some of the Doctor's English friends. Indeed, this second letter may have been written by Mr. Stanley, principally from Livingstone's dictation. It was an American who brought the great traveller relief, and what more natural than that his letters of thanks should be addressed to the American rather than to the English people? A quotation from Nathaniel Hawthorne, suggested by Mr. Stanley, would be just as appropriate as one from

Oliver Goldsmith; and an allusion to President Grant might be supposed to possess as much interest to the American people as a reference to our Mr. Gladstone.

But all this is idle talk in the face of Lord Granville's note to Mr. Stanley. His lordship's letter, dated from the Foreign Office, reads :—

August 2nd, 1872.

SIR,—I was not aware until you mentioned it that there was any doubt as to the authenticity of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, which you delivered to Lord Lyons on the 31st of July. But in consequence of what you said, I have inquired into the matter, and I find that Mr. Hammond, the Under Secretary of the Foreign Office, and Mr. Wylde, the head of the Consular and Slave Trade Department, have not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of the papers which have been received from Lord Lyons, and which are being printed.

I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to you my admiration of the qualities which have enabled you to achieve the object of your mission, and to attain a result which has been hailed with so much enthusiasm both in the United States and in this country.—I am, Sir, your obedient

GRANVILLE.

Henry Stanley, Esq.

Some of our journals have endeavored to throw cold water upon Mr. Stanley's marvellous and intrepid feat, but to the honor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, it has not only maintained one consistent opinion throughout, but has been at special pains to inform the public in advance of all the other London journals.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

In June, 1849, Dr. Livingstone made his first exploring journey, travelled circuitously northwards for a month, and, at a distance of three hundred miles from his starting point, came upon the beautiful Zanga river. Along the banks of this river he proceeded for another month, and then discovered Lake Ngami, with the native settlement of Bakalahars upon its borders. This was at least three hundred miles, in a straight line, from any missionary station. Upon the report of his discovery reaching England, Livingstone became at once famous. The Geographical Society bestowed upon him its royal award, which was conferred, at that time, upon no other person, except the great American explorer, Fremont, the then recent unsuccessful candidate for the presidency of the United States. It was immediately felt that the existence of an extensive inland lake in Southern Africa, fed entirely by rivers from the north, seemed to point the way to vast and unknown countries in the remote interior, well watered, fertile, wealthy, and populous. In 1850, Livingstone resumed his researches in the same direction, his wife accompanying him as far as Lake Ngami. Thence he pushed on still northwards for two hundred miles, and discovered another large lake. Here he heard that the slave traders had only preceded him by one year.

So important were these results, that, in 1852, the London Missionary Society voted him two years' leave of absence, to explore the central regions of Africa, Mrs. Livingstone and her family returning to England in the meantime. A hundred and sixty men accompanied him, with a flotilla of thirty canoes. Thus prepared he rushed up the great northern river, sometimes travelling at the rate of fifty miles a day; but by the time he had reached Loanda, on the coast, he had been plundered to his last blanket and coat. For twelve months he wandered about through unknown regions. From Loanda he went to Angola, and thence crossed the whole continent to the channel of the Mozambique. There he took ship for England, and arrived early in December. The chief records of his journey were

unfortunately lost in the river, but he retained sufficient to add enormously to our knowledge of African ethnology, natural history, languages, geography, and geology.

His great achievements may be described in a few words. He explored the immense region of Southern Africa, from the eastern to the western coast, hundreds of miles from the limits of all former research; discovered new climates, cities, nations, rivers, lakes, ranges of mountains, and curious systems of manners, laws, and religious beliefs. First, he travelled from the Cape of Good Hope, northwards, to Lake Ngami, and thence to Linganti, a locality more than twenty-four degrees of latitude from the head of the Cape. He was now within ten degrees of that mystic line, the equator, which has been supposed, in Central Africa, to run through uninhabitable deserts, "whose soil is fire, and wind a flame;" but he found the region abounding in streams, bright with vegetation, and alive with all forms of the animal creation. Striking off westwards, he reached the settlements on the coast, and returning thence to the central point of his explorations, travelled eastwards to the coast on the other side of the continent. This was what no traveller had ever done before.

From the Cape almost to the equator, from west to east, from ocean to ocean! Mark these routes upon the map with a red line, and the track of Livingstone's adventures will be found to cross vast spaces hitherto unmarked by a single geographical sign. In future, across those blank spaces will be indicated the course of the Coanga, Kasye, Leambye, and Gambia rivers.

From this sketch it will be perceived that Dr. Livingstone's discoveries have not only been vast in their extent, but they are in their nature of the highest importance. Scotland may well be proud of having given birth to such a man!

In March, 1867, a report reached England to the effect that Livingstone had been foully murdered by the natives near Lake Nyassa; but the accuracy of the rumour was doubted, although Dr. Kirk, Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, and formerly the companion of Livingstone in his travels, sent this letter to the acting secretary of the Royal Geographical Society:—

Zanzibar,

December 26th, 1866.

MY DEAR BATES,

I have written fully to Sir Roderick three weeks ago, *via* the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, again *via* Mauritius and Suez, with all information we yet have got regarding poor Livingstone.

As I am going to Kilwa and Mikadany for a few days, to see if anything is there known of the sad story, and to seek for any letters which may have been sent by Dr. Livingstone before crossing Lake Nyassa, I write a note to you that you may get by any ship passing here during my absence.

On the 5th of December nine Johanna men of the party which accompanied Dr. Livingstone came to Zanzibar, reporting that on the west of Nyassa, some time between the end of July and September, they were suddenly attacked by a band of Mazite, and that Dr. Livingstone, with half his party, were murdered. Those who returned escaped, as they say, through being behind and unseen, and they all depose to having helped to bury the dead body of their leader the same evening. Although in the details, and in other things, the accounts of the various men differ, they all agree that they saw the body, and that it had one wound—that of an axe—on the back of the neck. One man saw the fatal blow given.

The attack was sudden, and Dr. Livingstone had time to overpower those that faced him, and was struggling to reload when cut down from behind. I fear the story is true, and that we shall never know more of its details. Full statements have gone home, but this may reach Aden by an American vessel during my absence.

You will see, if this arrives first, that we have sad news from the Society on the way.

I remain, yours,

J. KIRK.

After the receipt of this and similar letters from Dr. Kirk, an expedition to search after the distinguished traveller was organized by those who doubted the story of his death. The expedition was placed under the command of Captain R. D. Young, and left England June 9, 1867. About the middle of the following month the party reached Simon's Town, and proceeded at once in search of the great traveller.

In Dr. Kirk's account of the circumstances connected with the reported death of Dr. Livingstone it was said that the latter, having crossed the north end of Lake Nyassa, passed through villages named Makarta, and subsequently Matarka, Maponda, Marenga, and Maksowa. The searching party having reached Lake Nyassa, were driven by a gale into a small bay, where they found a native who reported to them that a white man had been there eight or ten months previously.

Captain Young and the rest of the expedition feared at first that the news was too good to be true, and it was resolved to endeavor to reach a point higher up, at which there was an Arab crossing-place, near Mont Mombo, a point about twenty miles from the spot at which the boat was anchored. In carrying this intention into effect, they fell in with a large party of native fishermen, and on communicating with them received a similar account to that which had been previously given them. These people described the dress and appearance of the "white man," which tallied pretty closely with those of Dr. Livingstone. The men having been shown some surveying instruments, appeared to recognize and to understand the use of them. One of them produced a spoon, and a second a knife, which they had received as presents from Dr. Livingstone. As a further test, Captain Faulkner exhibited a case of photographs, and without any hesitation that of Dr. Livingstone was recognized as the picture of the white man. This gave the searching party increased confidence, and they proceeded to the crossing-place. On arriving there the same story was repeated, with the addition that the white man had endeavored to cross the lake, but finding all the boats were on the opposite side, he went towards the south, and passed

through the villages already named. The searching party then sailed across the lake, but, obtaining no information, made for the south.

They shortly afterwards came across a large village, and here the same story was repeated.

It is known that Marenga, the chief of the village of that name, was extremely civil to Livingstone, and so he was found to be by those in search of him. It appears that he had ferried Dr. Livingstone across a lake forming an indentation in the banks of Nyassa, which he might have circled on foot at the cost of a *detour*. Marenga gave the searching party every information in his possession, and presented them with a very acceptable supply of fresh provisions.

It will be remembered that it was at this point that the Johanna men abandoned Livingstone.

While Livingstone went across the marsh, the natives skirted the margin, and on returning to the village, reported they were being led into a hostile country, and at once made their way for the seaboard.

The last place named by Dr. Kirk, Maksowa, was two days' journey from Marenga. The chief of this village had been driven away, but a number of his men were collected who had been employed to convey the baggage of Dr. Livingstone twenty miles further in a north-westerly direction.

Captain Young regarded the information as conclusive ; but, with a view of discovering the position of Maponda's settlement, proceeded on a little farther.

The village was found about a mile from the mouth of the Shire. Maponda was away from the village on a trading expedition, but his mother, who was at home, informed the party that Dr. Livingstone had passed through there, and that some of his party subsequently returned. The mother of the chief further produced a Prayer Book, containing the name of one of the Doctor's followers, who had been left behind on account of lameness.

The Johanna men represented this boy, who was named Waikatanoe, as having deserted. It appears that at this time the boy was absent with the chief, so that the exploring party had no opportunity of a personal interview with him.

The evidence which had been obtained from so many different points, and from such a number of witnesses, satisfied Captain Young that the object they had in view had been obtained, and acting upon the instruction issued to them, he resolved to return. There appeared not the slightest reason to doubt the substantial correctness of the information obtained, that Livingstone had passed through the most dangerous portion of his journey, and had made good his advance into the interior with the apparent intention of descending the Nile into Egypt.

The conclusions arrived at by Captain Young's party were found to be well founded, for on the 8th of April, 1867, letters were received in London from the great traveller himself, dated from a district far beyond the place where he was said to have been murdered, and announcing that he was in good health. In July, 1868, he was near Lake Bangweolo, in South Central Africa, whence he wrote to say he believed he might safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10° and 12° south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose River Rhapta is probably the Rovuma.

Another communication was received from Dr. Livingstone dated Ujiji, May 13, 1869 ; and on January 24, 1871, news arrived in this country that he had made an extensive journey to the west of Lake Tanganyika.

We have alluded to Livingstone's exploration of the country around the Zambesi. The object of that expedition is admirably told in his own words in a speech which he made shortly before starting on his journey :—

I will explain to you how I mean to endeavour to follow up the discoveries which have been made. The central part of the African continent was supposed for a long time to be a great sandy plain. Certain rivers were known to be flowing in towards the centre, but they were not known farther, and they were supposed in consequence to become lost. But instead of that, the grand view burst gradually on my mind of a very fine, well-watered country ; and not only that, but of certain well-watered healthy localities on both sides of the country which were suitable for a European

residence. Efforts have been made for centuries to get into the interior of Africa, but, unfortunately, it has always been attempted through the unhealthy parts near the coast. On the southern part of the country we had the Kalihari desert, and the expedition which was sent out from Cape Town under Dr. Smith was prevented from penetrating the interior by this same Kalihari desert. The unhealthy coasts presented a barrier on both sides, and this desert presented an obstacle on the south ; but when Messrs. Oswald, Murray, and myself succeeded in passing round that desert, then we came into a new and well-watered country beyond. When I passed into that country, I had not the smallest idea that there was such a want of cotton as I found to be the case when I went home to England. But there I saw the cotton growing wild and almost everywhere, and that sugar was collected all over the country (although the people did not know that it could be produced from the sugar-cane) ; and I found, further, that this was a great market for labour. When I lived at Kolenbeng, men left that tribe, and I found some of them within 200 miles of Cape Town, seeking to obtain work. Now here we have the produce and here we have the labour, and I hope we may secure a healthy standing point, from which Europeans may push their commercial and their missionary enterprise to the unhealthy regions beyond.

We proceed first of all up the River Zambesi, and have the full authority of the Portuguese for so doing. This river is very large ; it is difficult to convey to the people of such a dry country as this an idea of its size, but the narrowest part that I saw seemed almost to be equal to the Thames at London Bridge. It was not known to be a large river, on account of its being separated into five or six branches at its mouth, before it reaches the sea. But, when we get inland, we have a noble stream, and we have at least 250 miles of the stream without a single obstruction. Then we come into a large coal field, and this seems to contain the elements of future civilization. Then I may state that, as we have to examine the river, our expedition will be a practical one. It is not like those that have been sent to the North Pole. We hope to have something to show when we come back.

Our botanist is an economic botanist, and the geologist is a practical mining geologist ; and the naval officer, Capt. Beddingfield, has had a great deal of experience in African rivers, and has not been deterred by the fear of suffering from African fever, any more than myself, from volunteering to go on this expedition. He goes to examine the river system, and give us correct information about the river system and its navigability. And then we have an artist and a photographer, to give an idea of what is to be seen in the country.

But I think this expedition is placed in a somewhat peculiar position. I never heard of another expedition being similarly situated.

My companions are all put on their mettle. They are aware that it is very well known that when alone I did something ; and if we don't do well now in this expedition, people will say, " Why, those fellows have prevented him from doing what he might." So they are all put on their mettle, and I have the greatest confidence in their desire to accomplish the great objects of our expedition.

We find that in the middle of the country there are a great many of the Zambesi. Several of them I have examined myself, and found they went out a few miles—some ten or twelve miles—and then came in again to the main stream. Now, the natives pointed out a number more, and they say these other streams come out of the main branch, and enter it again, after passing some hundreds of miles. This is a most interesting point, because if the departing and returning branches are really seen, then we may go up them in a small steam launch, and have a navigable pathway into an immense extent of the country beyond. We will not be then obliged to pass the great fall of Victoria, which cannot be passed in any vessel. If we have a navigable pathway in the country beyond, then there is a prodigious extent of country, all well adapted for the cultivation of those products which we now get through slave labour.

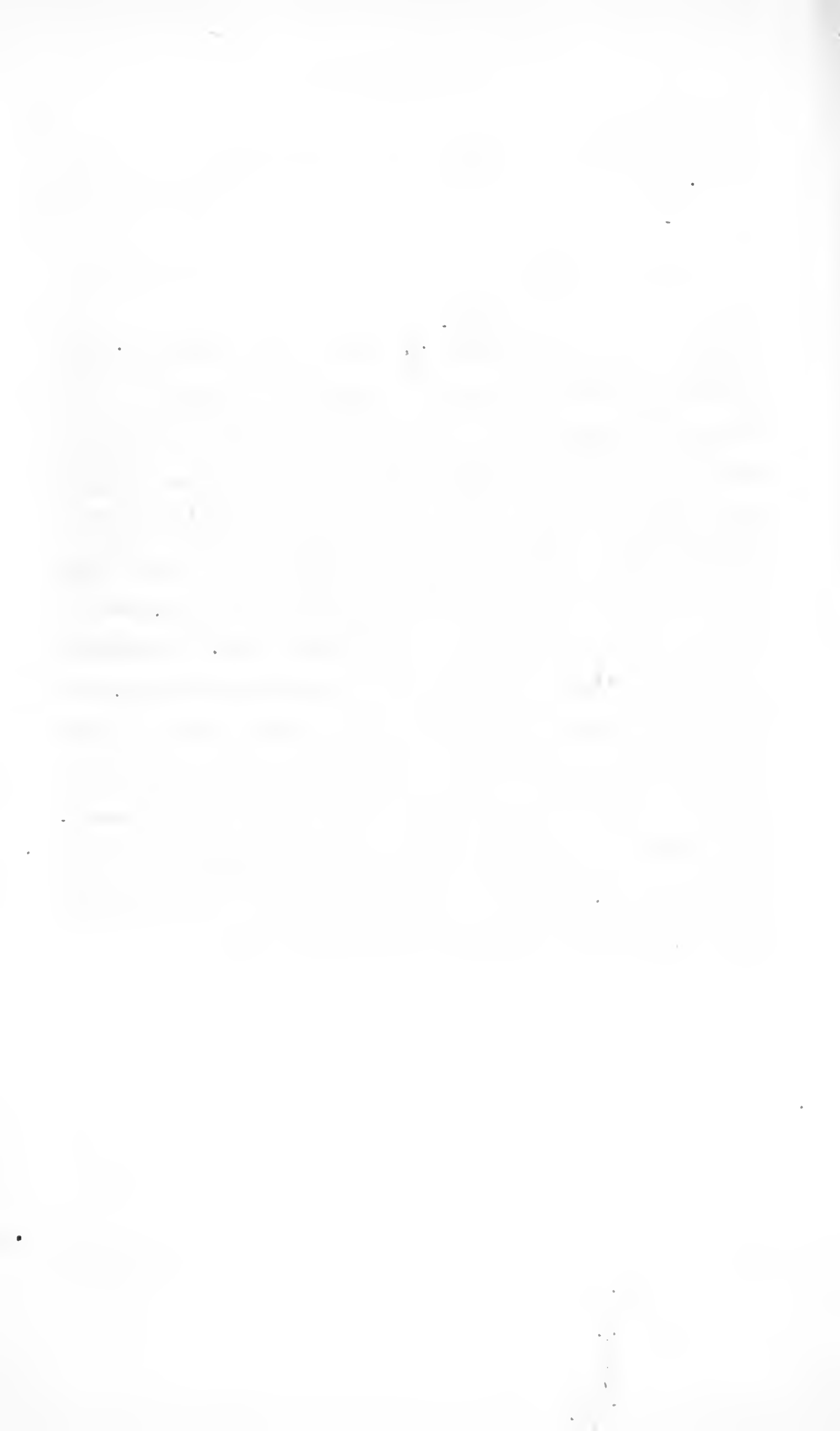
And what I hope to effect is this : I don't hope to send down cargoes of cotton and sugar ; perhaps that result will not be in my lifetime. But I hope we shall make a beginning, and get in the thin edge of the wedge, and that we

shall open up a pathway into the interior of the country, and by getting right into the centre, have a speedy passage by an open pathway, working from the centre out towards the sides.

When going into the country, we don't mean to leave our Christianity behind us. I think we made somewhat of a mistake—indeed, a very great mistake—in India ; but where we are going, we shall have no need to be ashamed of our Christianity. We go as Christians ; we go to speak to the people about our Christianity, and to try and recommend our religion to those with whom we come in contact.

I have received the greatest kindness from all classes of people in the interior. I have found that in proportion as we approach the confines of civilization, do the people become worse. Such is the fact—the nearer we come to civilization, we find the people very much worse than those who never have had any contact with the white man.

Here we are compelled to take a rather long and very reluctant farewell of the brave explorer, who, intent on the all-absorbing object of his life, and, as described by his discoverer, "an utter stranger to fear," has once more plunged into savage equatorial Africa, resolved to complete his self-imposed task, or like his intrepid countryman, Mungo Park, leave his bones to cry to heaven against that "sum of all villanies," the slave trade. But thanks to the indomitable enterprise of Mr. J. G. Bennett, who originated the idea and furnished with no niggard hand the means, a man is found —hardly less brave than Livingstone himself—who freely takes his own life in his hand, and in due time the astonished world is electrified with the announcement that Dr. Livingstone is found and relieved by MR. H. M. STANLEY, whose Letters follow and speak for themselves.



LETTERS OF MR. H. M. STANLEY.

THE LAND OF THE MOON.

A Graphic Pen Picture of Unyambezi—Scenic Characteristics, Inhabitants and Cultivation of Central Africa—Life in the Herald Camp at Kwihara—Curiosities of African Cuisine and Social Amenities—Arraignment of Dr. Kirk—Outbreak of the Mirambo War—Attack by the Arabs and the Herald Force on his Village—Slaughter and Rout of the Arabs—Desertion of the Herald Men—Plunder and Burning of Tabora—Heroic Death of Khamis Bin Abdallah—Disgusting Savage Rites with the Dead—On to Ujiji.

Kwihara, Unyanyembe, Sept. 21, 1871.

How can I describe my feelings to you, that you may comprehend exactly the condition that I am in, the condition that I have been in, and the extremely wretched condition that the Arabs and slave trading people of the Mrima —the hill land or the coast—would fain keep me in? For the last two months I have been debating in my own mind as to my best course. Resolves have not been wanting, but up to to-day they have failed. I am no nearer the object of my search apparently than I was two years ago, when you gave me the instructions at the hotel in Paris called the "Grand Hotel." This object of my search you know is Livingstone—Dr. David Livingstone—F. R. G. S., LL. D., &c. Is this Dr. David Livingstone a myth? Is there any such person living? If so, where is he? I ask everybody—Omani, Arab-half-caste, Wamruia-pagazis—but

no man knows. I lift up my head, shake off day dreams and ask the silent plains around and the still dome of azure upheaving to infinity above, where can he be? No answer. The altitude of my people, the asinine obstinacy of Bombay, the evidently determined opposition of the principal Arabs to my departure from here, the war with Mirambo, the other unknown road to Central Lake, the impossibility of obtaining pagazis, all combine, or seem to, to say:—"Thou shalt never find him. Thou shalt neither hear of him. Thou shalt die here."

Sheikh, the son of Nasib, one of the ruling powers here, declares it an impossibility to reach Ujiji. Daily he vexes me with "There is no road; all roads are closed; the Wakonongo, the Wagara and the Wawendi are coming from the south to help Mirambo; if you go to the north, Usukuma is the country of Mirambo's mother; if you take the Wildjankuru road, that is Mirambo's own country. You see, then, sir, the impossibility of reaching the Tanganyika. My advice is that you wait until Mirambo is killed, then, inshallah (please God) the road will be open, or go back." And often times I explode, and cry out:—"What! wait here until Mirambo is killed? You were five years fighting Manura Sera! Go back! after spending $20,000! O Sheikh, the son of Nasib, no Arab can fathom the soul of a muzungu (white man)! I go on and will not wait till you kill Mirambo; I go on, and will not go back until I shall have seen the Tanganyika, and the day after to-morrow I start."

"Well, master," he replied, "be it as you say; but put down the words of Sheikh, the son of Nasib, for they are worthy to be remembered."

He has only just parted from me, and to comfort myself after the ominous words I write to you. I wish I could write as fast as the thoughts crowd my mind. Then what a wild, chaotic and incoherent letter you would have! But my pen is stiff, the paper is abominable, and before a sentence is framed the troubled mind gets somewhat calmer. I am spiteful, I candidly confess, just now; I am cynical—I do not care who knows it. Fever has made me so. My whining white servant contributes toward it. The stubborn-

ness of Bombay—"incarnation of honesty," Burtorn calls him—is enough to make one cynical. The false tongues of these false-hearted Arabs drive me on to spitefulness; the cowardice of my soldiers is a proverb with me. The rock daily, hourly growing larger and more formidable against which the ship of the expedition must split—so says everybody, and what everybody says must be true—makes me fierce and savage-hearted. Yet I say that the day after to-morrow every man Jack of us who can walk shall march.

But before the expedition tries the hard road again—before it commences the weary, weary march once more—can I not gain some information about Livingstone from the scraps of newspapers I have been industriously clipping for some time back! May they not with the more mature knowledge I have obtained of the interior since I went on this venture give me a hint which I might advantageously adopt? Here, they are, a dozen of them, fifteen, twenty, over thirty bits of paper. Here is one. Ah, dolor of heart, where art thou? This mirth-provoking bit of newspaper is almost a physician to me. I read:—

Zanzibar, Feb. 6, 1870.

I am also told by Ludha Damjee that a large caravan, laden with ivory, and coming from Nayamweze, has completely perished from this disease in Ujiji.

To you who stay at home in America may be accorded forgiveness if you do not quite understand where "Nayamweze" or "Ujiji" is; but to the British politico and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Dr. John Kirk, a former companion of Livingstone, a man of science, a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and one who is said to be in constant communication with Livingstone, forgiveness for such gross ignorance is impossible. A parallel case of ignorance would be in a New York editor writing, "I am also told by Mr. So and So that a large wagon train, bringing silver bricks from Montana, has perished in Alaska." Ujiji, you must remember, is about a month's march westward of Unyamwezi—not "Nayamweze"—and to me it is

inconceivable how a person in the habit of writing weekly to his government about Livingstone should have conceived Ujiji to be somewhere between the coast and "Nayamweze," as he calls it. But then I am spiteful this morning of September 21, and there is nothing lovable under the sun at this present time except the memory of my poor little dog "Omar," who fell a victim to the Makata Swamp. Poor Omar!

Amid these many scraps of clippings all about Livingstone there are many more which contain as ludicrous mistakes, mostly all of them having emanated from the same scientific pen as the above. I find one wherein Sir R. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, stoutly maintains that Livingstone's tenacity of purpose, undying resolution and herculean frame will overcome every obstacle. Through several scraps runs a vein of doubt and unbelief in the existence of the explorer. The writers seem to incline that he has at last succumbed. But to the very latest date Sir Roderick rides triumphant over all doubts and fears. At the very nick of time he has always a letter from Livingstone himself, or a despatch from Livingstone to Lord Clarendon, or a private note from Dr. Livingstone to his friend Kirk at Zanzibar. Happy Sir Roderick! Good, Sir Roderick! a healthy, soul-inspiring faith is thine.

Well, I am glad to tell you the outspoken truth, tormented by the same doubts and fears that people in America and England are—to-day uncommonly so. I blame the fever. Yet, though I have heard nothing that would lead me to believe Livingstone is alive, I derive much comfort in reading Sir Roderick's speech to the society of which he is President.

But though he has tenacity of purpose and is most resolute of travellers, he is but a man, who, if alive, is old in years. I have but to send for Said bin Habib, who claims to be the Doctor's best friend, and who lives but a rifle shot from the camp of the *Herald* and Livingstone expeditions, and he will tell me how he found him so sick with fever that it seemed as if the tired spirit was about to take its eternal rest. I have but to ask Suliman Dowa, or Thomas, how he found "old Daoud Fellasteen"—David Livingstone

—and he will tell me he saw a very old man, with very gray beard and moustache, who ought to be home now instead of wandering among those wild cannibals of Manyema.

What made me to-day give way to fears for Livingstone's life was that a letter had reached Unyanyembe, from a man called Sherif, who is in charge of Livingstone's goods at Ujiji, wherein he asked permission from Said bin Salim, the Governor here, to sell Livingstone's goods for ivory, wherein he states further that Sherif had sent his slaves to Manyema to look for the white man, and that these slaves had returned without hearing any news of him. He (Sherif) was therefore tired of waiting, and it would be much better if he were to receive orders to dispose of the white man's cloth and beads for ivory.

It is strange that these goods, which were sent to Ujiji over a year ago, have not yet been touched, and the fact that Livingstone has not been in Ujiji to receive his last year's supplies puzzles also Said bin Salim, Governor of Unyanyembe, or, rather, of Tabora and Kwihara, as well as it puzzles Sheikh, the son of Nasib, accredited Consul of Syed Burghash, Sultan of Zanzibar and Pemba at the Courts of Rumanika and Mtesa, Kings respectively of Karagwah and Uganda.

In the storeroom where the cumbersome moneys of the *New York Herald* Expedition lie piled up bale upon bale, sack after sack, coil after coil, and the two boats, are this year's supplies sent by Dr. Kirk to Dr. Livingstone—seventeen bales of cloth, twelve boxes of wine, provisions, and little luxuries such as tea and coffee. When I came up with my last caravan to Unyanyembe I found Livingstone's had arrived but four weeks before, or about May 23rd last, and had put itself under the charge of a half-caste called Thani Kati-Kati, or Thani, "in the middle," or "between." Before he could get carriers he died of dysentery. He was succeeded in charge by a man from Johanna, who, in something like a week, died of small-pox; then Mirambo's war broke out, and here we all are, September 21, both expeditions halted. But not for long let us hope, for the third time I will make a start the day after to-morrow.

To the statement that the man Sherif makes, that he has

sent slaves to Manyema to search for Dr. Livingstone, I pay not the slightest attention. Sherif, I am told, is a half-caste. Half Arab, half negro. Happy amalgamation! All Arabs and all half castes, especially when it is in their interest to lie, lie without stint. What and who is this man Sherif, that he should, unasked, send his slaves twenty days off to search for a white man? It was not for his interest to send out men, but it was policy to say that he had done so, and that his slaves had returned without hearing of him. He is, therefore, in a hurry to sell off and make money at the expense of Livingstone. This man has treated the old traveller shamefully—like some other men I know of, who, if I live, will be exposed through your columns. But why should I not do so now? What better time is there than the present? Well, here it is—coolly, calmly and deliberately. I have studied the whole thing since I came here, and cannot do better than give you the result of the searching inquiries instituted.

It is the case of the British Public vs. Dr. John Kirk, Acting Political Agent and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, as I understand it. The case is briefly this:—Some time in October, 1870, Henry Adrian Churchill, Esq., was Political Agent and Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar. He fitted out during that month a small expedition to carry supplies to Dr. Livingstone, under the escort of seven or eight men, who were to act as armed soldiers, porters or servants. They arrived at Bagomoyo, on the mainland, during the latter part of October. About the latter part of October or the early part of November Mr. Churchill left Zanzibar for England, and Dr. John Kirk, the present occupant of the consular chair, succeeded him as "acting" in the capacity Mr. Churchill heretofore had done. A letter bag, containing letters to Dr. Livingstone, was sealed up by Dr. John Kirk, at Zanzibar, on which was written "November 1, 1870—Registered letters for Dr. David Livingstone, Ujiji," from which it appears that the letter bag was closed on the 1st November, 1870. On the 6th January, 1871, your correspondent in charge of the *New York Herald* Expedition arrived at Zanzibar, and then and there heard of a caravan being at Bagomoyo, bound

for the interior with supplies for Dr. Livingstone. On the 4th of February, 1871, your correspondent in charge of the *Herald* Expedition arrived at Bagomoyo and found this caravan of Dr. Livingstone's still at Bagomoyo. On or about the 18th February, 1871, appeared off Bagomoyo Her Britannic Majesty's gunboat Columbine, Captain Tucker, having on board Dr. John Kirk, acting Her Majesty's Consul. Three days before Dr. John Kirk arrived at Bagomoyo Livingstone's caravan started for the interior, hurried, no doubt, by the report that the English Consul was coming. That evening about the hour of seven P. M. your correspondent dined at the French mission in company with the *peres*, Dr. Kirk and Captain Tucker of the Columbine. The next morning Dr. Kirk and Captain Tucker and another gentleman from the Columbine, and Pere Homer, Superior of the French mission, left for Kikoko, first camp on the Unyanyembe road beyond the Knigani River; or, in other words, the second camp for the up caravans from Bagomoyo. Pere Homor returned to Bagomoyo the evening of the same day; but Messrs. Kirk and Tucker, the French Consul M. Diviane, and, I believe, the surgeon of the Columbine, remained behind that they might enjoy the sport which the left bank of the Knigami offered them.

A good deal of ammunition was wasted, I heard, by the naval officers, because, "you know, they have only pea rifles," so said Dr. Kirk to me. But Dr. Kirk, the companion of Livingstone and something of a sportsman, I am told bagged one hartbeest and one giraffe only in the four or five days the party was out. M. Diviane, or Divien, hurried back to Bagomoyo and Zanzibar with a piece of the aforesaid hartbeest, that the white people on that island might enjoy the sight and hear how the wondrous animal fell before the unerring rifle of that learned showman of wild beasts, Dr. John Kirk. Showman of wild beasts did I say? Yes. Well I adhere to it and repeat it. But to proceed. At the end of a week or thereabouts the party were said to have arrived at the French mission again. I rode up from the camp of the *Herald* Expedition to see them. They were sitting down to dinner, and we all heard

the graphic yarn about the death of the hartbeest. It was a fine animal they all agreed.

"But, Doctor, did you not have something else?" (Question by leader of *Herald* Expedition.)

"No! we saw lots of game, you know—giraffe, zebra, wild boar, &c.—but they were made so wild, you know, by the firing of pea rifles by the officers, that immediately one began to stalk them off they went. I would not have got the hartbeest if I had not gone alone."

Well, next morning Dr. Kirk and a reverend *padre* came to visit the camp of the *Herald* Expedition, partook of a cup of tea in my tent, then went to see Moussoud about Dr. Livingstone's things. They were told that the caravan had gone several days before. Satisfied that nothing more could be done, after a *dejeuner* at the French mission, Dr. Kirk about eleven A. M. went on board the Columbine. About half-past three P. M. the Columbine steamed for Zanzibar.

On the 15th of March your correspondent returned to Zanzibar to settle up the last accounts connected with the expedition. While at Zanzibar your correspondent heard that the report had industriously been spread among those interested in Livingstone, the traveller, that Dr. Kirk had hurried off the Livingstone caravan at once, and that he had accompanied the said caravan beyond the Knigani, and that your correspondent could not possibly get any pagazis whatever, as he (Dr. Kirk) had secured them all. I wondered, but said nothing. Really the whole were marvellous, were it not opposed to fact. Livingstone's caravan needed thirty-three men; the *Herald* Expedition required 140 men, all told. Before the Livingstone caravan had started the first caravan of the *Herald* Expedition had preceded them by four days. By the 15th of March 111 men were secured for the *Herald* Expedition, and for the remainder donkeys were substituted.

June 28 saw us at Unyanyembe, and there I heard the reports of the chiefs of the several caravans of the *Herald* Expedition. Livingstone's caravan was also there, and the men in charge were interrogated by me with the following questions:

Q. When did you see Dr. Kirk last?

A. 1st of November, 1870.

Q. Where?

A. At Zanzibar.

Q. Did you not see him at Bagomoyo?

A. No; but we heard that he had been at Bagomoyo.

Q. Is this true; quite, quite true?

A. Quite true, Wallah (By God).

The story is told. This is the case—a case, as I understand it to be, of the British Public vs. John Kirk. Does it not appear to you strange that Dr. John Kirk never had a word to say, or a word to write to his old friend Dr. Livingstone all the time from 1st November, 1870, to about the 15th February, 1871; that during all this period of three and a half months Dr. John Kirk showed great unkindness, unfriendliness towards the old traveller, his former companion, in not pushing the caravan carrying supplies to the man with whom all who have read sympathize so much? Does it not seem to you, as it does to me, that had Dr. John Kirk bestirred himself in his grand character of English "Balyuz"—a noble name and great title out here in these lands—that that small caravan of thirty-three men might have been despatched within a week or so after their arrival at Bagomoyo, by which it would have arrived here in Unyanyembe long before Mirambo's war broke out? This war broke out June 15, 1871.

Well, I leave the case in your hands, assured that your intelligence, your natural power of discrimination, your fine sense of justice, will enable you to decide whether this man Dr. John Kirk, professed friend of Livingstone, has shown his friendship for Livingstone in leaving his caravan three and a half months at Bagomoyo; whether, when he went over to Bagomoyo in the character of showman of wild beasts to gratify the sporting instincts of the officers of Her Britannic Majesty's ship Columbine, did he show any very kindly feeling to the hero traveller when he left the duty of looking up that caravan of the Doctor's till the last thing on the programme.

Unyamwezi is a romantic name. It is "Land of the Moon" rendered into English—as romantic and sweet in Kinyamwezi as any that Stamboul or Ispahan can boast is to a Turk or a Persian. The attraction, however, to a European lies only in the name. There is nothing of the mystic, nothing of the poetical, nothing of the romantic, in the country of Unyamwezi. I shudder at the sound of the name. It is pregnant in its every syllable to me. Whenever I think of the word immediately come thoughts of colycinth, rhubarb, calomel, tartar emetic, ipecacaunha and quinine into my head, and I feel qualmish about the gastric regions and I wish I were a thousand miles away from it. If I look abroad over the country I see the most inane and the most prosaic country one could ever imagine. It is the most unlikely country to a European for settlement; it is so repulsive owing to the notoriety it has gained for its fevers. A white missionary would shrink back with horror at the thought of settling in it. An agriculturist might be tempted; but then there are so many better countries where he could do so much better he would be a madman if he ignored those to settle in this. And, supposing it were necessary to send an expedition such as that which boldly entered Abyssinia to Unyamwezi, the results would be worse than the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, No, an ordinary English soldier could never live here. Yet you must not think of Unyamwezi as you would of an American swamp; you must not imagine Unyamwezi to have deep morasses, slushy beds of mud, infested with all abominable reptiles, or a jungle where the lion and the leopard have their dens. Nothing of the kind. Unyamwezi is a different kind of a country altogether from that. To know the general outline and physical features of Unyamwezi you must take a look around from one of the noble coigns of vantage offered by any of those hills of syenite, in the debatable ground of Mgunda Makail, in Uyanzi.

From the summit of one of those natural fortresses, if you look west, you will see Unyamwezi recede into the far, blue, mysterious distance in a succession of blue waves of noble forest, rising and subsiding like the blue waters of an ocean. Such a view of Unyamwezi is inspiring; and, were

it possible for you to wing yourself westward on to another vantage coign, again and again the land undulates after the same fashion, and still afar off is the same azure, mystic horizon. As you approach Unyanyembe the scene is slightly changed. Hills of syenite are seen dotting the vast prospect, like islands in a sea, presenting in their external appearance, to an imaginative eye, rude imitations of castellated fortresses and embattled towers. A nearer view of these hills discloses the denuded rock, disintegrated masses standing on end, boulder resting upon boulder, or an immense towering rock, tinted with the sombre color age paints in these lands. Around these rocky hills stretch the cultivated fields of the Wanyamwezi—fields of tall maize, of holcus sorghum, of millet, of vetches, &c.—among which you may discern the patches devoted to the cultivation of sweet potatoes and manioc, and pasture lands where browse the hump-shouldered cattle of Africa, flocks of goats and sheep. This is the scene which attracts the eye, and is accepted as promising relief after the wearisome marching through the thorny jungle plains of Ugogo, the primeval forests of Uyanzi, the dim plains of Tura and Rubuga, and when we have emerged from the twilight shades of Kigwa. No caravan or expedition views it unwelcomed by song and tumultuous chorus, for rest is at hand.

It is only after a long halt that one begins to weary of Unyanyembe, the principal district of Unyamwezi. It is only when one has been stricken down almost to the grave by the fatal chilly winds which blow from the heights of the mountains of Usagara, that one begins to criticize the beauty which at first captivated. It is found, then, that though the land is fair to look upon; that though we rejoiced at the sight of its grand plains, at its fertile and glowing fields, at sight of the roving herds, which promised us abundance of milk and cream—that is one of the most deadly countries in Africa; that its fevers, remittent and intermittent, are unequalled in their severity.

Unyamwezi, or the Land of the Moon—from U (country) nya (of the) mwezi (moon)—extends over three degrees of latitude in length and about two and a half degrees of longitude in breadth. Its principal districts are Unyanyembe,

Ugunda, Ugara, Tura, Rubuga, Kigwa, Usagozi and Uyoweh. Each district has its own chief prince, king, or *mtemi*, as he is called in Kinyamwezi. Unyanyembe, however, is the principal district, and its king, Mkasiwa, is generally considered to be the most important person in Unyamwezi. The other kings often go to war against him, and Mksasiwa often gets the worst of it; as, for instance, in the present war between the king of Uyoweh (Mirambo) and Mkasiwa.

All this vast country is drained by two rivers—the Northern and Southern Gombe, which empty into the Malagarazi River, and thence into Lake Tanganyika. On the east Unyamwezi is bounded by the wilderness of Mgunda Makali and Ukmibu, on the south by Urori and Ukonongo, on the west by Ukawendi and Uvniza, on the north by several small countries and the Ukereweh Lake. Were one to ascend by a balloon and scan the whole of Unyamwezi he would have a view of one great forest, broken here and there by the little clearings around the villages, especially in and around Unyanyembe.

The forests of Southern Unyamwezi contain a large variety of game and wild beasts. In these, may be found herds of elephants, buffaloes, giraffes zebras, elands, hartbeests, zebras, springboks, pallahs, black bucks and a score of other kinds. In the neighborhood of the Gombe (Southern) may be seen any number of wild boars and hogs, lions and leopards. The Gombe itself is remarkable for the number of hippopotami and crocodiles to be found in it.

I have been in Unyanyembe close on to three months now. By and by I shall tell you why; but first I should like to give you a glimpse of our life here. The *Herald* Expedition has its quarters in a large, strong house, built of mud, with walls three feet thick. It is of one story, with a broad mud veranda in front and a broad flat roof. The great door is situated directly in the centre of the front, and is the only one possible means of ingress and egress. Entering in at this door we find a roomy hallway; on our right is the strong storeroom, where the goods of the *Herald* Expedition and Livingstone's caravan are kept well padlock-

ed up to guard against burglars. Soldiers at night occupy this hallway with loaded guns, and during the day there are always two men on guard, besides Burton's bull-headed Mabrouki, who acts as my porter or policeman. On our left is a room open to the hallway, on the floor of which are spread straw mats and two or three Persian carpets, where the Arab sheikhs squat when they come to visit me. Passing through the hallway we come to the court-yard, a large quadrangle, fenced in and built around with houses. There are about a dozen pomegranate trees planted in the yard, more for their shade than for their fruit. The houses around consist, first, of the granary, where we keep the rice, the matama, the Indian corn, the sweet potatoes, &c. ; next comes the very much besmoked kitchen, a primitive affair, merely a few stones on which the pots are placed. The cook and his youthful subs are protected from the influences of the weather by a shed.. Next to the kitchen in the stable, where the few remaining animals of the expedition are housed at night. These are two donkeys, one milch cow and six milch goats. The cow and the goats furnish me with milk for my gruel, my puddings, my sauces and my tea. (I was obliged to attend to my comfort and make use of the best African offers.) Next to the stable is another large shed, which serves as barracks for the soldiers. Here they stow themselves and their wives, their pots and beds, and find it pretty comfortable. Next to this is the house of the white man, my nautical help, where he can be just as exclusive as he likes, has his own bedroom, veranda, bathroom, &c. ; his tent serves him for a curtain, and, in English phrase, he has often declared it to be "jolly and no mistake." Occupying the half of one side of the house are my quarters, said quarters consisting of two well-plastered and neat rooms. My table is an oxhide stretched over a wooden frame. Two portmanteaus, one on top of the other, serve for a chair. My bedstead is only a duplicate of my table, over which I spread my bearskin and Persian carpet.

When the very greatest and most important of the Arab sheikhs visit me, Selim, my invaluable adjunct, is always told to fetch the bearskin and Persian carpet from the bed. Recesses in the solid wall answer for shelves and cupboards,

where I deposit my cream pots and butter and cheese (which I make myself) and my one bottle of Worcestershire sauce and my tin candlestick. Behind this room, which is the bed, reception, sitting, drawing room, office, pantry, &c., is my bathroom, where are my saddle, my guns and ammunition always ready, my tools and the one hundred little things which an expedition into the country must have. Adjoining my quarters is the jail of the fortlet, called "tembe" here—a small room, eight or six feet, lit up by a small air hole just large enough to put a rifle through—where my incorrigibles are kept for forty hours, without food, in solitary confinement. This solitary confinement answers admirably, about as well as being chained when on the road, and much better than brutal flogging.

In the early morning, generally about half-past five or six o'clock, I began to stir the soldiers up, sometimes with a long bamboo, for you know they are such hard sleepers they require a good deal of poking. Bombay has his orders given him, and Feragji, the cook, who, long ago warned by the noise I make when I rouse up, is told in unmistakable tones to bring "chai" (tea), for I am like an old woman, I love tea very much, and can take a quart and a half without any inconvenience. Kalulu, a boy of seven, all the way from Cazembe's country, is my waiter and chief butler. He understands my ways and mode of life exactly. Some weeks ago he ousted Selim from the post of chief butler by sheer diligence and smartness. Selim, the Arab boy, cannot wait at table. Kalulu—young antelope—is frisky. I have but to express a wish and it is gratified. He is a perfect Mercury, though a marvellously black one. Tea over, Kalulu clears the dishes and retires under the kitchen shed, where if I have a curiosity to know what he is doing, he may be seen with his tongue in the tea cup licking up the sugar that was left in it and looking very much as if he would like to eat the cup for the sake of the divine element it has so often contained.

If I have any calls to make this is generally the hour; if there are none to make I go on the piazza and subside quietly on my bearskin to dream, may be, of that far off land I call my own or to gaze towards Tabora, the kaze of

Burton and Speke, though why they should have called it Kake as yet I have not been able to find out (I have never seen the Arab or Msawabili who had ever heard of Kaze. Said bin Salim, who has been travelling in this country with Burton, Speke and Grant, declares he never heard of it); or to look towards lofty Zimbill and wonder why the Arabs, at such a crisis as the present, do not remove their goods and chattels to the summit of that natural fortress. But dreaming and wondering and thinking and marvelling are too hard for me; this constitution of mine is not able to stand it; so I make some ethnological notes and polish up a little my geographical knowledge of Central Africa.

I have to greet about 499 people of all sorts with the salutation "Yambo." This "Yambo" is a great word. It may mean "How do you do?" "How are you?" "Thy health?" The answer to it is "Yambo!" or "Yambo Sana!" (How are you; quite well?) The Kinyamwezi—the language of the Wanyamwezi—of it is "Moholo," and the answer is "Moholo." The Arabs, when they call, if they do not give the Arabic "Spal-kher," give you the greeting "Yambo;" and I have to say "Yambo." And, in order to show my gratitude to them, I emphasize it with "Yambo Sana! Sana! Sana?" (Are you well? Quite well, quite, well?) And if they repeat the words I am more than doubly grateful, and invite them to a seat on the bearskin. This bearskin of mine is the evidence of my respectability, and if we are short of common-place topics we invariably refer to the bearskin, where there is room for much discussion. If I go to visit the Arabs, as I sometimes do, I find their best Persian carpets, their silk counterpanes and kitandas gorgeously decorated in my honor. One of the principal Arabs here is famous for this kind of honor-doing. No sooner did I show my face than I heard the order given to a slave to produce the Kitanda, that the Muzunga—white man—might lie thereon, and that the populous village of Maroro might behold. The silk counterpane was spread over a cotton-stuffed bed; the enormously fat pillows, covered with a vari-colored stuff, invited the weary head; the rich carpet of Ajim spread alongside of the Kitanda was a great temptation, but I was not to be tempted; I could not afford

to be so effeminate as lie down while four hundred or five hundred looked on to see how I went through the operation.

Having disposed of my usual number of "Yambos" for the morning I begin to feel "peckish," as the sea skipper says, and Feragji, the cook, and youthful Kalulu, the chief butler, are again called and told to bring "chukula"—food. This is the breakfast put down on the table at the hour of ten punctually every morning :—Tea (ugali, a native porridge made out of the flour of dourra, holcus sorghum, or matama, as it is called ; here a dish of rice and curry, Unyanyembe is famous for its rice, fried goat's meat, stewed goat's meat, roast goat's meat, a dish of sweet potatoes, a few "slapjacks" or specimens of the abortive efforts of Feragji to make dampers or pancakes, to be eaten with honey. But neither Feragji's culinary skill nor Kalulu's readiness to wait on me can tempt me to eat. I have long ago eschewed food, and only drink tea, milk and yaourt—Turkish word for "slabber" or clotted milk. Plenty of time to eat goat meat when we shall be on the march ; but just now—no, thank you.

After breakfast the soldiers are called, and together we begin to pack the bales of cloth, string beads and apportion the several loads which the escort must carry to Ujiji some way or another. Carriers come to test the weight of the loads and to inquire about the inducements offered by the "Muzungu." The inducements are in the shape of so many pieces of cloth, four yards long, and I offer double what any Arab ever offered. Some are engaged at once, others say they will call again, but they never do, and it is of no use to expect them when there is war, for they are the cowardilest people under the sun.

Since we are going to make forced marches I must not overload my armed escort, or we shall be in a pretty mess, two or three days after we start ; so I am obliged to reduce all loads by twenty pounds, to examine my kit and personal baggage carefully, and put aside anything that is not actually and pressingly needed. As I examine my fine lot of cooking utensils, and consider the fearfully long distance to Ujiji, I began to see that most of them are superfluous, and I vow that one saucepan and kettle for tea shall suffice. I

must leave half my bed and half my clothes behind; all my personal baggage is not to weigh over sixty-four pounds. Then there are the ammunition boxes to be looked to. Ah, me! When I started from the coast I remember how ardently I pursued the game; how I dived into the tall, wet grass; how I lost myself in the jungles; how I trudged over the open plains in search of vert and venison. And what did it all amount to? Killing a few inoffensive animals the meat of which was not worth the trouble. And shall I waste my strength and energies in chasing game? No, and the man who would do so at such a crisis as the present is a ——. But I have my private opinion of him, and I know whereof I speak. Very well; all the ammnnition is to be left behind except 100 rounds to each man. No one must fire a shot without permission, nor waste his ammunition in any way, under penalty of a heavy fine for every charge of powder wasted. These things require time and thought, for the *Herald* Expedition has a long and fair journey to make. It intends to take a new road—a road with which few Arabs are acquainted—despite all that Skeikh, the son of Nasib, can say against the project.

It is now the dinner hour, seven P. M. Ferrajji has spread himself out, as they say. He has all sorts of little fixings ready, such as indigestible dampers, the everlasting nagali, or porridge, the sweet potatoes, chicken and roast quarter of a goat; and lastly, a custard, or something just as good, made out of plantains.

At eight P. M. the table is cleared, the candles are lit, pipes are brought out, and Shaw, my white man, is invited to talk. But poor Shaw is sick and has not a grain of spirit or energy left in him. All I can do or say does not cheer him up in the least. He hangs down his head, and with many a sigh declares his inability to proceed with me to Ujiji.

"Not if you have a donkey to ride?" I ask.

"Perhaps in that way I may be able," says Shaw in a most melancholy tone.

"Well, my dear Shaw," I begin, "you shall have a donkey to ride and you shall have all the attendance you require. I believe you are sick, but what is this sickness of yours I

cannot make out. It is not fever, for I could have cured you by this, as I have cured myself and as I have cured Salem; besides, this fever is a contemptible disease, though dangerous sometimes. I think if you were to exert your will—and say you will go, say you will live—there would be less chance of your being unable to reach the coast again. To be left behind, ignorant of how much medicine to take or when to take it, is to die. Remember my words—if you stop behind in Unyanyembe I fear for you. Why, how can you pass the many months that must elapse before I can return to Unyanyembe? No man knows where Livingstone is. He may be at Ujiji, he may be in Manyema, he may be going down the Congo River for the West Coast, and if I go down the Congo River after him I cannot return to Unyanyembe, and in that event where would you be?"

"It is very true, Mr. Stanley. I shall go with you, but I feel very bad here (and he put his hand over his liver); but, as you say, it is a great deal better to go on than stop behind."

But the truth is that like many others starting from the coast with superabundant health, Shaw, soon after realizing what travel in Africa was, lost courage and heart. The ever-present danger from the natives and the monotony of the country, the fatigue one endures from the constant marches which every day take you further into the uninteresting country, all these combined had their effect on him, and when he arrived in Unyanyembe he was laid up. Then his intercourse with the females of Unyanyembe put the last finishing touch to his enfeebled frame, and I fear if the medicines I have sent for do not arrive in time that he will die. It is a sad fate. Yet I feel sure that if another expedition fitted out with all the care that the *Herald* Expedition was, regardless of expense, if the members composing it are actuated by no higher motives than to get shooting or to indulge their lust, it would meet with the same fate which has overtaken my white man Farquhar, and which seems likely will overtake Shaw. If on the day I depart from here this man is unwilling or unable to accompany me I shall leave him here under charge of two of my soldiers, with everything that can tend to promote his comfort.

It was on the 23rd day of June that the expedition arrived here, and after resting ten days or thereabouts I intended to have continued the journey to Ujiji. But a higher power ordained that we should not leave without serious trouble first. On the 6th of July we heard in Unyanyembe that Mirambo, a chief of Unyamwezi, had, after taking very heavy tribute from a caravan bound to Ujiji, turned it back, declaring that no Arab caravan should pass through his country while he was alive. The cause of it was this :— Mirambo, chief of Uyoweh, and Wilyankurn had a long grudge against Mkasiwa, King of Unyanyembe, with whom the Arabs lived on extremely friendly terms. Mirambo proposed to the Arabs that they should side with him against Mkasiwa. The Arabs replied that they could not possibly do so, as Mkasiwa was their friend, with whom they lived on peaceable terms. Mirambo then sent to them to say :— "For many years I have fought against the Washeuse (the natives), but this year is a great year with me. I intend to fight all the Arabs, as well as Mkasiwa, King of Unyanyembe."

On the 15th July war was declared between Mirambo and the Arabs. Such being the case, my position was as follows :—Mirambo occupies the country which lies between the object of my search and Unyanyembe. I cannot possible reach Livingstone unless this man is out of the way—or peace is declared—nor can Livingstone reach Unyanyembe unless Mirambo is killed. The Arabs have plenty of guns if they will only fight, and as their success will help me forward on my journey, I will go and help them.

On the 20th July a force of 2,000 men, the slaves and soldiers of the Arabs, marched from Unyanyembe to fight Mirambo. The soldiers of the *Herald* Expedition to the number of forty, under my leadership, accompanied them. Of the Arabs' mode of fighting I was totally ignorant, but I intended to be governed by circumstances. We made a most imposing show, as you may imagine. Every slave and soldier was decorated with a crown of feathers, and had a lengthy crimson cloak flowing from his shoulders and trailing on the ground. Each was armed with either a flint-lock or percussion gun—the Balocches with match-

locks, profusely decorated with silver bands. Our progress was noisy in the extreme—as if noise would avail much in the expected battle. While traversing the Unyanyembe plains the column was very irregular, owing to the extravagant show of wild fight which they indulged in as we advanced. On the second day we arrived at Mfuto, where we all feasted on meat freely slaughtered for the braves. Here I was attacked with a severe fever, but as the army was for advancing I had myself carried in my hammock, almost delirious. On the fourth day we arrived at the village of Zimbizo, which was taken without much trouble. We had arrived in the enemy's country. I was still suffering from fever, and while conscious had given strict orders that unless all the Arabs went together that none of my men should go to fight with any small detachment.

On the morning of the fifth day a small detachment went out to reconnoitre, and while out captured a spy, who was thrown on the ground and had his head cut off immediately. Growing valiant over this little feat a body of Arabs under Soud, son of Said bin Majid, volunteered to go and capture Wilyankuru, where Mirambo was just then with several of his principal chiefs. They were 500 in number and very ardent for the fight. I had suggested to the Governor, Said bin Salim, that Soud bin Said, the leader of the 500 volunteers, should deploy his men and fire the long dry grass before they went, that they might rout all the forest thieves out and have a clean field for action. But an Arab will never take advice, and they marched out of Zimbizo without having taken this precaution. They arrived before Wilyankuru, and, after firing a few volleys into the village, rushed in at the gate and entered the village.

While they entered by one gate Mirambo took 400 of his men out by another gate and instructed them to lie down close to the road that led from Wilyankuru to Zimbizo, and when the Arabs would return to get up at a given signal, and each to stab his man. The Arabs found a good deal of ivory and captured a large number of slaves, and, having loaded themselves with everything they thought valuable, prepared to return by the same road they had gone. When they had arrived opposite to where the ambush party was

lying on each side the road Mirambo gave the signal, and the forest thieves rose as one man. Each taking hold of his man, speared him and cut off his head.

Not an Arab escaped, but some of their slaves managed to escape and bring the news to us at Zimbizo. There was great consternation at Zimbizo when the news was brought, and some of the principal Arabs were loud for a retreat, but Khamis bin Abdullah and myself did our utmost to prevent a disgraceful retreat. Next morning, however, when again incapacitated by fever from moving about, the Governor came and told me the Arabs were going to leave for Unyanyembe. I advised him not to think of such a thing, as Mirambo would then follow them to Unyanyembe and fight them at their own doors. As he retired I could hear a great noise outside. The Arabs and Wanyamwezi auxiliaries were already running away, and the Governor, without saying another word, mounted his donkey and put himself at their head and was the first to reach the strong village of Mfuto, having accomplished a nine hours' march in four hours, which shows how fast a man can travel when in a hurry.

One of my men came to tell me there was not one soldier left; they had all run away. With difficulty I got up and I then saw the dangerous position I had placed myself in through my faith in Arab chivalry and bravery. I was deserted except by one Khamis bin Abdullah, and he was going. I saw one of my soldiers leaving without taking my tent. The white man, Shaw, as well as Bombay, had lost their heads. Shaw had saddled his donkey with my saddle and was about leaving his chief to the tender mercies of Mirambo, when Selim, the Arab boy, sprung on him, and, pushing him aside, took the saddle off, and told Bombay to saddle my donkey. Bombay I believe would have stood by me, as well as three or four others, but he was incapable of collecting his senses. He was seen viewing the flight of the Arabs with an angelic smile and with an insouciance of manner which can only be accounted for by the charitable supposition that his senses had entirely gone. With bitter feelings toward the Arabs for having deserted me I gave the order to march, and in company with Selim, the brave Arab boy;

Shaw, who was now penitent; Bombay, who had now regained his wits; Inabraki Speke Chanda, Sarmeen and Uredi Manu-a-Sera arrived at Mfuto at midnight. Four of my men had been slain by Mirambo's men.

The next day was but a continuation of the retreat to Unyanyembe with the Arabs; but I ordered a halt, and on the third day went on leisurely. The Arabs had become demoralized; in their hurry they had left their tents and ammunition for Mirambo.

Ten days after this, and what I had forewarned the Arabs of, came to pass, Mirambo, with 1,000 guns, and 1,500 Watuda's, his allies, invaded Unyanyembe, and pitched their camp insolently within view of the Arab capital of Tabora. Tabora is a large collection of Arab settlements, or tembes, as they are called here. Each Arab house is isolated by the fence which surrounds it. Not one is more than two hundred yards off from the other, and each has its own name, known, however, to but a few outsiders. Thus the house of Amram bin Mousoud is called by him the "Two Seas," yet to outsiders it is only known as the "tembe of Amrem bin Mousoud," in Tabora, and the name of Kaze, by which Burton and Speke have designated Tabora, may have sprung from the name of the enclosed grounds and settlement wherein they were quartered. South by west from Tabora, at the distance of a mile and a half, and in view of Tabora is Kwihara, where the *Herald* expedition has its quarters. Kwihara is a Kinyamwezi word, meaning the middle of the cultivation. There is quite a large settlement of Arabs here—second only to Tabora.

But it was Tabora and not Kwihara that Mirambo, his forest thieves and the Watula came to attack. Khamis bin Abdallah, the bravest Trojan of them all—of all the Arabs—went out to meet Mirambo with eighty armed slaves and five Arabs, one of whom was his little son, Khamis. As Khamis bin Abdallah's party came in sight of Mirambo's people Khamis' slaves deserted him and Mirambo then gave the order to surround the Arabs and press on them. This little group in this manner became the targets for about one thousand guns, and of course in a second or so were all dead—not, however, without having exhibited remarkable traits of character.

They had barely died before the medicine men came up, and with their scalpels had skinned their faces and their abdominal portions, and had extracted what they call "mafuta," or fat, and their genital organs. With this matter which they had extracted from the dead bodies the native doctors or wagagga made a powerful medicine, by boiling it in large earthen pots for many hours, with many incantations and shakings of the wonderful gourd that was only filled with pebbles. This medicine was drunk that evening with great ceremony, with dances, drum beating and general fervor of heart.

Khamis bin Abdallah dead, Mirambo gave his orders to plunder, kill, burn and destroy, and they went at it with a will. When I saw the fugitives from Tabora coming by the hundred to our quiet valley of Kwihara, I began to think the matter serious and began my operations for defence.

First of all, however, a lofty bamboo pole was procured and planted on the top of the roof of our fortlet, and the American flag was run up, where it waved joyously and grandly, an omen to all fugitives and their hunters.

Then began the work of ditch making and rifle pits all around the court of enclosure. The strong clay walls were pierced in two rows for the muskets. The great door was kept open, with material close at hand to barricade it when the enemy came in sight, watchmen were posted on top of the house, every pot in the house was filled with water, provisions were collected, enough to stand a seige of a month's duration, the ammunition boxes were unscrewed, and when I saw the 3,000 bright metallic catridges for the American carbines I laughed within myself at the idea that, after all, Mirambo might be settled with American lead, and all this furor of war be ended without much trouble. Before six p. m. I had 125 muskets and stout fellows who had enlisted from the fugitives, and the house, which only looked like a fortlet at first, became a fortlet in reality—impregnable and untakable.

All night we stood guard; the suburbs of Tabora were in flames; all the Wanyamwezi and Wanguana houses were destroyed, and the fine house of Abid bin Sulemian

had been ransacked and then committed to the flames, and Mirambo boasted that "to-morrow" Kwihara should share the fate of Tabora, and there was a rumor that that night the Arabs were going to start for the coast.

But the morning came, and Mirambo departed, with the ivory and cattle he had captured, and the people of Kwihara and Tabora breathed freer.

And now I am going to say farewell to Unyanyembe for a while. I shall never help an Arab again. He is no fighting man, or, I should say, does not know how to fight, but knows, personally, how to die. They will not conquer Mirambo within a year, and I cannot stop to see that play out. There is a good old man waiting for me somewhere, and that impels me on. There is a journal afar off which expects me to do my duty, and I must do it. Goodby; I am off the day after to-morrow for Ujiji; then, perhaps, the Congo River.

THE ROAD TO UJIJI.

Starting from Kwihara—A plunge into the Wilderness—Stampede of the Herald Expedition—Recovering the Runaways—Chastisements of Incorrigibles—The Strong Fortress of Agunda—Quelling the Guides' Revolt among the men—Bombay Thrashed—Scenic Beauties of Southern Ukawendi—Mount Magdala—Crossing a river over a natural bridge of water plants—Crossing the Malagarazi—The Donkey's fate—A night flight from the Wahha—First glimpse of Lake Tanganyika—A triumphal procession into Bunder Ujiji—The meeting with Dr. David Livingstone.

BUNDER, UJIJI, ON LAKE TANGANYIKA,
CENTRAL AFRICA, November 23, 1871.

Only two months gone, and what a change in my feelings! But two months ago, what a peevish, fretful soul was mine! What a hopeless prospect presented itself before your correspondent! Arabs vowing that I would never behold the Tanganyika; Sheikh, the son of Nasib, declaring me a madman to his fellows because I would not heed his words. My men deserting, my servants whining day by day, and my white man endeavoring to impress me with the belief that we were all doomed men! And the only answer to it all is, Livingstone, the hero traveller, is alongside of me, writing as hard as he can to his friends in England, India and America, and I am quite safe and sound in health and limb. Wonderful, is it not, that such a thing should be, when the seers had foretold that it would be otherwise—that all my schemes, that all my determination would avail me nothing? But probably you are in as much of a hurry to know how it all took place as I am to relate. So, to the recital.

September 23 I left Unyanyembe, driving before me fifty well-armed black men, loaded with the goods of the expedition, and dragging after me one white man. Several Arabs stood by my late residence to see the last of me and mine, as they felt assured there was not the least hope of their ever seeing me again. Shaw, the white man, was pale as death, and would willingly have received the order to stop behind in Unyanyembe, only he had not quite the courage to ask permission, from the fact that only the night before he had expressed a hope that I would not leave him behind, and I had promised to give him a good riding donkey and to walk after him until he recovered perfect health. However, as I gave the order to march, some of the men, in a hurry to obey the order, managed to push by him suddenly, and down he went like a dead man. The Arabs, thinking, doubtless, that I would not go now because my white subordinate seemed so ill, hurried in a body to the fallen man, loudly crying at what they were pleased to term my cruelty and obstinacy; but, pushing them back, I mounted Shaw on his donkey, and told them that I must see the Tanganyika first, as I had sworn to go on. Putting two soldiers, one on each side of him, I ordered Shaw to move on and not to play the fool before the Arabs, lest they should triumph over us. Three or four black laggards loth to go (Bombay was one of them) received my dog whip across their shoulders as a gentle intimation that I was not to be baulked after having fed them so long and paid them so much. And it was thus we left Unyanyembe. Not in the best humor, was it? However, where there is will there is a way.

Once away from the hateful valley of Kwthara, once out of sight of the obnoxious fields my enthusiasm for my work rose as newborn as when I left the coast. But my enthusiasm was shortlived for before reaching camp I was almost delirious with fever. Long before I reached the camp I saw from a ridge overlooking a fair valley, dotted with villages and green with groves of plantains and fields of young rice, my tent and from its tall pole the American flag waving gaily before the strong breeze which blew from the eastward. When I had arrived at the camp, burning with

fever, my pulse bounding many degrees too fast and my temper made more acrimonious by my sufferings, I found the camp almost deserted.

The men as soon as they had arrived at Mkwenke, the village agreed upon, had hurried back to Kwihara. Livingstone's letter carrier had not made his appearance—it was an abandoned camp. I instantly despatched six of the best of those who had refused to return to ask Sheikh, the son of Nasib, to lend or sell me the longest slave chain he had, then to hunt up the runaways and bring them back to camp bound, and promised them that for every head captured they should have a bran new cloth. I also did not forget to tell my trusty men to tell Livingstone's messenger that if he did not come to camp before night I would return to Unyanyembe—catch him and put him in chains and never release him until his master saw him. My men went off in high glee, and I went off to bed passing long hours groaning and tossing about for the deadly sickness that had overtaken me.

Next morning fourteen out of twenty of those who had deserted back to their wives and huts (as is generally the custom) had reappeared, and, as the fever had left me, I only lectured them, and they gave me their promise not to desert me again under any circumstances. Livingstone's messenger had passed the night in bonds, because he had resolutely refused to come. I unloosed him and gave him a paternal lecture, painting in glowing colors the benefits he wouldreceive if he came along quietly, and the horrible punishment of being chained up until I reached Ujiji if he was resolved not to come. "Kaif Halleck" (Arabic for "How do you do?") melted, and readily gave me his promise to come and obey me as he would his own master—Livingstone—until we should see him, "which inshallah we shall! Please God, please God, we shall," I replied, "and you will be no loser."

During the day my soldiers had captured the others, and as they all promised obedience and fidelity in future they escaped punishment. But I was well aware that so long as I remained in such close proximity the temptation to revisit the fat pasture grounds of Unyanyembe, where they had

luxuriated so long, would be too strong, and to enable them to resist I ordered a march towards evening, and two hours after dark we arrived at the village of Kasegera.

It is possible for any of your readers so disposed to construct a map of the road on which the HERALD expedition was now journeying, if they draw a line 150 miles long south by west from Unyanyembe, then 150 miles west north-west, then ninety miles north, half east, then seventy miles west by north, and that will take them to Ujiji.

Before taking up the narrative of the march I must tell you that during the night after reaching Kasegera, two deserted, and on calling the men to fall in for the road I detected two more trying to steal away behind some of the huts of the village wherein we were encamped. An order quietly given to Chowpereh and Bombay soon brought them back, and without hesitation I had them tied up and flogged, and then adorned their stubborn necks with the chain kindly lent by Sheikh bin Nasib. I had good cause to chuckle complacently for the bright idea that suggested the chain as a means to check the tendency of the bounty jumpers to desert; for these men were as much bounty jumpers as our refractory roughs during the war, who pocketed their thousands and then coolly deserted. These men imitating their white prototypes, had received double pay of cloth and double rations, and, imagining they could do with me as they could with the other good white men, whom tradition kept faithfully in memory, who had preceded your correspondent in this country, waited for opportunities to decamp; but I was determined to try a new method, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before my eyes, and I am happy to say to-day, for the benefit of all future travellers, that it is the best method yet adopted, and that I will never travel in Africa again without a good long chain. Chowpereh and Bombay returned to Unyanyembe and the "HERALD Expedition" kept on its way south, for I desired to put as many miles as possible between that district and ourselves for I perceived that few were inclined for the road, my white man, I am sorry to say, least of all. The village of Kigandu was reached after four hours' march from Kasegera.

As we entered the camp Shaw, the Englishman fell from his donkey, and, despite all endeavors to raise him up, refused to stand. When his tent was pitched I had him carried in from the sun, and after tea was made I persuaded him to swallow a cup, which seemed to revive him. He then said to me "Mr. Stanley, I don't believe I can go further with you. I feel very much worse, and I beg of you to let me go back." This was just what I expected. I knew perfectly well what was coming while he was drinking his tea, and, with the illustrious example of Livingstone travelling by himself before me, I was asking myself, Would it not be just as well for me to try to do the same thing, instead of dragging an unwilling man with me who would, if I refused to send him back, be only a hindrance? So I told him, "Well, my dear Shaw, I have come to the conclusion that it is best you should return, and I will hire some carriers to take you back in a cot which I will have made immediately to carry you in. In the meanwhile, for your own sake, I would advise you to keep yourself as busy as possible, and follow the instructions as to diet and medicine which I will write out for you. You shall have the key to the storeroom, and you can help yourself to anything you may fancy." These were the words with which I parted from him—as next morning I only bade him good-bye, besides enjoining on him to be of good hope, as if I was successful, not more than five months would elapse before I would return to Unyanyembe. Chowpereh and Bombay returned before I started from Kigandu, with the runaways, and after administering to them a sound flogging I chained them, and the expedition was once more on its way.

We were about entering the immense forest that separates Unyanyembe from the district of Ugunda. In lengthy undulating waves the land stretches before us—the new land which no European knew, the unknown, mystic land. The view which the eyes hurry to embrace as we ascend some ridge higher than another is one of the most disheartening that can be conceived. Away, one beyond another, wave the lengthy rectilinear ridges, clad in the same garb of color. Woods, woods, woods, forests, leafy branches, green

and sere, yellow and dark, red and purple, then an indefinable ocean, bluer than the bluest sky. The horizon all around shows the same scene—a sky dropping into the depths of the endless forest, with but two or three tall giants of the forest higher than their neighbors, which are conspicuous in their outlines, to break the monotony of the scene. On no one point do our eyes rest with pleasure; they have viewed the same outlines, the same forest and the same horizon day after day, week after week; and again, like Noah's dove from wandering over a world without a halting-place, return wearied with the search.

Mukungura, or fever, is very plentiful in these forests, owing to their density preventing free circulation of air, as well as want of drainage. As we proceed on our journey, in the dry season as it is with us now, we see nothing very offensive to the sight. If the trees are dense, impeding fresh air, we are shaded from the sun, and may often walk long stretches with the hat off. Numbers of trees lie about in the last stages of decay, and working with might and main are numberless ants of various species to clear the encumbered ground, and thus they do such a country as this great service. Impalpably, however, the poison of the dead and corrupting vegetation is inhaled into the system with often as fatal result as that which is said to arise from the vicinity of the upas tree. The first evil results experienced from the presence of malaria are confined bowels, an oppressive langour, excessive drowsiness, and a constant disposition to yawn. The tongue has a sickly yellow hue, or is colored almost to blackness; even the teeth assume a yellow color and become coated with an offensive matter. The eyes sparkle with a lustre which is an unmistakeable symptom of the fever in its incipient state, which presently will rage through the system and lay the sufferer prostrate, quivering with agony. This fever is sometimes preceded by a violent shaking fit, during which period blankets may be heaped upon the sufferer with but little amelioration of his state. It is then succeeded by an unusually severe headache, with excessive pains about the loins and spinal column, spreading gradually over the shoulder blades, and which, running up the nape of the neck, finally find a lodgment in

the posterior and front parts of the head. This kind is generally of the intermittent type, and is not considered dangerous. The remittent form—the most dangerous—is not preceded by a shaking fit, but the patient is at once seized with excessive heat, throbbing temples, loin and spinal aches ; a raging thirst takes possession of him, and the brain becomes crowded with strange fancies, which sometimes assume most hideous shapes. Before the darkened vision float, in a seething atmosphere, figures of created and uncreated, possible and impossible figures, which are metamorphosed every instant into stranger shapes and designs, growing every instant more confused, more complicated, hideous and terrible until the sufferer, unable to bear longer the distracting scene, with an effort opens his eyes and dissolves it, only to glide again unconsciously into another dreamland, where a similar unreal inferno is dioramically revealed.

It takes seven hours to traverse the forest between Kigandu and Ugunda, when we come to the capital of the new district, wherein one may laugh at Mirambo and his forest thieves. At least the Sultan, or Lord of Ugunda, feels in a laughing mood while in his strong stockade, should one but hint to him that Mirambo might come to settle up the long debt that chieftain owes him, for defeating him the last time—a year ago—he attempted to storm his place. And well may the Sultan laugh at him, and all others which the hospitable chief may permit to reside within, for it is the strongest place—except Simba-Moeni and Kwikuru, in Unyanyembe—I have as yet seen in Africa. The defences of the capital consist of a strong stockade surrounding it, or tall thick poles planted deep in the earth, and so close to each other in some places that a spear head could not be driven between. At intervals also rise wooden towers above the palisade, where the best marksmen, known for their skill with the musket, are posted to pick out the foremost or most prominent of the assailants. Against such forces as the African chiefs could bring against such palisaded villages, Ugunda may be considered impregnable, though a few white men with a two-pounder might soon effect an entrance. Having arrived safely at Ugunda we

may now proceed on our journey fearless of Mirambo, though he has attacked places four days south of this; but as he has already at a former time felt the power of the Wanyamwezi of Ugunda he will not venture again in a hurry. On the sixth day of our departure from Unyanyembe we continued our journey south.

Three long marches, under a hot sun, through jungly plains, heat-cracked expanses of prairie land, through young forests, haunted by the tsetse and sword flies, considered fatal to cattle, brought us to the gates of a village named Manyara, whose chief was determined not to let us in nor sell us a grain of corn, because he had never seen a white man before, and he must know all about this wonderful specimen of humanity before he would allow us to pass through his country. My men were immediately dismayed at this, and the guide, whom I had already marked as a coward, and one I mistrusted, quaked as if he had the ague. The chief, however, expressed his belief that we should find a suitable camping place near some pools of water distant half a mile to the right of his village.

Having arrived at the khambi, or camp, I despatched Bombay with a propitiating gift of cloth to the chief—a gift at once so handsome and so munificent, consisting of no less than two royal cloths and three common dotis, that the chief surrendered at once, declaring that the white man was a superior being to any he had ever seen. "Surely," said he, "he must a be friend; otherwise how came he to send me such fine cloths? Tell the white man that I shall come and see him." Permission was at once given to his people to sell us as much corn as we needed. We had barely finished distributing five days' rations to each man when the chief was announced.

Gunbearers, twenty in number, preceded him, and thirty spearmen followed him, and behind these came eight or ten men loaded with gifts of honey, native beer, hoicus sorghum, beans and maize. I at once advanced and invited the chief to my tent, which had undergone some alterations, that I might honor him as much as lay in my power. Mamanyara was a tall, stalwart man, with a very pleasing face. He carried in his hand a couple of spears, and, with the ex-

ception of a well-worn barsati around his loins, he was naked. Three of his principal men and himself were invited to seat themselves on my Persian carpet. They began to admire it excessively, and asked if it came from my country? Where was my country? Was it large? How many days to it? Was I a king? Had I many soldiers? were questions quickly asked, and as quickly answered, and the ice being broken, the chief being equally candid as I was myself, he grasped my fore and middle fingers and vowed we were friends. The revolvers and Winchester's repeating rifles were things so wonderful that to attempt to give you any idea of how awe-struck he and his men were would task my powers.

The chief roared with laughter; he tickled his men in the ribs with his forefinger, he clasped their fore and middle fingers, vowed that the Muzungu was a wonder, a marvel, and no mistake. Did they ever see anything like it? "No," his men solemnly said. Did they ever hear anything like it before? "No," as solemnly as before. "Is he not a wonder? Quite a wonder—positively a wonder!"

My medicine chest was opened next, and I uncorked a small phial of medicinal brandy and gave each a teaspoonful. The men all gazed at their chief and he gazed at them; they were questioning each other with their eyes. What was it? Pombe was my reply. Pombe kisungu. (The white man's pombe.) "Surely this is also wonderful, as all things belonging to him are," said the chief. "Wonderful," they echoed; and then all burst into another series of cachinations, ear-splitting almost. Smelling at the ammonia bottle was a thing all must have; but some were fearful, owing to the effects produced on each man's eyes and the facial contortions which followed the olfactory effort. The chief smelt three or four times, after which he declared his headache vanished and that I must be a great and good white man. Suffice it that I made myself so popular with Ma-manyara and his people that they will not forget me in a hurry.

Leaving kind and hospitable Ma-manyara, after a four hours' march we came to the banks of the Gombe Nullah, not the one which Burton, Speke and Grant have described,

for the Gombe which I mean is about one hundred and twenty-five miles south of the Northern Gombe. The glorious park land spreading out north and south of the Southern Gombe is a hunter's paradise. It is full of game of all kinds—herds of buffalo, giraffe, zebra, pallah, water buck, springbok, gemsbok, blackbuck and kudu, besides several eland, warthog, or wild boar, and hundreds of the smaller antelope. We saw all these in one day, and at night heard the lions roar and the low of the hippopotamus. I halted here three days to shoot, and there is no occasion to boast of what I shot, considering the myriads of game I saw at every step I took. Not half the animals shot here by myself and men were made use of. Two buffaloes and one kulu were brought to camp the first day, besides a wild boar, which my mess finished up in one night. My boy gun-bearers sat up the whole night eating boar meat, and until I went to sleep I could hear the buffalo meat fizzing over the fires as the Islamized soldiers prepared it for the road.

From Manyara to Marefu, in Ukonongo, are five days' marches. It is an uninhabited forest now and is about eighty miles in length. Clumps of forest and dense islets of jungle dot plains which separate the forests proper. It is monotonous owing to the sameness of the scenes. And throughout this length of eighty miles there is nothing to catch a man's eye in search of the picturesque or novel save the Gombe's pools, with their amphibious inhabitants, and the variety of noble game which inhabit the forests and plains. A travelling band of Wakonongo, bound to Ukonongo from Manyara, prayed to have our escort, which was readily granted. They were famous foresters, who knew the various fruits fit to eat; who knew the cry of the honey bird, and could follow it to the treasure of honey which it wished to show its human friends. It is a pretty bird, not much larger than a wren, and, "tweet-bird," it immediately cries when it sees a human being. It becomes very busy all at once, hops and skips, and flies from branch to branch with marvellous celerity. The traveller lifts up his eyes, beholds the tiny little bird, hopping about, and hears its sweet call—"tweet-tweet tweet." If he is a Makonongo

he follows it. Away flies the bird, on to another tree, springs to another branch nearer to the lagging man as if to say, "Shall I, must I come and fetch you?" but assured by his advance, away again to another tree, coquets about, and tweets his call rapidly; sometimes more earnest and loud, as if chiding him for being so slow; then off again, until at last the treasure is found and secured. And as he is a very busy little bird, while the man secures his treasure of honey, he plumes himself, ready for another flight and to discover another treasure. Every evening the Makonongo brought us stores of beautiful red and white honey, which is only to be secured in the dry season. Over pancakes and fritters the honey is very excellent; but it is apt to disturb the stomach, I seldom rejoiced in its sweetness without suffering some indisposition afterwards.

As we were leaving the banks of the Gombe at one time, near a desolate looking place, fit scene for a tragedy, occurred an incident which I shall not readily forget. I had given three days' rest to the soldiers, and their clothloads were furnished with bountiful supplies of meat, which told how well they had enjoyed themselves during the halt; but the guide, a stubborn fellow, one inclined to be impertinent whenever he had the chance, wished for another day's hunting. He selected Bombay as his mouthpiece, and I scolded Bombay for being the bearer of such an unreasonable demand, when he knew very well I could not allow it after halting already three days. Bombay became sulky, said it was not his fault, and that he could do nothing more than come and tell me, which I denied in toto, and said to him that he could have done much, very much more, and better, by telling the guide that another day's halt was impossible; that we had not come to hunt, but to march and find the white man, Livingstone; that if he had spoken to the guide against it, as it was his duty, he being captain, instead of accepting the task of conveying unpleasant news to me, it would have been much better. I ordered the horn to sound, and the expedition had gone but three miles when I found they had come to a dead stand. As I was walking up to see what was the matter I saw the guide and his brother sitting on an ant hill, apart from the other peo-

ple, fingering their guns in what appeared to me a most suspicious manner. Calling Salim, I took the double-barrelled smooth-bore and slipped in two charges of buck-shot, and then walked on to my people, keeping an eye, however, upon the guide and his brother. I asked Bombay to give me an explanation of the stoppage. He would not answer, though he mumbled something sullenly, which was unintelligible to me. I looked to the other people, and perceived that they acted in an irresolute manner, as if they feared to take my part or were of the same mind as the party on the ant-hill. I was but thirty paces from the guide, and throwing the barrel of the gun into the hollow of my left hand, I presented it, cocked, at the guide and called out to him if he did not come to me at once I would shoot him, giving him and his companion to understand that I had twenty-four small bullets in the gun and that I could blow them to pieces.

In a very reluctant manner they advanced towards me. When they were sufficiently near I ordered them to halt; but the guide, as he did so, brought his gun to the present, with his finger on the trigger, and, with a treacherous and cunning smile, which I perfectly understood, he asked what I wanted of him. His companion, while he was speaking, was sidling to my rear and was imprudently engaged in filling the pan of his musket with powder; but a threat to finish him if he did not go back to his companion and there stand until I gave him permission to move, compelled this villanous Thersite to execute the "right about" with a promptitude which earned commendation from me. Then, facing my Ajax of a guide with my gun, I next requested him to lower his gun if he did not wish to receive the contents of mine in his head; and I do not know but what the terrible catastrophe, warranted by stern necessity. had occurred then and there if Mabouki ("bull-headed" Mabouki, but my faithful porter and faithful soldier) had not dashed the man's gun aside, asking him how he dared level his gun at his master, and then throwing himself at my feet, praying me to forgive him. Mabouki's action and subsequent conduct somewhat disconcerted myself as well as the murderous-looking guide, but I felt thankful that I had been spared

shedding blood, though there was great provocation. Few cases of homicide could have been more justified than this, and I felt certain that this man had been seducing my soldiers from their duties to me, and was the cause principally of Bombay remaining in the back-ground during this interesting episode of a march through the wilderness, instead of acting the part which Mabouki so readily undertook to do. When Mabouki's prayer for forgiveness was seconded by that of the principal culprit, that I would overlook what was his act, enabled me to act as became a prudent commander, though I felt some remorse that I had not availed myself of the opportunity to punish the guide and his companion as they eminently deserved. But perhaps had I proceeded to extremities, my people—fickle enough at all times—would have taken the act as justifying them for deserting in a body, and the search after Livingstone had ended there and then, which would have been as unwelcome to the HERALD as unhappy to myself.

However, as Bombay could not bend himself to ask forgiveness, I came to the conclusion that it were best he should be made feel the penalty for stirring dissensions in the expedition, and be brought to look with a more amiable face upon the scheme of proceeding to Ujiji through Ukonongo and Ukawendi, and I at once proceeded about it with such vigor that Bombay's back will for as long a time bear traces of the punishment which I administered to him, as his front teeth do of that which Speke rightfully bestowed on him some eleven years ago. And here I may as well interpolate, by way of parenthesis, that I am not at all obliged to Captain Burton for a recommendation of a man who so ill deserved it as Bombay.

Arriving at Marefu, we overtook an embassy from the Arabs at Unyanyembe to the chief of the ferocious Watuta, who lives a month's march southwest of this frontier village of Ukonongo. Old Hassan, the Mesguhha, was the person who held the honorable post of chief of the embassy, who had volunteered to conduct the negotiations which were to secure the Watuta's services against Mirambo, the dreaded chief of Uyoweh. Assured by the Arabs that there was no danger, and having received the sum of $40

for his services, he had gone on sanguine of success, and had arrived at Marefu, where we overtook him. But old Hassan was not the man for the position, as I perceived when, after visiting me in my tent, he began to unfold the woes which had already befallen him, which were as nothing, however, to those sure to happen to him if he went on much further. There were only two roads by which he might hope to reach the Watuta, and these ran through countries where the people of Mbogo or Ukonongo were at war with Niongo, the brother of Manua Sera (the chief who disturbed Unyanyembe during Speke's residence there), and the Wasavira, contended against Simba, son of King Mkasiva. He was eloquent in endeavoring to dissuade me from the attempt to pass through the country of the Wasavira, and advised me as an old man who knew well whereof he was speaking not to proceed farther, but wait at Marefu until better times; and, sure enough, on my return from Ujiji with Livingstone, I heard that old Hassan was still encamped at Marefu, waiting patiently for the better times he hoped to see.

We left old Hassan—after earnestly commending him to the care of "Allah"—the next day, for the prosecution of the work of the expedition, feeling much happier than we had felt for many a day. Desertions had now ceased, and there remained in chains but one incorrigible, whom I had apprehended twice after twice deserting. Bombay and his sympathizers were now beginning to perceive that after all there was not much danger—at least not as much as the Arabs desired us to believe—and he was heard expressing his belief in his broken English that I would "catch the Tanganyika after all," and the standing joke was now that we could smell the fish of the Tanganyika Lake, and that we could not be far from it. New scenes also met the eye. Here and there were upheaved above the tree tops sugar-loaf hills, and, darkly blue west of us loomed up a noble ridge of hills which formed the boundry between Kimirambo's territory and that of Utende. Elephant tracks became numerous, and buffalo met the delighted eyes everywhere. Crossing the mountainous ridge of Mwaru, with its lengthy slope slowly descending westward, the vegetation becomes

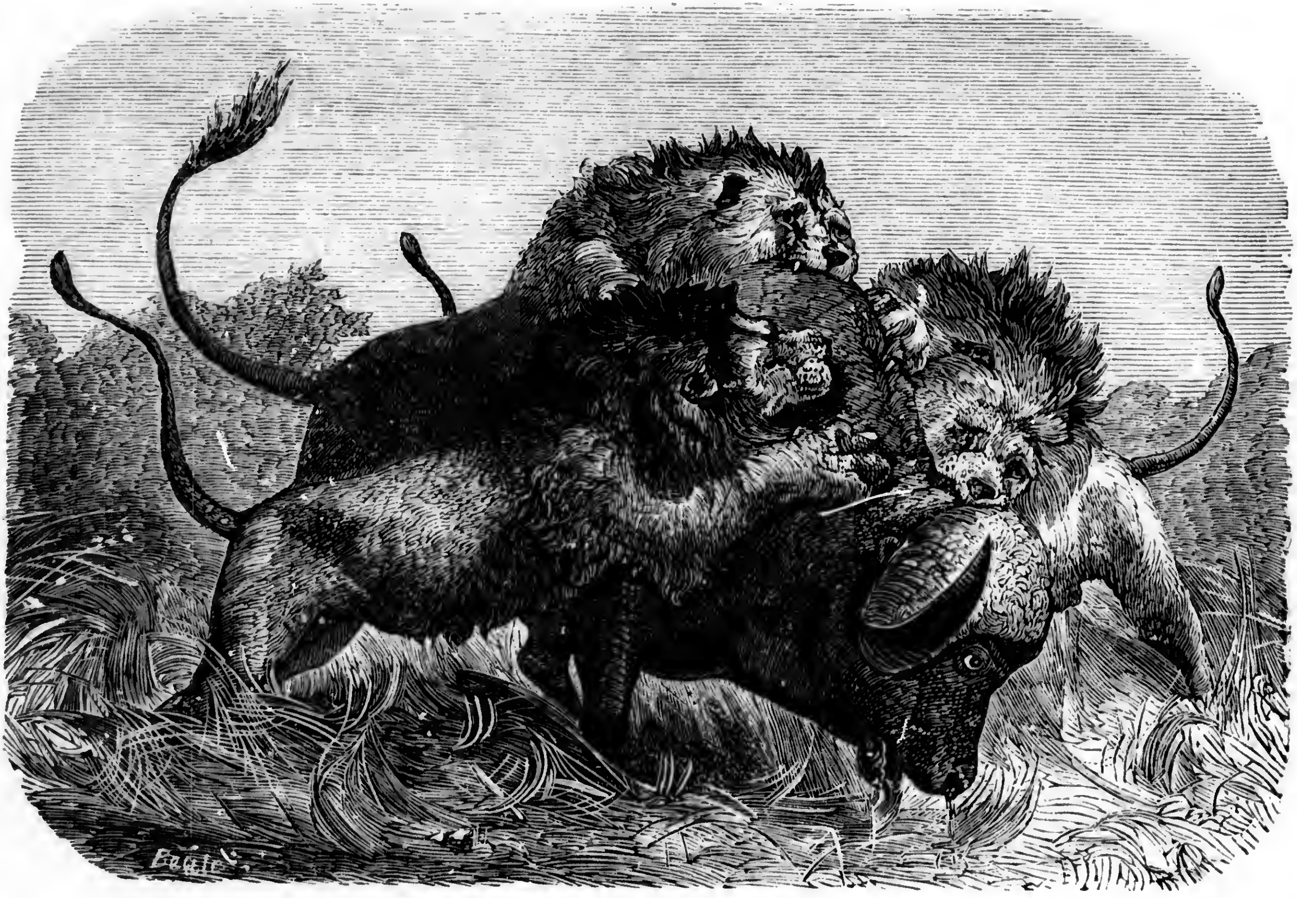
more varied and the outlines of the land before us became more picturesque. We became sated with the varieties of novel fruit which we saw hanging thickly on trees. There was the mbembu, with the taste of an overripe peach; the tamarind pod and beans, with their grateful acidity, resembling somewhat the lemon in its flavor. The matonga, or *nux vomica*, was welcome, and the luscious singwe, the plum of Africa, was the most delicious of all. There were wild plums like our own, and grapes unpicked long past their season, and beyond eating. Guinea fowls, the moorhen, ptramigans and ducks supplied our table; and often a lump of buffalo or an extravagant piece of venison filled our camp kettles. My health was firmly established. The faster we prosecuted our journey the better I felt. I had long bidden adieu to the nauseous calomel and rhubarb compounds, and had become quite a stranger to quinine. There was only one drawback to all, and that was the feeble health of the Arab boy, Selim, who was suffering from an attack of acute dysentery, caused by inordinate drinking of the bad water of the pools at which we had camped between Manyara and Mrera. But judicious attendance and Dover's powders brought the boy around again.

Mrera in Ukonongo, nine days southwest of the Gombe Mellah, brought to our minds the jungle habitats of the Wowkwere on the coast, and an omnious sight to travellers were the bleached skulls of men which adorned the tops of tall poles before the gates of the village. The Sultan of Mrera and myself had become fast friends after he had tasted of my liberality.

After a halt of three days at this village for the benefit of the Arab boy, we proceeded westerly with the understanding that we should behold the waters of the Tanganyika within ten days. Traversing the dense forest of young trees we came to a plain dotted with scores of ant-hills. Their uniform height (about seven feet high above the plain) leads me to believe that they were constructed during an unusually wet season, and when the country was inundated for a long time in consequence. The surface of the plain also bore the appearance of being subject to such inundations.

Beyond this plain about four miles we came to a running stream of purest water—a most welcome sight after so many months spent by brackish pools and nauseous swamps. Crossing the stream, which ran northwest, we immediately ascended a steep and lofty ridge, whence we obtained a view of grand and imposing mountains, of isolated hills, rising sheer to great heights from a plain stretching far into the heart of Ufipa, cut up by numerous streams flowing into the Rungwa River, which during the rainy season overflows this plain and forms the lagoon set down by Speke as the Rikwa. The sight was encouraging in the extreme, for it was not to be doubted now that we were near the Tanganyika. We continued still westward, crossing many a broad stretch of marsh and oozy bed of mellahs, whence rose the streams that formed the Rungwa some forty miles south.

At a camping place beyond Mrera we heard enough from some natives who visited us to assure us that we were rushing to our destruction if we still kept westward. After receiving hints of how to evade the war-stricken country in our front, we took a road leading north-northwest. While continuing in this course we crossed streams running to the Rungwa south and others running directly north to the Malagarazi, from either side of a lengthy ridge which served to separate the country of Unyamwezi from Ukawendi. We were also attracted for the first time by the lofty and tapermoule tree, used on the Tanganyika Lake for the canoes of the natives, who dwell on its shores. The banks of the numerous streams were lined with dense growths of these shapely trees, as well as of sycamore, and gigantic tamarinds, which rivalled the largest sycamore in their breath of shade. The undergrowth of bushes, tall grass dense and impenetrable, likely resorts of leopard and lion and wild boar, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. One of my donkeys while being driven to water along a narrow path, hedged by the awsome brake on either side, was attacked by a leopard, and fastened its fangs in the poor animals neck, and it would have made short work of it had not its companion set up such a braying chorus as might well have terrified a score of leopards. And that same night, while encamped contigu-



THREE LIONS ATTACKING A BUFFALO.

ous to that limpid stream of Mtambu, with that lofty line of enormous trees rising dark and awful above us, the lions issued from the brakes beneath and prowled about the well-set bush defence of our camp, venting their fearful clamor without intermission until morning. Towards daylight they retreated to their leafy caverns, for

> "There the lion dwells, the monarch,
> Mightiest among the brutes.
> There his right to reign supremest
> Never one his claim disputes.
> There he layeth down to slumber,
> Having slain and ta'en his fill,
> There he roameth, there he croucheth,
> As it suits his lordly will."

And few, I believe, would venture therein to dispute it; not I, "i'faith" when searching after Livingstone.

Our camps by these thick belts of timber, peopled as they were with wild beasts my men never fancied. But Southern Ukawendi, with its fair, lovely valleys and pellucid streams nourishing vegetation to extravagant growth, density and height, is infested with troubles of this kind. And it is probable, from the spread of this report among the natives, that this is the cause of the scant population of one of the loveliest countries Africa can boast. The fairest of California scenery cannot excel, though it may equal, such scenes as Ukawendi can boast of, and yet a land as large as the State of New York is almost uninhabited. Days and days one may travel through primeval forests, now ascending ridges overlooking broad, well-watered valleys, with belts of valuable timber crowning the banks of the rivers, and behold exquisite bits of scenery—wild, fantastic, picturesque and pretty—all within the scope of vision whichever way one may turn. And to crown the glories of this lovely portion of earth, underneath the surface but a few feet is one mass of iron ore, extending across three degrees of longitude and nearly four of latitude, cropping out at intervals, so that the traveller cannot remain ignorant of the wealth lying beneath.

After the warning so kindly given by the natives soon after leaving Mrera, in Ukonongo, five days marches

brought us to Mrera, in the district of Rusawa, in Ukawendi. Arriving here we questioned the natives as to the best course to pursue—should we make direct for the Tanganyika or go north to the Malagarazi River? They advised us to the latter course, though no Arab had ever taken it. Two days through the forest, they said, would enable us to reach the Malagarazi. The guide, who had by this forgotten our disagreement, endorsed this opinion, as beyond the Malagarazi he was sufficiently qualified to show the way. We laid in a stock of four days' provisions against contingencies, and bidding farewell to the hospitable people of Rasawa, continued our journey northward. After finding a pass to the wooded plateau above Mrera, through the arc of mountains which environed it on the north and west, the soldiers improved another occasion to make themselves dissagreeable.

One of their number had shot a buffalo towards night, and the approaching darkness had prevented him from following it up to a clump of jungle, whither it had gone to die, and the black soldiers, ever on the lookout for meat, came to me in a body requesting a day's halt to eat meat, and make themselves strong for the forest road, to which I gave a point-blank refusal, as I vowed I would not halt again until I did it on the banks of the Malagarazi, where I would give them as much meat as their hearts could desire. There was an evident disposition to resist, but I held up a warning finger as an indication that I would not suffer any grumbling, and told them I had business at Ujiji which the Wasungu expected I would attend to, and that if I failed to perform it they would take no excuse, but condemn me at once. I saw that they were in an excellent mood to rebel, and the guide, who seemed to be ever on the lookout to revenge his humiliation on the Gombe, was a fit man to lead them; but they knew I had more than a dozen men upon whom I could rely at a crisis, and besides as no harsh word or offensive epithet challenged them to commence an outbreak, the order to march, though received with much peevishness, was obeyed. This peevishness may always be expected when on a long march. It is much the result of fatigue and monotony, every day being but a repetition of

previous days, and a prudent man will not pay much attention to mere growling and surliness of temper, but keep himself prepared for an emergency which might possibly arise. By the time we had arrived at camp we were all in excellent humor with one another and confidently laughed and shouted until the deep woods rang again.

The scenery was getting more sublime every day as we advanced northward, even approaching the terrible. We seemed to have left the monotony of a desert for the wild, picturesque scenery of Abyssinia and the terrible mountains of the Sierra Nevadas. I named one tabular mountain, which recalled memories of the Abyssinian campaign, Magdala, and as I gave it a place on my chart it became of great use to me, as it rose so prominently into view that I was enabled to lay down our route pretty accurately. The four days' provisions we had taken with us were soon consumed, and still we were far from the Malagarazi River. Though we eked out my own stores with great care, as shipwrecked men at sea, these also gave out on the sixth day, and still the Malagarazi was not in sight. The country was getting more difficult for travel, owing to the numerous ascents and descents we had to make in the course of a day's march. Bleached and bare, it was cut up by a thousand deep ravines and intersected by a thousand dry water courses whose beds were filled with immense sandstone rocks and boulders washed away from the great heights which rose above us on every side. We were not protected now by the shades of the forest. and the heat became excessive and water became scarce. But we still held on our way, as a halt would be death to us, hoping that each day's march would bring us in sight of the long-looked for and much-desired Malagarazi. Fortunately we had filled our bags and baskets with the forest peaches with which the forests of Rusawa had supplied us, and these sustained us in this extremity.

On the seventh day, after a six hours' march, during which we had descended more than a thousand feet, through rocky ravines, and over miles of rocky plateaus, above which protruded masses of hematite of iron, we arrived at a happy camping place, situated in a valley which was ce-

ductively pretty and a hidden garden. Deserted bomas told us that it had once been occupied, and that at a recent date, which we took to be a sign that we were not far from habited districts. Before retiring to sleep the soldiers indulged themselves in prayer to Allah for relief. Indeed, our position was most desperate and unenviable; yet since leaving the coast when had it been enviable, and when had travelling in Africa ever been enviable?

Proceeding on our road on the eighth day everything we saw tended to confirm us in the belief that food was at hand. Rhinoceros tracks abounded, and the *bois de vache*, or buffalo droppings, were frequent, and the presence of a river or a body of water was known in the humidity of the atmosphere. After travelling two hours, still descending rapidly towards a deep basin which we saw, the foremost of the expedition halted, attracted by the sight of a village situated on a table-topped mountain on our right. The guide told us it must be that of the Son of Nzogera, of Uvinza. We followed on the road leading to the foot of the mountain, and camped on the edge of an extensive morass.

Though we fired guns to announce our arrival, it was unnecessary, for the people were already hurrying to our camps to inquire about our intentions. The explanation was satisfactory, but they said that they had taken us to be enemies, few friends having ever come along our road. In a few minutes there was an abundance of meat and grain in the camp, and the men's jaws were busy in the process of mastication.

During the whole of the afternoon we were engaged upon the terms Nzogera's son exacted for the privilege of passing through his country. We found him to be the first of a tribute-taking tribe which subsequently made much havoc in the bales of the expedition. Seven and a half doti of cloth were what we were compelled to pay, whether we returned or proceeded on our way. After a day's halt we proceeded under the guidance of two men granted to me as qualified to show the way to the Malagarazi River. We had to go east-northeast for a considerable time in order to avoid the morass that lay directly across the country that inter-

vened between the triangular mountain on whose top Nzogera's son dwelt. This marsh drains three extensive ranges of mountains which, starting from the westward, separated only by two deep chasms from each other, run at wide angles—one southeast, one northeast and the other northwest. From a distance this marsh looks fair enough; stately trees at intervals rise seemingly from its bosom, and between them one catches glimpses of a lovely champaign, bounded by perpendicular mountains, in the far distance. After a wide detour we struck strait for this marsh, which presented to us another novelty in the watershed of the Tanganyika.

Fancy a river broad as the Hudson at Albany, though not near so deep or swift, covered over by water plants and grasses, which had become so interwoven and netted together as to form a bridge covering its entire length and breadth, under which the river flowed calm and deep below. It was over this natural bridge we were expected to cross. Adding to the tremour which one naturally felt at having to cross this frail bridge was the tradition that only a few yards higher up an Arab and his donkey, thirty-five slaves and sixteen tusks of ivory had suddenly sunk forever out of sight. As one-half of our little column had already arrived at the centre we on the shore could see the network of grass waving on either side and between each man, in one place like to the swell of a sea after a storm and in another like a small lake violently ruffled by a squall. Hundreds of yards away from them it ruffled and undulated one wave after another. As we all got on it we perceived it to sink about a foot, forcing the water on which it rested into the grassy channel formed by our footsteps. One of my donkeys broke through and it required the united strength of ten men to extricate him. The aggregate weight of the donkey and men caused that portion of the bridge on which they stood to sink about two feet and a circular pool of water was formed, and I expected every minute to see them suddenly sink out of sight. Fortunately we managed to cross the treacherous bridge without accident.

Arriving on the other side, we struck north, passing through a delightful country, in every way suitable for agri-

cultural settlements or happy mission stations. The primitive rock began to show itself anew in eccentric clusters, as a flat-topped rock, on which the villages of the Wavinza were seen and where the natives prided themselves on their security and conducted themselves accordingly, ever insolent and forward, though I believe that with forty good rifles I could have made the vain fellows desert their country *en masse*. But a white traveller's motto in their lands is, "Do, dare and endure," and those who come out of Africa alive have generally to thank themselves for their prudence rather than their temerity. We were halted every two or three miles by the demand for tribute, which we did not, because we could not, pay, as they did not press it overmuch, though we had black looks enough.

On the second day after leaving Nzagera's son we commenced a series of descents, the deep valleys on each side of us astonished us by their profundity, and the dark gloom prevailing below, amid their wonderful dense forests of tall trees, and glimpses of plains beyond, invited sincere admiration. In about a couple of hours we discovered the river we were looking for below, at the distance of a mile, running like a silver vein through a broad valley. Halting at Kiala's, eldest son of Nzagera, the principal Sultan of Uvinza, we waited an hour to see on what terms he would ferry us over the Malagarazi. As we could not come to a definite conclusion respecting them we were obliged to camp in his village. Late in the afternoon Kiala sent his chiefs to our camp with a bundle of short sticks, fifty-six in number. Each stick, we were soon informed, represented a doti, or four yards of cloth, which were to consist of the best, good, bad and indifferent. Only one bale of cloth was the amount of the tribute to be exacted of us! Bombay and the guide were told by me to inform Kiala's ambassadors that I would pay ten doti. The gentleman delegated by Kaila to receive the tribute soon made us aware what thoughts they entertained of us by stating that if we ran away from Mirambo we could not run away from them. Indeed, such was the general opinion of the natives of Uvinza, for they live directly west of Uyowen, Mirambo's country, and news travels fast enough in these regions, though there

are no established post offices or telegraph stations. In two hours, however, we reduced the demand of fifty-six doti to twenty-three, and the latter number was sent and received, not for crossing the Malagarazi, but for the privilege of passing through Okidia's country in peace. Of these twenty-three cloths thirteen were sent to Nzagera, the Sultan, while his affectionate son retained ten for himself. Towards midnight, about retiring for the night after such an eventful day, while congratulating ourselves that Nzagera and Kiala were both rather moderate in their demands, considering the circumstances, came another demand for four more cloths, with a promise that we might depart in the morning, or when we pleased; but as poor Bombay said, from sheer weariness, that if we had to talk longer he would be driven mad, I told him he might pay them, after a little haggling, least they, imagining that they had asked too little, would make another demand in the morning.

Until three o'clock p. m. the following day continued the negotiations for ferrying us across the Malagarazi, consisting of arguments, threats, quarreling, loud shouting and stormy debate on both sides. Finally, six doti, and ten fundo of sami-sami beads were agreed upon. After which we marched to the ferry, distant half a mile from the scene of so much contention. The river at this place was not more than thirty yards broad, sluggish and deep; yet I would prefer attempting to cross the Mississippi by swimming rather than the Malagarazi. Such another river for the crocodiles, cruel as death, I cannot conceive. Their long, tapering heads dotted the river everywhere, and though I amused myself, pelting them with two-ounce balls, I made no effect on their numbers. Two canoes had discharged their live cargoe on the other side of the river when the story of Captain Burton's passage across the Malagarazi higher up was brought vividly to my mind by the extortions which the Mutware now commenced. About twenty or so of his men had collected and backed by these, he became insolent. If it were worth while to commence a struggle for two or three more doti of cloth the mere firing of one revolver at such close quarters would have settled the day, but I could not induce myself to believe that it was the best way of pro-

ceeding, taking in view the object of our expedition, and accordingly this extra demand was settled at once with as much amiability as I could muster, but I warned him not to repeat it, and to prevent him from doing so ordered a man to each canoe, and to be seated there with a loaded gun in each man's hands. After this little episode we got on very well until all the men excepting two besides Bombay and myself were safe on the other side.

We then drove a donkey into the river, having first tied a strong halter to his neck ; but he had barely reached the middle of the river when a crocodile, darting beneath, seized him by the neck and dragged him under, after several frantic but ineffectual endeavors to draw him ashore. A sadness stole over all after witnessing this scene, and as the shades of night had now drawn around us, and had tinged the river to a black, dismal color, it was with a feeling of relief that the fatal river was crossed, that we all set foot ashore. In the morning the other donkey swam the river safe enough, the natives firmly declaring that they had so covered him with medicine that though the crocodiles swarmed around him they did not dare attack the animal, so potent was the medicine—for which I had to give a present, such as became a kindness. I rather incline to the belief, however, that the remaining donkey owed his safety to the desertion of the river for the banks, where they love to bask in the sun undisturbed, and as the neighborhood of the ferry was constantly disturbed they could not possible be in the neighborhood, and the donkey consequently escaped the jaws of the crocodiles.

We set out from the banks of the river with two new guides, furnished us by the old man (Usenge is his name) of the ferry. Arriving at Isinga after traversing a saline plain, which, as we advanced into the interior, grew wonderfully fertile, we were told by the native Kirangozi that to-morrow's march would have to be made with great caution, for Makumbi, a great warrior chief of Nzogera, was returning triumphantly from war, and it was his custom to leave nothing behind him at such times. Intoxicated with victory he attacked villages and caravans, and of whatever live stock, slaves or bales he met, he took what he liked. The result

of a month's campaign against Lokandamira were two vilages captured, several men and a son of Nzogera's enemy being killed, while Makumbi only lost three men in battle and two from bowel explosion from drinking too much water. So the Kirangozi says.

The notes in my journal of what occurred on the following day read as follows :—November 3, Friday, 1871.

"Near Isinga met a caravan of eighty Waguhha direct from Ujiji, bearing oil, and bound for Unyanyembe. They report that a white man was left by them five days ago at Ujiji. He had the same color as I have, wears the same shoes, the same clothes, and has hair on his face like I have, only his is white. This is Livingstone. Hurrah for Ujiji ! My men share my joy, for we shall be coming back now directly ; and, being so happy at the prospect, I buy three goats and five gallons of native beer, which will be eaten and drank directly."

Two marches from Malagarazi brought us to Uhha. Kawanga was the first place in Uhha where we halted. It is the village where resides the first mutware, or chief, to whom caravans have to pay tribute. To this man we paid twelve and a half doti, upon the understanding that we would have to pay no more between here and Ujiji. Next morning, buoyed up by the hope that we should soon come to our journey's end, we had arranged to make a long march of it that day. We left Kawanga cheerfully enough. The country undulated gently before us like the prairie of Nebraska, as devoid of trees almost as our own plains. The top of every wave of land enabled us to see the scores of villages which dotted its surface, though it required keen eyes to detect at a distance the beehive and straw-thatched huts from the bleached grass of the plain. We had marched an hour, probably, and were passing a large village, with populous suburbs about it, when we saw a large party pursuing us, who, when they come up to us, asked us how we dared pass by without paying the tribute to the King of Uhha.

"We have paid it !" we said, quite astonished.

"To whom ?"

"To the Chief of Kawanga."

"How much?"

"Twelve and a half doti."

"Oh, but that is only for himself. However, you had better stop and rest at our village until we find out all about it."

But we halted in the middle of the road until the messengers they sent came back. Seeing our reluctance to halt at their village, they sent men also to Mionvu, living an arrow's flight from where we were halted, to warn him of our contumacy. Mionvu came to us, robed most royally, after the fashion of Central Africa, in a crimson cloth, arranged toga-like over his shoulder and depending to his ankles, and a bran new piece of Massachusetts sheeting folded around his head. He greeted us graciously—he was the prince of politeness—shook hands first with myself, then with my head men, and cast a keen glance around, in order, as I thought, to measure our strength. Then seating himself, he spoke with deliberation something in this style :—

Why does the white man stand in the road? The sun is hot; let him seek the shelter of my village, where we can arrange this little matter between us. Does he not know that there is a king in Uhha, and that I, Mionvu, am his servant? It is a custom with us to make friends with great men, such as the white man. All Arabs and Wanguana stop here and give us cloth. Does the white man mean to go on without paying? Why should he desire war? I know he is stronger than we are here, his men have guns, and we have but spears and arrows; but Uhha is large, and has plenty of people. The children of the king are many. If he comes to be a friend to us he will come to our village, give us something, and then go on his way.

The armed warriors around applauded the very commonplace speech of Mionvu because it spoke the feelings with which they viewed our bales. Certain am I, though, that one portion of his speech—that which related to our being stronger than the Wahha—was an untruth, and that he knew it, and that he only wished us to start hostilities in order that he might have good reason for seizing the whole. But it is not new to you, of course, if you have read this letter through, that the representative of the *Herald* was held of small account here, and never one did I see who

would care a bead for anything that you would ever publish against him. So the next time you wish me enter Africa I only hope you will think it worth while to send with me 100 good men from the *Herald* office to punish this audacious Mionvu, who fears neither the *New York Herald* nor the "Star Spangled Banner," be the latter ever so much spangled with stars.

I submitted to Mionvu's proposition, and went with him to his village, where he fleeced me to his heart's content. His demand, which he adhered to like a man who knew what he was about, was sixty doti for the King, twelve doti for himself, three for his wife, three each to three makko, or sub-chiefs, one to Mibruri's little boy: total, eighty-five doti, or one good bale of cloth. Not one doti did he abate, though I talked until six p. m. from ten a. m. I went to bed that night like a man on the verge of ruin. However, Mionvu said that we would have to pay no more in Uhha.

Pursuing our way next day, after a four hours' march, we came to Kahirgi, and quartered ourselves in a large village, governed over by Mionvu's brother, who had already been advised by Mionvu of the windfall in store for him. This man, as soon as we had set the tent, put in a claim for thirty doti, which I was able to reduce after much eloquence, lasting over five hours, to twenty-six doti. I am short enough in relating it because I am tired of the theme; but there lives not a man in the whole United States with whom I would not gladly have exchanged positions had it been possible. I saw my fine array of bales being gradually reduced fast. Four more such demands as Minovu's would leave me, in unclassic phrase "cleaned out."

After paying this last tribute, as it was night, I closed my tent, and lighting my pipe, began to think seriously upon my position and how to reach Ujiji without paying more tribute. It was high time to resort either to battle or to a strategy of some kind, possibly to striking into the jungle; but there was no jungle in Uhha, and a man might be seen miles off on its naked plains. At least this last was the plan most likely to succeed without endangering the prospects almost within reach of the expedition. Calling the guide, I questioned him as to its feasibility, first scolding

him for leading me to such a strait. He said there was a Mguana, a slave of Thani bin Abdullah, in the Coma, with whom I might consult. Sending for him, he presently came, and I began to ask him for how much he would guide us out of Uhha without being compelled to pay any more Muhongo. He replied that it was a hard thing to do, unless I had complete control over my men and they could be got to do exactly as I told them. When satisfied on this point he entered into an agreement to show me a road—or rather to lead me to it—that might be clear of all habitations as far as Ujiji for twelve doti, paid beforehand. The cloth was paid to him at once.

At half-past two A. M. the men were ready, and, stealing silently past the huts, the guide opened the gates, and we filed out one by one as quickly as possible. The moon was bright, and by it we were stricking across a burned plain in a southerly direction, and then turned westward, parallel with the high road, at the distance of four miles, sometimes lessening or increasing that distance as circumstances compelled us. At dawn we crossed the swift Rusizi, which flowed southward into the Malagarizi, after which we took a northwesterly direction through a thick jungle of bamboo. There was no road, and behind us we left but little trail on the hard, dry ground. At eight A. M. we halted for breakfast, having marched nearly six hours, within the jungle which stretched for miles around us.

We were only once on the point of being discovered through the mad freak of a weak-brained woman, who was the wife of one of the black soldiers. We were crosing the knee-deep Rusizi, when this woman, suddenly and without cause, took it into her head to shriek and shout as if a crocodile had bitten her. The guide implored me to stop her shrieking, or she would alarm the whole country, and we would have hundreds of angry Wahha about us. The men were already preparing to bolt—several being on the run with their loads. At my order to stop her noise, she lauched into another fit of hysterical shrieking, and I was compelled to stop her cries with three or four smart cuts across her shoulders, though I felt rather ashamed of myself; but our lives and the success of the expedition was

worth more, in my opinion, than a hundred of such women. As a further precaution she was gagged and her arms tied behind her, and a cord led from her waist to that of her liege lords, who gladly took upon himself the task of looking after her, and who threatened to cut her head off if she attempted to make another outcry.

At 10. A. M. we resumed our journey, and after three hours camped at Lake Musuma, a body of water which during the rainy season has a length of three miles, and a breadth of two miles. It is one of a group of lakes which fill deep hollows in the plain of Uhha. They swarm with hippopotami, and their shores are favorite resorts of large herds of buffalo and game. The eland and buffalo especially, are in large numbers here, and the elephant and rhinoceros are exceedingly numerous. We saw several of these, but did not dare to fire.

On the second morning after crossing the Smuzzi and Rugufu Rivers, we had just started from our camp, and as there was no moonlight the head of the column came to a village, whose inhabitants, as we heard a few voices, were about starting. We were all struck with consternation, but, consulting with the guide, we despatched our goats and chickens, and leaving them in the road faced about, retraced our steps, and after a quarter of an hour struck up a ravine, and descending several precipitous places, about half-past six o'clock found ourselves in Ukaranga—safe and free from all tribute-taking Wahha.

Exultant shouts were given—equivalent to the Anglo-Saxon hurrah—upon our success. Addressing the men, I asked them, "Why should we halt when but a few hours from Ujiji? Let us march a few hours more and to-morrow we shall see the white man at Ujiji, and who knows but this may be the man we are seeking? Let us go on, and after to-morrow we shall have fish for dinner and many days' rest afterwards, every day eating the fish of the Tanganyika. Stop; I think I smell the Tanganyika fish even now." This speech was hailed with what the newspapers call "loud applause; great cheering," and "Ngema—very well, master;" "Hyah Barak-Allah—Onward, and the blessing of God be on you."

We strode from the frontier at the rate of four miles an hour, and after six hours' march, the tired caravan entered the woods which separated the residence of the chief of Ukaranga from the villages on the Mkuti River. As we drew near the village we went slower, unfurled the American and Zanibar flags, presenting quite an imposing array. When we came in sight of Nyamtaga, the name of the Sultan's residence, and our flags and numerous guns were seen, the Wakaranga and their Sultan deserted their village *en masse*, and rushed into the woods, believing that we were Mirambo's robbers, who, after destroying Unyanyembe, were come to destroy the Arabs and bunder of Ujiji; but he and his people were soon reassured, and came forward to welcome us with presents of goats and beer, all of which were very welcome after the exceedingly lengthy marches we had recently undertaken.

Rising at early dawn our new clothes were brought forth again that we might present as decent an appearance as possible before the Arabs of Ujiji, and my helmet was well chalked and a new puggeree folded around it, my boots were well oiled and my white flannells put on, and altogether, without joking, I might have paraded the streets of Bombay without attracting any very great attention.

A couple of hours brought us to the base of a hill, from the top of which the Kirangozi said we could obtain a view of the great Tanganyika Lake. Heedless of the rough path or of the toilsome steep, spurred onward by the cheery promise, the ascent was performed in a short time. On arriving at the top we beheld it at last from the spot whence, probably, Burton and Speke looked at it—"the one in a half paralyzed state, the other almost blind." Indeed, I was pleased at the sight; and, as we descended, it opened more and more into view until it was revealed at last into a grand inland sea, bounded westward by an appalling and black-blue range of mountains, and stretching north and south without bounds, a gray expanse of water.

From the western base of the hill was a three hours' march, though no march ever passed off so quickly. The hours seemed to have been quarters, we had seen so much that was novel and rare to us who had been travelling so

long on the highlands. The mountains bounding the lake on the eastward receded and the lake advanced. We had crossed the Ruche, or Linche, and its thick belt of tall matete grass. We had plunged into a perfect forest of them, and had entered into the cultivated fields which supply the port of Ujiji with vegetables, &c., and we stood at last on the summit of the last hill of the myriads we had crossed, and the port of Ujiji, embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver waters of the Tanganyika rolling at its feet was directly below us.

We are now about descending—in a few minutes we shall have reached the spot where we imagine the object of our search is—our fate will soon be decided. No one in that town knows we are coming; least of all do they know we are so close to them. If any of them ever heard of the white man at Unyanyembe they must believe we are there yet. We shall take them all by surprise, for no other but a white man would dare leave Unyanyembe for Ujiji with the country in such a distracted state—no other but a crazy white man, whom Sheik, the son of Nasib, is going to report to Syed or Prince Burghash for not taking his advice.

Well we are but a mile from Ujiji now, and it is high time we should let them know a caravan is coming; so "Commence firing" is the word passed along the length of the column, and gladly do they begin. They have loaded their muskets half full, and they roar like the broadside of a line-of-battle ship. Down go the ramrods, sending huge charges home to the breech, and volley after volley is fired. The flags are fluttered; the banner of America is in front waving joyfully; the guide is in the zenith of his glory. The former residents of Zanzita will know it directly, and will wonder—as well they may—as to what it means. Never were the Stars and Stripes so beautiful to my mind—the breeze of the Tanganyika has such an effect on them. The guide blows his horn, and the shrill, wild clamour of it is far and near; and still the cannon muskets tell the noisy seconds. By this time the Arabs are fully alarmed; the natives of Ujiji, Waguhha, Warundi, Wanguana, and I know not whom, hurry up by the hundreds to ask what it all means—this fusilading, shouting and blowing of horns and flag-flying.

There are Yambos shouted out to me by the dozen, and delighted Arabs have run up breathlessly to shake my hands and ask anxiously where I came from. But I have no patience with them. The expedition goes far too slow. I should like to settle the vexed question by one personal view. Where is he? Has he fled?

Suddenly a man—a black man—at my elbow shouts in English, "How do you do sir?"

"Hello! who the deuce are you?"

"I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone," he says; but before I can ask any more questions he is running like a madman towards the town.

We have at last entered the town. There are hundreds of people around me—I might say thousands without exaggeration, it seems to me. It is a grand triumphal procession. As we move they move. All eyes are drawn towards us. The expedition at last comes to a halt; the journey is ended for a time; but I alone have a few more steps to make.

There is a group of the most respectable Arabs, and as I come nearer I see the white face of an old man among them. He has a cap with a gold band around it, his dress is a short jacket of red blanket cloth, and his pants—well, I didn't observe. I am shaking hands with him. We raise our hats, and I say:—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

And he says, "Yes."

LIVINGSTONE'S NILE.

Graphic Description of the Great Explorer Sketched at Ujiji —The Outer and the Inner Man—His Vigor, Pluck, Memory, Perseverance, Patience and Gentleness—The World of Solitary Thought he lived in for six years—The Story of his Explorations—Travelling up the Rovuma—Sending back the Sepoys—Desertion of the Johanna Men—The Watershed of the Nile—Five Great Lakes and Four Great Rivers Forming a Continuous Watercourse—Does it join the Bahrel Gazahl and White Nile—Lake Lincoln and its Outlet to the Lualaba—The Sources of the Congo—Speculations on the Altitude of the Central-African Water Systems—The Unexplored Region—The outflow of the Nameless Lake —A Weary Tramp to Ujiji—Manyema's Introduction to Civilization at the Gun's Muzzle—Auri Sacra Fames —How Arab Cupidity Defeats Itself—Once the Natives are Armed with Muskets the Slave Trade Ceases—Resolve to Visit the Head of Tanganyika.

BUNDER UJIJI, ON LAKE TANGANYIKA,
December 26, 1871.

The goal was won. *Finis coronat opus.* I might here stop very well—for Livingstone was found—only the HERALD I know will not be satisfied with one story, so I will sit down to another; a story so interesting, because he, the great traveller, the hero Livingstone, tells most of it himself.

We were met at last. The HERALD's special correspondent had seen Dr. Livingstone, whom more than three-fourths of all who had ever heard of him believed to be dead. Yet at noon on the 10th of November of this year I first shook hands with him, and said to him, "Doctor, I

thank God I have been permitted to shake hands with you." I said it all very soberly and with due dignity, because there were so many Arabs about us, and the circumstances under which I appeared did not warrant me to do anything else. I was as much a stranger to Livingstone as I was to any Arab there. And, if Arabs do not like to see any irregularity, indeed I think that Englishmen must be placed in the same category.

But what does all this preface and what may this prolixity mean? Well, it means this, that I looked upon Livingstone as an Englishman, and I feared that if I showed any unusual joy at meeting with him he might conduct himself very much like another Englishman did once whom I met in the interior of another foreign and strange land wherein we two were the only English-speaking people to be found within the area of two hundred miles square, and who, upon my greeting him with a cordial "Good morning," would not answer me, but screwed on a large eye-glass in a manner which must have been as painful to him as it was to me, and then deliberately viewed my horse and myself for the space of about thirty seconds, and passed on his way with as much *insouciance* as if he had seen me a thousand times and there was nothing at all in the meeting to justify him coming out of that shell of imperturbability with which he had covered himself.

Besides, I had heard all sorts of things from a quondam companion of his about him. He was eccentric, I was told; nay, almost a misanthrope, who hated the sight of Europeans; who if Burton, Speke, Grant or anybody of that kind were coming to see him, would make haste to put as many miles as possible between himself and such a person. He was a man also whom no one could get along with—it was almost impossible to please him; he was a man who kept no journal, whose discoveries would certainly perish with him unless he himself came back. This was the man I was shaking hands with whom I had done my utmost to surprise, lest he should run away. Consequently you may know why I did not dare manifest any extraordinary joy upon my success. But, really, had there been no one present—none of those cynical-minded Arabs I mean—

I think I should have betrayed the emotions which possessed me, instead of which I only said, "Doctor, I thank God I have been permitted to shake hands with you." Which he returned with a grateful and welcome smile.

Together we turned our faces towards his tembe. He pointed to the veranda of his house, which was an unrailed platform, built of mud, covered by wide overhanging eaves. He pointed to his own particular seat, on a carpet of goatskins spread over a thick mat of palm leaf. I protested against taking this seat, but he insisted, and I yielded. We were seated, the Doctor and I, with our backs to the wall, the Arabs to our right and left and in front, the natives forming a dark perspective beyond. Then began conversation; I forget what about; possibly about the road I took from Unyanyembe, but I am not sure. I know the Doctor was talking, and I was answering mechanically. I was conning the indomitable, energetic, patient and persevering traveller, at whose side I now sat in central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every line and wrinkle of his face, the wan face, the fatigued form, were all imparting the intelligence to me which so many men so much desired. It was deeply interesting intelligence and unvarnished truths these mute but certain witnesses gave. They told me of the real nature of the work in which he was engaged. Then his lips began to give me the details—lips that cannot lie. I could not repeat what he said. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that nearly six years had to be accounted for. But the story came out bit by bit, unreservedly—as unreservedly as if he was conversing with Sir R. Murchison, his true friend and best on earth. The man's heart was gushing out, not in hurried sentences, in rapid utterance, in quick relation—but in still and deep words.

His quondam companion must have been a sad student of human nature or a most malicious person—a man whose judgment was distorted by an oblique glance at his own inner image, and was thus rendered incapable of knowing the great heart of Livingstone—for after several weeks' life with him in the same tent and in the same hut I am utterly unable to perceive what angle of Livingstone's nature that

gentleman took to base a judgment upon. A happier companion, a truer friend than the traveller thus slandered I could not wish for. He was always polite—with a politeness of the genuine kind—and this politeness never forsook him for an instant, even in the midst of the most rugged scenes and greatest difficulties.

Upon my first introduction to him Livingstone was to me like a huge tome, with a most unpretending binding. Within the book might contain much valuable lore and wisdom, but its exterior gave no promise of what was within. Thus outside Livingstone gave no token—except of being rudely dealt with by the wilderness—of what element of power or talent lay within. He is a man of unpretending appearance enough, has quiet, composed features, from which the freshness of youth has quite departed, but which retains the nobility of prime age just enough to show that there yet lives much endurance and vigor within his frame. The eyes, which are hazel are remarkable bright, not dimmed in the least, though the whiskers and mustache are very gray. The hair, originally brown, is streaked here and there with gray over the temples, otherwise it might have belonged to a man of thirty. The teeth above show indications of being worn out. The hard fare of Londa and Manyema have made havoc in their ranks. His form is stoutish, a little over the ordinary in height, with slightly bowed shoulders. When walking he has the heavy step of an overworked and fatigued man. On his head he wears the naval cap, with a round vizor with which he has been identified throughout Africa. His dress shows that at times he has had to resort to the needle to repair and replace what travel has worn. Such is Livingstone externally.

Of the inner man much more may be said than of the outer. As he reveals himself, bit by bit, to the stranger, a great many favorable points present themselves, any of which taken singly might well dispose you toward him. I had brought him a packet of letters, and though I urged him again and again to defer conversation with me until he had read the news from home and children, he said he would defer reading until night; for the time he would enjoy being astonished by the European and any general

world news I could communicate. He had acquired the art of being patient long ago, he said, and he had waited so long for letters that he could well afford to wait a few hours more. So we sat and talked on that humble veranda of one of the poorest houses in Ujiji. Talked quite oblivious of the large concourse of Arabs, Wanguana and Wajiji, who had crowded around to see the new comer.

There was much to talk about on both sides. On his side he had to tell me what had happened to him, of where he had been, and of what he had seen during the five years the world believed him to be dead. On my side I had to tell him very old, old news, of the Suez Canal and the royal extravagance of Ismail Pacha; of the termination of the Cretan insurrection; of the Spanish revolution; of the flight of Isabella; of the new King, Amadeus, and of the assassination of Prim; of the completion of the Pacific Railroad across the American Continent; of the election of General Grant as President; of the French and Prussian war; of the capture of Napoleon, the flight of Eugénie and of the complete humiliation of France. Scores of eminent persons—some personal friends of his—had died. So that the news had a deep interest to him, and I had a most attentive auditor.

By and by the Arabs retired, understanding well the position, though they were also anxious to hear from me about Mirambo, but I sent my head men with them to give them such news as they wanted.

The hours of that afternoon passed most pleasantly—few afternoons of my life more so. It seemed to me as if I had met an old, old friend. There was a friendly or good-natured *abandon* about Livingstone which was not lost on me. As host, welcoming one who spoke his language, he did his duties with a spirit and style I have never seen elsewhere. He had not much to offer, to be sure, but what he had was mine and his. The wan features which I had thought shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and stooping shoulders belied the man. Underneath that aged and well spent exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits, which now and then broke out in peals of hearty laughter—the rugged

frame enclosed a very young and exuberant soul. The meal—I am not sure but we ate three meals that afternoon—was seasoned with innumerable jokes and pleasant anecdotes, interesting hunting stories, of which his friends Webb, Oswell, Vardon and Cumming (Gordon Cumming) were always the chief actors.

You have brought me new life, he said several times, so that I was not sure but that there was some little hysteria in this joviality and abundant animal spirits, but as I found it continued during several weeks I am now disposed to think it natural.

Another thing which specially attracted my attention was his wonderfully retentive memory. When we remember the thirty years and more that he has spent in Africa, deprived of books, we may well think it an uncommon memory that can recite whole poems of Burns, Byron, Tennyson and Longfellow. Even the poets Whittier and Lowell were far better known to him than to me. He knew an endless number of facts and names of persons connected with America much better than I, though it was my peculiar province as a journalist to have known them. One reason, perhaps, for this fact may be that the Doctor never smokes, so that his brain is never befogged, even temporarily, by the fumes of the insidious weed. Besides, he has lived all his life almost, we may say, within himself—in a world of thought which revolved inwardly, seldom awaking out of it except to attend to the immediate practical necessities of himself and his expedition. The immediate necessities disposed of, he must have relapsed into his own inner world, into which he must have cunjured memories of his home, relations, friends, acquaintances, familiar readings, ideas and associations, so that wherever he might be, or by whatsoever he was surrounded, his own world had attractions far superior to that which the external world by which he was surrounded had.

Dr. Livingstone is a truly pious man—a man deeply imbued with real religious instincts. The study of the man would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion, any more than his business, is not of the theoretical kind—simply

contenting itself with avowing its peculiar creed and ignoring all other religions as wrong and weak. It is of the true, practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet, practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work, if not in deed, by shining example. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome and often impertinent. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives and towards the bigoted Musselman—even all who come in contact with him. Without religion Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful religion has refined, and made him, to speak the earnest, sober truth, the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters.

I have been frequently ashamed of my impatience while listening to his mild rebuke to a dishonest or lazy servant, whereas had he been one of mine his dishonesty or laziness had surely been visited with prompt punishment. I have often heard our servants discuss our respective merits.

"Your master," says my servants to those of Livingstone, "is a good man—a very good man. He does not beat you, for he has a kind heart; but ours—oh! he is sharp, hot as fire—*mkali sana-kana moto.*"

From being hated and thwarted in every possible way by the Arabs and half castes on his first arrival at Ujiji, through his uniform kindness and mild pleasant temper he has now won all hearts. I perceived that universal respect was paid to him by all.

Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him and has prayers read, not in stereotyped tone which always sounds in my ears insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whatley—viz., natural, unaffected and sincere. Following them he delivers a short address in the Kisawahiti language about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention.

There is another point in Livingstone's character about which we, as readers of his books and students of his travels, would naturally wish to know something—viz., his ability to withstand the rigors of an African climate, and the consistent energy with which he follows the exploration of Central Africa. Those who may have read Burton's "Lake Region's of Central Africa" cannot have failed to perceive that Captain Burton, the author, was very well tired of Africa long before he reached Ujiji, and that when he reached Ujiji he was too much worn out to be able to go any further, or do anything but proceed by boat to Uvira, near the northern head of the Tanganyika—a task he performed, we must admit, in no enviable humor. We also know how Speke looked and felt when Baker met him at Gondakoro; how, after merely glancing at the outflow of Lake Victoria into the Victoria Nile, he was unable or indisposed to go a little further west to discover the lake which has made Baker famous and given him a knighthood. Also, do we not all know the amount of Baker's discovery of that lake, and what resolutions he made after his return to civilization from his visit to the Albert Lake?

When I first met the Doctor I asked him if he did not feel a desire to visit his country and take a little rest. He had then been absent about six years, and the answer he gave me freely shows what kind of man he is, and how differently constituted he is from Burton, Speke, or Baker. Said he:—

"I would like very much to go home and see my children once again, but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken when it is so nearly completed. It only requires six or seven months more to trace the true source that I have discovered with Petherick's branch of the White Nile, or with the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker. Why should I go before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?"

"And why," I asked, "did you come so far back without finishing the short task which you say you have yet to do?"

"Simply because I was forced; my men which would not budge a step forward. They mutinied and formed a secret resolution that if I still insisted on going on to raise a dis-

turbance in the country, and after they had effected it to abandon me, in which case I should be killed. It was dangerous to go any farther. I had explored six hundred miles of the watershed, had traced all the principal streams which discharged their waters into the central line of drainage, and when about starting to explore the last one hundred miles the hearts of my people failed, and they set about frustrating me in every possible way. Now, having returned seven hundred miles to get a new supply of stores and another escort, I felt myself destitute of even the means to live but for a few weeks, and sick in mind and body."

Let any reader study the spirit of the above remark, and compare it with those which animated a Burton, a Speke or a Baker. How would those gentlemen have comported themselves in such a crisis, unprepared, as we all know they were, for the terrible fevers of Central Africa?

Again, about a week after I had arrived in Ujiji, I asked Livingstone if he had examined the northern head of the Tanganyika. He answered immediately he had not, and then asked if people expected he had. I then informed him that great curiosity was felt about the connection that was supposed to exist between Tanganyika and Lake Albert. One party said that a river flowed out of the Tanganyika into the Albert; another party held that it was impossible, since the Tanganyika was, to according Burton and Speke, much lower than the Albert. Others were inclined to let the subject alone until they should hear from him, the only one capable at the present time to set the matter at rest forever.

The Doctor replied to these remarks that he was not aware so much importance was attached to the Tanganyika, as his friends at home, instead of writing to him, contented themselves with speculating as to where he should come out of Africa, and thus he had been kept ignorant of many things of which those who took any interest in him should have informed him.

"I did try before setting out for Manyema to engage canoes and proceed northward, but I soon saw that the people were all confederating to fleece me as they had Burton, and had I gone under such circumstances I should not have

been able to proceed to Manyema to explore the central line of drainage, and of course the most important line—far more important than the line of the Tanganyika; for whatever connection there may be between the Tanganyika and the Albert the true sources of the Nile are those emptying into the central line of drainage. In my own mind I have not the least doubt that the Rusizi River flows from this lake into the Albert. For three months steadily I observed a current setting northward. I verified it by means of water plants.

"When Speke gives the altitude of the Tanganyika at only 1,880 feet above the sea I imagine he must have fallen into the error by frequently writing the Anno Domini, and thus made a slip of the pen; for the altitude is over two thousand eight hundred feet by boiling point, though I make it a little over three thousand feet by barometers. Thus you see that there are no very great natural difficulties on the score of altitude, and nothing to prevent the reasonable supposition that there may be a water connection by means of the Rusizi or some other river between the two lakes. Besides, the Arabs here are divided in their statements. Some swear that the river goes out of the Tanganyika, others that it flows into the Tanganyika."

"Well Doctor," said I, "if I were you, before leaving this part of the country of Unyanyembe, perhaps never to return here—for one knows not what may occur in the meantime—I would go up and see, and if you like I will accompany you. You say you have no cloth and only five men. I have enough cloth and men for all your purposes. Suppose you go up and settle his vexed question, for so far as I see by the newspapers everybody expects it of you."

Many a traveller, as I have shown, would have pleaded fatigue and utter weariness of mind and body, but Livingstone did not. That very instant the resolve was made; that very instant he started to execute it. He sent a man to Said Ben Majid to request the loan of his canoe, and his baggage was got ready for the voyage. Not yet recovered from the sore effects of his return from his unsuccessful and lengthy journey to accomplish the object that lay so near his heart; yet suffering from an attack of diarrhœa and

the consequent weakness it induced, the brave spirit was up again eager as a high-spirited boy, for the path of duty pointed out.

The above is but a sketch of the main points in the great traveller's character, whose personal story I am about to relate. It was necessary that the reader should know what sort of man this Doctor Livingstone was, after whom the NEW YORK HERALD thought proper to despatch a special correspondent, with an expedition, at no matter what cost. After this study of him, I cannot better sum up his character than by using the words of one of my own men:—"He is a good man, an extremely good and kind man." It is not true, then, that his quondam companion did not know the nature of the man with whom he lived and travelled, who said that Livingstone would run away from any other white man who would come after him; and, is it likely that the intellect of the facetious gentleman who stated his belief that "Livingstone had married an African princess, and had settled down for good," could fathom the single-minded traveller and upright man David Livingstone?

Dr. David Livingstone left the Island of Zanzibar in March, 1866. On the 7th of the following month he departed from Mikindini Bay for the interior, with an expedition consisting of twelve Sepoys from Bombay, nine men from Johanna, of the Comoro Isles, seven liberated slaves, and two Zambezi men (taking them as an experiment), six camels, three buffaloes, two mules and three donkeys. He thus had thirty men, twelve of whom—viz., the Sepoys—were to act as guards for the expedition. They were mostly armed with the Enfield rifles presented to the Doctor by the Bombay Government. The baggage of the expedition consisted of ten bales of cloth and two bags of beads, which were to serve as currency by which they would be enabled to purchase the necessaries of life in the countries the Doctor intended to visit. Besides the cumbrous moneys they carried several boxes of instruments, such as chronometers, air thermometers, sextant and artificial horizon, boxes containing clothes, medicines and personal necessaries.

From the southern extremity of the Tanganyika he crossed Marangu and came in sight of Lake Moero. Tracing this

lake, which is about sixty miles in length, to its southern head, he found a river called the Luapula entering it from that direction. Following the Luapula south he found it issue from the large lake of Bangweolo, which is as large in superficial area as the Tanganyika. In exploring for the waters which emptied into the lake he found by far the most important of these feeders was the Chambezi. So that he had thus traced the Chambezi from its course to Lake Bangweolo, and issue from its northern head under the name of Luapula, and found it enter Lake Moero. Again he returned to Cazembis, well satisfied that the river running north through three degrees of latitude could not be the river running south under the name of the Zambezi, though there might be a remarkable resemblance in their names.

At Cazembis he found an old white-bearded half-caste named Mohammed ben Salib, who was kept as a kind of prisoner at large by the King because of certain suspicious circumstances attending his advent and stay in his country. Through Livingstone's influence Mohammed ben Salib obtained his release. On the road to Ujiji he had bitter cause to regret having exerted himself in the half-caste's behalf. He turned out to be a most ungrateful wretch, who poisoned the minds of the Doctor's few followers and ingratiated himself in their favor by selling the favors of his concubines to them, thus reducing them to a kind of bondage under him. From the day he had the vile old man in his company manifold and bitter misfortunes followed the Doctor up to his arrival in Ujiji, in March, 1869.

From the date of his arrival until the end June, (1869), he remained in Ujiji, whence he dated those letters which, though the outside world still doubted his being alive, satisfied the minds of the Royal Geographical people and his intimate friends that he was alive, and Musa's tale an ingenious but false fabrication of a cowardly deserter. It was during this time that the thought occurred to him of sailing around the Lake Tanganyika, but the Arabs and natives were so bent upon fleecing him that, had he undertaken it the remainder of his goods would not have enabled him to explore the central line of drainage, the initial point of which he found far south of Cazembis, in about latitude eleven

degrees, in the river Chambezi. In the days when tired Captain Burton was resting in Ujiji, after his march from the coast near Zanzibar, the land to which Livingstone, on his departure from Ujiji, bent his steps, was unknown to the Arabs save by vague report. Messrs. Burton and Speke never heard of it, it seems. Speke, who was the geographer of Burton's expedition, heard of a place called Uruwa, which he placed on his map according to the general direction indicated by the Arabs; but the most enterprising of the Arabs, in their search after ivory, only touched the frontiers of Rua, as the natives and Livingstone call it; for Rua is an immense country, with a length of six degrees of latitude and as yet an undefined breadth from east to west.

At the end of June, 1869, Livingstone took *dhow* at Ujiji and crossed over to Uguhha, on the western shore, for his last and greatest series of explorations, the results of which was the discovery of a series of lakes of great magnitude connected together by a large river called by different names as it left one lake to flow to another. From the port of Uguhha he set off in company with a body of traders, in an almost direct westerly course, through the lake country of Uguhha. Fifteen days march brought them to Bambarre, the first important ivory depot in Manyema, or, as the natives pronounce it, Manuyema.

For nearly six months he was detained at Bambarre from ulcers in the feet, with copious discharges of bloody ichor oozing from the sores as soon as he set his feet on the ground. When well, he set off in a northerly direction, and after several days, came to a broad, lacustrine river, called the Lualaba, flowing northward and westward, and, in some places southward, in a most confusing way. The river was from one to three miles broad. By exceeding pertinacity he contrived to follow its erratic course until he saw the Lualaba enter the narrow but lengthy Lake of Kamolondo, in about latitude 6 deg. 30 min. south. Retracing it south he came to the point where he had seen the Luapula enter Lake Moero.

One feels quite enthusiastic when listening to Livingstone's description of the beauties of Moero scenery. Pent in on all sides by high mountains clothed to their tips with

the richest vegetation of the tropics, Moero discharges its superfluous waters through a deep rent in the bosom of the mountains. The impetuous and grand river roars through the chasm with the thunder of a cataract; but soon after leaving its confined and deep bed it expands into the calm and broad Lualaba, expanding over miles of ground, making great bends west and south-west, then, curving northward, enters Kamalordo. By the natives it is called the Lualaba, but the Doctor, in order to distinguish it from the other rivers of the same name, has given it the name of Webb's River, after Mr. Webb, the wealthy proprietor of Newstead Abbey, who the Doctor distinguishes as one of his oldest and most consistent friends. Away to the south-west from Kamolondo is another large lake, which discharges its waters by the important river Locki, or Lomami, into the great Lualaba. To this lake, known as Chebungo by the natives, Dr. Livingstone has given the name of Lincoln, to be hereafter distinguished on maps and in books as Lake Lincoln, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, our murdered President. This was done from the vivid impression produced on his mind by hearing a portion of his inauguration speech read from an English pulpit, which related to the causes that induced him to issue his emancipation proclamation, by which memorable deed 4,000,000 of slaves were forever freed. To the memory of a man whose labors in behalf of the negro race deserves the commendation of all good men Livingstone has contributed a monument more durable than brass or stone.

Entering Webb's River from south-southwest, a little north of Kamolondo, is a large river called Lufira, but the streams which discharge themselves from the watershed into the Lualaba are so numerous that the Doctor's map would not contain them, so he has left all out except the most important. Continuing his way north, tracing the Lualaba through its manifold and crooked curves as far as latitude 4 degrees south, he came to another large lake called the Unknown Lake; but here you may come to a dead halt, and read it thus:— * * * * * * Here was the furthermost point. From here he was compelled to return on the weary road to Ujiji, a distance of 600 miles.

In this brief sketch of Doctor Livingstone's wonderful travels it is to be hoped that the most superficial reader, as well as the student of geography, comprehends this grand system of lakes connected together by Webb's River. To assist him, let him procure a map of Africa, by Keith Johnston, embracing the latest discoveries. Two degrees south of the Tanganyika, and two degrees west, let him draw the outlines of a lake, its greatest length from east to west, and let him call it Bangweolo. One degree or thereabout to the north-west let him sketch the outlines of another but smaller lake and call it Moero; a degree again north of Moero another lake of similar size, and call it Kamolondo, and still a degree north of Kamolondo another lake, large and as yet of undefined limits, which, in the absence of any specific term, we will call it the Nameless Lake. Then let him connect these several lakes by a river called after different names. Thus, the main feeder of Bangweolo, the Chambezi; the river which issues out of Bangweolo and runs into Moero, the Luapula; the river connecting Moero with Kamolondo, Webb's River; that which runs from Kamolondo into the Nameless Lake northward, Lulaba; and let him write in bold letters over the rivers Chambezi, Luapula, Webb's River and the Lualaba the "Nile," for these are all one and the same river. Again, west of Moero Lake, about one degree or thereabouts, another large lake may be placed on his map, with a river running diagonally across to meet the Lualaba north of Lake Kamolondo. This new lake is Lake Linclon, and the river is the Lomami River, the confluence of which with the Lualaba is between Kamolondo and the Nameless Lake. Taken altogether, the reader may be said to have a very fair idea of what Doctor Livingstone has been doing these long years, and what additions he has made to the study of African geography. That this river, distinguished under several titles, flowing from one lake into another in a northerly direction, with all its crooked bends and sinuosities, is the Nile, the true Nile, the Doctor has not the least doubt. For a long time he did doubt, because of its deep bends and curves—west, and south-west even—but having traced it from its headwaters, the Chambezi, through seven degrees of latitude—that is, from latitude

eleven degrees south to a little north of latitude of four degrees south—he has been compelled to come to the conclusion that it can be no other river than the Nile. He had thought it was the Congo, but he has discovered the sources of the Congo to be the Kasai and the Quango, two rivers which rise on the western side of the Nile water-shed in about the latitude of Bangweolo; and he was told of another river called the Lubilash, which rose from the north and ran west. But the Lualaba the Doctor thinks cannot be the Congo, from its great size and body and from its steady and continual flow northward through a broad and extensive valley, bounded by enormous mountains, westerly and easterly. The altitude of the most northerly point to which the Doctor traced the wonderful river was a little over two thousand feet, so that though Baker makes out his lake to be 2,700 feet above the sea, yet the Bhar Ghazal, through which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues into the Nile, is only a little over two thousand feet, in which case there is a possibility that the Lualaba may be none other than Petherick's branch. It is well known that trading stations for ivory have been established for about five hundred miles up Petherick's branch. We must remember this fact when told that Gondokoro, in latitude four degrees north, is 2,000 feet above the sea, and latitude four degrees south, where the Doctor has halted, is only a little over 2,000 feet above the sea. That two rivers, said to be 2,000 feet above the sea, separated from each other by eight degrees of latitude, are the same stream may, among some men, be regarded as a startling statement. But we must restrain mere expressions of surprise and take into consideration that this mighty and broad Lualaba is a lacustrine river—broader than the Mississippi—and think of our own rivers, which though shallow, are exceedingly broad—instance our Platte River flowing across the prairies of Colorado and Nebraska into the Missouri. We must wait also until the altitude of the two rivers—the Lualaba, where the Doctor halted, and the southern poin+ on the Bhar Ghazal, where Petherick has been—are known with perfect accuracy.

The expedition travelled up the left bank of the Revuma River, a route as full of difficulties as any that could be

chosen. For miles Livingstone and his party had to cut their way with their axes through the dense and almost impenetrable jungles which lined the river's banks. The road was a mere footpath, leading, in the most erratic fashion, in and through the dense vegetation, seeking the easiest outlet from it without any regard to the course it ran. The pagezis were able to proceed easily enough, but the camels, on account of their enormous height, could not advance a step without the axes of the party first clearing the way. These tools of foresters were almost always required, but the advance of the expedition was often retarded by the unwillingness of the Sepoys and Johanna men to work. Soon after the departure of the expedition from the coast the murmurings and complaints of these men began, and upon every occasion and at every opportunity they evinced a decided hostility to an advance.

In order to prevent the progress of the Doctor, in hopes that it would compel him to return to the coast, these men so cruelly treated the animals that before long there was not one left alive. Failing in this they set about instigating the natives against the white man, whom they accused most wantonly of strange practises. As this plan was most likely to succeed, and has it was dangerous to have such men with him, the Doctor arrived at the conclusion that it was best to discharge them and accordingly sent the Sepoys back to the coast, but not without having first furnished them with the means of subsistence on their journey to the coast. These men were such a disreputable set that the natives talked of them as the Doctor's slaves. One of their worst sins was their custom to give their guns and ammunition to carry to the first woman or boy they met, whom they impressed for that purpose by either threats or promises which they were totally unable to perform and unwarrantable in making. An hours' march was sufficient to fatigue them, after which they lay down on the road to bewail their hard fate and concoct new schemes to frustrate their leader's purposes. Towards night they generally made their appearance at the camping ground with the looks of half dead men. Such men naturally made but a poor escort, for had the party been attacked by a wandering tribe of natives of any

strength the Doctor could have made no defence, and no other alternative would be left to him but to surrender and be ruined. The Doctor and his little party arrived on the 18th July, 1866, at a village belonging to a chief of the Mahiyaw, situated eight days' march south of the Rovuma and overlooking the watershed of the Lake Nyassa. The territory lying between the Rovuma River and this Mahiyaw chieftain was an uninhabited wilderness, during the transit of which Livingstone and the expedition suffered considerably from hunger and desertion of men.

Early in August, 1866, the Doctor came to Mponda's country, a chief who dwelt near the Lake Nyassa. On the road thither two of the liberated slaves deserted him. Here, also, Wakotani (not Wikotani) a *protege* of the Doctor, insisted upon his discharge, alleging as an excuse, which the Doctor subsequently found to be untrue, that he had found his brother. He further stated that his famly lived on the east side of the Nyassa Lake. He further said that Mponda's favorite wife was his sister. Perceiving that Wakotani was unwilling to go with him further the Doctor took him to Mponda, who now saw and heard of him for the first time, and, having furnished the ungrateful boy with enough cloth and beads to keep him until his "big brother" should call for him, left him with the chief, after first assuring himself that he would have honorable treatment from that chief. The Doctor also gave Wakotani writing paper (as he could read and write, being some of the accomplishments acquired at Bombay, where he had been put to school) that should he at any time feel so disposed he might write to Mr. Horace Waller or to himself. The Doctor further enjoined on him not to join any slave raid usually made by his countrymen, the men of Nyassa, on their neighbors. Upon finding that his application for a discharge was successful, Wakotani endeavored to induce Chumah, another *protege* of the Doctor's, and a companion or chum of Wakotani, to leave the Doctor's service and proceed with them, promising as a bribe a wife and plenty of pombe from his "big brother." Chumah, on referring the matter to the Doctor, was advised not to go, as he (the Doctor) strongly suspected that Wakotani wanted only to make him his slave. Chumah wisely withdrew from his tempter.

From Mponda's country he proceeded to the heel of the Nyassa, to the village of a Babisa chief, who required medicine for a skin disease. With his usual kindness he stayed at this chief's village to treat his malady. While here a half-caste Arab arrived from the western shore of the lake, who reported that he had been plundered by a band of Ma-Zitu at a place the Doctor and Musa, chief of the Johanna men, were very well aware was at least a hundred and fifty miles north north-west of where they were then stopping. Musa, however, for his own reasons—which will appear presently—eagerly listened to the Arab's tale, and gave full credence to it. Having well digested its horrifying contents, he came to the Doctor to give him the full benefit of what he had heard with such willing ears. The traveller patiently listened to the narrative—which lost none of its portentous significance through his relation, such as he believed it bore for himself and master—and then asked Musa if he believed it. "Yes," answered Musa, readily; "he tell me true, true. I ask him good, and he tell me true, true."

The Doctor, however, said he did not believe it, for the Ma-Zitu would not have been satisfied with simply plundering a man; they would have murdered him; but suggested, in order to allay the fears of his Moslem subordinate, that they should both proceed to the chief with whom they were staying, who, being a sensible man, would be able to advise them as to the probability or improbability of the tale being correct. Together they proceeded to the Babisa chief, who, when he had heard the Arab's story, unhesitatingly denounced the Arab as a liar and his story without the least foundation in fact, giving as a reason that if the Ma-Zitu had been lately in that vicinity he would have heard of it soon enough. But Musa broke out with "No, no, Doctor; no, no, no. I no want to go to Ma-Zitu. I no want Ma-Zitu to kill me. I want see my father, my mother, my child, in Johanna. I no want Ma-Zitu kill me." *Ipsissima verba.* These are Musa's words.

To which the Doctor replied, "I don't want Ma-Zitu to kill me either; but, as you are afraid of them, I promise to go straight west until we get far past the beat of the Ma-Zitu."

Musa was not satisfied, but kept moaning and sorrowing, saying, "If we had 200 guns with us I would go, but our small party they will attack by night and kill all."

The Doctor repeated his promise, "But I will not go near them; I will go west."

As soon as he turned his face westward Musa and the Johanna men ran away in a body. The Doctor says in commenting upon Musa's conduct, that he felt strongly tempted to shoot Musa and another ringleader, but was nevertheless glad that he did not soil his hands with their vile blood.

A day or two afterwards another of his men—Simon Price by name—came to the Doctor with the same tale about the Ma-Zitu, but, compelled by the scant number of his people to repress all such tendencies to desertion and faint-heartedness, the Doctor "shut him up" at once and forbade him to utter the name of the Ma-Zitu any more. Had the natives not assisted him he must have despaired of ever being able to penetrate the wild and unexplored interior which he was now about to tread.

"Fortunately," as the Doctor says with unction, "I was in a country now, after leaving the shores of the Nyassa, where the feet of the slave-trader had not trodden. It was a new and virgin land, and, of course, as I have always found it in such cases, the natives were really good and hospitable, and for very small portions of cloth my baggage was conveyed from village to village by them." In many other ways the traveller in his extremity was kindly treated by the undefiled and unspoiled natives.

On leaving this hospitable region in the early part of December, 1866, the Doctor entered a country where the Ma-Zitu had exercised their customary spoilating propensities. The land was swept clean of all provisions and cattle, and the people had emigrated to other countries beyond the bounds of these ferocious plunderers. Again the expedition was besieged by famine and was reduced to great extremity. To satisfy the pinching hunger it suffered it had recourse to the wild fruits which some parts of the country furnished. At intervals the condition of the hard-pressed band was made worse by the heartless desertion of some of its mem-

bers, who more than once departed with the Doctor's personal kit—changes of clothes, and linen, &c. With more or less misfortunes constantly dogging his footsteps, he traversed in safety the countries of the Babisa, Bobema, Barunga, Baulungu and Londa.

In the country of Londa lives the famous Cazembe—made known to Europeans first by Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese traveller. Cazembe is a most intelligent prince; is a tall, stalwart man, who wears a peculiar kind of dress, made of crimson print, in the form of a prodigious kilt. The mode of arranging it is most ludicrous. All the folds of this enormous kilt are massed in front, which causes him to look as if the peculiarities of the human body were reversed in his case. The abdominal parts are thus covered with a balloon-like expansion of cloth, while the lumbar region, which is by us jealously clothed, with him is only half draped by a narrow curtain which by no means suffices to obscure its naturally fine proportions. In this State dress King Cazembe received Dr. Livingstone, surrounded by his chiefs and body guards. A chief, who had been deputed by the King and elders to find out all about the white man, then stood up before the assembly and in a loud voice gave the result of the inquiry he had instituted. He had heard the white man had come to look for waters, for rivers and seas. Though he did not understand what the white man could want with such things he had no doubt that the object was good. Then Cazembe asked what the Doctor proposed doing and where he thought of going. The Doctor replied that he had thought of going south, as he had heard of lakes and rivers being in that direction. Cazembe asked:—

"What can you want to go there for? The water is close here. There is plenty of large water in this neighborhood."

Before breaking up the assembly Cazembe gave orders to let the white man go where he would through his country undisturbed and unmolested. He was the first Englishman he had seen, he said, and he liked him.

Shortly after his introduction to the King the Queen entered the large house surrounded by a body guard of Amazons armed with spears. She was a fine, tall, hand-

some young woman, and evidently thought she was about to make a great impression upon the rustic white man, for she had clothed herself after a most royal fashion, and was armed with a ponderous spear. But her appearance, so different from what the Doctor had imagined, caused him to laugh, which entirely spoiled the effect intended, for the laugh of the Doctor was so contagious that she herself was the first who imitated, and the Amazons, courtier-like, followed suit. Much disconcerted by this, the Queen ran back, followed by her obedient damsels—a retreat most undignified and unqueenlike compared to her majestic advent into the Doctor's presence. But Livingstone will have much to say about his reception at this Court and about this King and Queen; and who can so well relate the scenes he witnessed, and which belong exclusively to him, as he himself.

Soon after his arrival in the country of Londa, or Lunda, and before he had entered the district of Cazembe, he had crossed a river called the Chambezi, which was quite an important stream. The similarity of the name with that large and noble river south, which will be forever connected with his name, misled Livingstone at that time, and he accordingly did not pay it the attention it deserved, believing that the Chambezi was but the head-waters of the Zambezi; and consequently had no bearing or connection with the sources of the river of Egypt, of which he was in search. His fault was in relying too implicity upon the correctness of Portuguese information. This error cost him many months of tedious labor and travel. From the beginning of 1867—the time of his arrival at Cazembe—to the middle of March, 1869—the time of his arrival in Ujiji—he was mostly engaged in correcting the errors and corruptions of the Portuguese travellers. The Portuguese, in speaking of the River Chambezi, invariably spoke of it as "our own Zambezi"—that is, the Zambezi which flows through the Portuguese possessions of the Mozambique. "In going to Cazempis from Nyassa," said they, "you will cross our own Zambezi." Such positive and reiterated information like this not only orally, but in their books and maps was naturally confusing. When the Doctor perceived that what he saw and what they described was at variance, out of a sincere

wish to be correct, and lest he might have been mistaken himself he started to retravel the ground he had travelled before, over and over again he traversed the several countries watered by the several rivers of the complicated water system like an uneasy spirit; over and over again he asked the same questions from the different peoples he met until he was obliged to desist, lest they might say, "The man is mad; he has got water on the brain."

But these travels and tedious labors of his in Londa and the adjacent countries have established beyond doubt first, that the Chambezi is a totally distinct river from the Zambezi of the Portuguese, and secondly, that the Chambezi, starting from about latitude eleven degrees south, is none other than the most southerly feeder of the great Nile, thus giving this famons river a length of over two thousand six hundred miles of direct latitude, making it second to the Mississippi, the longest river in the world. The real and true name of the Zambezi is Dombazi. When Lacuda and his Portuguese successors came to Cazembe, crossed the Chambezie and heard its name, they very naturally set it down as "our own Zambezi," and without further inquiry sketched it as running in that direction.

During his researches in that region, so pregnant in discoveries, Livingstone came to a lake lying northeast of Cazembe, which the natives called Liemba, from the country of that name, which bordered it on the east and south. In tracing the lake north he found it to be none other than the Tanganyika, or the south-eastern extremity of it, which looks on the Doctor's map very much like an outline of Italy. The latitude of the southern end of this great body of water is about nine degrees south, which gives it thus a length, from north to south, of 560 geographical miles.

Webb's River, or the Lualaba, from Bangweolo is a lacustrine river, expanding from one to three miles in breadth. At intervals it forms extensive lakes, then contracting into a broad river it again forms a lake, and so on to latitude four degrees north, and beyond this point the Doctor heard of a large lake again north. Now, for the sake of argument, suppose we give this nameless lake a length of four degrees of latitude, as it may be the one dis-

covered by Piaggia, the Italian traveller, from which Petherick's branch of the White Nile issues out through reeds, marshes and the Bahr Ghazal into the White Nile south of Gondokoro. By this method we can suppose the rivers one —for the lakes extending over so many degrees of latitude would obviate the necessity of explaining the differences of altitude apart. Also, that Livingstone's instruments for observation and taking altitude may have been in error, and this is very likely to have been the case, subjected as they have been to rough-handling during nearly six years of travel.

Despite the apparent difficulty about the altitude there is another strong reason for believing Webb's River, or the Lualaba, to be the Nile. The water-shed of this river, 600 miles of which Livingstone has travelled, is drained by a valley which lies north and south between the eastern and western ranges of the watershed. This valley or line of drainage, while it does not receive the Kasal and the Quango, receives rivers flowing from a great distance west —for instance, the important tributaries Luflra and Lomami, and large rivers from the east, such as the Lindi and Luamo; and while the most intelligent Portuguese travellers and traders state that the Kasai, the Quango and Lubilash are the head waters of the Congo river, no one as yet has started the supposition that the grand river flowing north, and known to the natives as the Lualaba, was the Congo. If this river is not the Nile, where, then, are the head waters of the Nile? The small river running out of the Victoria Nyanza and the river flowing out of the little Lake Albert have not sufficient water to form the great river of Egypt. As you glide down the Nile and note the Asna, the Giraffe, the Sobat, the Blue Nile and Atbara, and follow the river down to Egypt, it cannot fail to impress you that it requires many more streams, or one large river, larger than all yet discovered, to influence its inundations and replace the waste of its flow through a thousand miles of desert. Perhaps a more critical survey of the Bahr Ghazal would prove that the Nile is influenced by the waters that pour through "the small piece of water resembling a duck pond buried in the sea of rushes," as Speke

describes the Bahr Ghazal. Livingstone's discovery answers the question and satisfies the intelligent hundreds, who, though Bruce and Speke and Baker, each in his turn had declared he had found the Nile sources, yet doubted and hesitated to accept the enthusiastic assertions as a final solution of the Nile problem. Even yet, according to Livingstone, the Nile sources have not been found ; though he has traced the Lualaba through seven degrees of latitude flowing north, and though neither he nor I have a particle of doubt of its being the Nile, not yet can the Nile question be said to be solved and ended, for three reasons—

First—He has heard of the existence of four fountains, two of which give birth to a river flowing north—Webb's River, or the Lualaba ; two to a river flowing south, which is the Zambezi. He has heard of these fountains repeatedly from the natives. Several times he has been within one hundred and two hundred miles from them, but something always interposed to prevent him going to see them. According to those who have seen them, they rise on either side of a mound or hill which contains no stones. Some have even called it an ant hill. One of these fountains is said to be so large that a man standing on one side cannot be seen from the other. These fountains must be discovered, and their position taken. The Doctor does not suppose them to lie south of the feeders of Lake Bangweolo.

Second—Webb's River must be traced to its connection with some portion of the Old Nile.

Third—The connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza must be ascertained.

When these three things have been accomplished, then, and not till then, can the mystery of the Nile be explained. The two countries through which this marvellous lacustrine river—the Lualaba—flows with its manifold lakes and broad expanses of water, are Rua—the Uruwa of Speke—and Mayema. For the first time Europe is made aware that between the Tanganyika and the known soures of the Congo there exist teeming millions of the negro race who never saw or heard of the white peoples who make such noisy and busy stir outside of Africa. Upon the minds of those who had the good fortune to see the first specimen of these

remarkable white races Livingstone seems to have made a favorable impression, though, through misunderstanding his object and coupling him with the Arabs who made horrible work there, his life has been sought after more than once.

These two extensive countries, Rua and Manyema, are populated by true heathens—governed not as the sovereignties of Karagwah Wumdi and Uganda, by despotic kings, but each village by its own sultan or lord. Thirty miles outside of their own immediate settlements the most intelligent of those small chiefs seem to know nothing. Thirty miles from the Lualaba there were but few people who had ever heard of the great river. Such ignorance among the natives of their own countries, of course, increased the labors of Livingstone. Compared with these all tribes and nations in Africa with whom Livingstone came in contact may be deemed civilized. Yet in the arts of home manufacture these wild people of Manyema are far superior to any he had seen. When other tribes and nations contented themselves with hides and skins of animals thrown negligently over their shoulders, the people of Manyema manufactured a cloth from fine grass which may favorably compare with the finest grass cloth of India. They also know the art of dyeing them in various colors—black, yellow and purple. The Wanguana or freed men of Zanzibar, struck with the beauty of this fine grass fabric, eagerly exchange their cotton cloths for fine grass cloth, and on almost every black man returned from Manyema I have seen this native cloth converted into elegantly made *damirs* (Arabic)—short jackets.

These countries are also very rich in ivory. The fever for going to Manyema to exchange their tawdry beads for the precious tusks of Manyema is of the same kind as that which impelled men to the gulches and placers of California, Colorada, Montana and Idaho ; after nuggets to Australia, and diamonds to Cape Colony. Manyema is at present the El Dorado of the Arabs and the Wamrima tribes. It is only about four years since the first Arab returned from Manyema with such wealth of ivory and reports about the fabulous quantities found there that ever since the old beaten tracks of Karagwah, Uganda, Ufipa and Marunga have been comparatively deserted. The people of Manyema, ignorant of

the value of the precious article reared their huts upon ivory stanchions. Ivory pillars and doors were common sights in Manyema, and hearing of these one can no longer wonder at the ivory palace of Solomon. For generations they had used ivory tusks as doorposts and eave stanchions, until they had become perfectly rotten and worthless. But the advent of the Arabs soon taught them the value of the article. It has now risen considerably in price, though yet fabulously cheap. At Zanzibar the value of ivory per frarsilah of thirty-five pounds weight is from fifty dollars to sixty dollars, according to its quality. In Unyanyembe it is about one dollar and ten cents per pound ; but in Manyema it may be purchased for from half a cent to one and a quarter cent's worth of copper per pound of ivory.

The Arabs, however, have the knack of spoiling markets by their rapacity and wanton cruelty. With muskets a small party of Arabs are invincible against such people as those of Manyema, who until lately never heard the sound of a gun. The report of a musket inspires mortal terror in them, and it is almost impossible to induce them to face the muzzle of a gun. They believe that the Arabs have stolen the lightning, and that against such people the bow and arrow can have but little effect. They are by no means devoid of courage, and they have often declared that were it not for the guns not one Arab would leave the country alive, which tends to prove that they would willingly engage in fight with the strangers, who have made themselves so detestable, were it not that the startling explosion of gunpowder inspires them with such terror.

Into whichever country the Arabs enter they contrive to render their name and race abominated. But the mainspring of it all is not the Arab's nature, color or name, but simply the slave trade. So long as the slave trade is permitted to be kept up at Zanzibar so long will these otherwise enterprising people, the Arabs, kindle against them throughout Africa the hatred of the natives. On the main lines of travel, from Zanzibar into the interior of Africa, none of these acts of cruelty are seen, for the very good reason that they have armed the natives with guns and taught them how to use weapons, which they are by no means loath to

do whenever an opportunity presents itself. When too late, when they have perceived their folly in selling guns to the natives, the Arabs repent and begin to vow signal vengeance on the person who will in future sell a gun to a native. But they are all guilty of the same folly, and it is strange they did not perceive that it was folly when they were doing so. In former days the Arab, protected by his slave escort armed with guns, could travel through Usegubha, Urori-Ukonongo, Uflipa, Karagwah, Unyoro and Uganda, with only a stick in his hand; now, however, it is impossible for him or any one else to do so. Every step he takes, armed or unarmed, is fraught with danger. The Waseguhha near the coast halt him, and demand the tribute or give him the option of war; entering Ugogo he is subjected every day to the same oppressive demand, or to the other fearful alternative. The Wanyamwezi also show their readiness to take the same advantage; the road to Karagwah is besieged with difficulties; the terrible Mirambo stands in the way, defeats their combined forces with ease and makes raids even to the doors of their houses in Unyanyembe, and, should they succeed in passing Mirambo, a chief stands before them who demands tribute by the bale, against whom it is useless to contend. These remarks have reference to the slave trade inaugurated in Manyema by the Arabs. Harassed on the road between Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, minatory natives with bloody hands on all sides ready to revenge the slightest affront, the Arabs have refrained from kidnapping between the Tanganyika and the sea; but in Manyema, where the natives are timid, irresolute and divided into small, weak tribes, the Arabs recover their audacity and exercise their kidnapping propensities unchecked. The accounts which the Doctor brings from that new region are most deplorable.

He was an unwilling spectator of a horrible deed—a massacre committed on the inhabitants of a populous district—who had assembled in the market place, on the banks of the Lualaba, as they had been accustomed to for ages. It seems the Wa-Manyema are very fond of marketing, believing it to be the *summum bonum* of human enjoyment. They find unceasing pleasure in chaffering with might and main

for the least mite of their currency—the last bead—and when they gain the point to which their peculiar talents are devoted they feel intensely happy. The women are excessively fond of their marketing, and as they are very beautiful, the market place must possess considerable attractions for the male sex. It was on such a day, with just such a scene, that Tagomoyo, a half-caste Arab, with his armed slave escort, commenced an indiscriminate massacre by firing volley after volley into the dense mass of human beings. It is supposed that there were about two thousand present, and at the first sound of the firing these poor people all made a rush for their canoes. In the fearful hurry to avoid being shot the canoes were paddled away by the first fortunate few who got possession of them. Those that were not so fortunate sprang into the deep waters of the Lualaba, and, though many of them became an easy prey to the voracious crocodiles that swarmed to the scene, the majority received their deaths from the bullets of the merciless Tagomoyo and his villanous band. The Doctor believes, as do the Arabs themselves, that about four hundred people mostly women and children lost their lives, while many more were made slaves. This scene is only one of many such which he has unwillingly witnessed, and he is utterly unable to describe the loathing he feels for the inhuman perpetrators.

Slaves from Manyema command a higher price than those of any other country, because of their fine forms and general docility. The women, the Doctor says repeatedly, are remarkably pretty creatures, and have nothing except their hair in common with the negroids of the West Coast. They are of a very light color, have fine noses, well-cut and not over full-lips, and a prognathous jaw is uncommon. These women are eagerly sought after for wives by the half-castes of the East Coast, and even the pure Amani Arabs do not disdain connection with them. To the north of Manyema Livingstone came to a light-complexioned race of the color of Portuguese, or our own Louisiana quadroons, who are very fine people, and singularly remarkable for commercial cuteness and sagacity. The women are expert divers for oysters, which are found in great abundance in the Lualaba.

Rua, at a place called Katanga, is rich in copper. The copper mines of this place have been worked for ages. In the bed of a stream gold has been found washed down in pencil-shaped lumps, or particles as large as split peas. Two Arabs have gone thither to prospect for this metal, but as they are ignorant of the art of gulch mining it is scarcely possible that they will succeed.

From these highly important and interesting discoveries Doctor Livingstone was turned back when almost on the threshold of success by the positive refusal of his men to accompany him further. They were afraid to go unless accompanied by a large force of men, and as these were not procurable in Manyema the Doctor reluctantly turned his face towards Ujiji.

It was a long and weary road back. The journey had now no interest for him. He had travelled it before when going westward, full of high hopes and aspirations, impatient to reach the gaol which promised him rest from his labors; now returning unsuccessful, baffled and thwarted when almost in sight of the end, and having to travel the same road back on foot, with disappointed expectations and defeated hopes preying on his mind, no wonder that the brave old spirit almost succumbed and the strong constitution was almost wrecked. He arrived at Ujiji, Oct. 26th, almost at death's door. On the way he had been trying to cheer himself up, since he had found it impossible to contend against the obstinancy of his men, with "it won't take long, five or six months more; it matters not, since it can't be helped. I have got my goods in Ujiji, and can hire other people and make a new start." These are the words and hopes with which he tried to delude himself into the idea that all would be right yet; but imagine, if you can, the shock he must have suffered when he found that the man to whom was entrusted his goods for safe keeping had sold every bale for ivory.

The evening of the day Livingstone had returned to Ujiji, Susi and Chuma, two of his most faithful men, were seen crying bitterly. The Doctor asked them what ailed them, and was then informed for the first time of the evil tidings that awaited him. Said they: "All our things are sold, sir. Shereef has sold everything for ivory."

Later in the evening Shereef came to see him and shamelessly offered his hand, with a salutatory "Yambo." Livingstone refused his hand, saying he could not shake hands with a thief. As an excuse Shereef said he had divined on the Koran and that told him the Hakim (Arabic for Doctor) was dead. Livingstone was now destitute. He had just enough to keep himself and his men alive for about a month, after which he would be forced to beg from the Arabs. He had arrived in Ujiji, October 26. The *Herald* Expedition arrived November 10, from the coast—only sixteen days difference. Had I not been delayed at Unyanyembe by the war with Mirambo I should have gone on to Manyema, and very likely have been travelling by one road, while he would have been coming by another to Ujiji. Had I gone on two years ago, when I first received instructions, I should have lost him without doubt. But I am detained by a series of circumstances, which chafed and fretted me considerably at the time, only to permit him to reach Ujiji sixteen days before I appeared. It was as if we were marching to meet together at an appointed rendezvous—the one from the west, the other from the east.

The Doctor had heard of a white man being at Unyanyembe, who was said to have boats with him, and he had thought he was another traveller sent by the French government to replace Lieutenant Le Sainte, who died from fever a few miles above Gondokoro. I had not written to him because I believed him to be dead, and of course my sudden entrance into Ujiji was a great surprise to him as it was to the Arabs. But the sight of the American flag, which he saw waving in the van of the expedition, indicated that one was coming who could speak his own language, and you know already how the leader was received.

CONJOINT EXPLORATIONS.

UJIJI, LAKE TANGANYIKA,
Dec. 23rd, 1871.

A few days after the arrival of the *Herald* Expedition at Ujiji, I asked the Doctor if he had explored the head of the Tanganyika.

He said he had not, "he had not thought it of so much importance as the central line of drainage; besides, when he had proposed to do it, before leaving for Manyema, the Wajiji had shown such a disposition to fleece him that he he had desisted from the attempt."

Your correspondent then explained to him what great importance was attached to the lake by geographers, as stated in the newspapers, and suggested to him that it were better, seeing that he was about to leave for Unyanyembe, and that something might occur in the mean while to hinder him from ever visiting it, to take advantage of the offer I made of putting myself, men, and effects of the expedition at his service for the purpose of exploring the northern head of the Tanganyika.

He at once accepted the offer, and, like a hero, lost no time in starting.

On the 20th of November, Dr. Livingstone and your correspondent, with twenty picked men of the *Herald* Expedition Corps, started. Despite the assertion of Arabs that the Warundi were dangerous, and would not let us pass, we hugged their coast closely, and when fatigued, boldly encamped in their country. Only once were we obliged to fly—and this was at dead of night—from a large party which we knew to be surrounding us from the land side. We got to the boat safely, and we might have punished them severely if the Doctor had been so disposed. Once also we were stoned, but we paid no heed to them, and kept

on our way along their coast until we arrived at Mokamba's, one of the chiefs of Usige.

Mokamba was at war with a neighbouring chief, who lived on the left bank of the Rusizi. That did not deter us, and we crossed the head of the Tanganyika to Mugihewah, governed by Ruhinga, brother of Mokamba.

Mugihewah is a tract of country on the right bank of the Rusizi, extending to the lake. With Mokamba and Ruhinga we became most intimate; they proved to be sociable, good-natured chiefs, and gave most valuable information concerning the countries lying to the north of Usige; and if their information is correct, Sir Samuel Baker will be obliged to curtail the ambitious dimensions of his lake by one degree, if not more.

A Mgwana living at Mokamba's on the eastern shore of the lake, had informed us that the River Rusizi certainly flowed out of the lake, and after joining the Kitangule, emptied into the Lake N'yanza (Victoria).

When we entered Ruhinga's territory of Mugihewah, we found ourselves but 300 yards from the river about which a great deal has been said and written.

At Unyanyembe I was told that the Rusizi was an affluent.

At Ujiji all Arabs but one united in saying the same thing, and within ten miles of the Rusizi a freedman of Zanzibar swore it was an affluent.

On the morning of the eleventh day of our departure from Ujiji, we were rowed towards the river. We came to a long narrow bay, fringed on all sides with tall, dense reeds, and swarming with crocodiles, and soon came to the mouth of the Rusizi.

As soon as we had entered the river, all doubt vanished before the strong, turbid flood against which we had to contend in the ascent. After about ten minutes we entered what seemed a lagoon, but which was the result of a late inundation. About an hour higher up, the river began to be confined to its proper banks, and is about thirty yards broad, but very shallow.

Two days higher up, Ruhinga told us the Rusizi was joined by the Loanda, coming from the north-west.

There could be no mistake then. Dr. Livingstone and myself had ascended it, had felt the force of the strong inflowing current—the Rusizi was an influent, as much so as the Malagarazi, the Linche, and Rugufu, but with its banks full it can only be considered as ranking third among the rivers flowing into the Tanganyika. Though rapid, it is extremely shallow; it has three mouths, up which an ordinary ship's boat, loaded, might in vain attempt to ascend. Burton and Speke, though they ascended to within six hours' journey by canoe from the Rusizi, were compelled to turn back by the cowardice of the boatmen. Had they ascended to Meuta's capital, they could easily have seen the head of the lake. Usige is but a district of Wumdi, governed by several small chiefs, who owe obedience to Mwezi, the great King of Wumdi.

We spent nine days at the head of the Tanganyika, exploring the islands and many bays that indent its shores. In returning to Ujiji we coasted along the west side of the Tanganyika, as far as the country of the Wasansi, whom we had to leave on no amicable terms, owing to their hostility to Arabs, and arrived at Ujiji on the 18th of December, having been absent twenty-eight days.

Though the Rusizi river can no longer be a subject of curiosity to geographers—and we are certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and Baker's Lake, or the Albert N'yanza,—it is not yet certain that there is no connection between the Tanganyika and the Nile river. The western coast has not all been explored; and there is reason to suppose that a river runs out of the Tanganyika through the deep caverns of Kabogo Mountain, far underground and out on the western side of Kabogo into the Lualaba, or the Nile. Livingstone has seen the river about forty miles or so west of Kabogo (about forty yards broad at that place), but he does not know that it runs out of the mountain.

This is one of the many things which he has yet to examine.

DEPARTURE FROM UJIJI.

KWIHARA, UNYANYEMBE, Feb. 21st, 1872.

After spending Christmas at Ujiji, Doctor Livingstone, escorted by the *Herald* Expedition, composed of forty Wanguana soldiers, well armed, left for Unyanyembe on the 26th of December, 1871.

In order to arrive safely, untroubled by wars and avaricious tribes, we sketched out a road to Unyanyembe, thus :—

Seven days by water south to Urimba.

Ten days across the uninhabited forests of Kawendi.

Twenty days through Unkonongo, direct east.

Twelve days north through Unkonongo.

Thence five days into Unyanyembe, where we arrived without adventure of any kind, except killing zebras, buffaloes, and giraffes, after fifty-four days' travel.

The expedition suffered considerably from famine, and your correspondent from fever, but these are incidental to the march in this country.

The Doctor tramped it on foot like a man of iron. On arrival at Unyanyembe, I found that the Englishman, Shaw, whom I had turned back as useless, had about a month after his return succumbed to the climate of the interior and had died, as well as two Wauguana of the expedition who had been left behind sick. Thus, during less than twelve months, William Lawrence Farquhar, of Leith, Scotland, and John William Shaw, of London, England, the two white men I had engaged to assist me, had died ; also eight baggage-carriers and eight soldiers of the expedition had died.

I was bold enough to advise the Doctor to permit the expedition to escort him to Unyanyembe, through the country it was made acquainted with while going to Ujiji, for

the reason that were he to sit down at Ujiji until Mirambo was disposed of, he might remain a year there, a prey to high expectations, ending always in bitter disappointments. I told him, as the Arabs of Unyanyembe were not equal to the task of conquering Mirambo, that it were better he should accompany the *Herald* Expedition to Unyanyembe, and there take possession of the last lot of goods brought to him by a caravan which left the sea-coast simultaneously with our expedition.

The Doctor consented, and thus it was that he came so far back as Unyanyembe.

It is erroneously supposed by his friends that Dr. Livingstone is most industriously attended to, that he receives annually, if not semi-annually, large supplies of cloth, beads, and necessaries. Your correspondent begs to inform his friends that the *Herald* expedition found him turned back from his explorations when on the eve of being terminated thoroughly, by the very man sent to him by the British Consulate; that the expedition found him sitting down at Ujiji utterly destitute, robbed by the very men sent by the British Consul at Zanzibar with his caravan; that the *Herald* Expedition escorted him to Unyanyembe only in time to save his last stock of goods, for they were rapidly being made away with by the very men entrusted by the British Consulate with the last lot of goods; that it was only by an accident that your correspondent saw a packet of letters addressed to Livingstone, and so forcibly took one of Livingstone's men to carry the letters to his employer.

When we arrived at Unyanyembe, two bales of cloth, two bags of beads, and one case of brandy had already disappeared out of the last lot.

Neither are the supplies or letters hurried up to him. He might have waited long at Ujiji waiting for goods and letters that never would come, if the *Herald* Expedition had not informed him.

Though the distance from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe is but three months for a loaded caravan, yet the Consulate's trusty men stopped on the sea-coast, within a stone's throw (figuratively speaking) of the Consulate, over three and a half months, and Livingstone got his goods thirteen a half

months after they left the sea-coast, and only at three months from the coast. Livingstone had to come for them himself a distance of 350 miles.

Within the time that the British Consul's men took to convey Livingstone's goods and letters a distance of only 525 miles, the *Herald* Expedition was formed, and marched 2,059 English statute miles, and before the fourteenth month of its departure from the sea-coast, the *Herald* Expedition will have arrived at the sea-coast, be paid off, and disbanded.

In the matter of supplies, then, being sent to Livingstone semi-annually or annually, there is no truth whatever. The cause is extreme apathy at Zanzibar, and the reckless character of the men sent. Where English gentlemen are so liberal, and money so plentiful, it should be otherwise.

When preparing to return to the coast, your correspondent, in command of your expedition, turned over to Dr. Livingstone nine bales of mixed cloths, 980 pounds of assorted beads, well adapted to Rua and Manyema, and 350 pounds of brass wire, besides one portable boat to cross rivers, a supply of carpenters' tools, revolvers, carbines, and several hundred pounds of ammunition.

KWIHARA, UNYANYEMBE, March 12th, 1872.

The day after to-morrow the *Herald* Expedition will leave the Land of the Moon—Unyamwezi—for the sea-coast.

Your correspondent has been commissioned by Doctor Livingstone, if there is time before the first ship leaves Zanzibar, to send him fifty well-armed men from Zanzibar, to act as soldiers and servants for a new expedition which he is about to organize for rapid exploration of a few doubtful points, before returning home to declare to those concerned that he has finished his work.

He will leave Unyanyembe for Ufipa, thence to Liemba and Marumgu, and crossing the Luapula river at Chicumbi's, will make his way to the copper mines of Katanga, in Rua; then eight days south, to discover the fountains of Herodo-

tus ; then return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua, ten days north-east of Katanga ; thence to Lake Kamolondo, and by River Lafira to Lake Lincoln ; thence back to Lualaba, to explore the lake north of Kamolondo ; thence return by Uguhha to Ujiji, or by Marumgu, through Urori, to the coast, and England.

This is his present programme, which he thinks will only take him eighteen months ; but, as I have told him, I think it will take two years.

Though he is now going on for sixty years of age, he looks but forty-five or fifty—quite hale and hearty. He has an enormous appetite, which has abated nothing of its powers since I have known him. He is in need of no rest : he needed supplies ; he has got them now, and everything he needs. Though sick and thin when I saw him at Ujiji, he is now fleshy and stoutish, and must weigh about 180 pounds. Though I have hung my balance scales temptingly before his eyes, I have never been able to get him to weigh himself. I have not the slightest fears about his health, or of any danger coming to him from the natives.

Before the full text of the preceding letters of Mr. Stanley had reached England, the following intelligence had been transmitted from Bombay :—

" Messrs. Stanley, Henn, New, and Morgaro sailed from Zanzibar for Seychelles on the 29th *en route* for Europe in the screw steamer *Star*, Messrs. W. Oswald and Co. Mr. Stanley, with his usual activity, chartered the steamer. Two days before leaving, Mr. Stanley despached men and supplies to Dr. Livingstone, who awaits them at Unyanyembe.

" Mr. Stanley was very anxious to go to Bagamoyo to start the party, and accompany them for one day's march, when they would be sure to go on ; but he was unable to do so without being detained for one month longer in Zanzibar or Seychelles. The head native *employe* in the American Consulate went to Bagamoyo for this purpose, and, in the

event of difficulty occurring, arrangements were made for insuring the forwarding of the relief expedition with all despatch. Heavy rains still continue, and the country to the west of Bagamoyo may be impassable.

"Mr. Stanley has sent the supplies in charge of an Arab, along with 57 men, well armed, and in light marching order. These men will be at the disposal of the Doctor, being under engagement to that effect."

STANLEY AT BRIGHTON.

HIS STATEMENT BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Stanley's first appearance in public in England has more than equalled the general expectation, high as this ran here. Soon after nine the great concert hall in Middle street began to fill, and from this time till eleven, when the proceedings commenced, people poured in by the hundred, until every available seat was occupied, except a row of velvet chairs in front of and facing the platform, reserved for the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Prince Imperial and suite. Mr. John Locke, M. P., Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Professor Fawcett, M. P., Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Dr. Carpenter, Lady Burdett Coutts, Sir John Bowring, Dr. Price, and Admiral Richards, the Hydrographer of the Navy, were among the first arrivals. The imperial party came in a few minutes before eleven; then the leading members of the geographical section took their seats upon the platform, Mr. Francis Galton in the chair, with Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Beke and Consul Petherick on his left; and Mr. Stanley, Admiral Richards and others on his right. There was just the kind of enthusiasm which might have been looked for, both when Mr. Stanley appeared and when his name was mentioned by the President. Again and again did the audience, which numbered from a thousand to fifteen hundred people, express their vociferous welcome; the Emperor and Empress applauded as heartily as the rest, and Mr. Stanley having to rise more than once to bow his acknowledgments. Determination and pluck are written upon the young traveller's face in characters which are unmistakeable, and if ever a man

"looked the part" he has been called upon to play, it is the intrepid discoverer of Livingstone. Further, Mr. Stanley developed this morning qualities which prove him to be pre-eminently qualified for a branch of public life which would enable him to confer great pleasure upon an indefinite number of people; and if it has not already occurred to him to deliver a course of lectures in London and our leading provincial towns, I beg to present him with the suggestion, and to predict for him in that capacity enormous success. Gifted with great powers of expression, a sonorous voice, no little humor, abundant capacity for retort and for holding his own pleasantly and firmly, Mr. Stanley's triumphant debut this morning before many of the leading geographers of the world furnished a remarkable example of the power of mother wit and practical experience.

Altogether the impression left by Mr. Stanley upon his hearers was in the highest degree favorable, and, while it is possible that some of his opinions may be modified by the light scientific geographers may supply, it is certain that he carried his audience with him in debate. But Mr. Stanley is essentially the man for a platform and a popular assembly, and if he could be induced to deliver a lecture and illustrate it with drawings, diagrams and maps he would furnish the public with an extremely attractive and instructive entertainment. Meanwhile, people are asking what public honor is to be paid him and when it will be announced. His achievement is not one which England can pass by, and some mark of recognition by the government would never seem more grateful than now.

PRESIDENT GALTON'S OPENING ADDRESS.

The President, in introducing Mr. Stanley, said:—The proceedings to-day will be opened by an account by Mr. H. W. Stanley of the parts of Africa visited by him—that is, the northern part of Tanganyika and the Rusizi, and the new route from Unyanyembe; and it will be followed by the reading of extracts from the despatches of Dr. Livingstone—extracts bearing solely on the geographical aspect of

the question. These extracts will be illustrated by a large map drawn in the map room of the Royal Geographical Society, whose President sits at my left (Sir H. Rawlinson). Afterwards Mr. Stanley will relate his wanderings, and point out what he considers to be the corrections which ought to be made, speaking from his recollection, of the route map made by Dr. Livingstone himself, which he has seen, and a copy of which to my knowledge exists in this kingdom. Then a short paper will be read which has been sent to us by Colonel Grant (Speke and Grant), who, I regret, is not present, and the discussion will follow. I will now detain you one moment longer, to explain how the circumstances stood previous to Mr. Stanley's expedition; and it is necessary I should do so, for much misconception prevails on the subject. It is about six years ago that a rumor reached England of Dr. Livingstone's death—a rumor which you recollect was doubted by our own President (Sir Roderick Murchison), and which was afterwards wholly disproved by the expedition sent out specially from England, under Captain Young, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of it; and, again, by letters received from Dr. Livingstone himself, dated in 1869, only three years ago. We had previously received from letters him—viz., in 1867 and 1868. They requested that supplies should be sent, and await him at Ujiji. The route from the coast was first opened up by Captain Burton and Captain Speke, and they found it was a perfectly open caravan road, along which there was no difficulty whatever other than is common in caravan roads in uncivilized countries—no difficulty whatever in transmitting provisions and supplies. Supplies were actually sent by that route. I have a list of four parties which went with supplies—viz., in 1867, 1868, 1869 and 1870, and the supplies sent from the coast in 1869 actually reached Livingstone, not only at Unyanyembe, but in Ujiji. But in that year a difficult state of circumstances arose. Cholera broke out, and it was impossible for caravans to pass through. Most of the men died, and supplies were stopped at Unyanyembe. Afterwards war broke out, and the route which could be travelled in ordinary times became closed, or almost closed. It was then a matter of

great consideration with the Royal Geographical Society what steps they should take; but at that time we heard that Mr. Stanley, actuated by honorable motives and despatched by the New York Herald, had actually started in search of Dr. Livingstone. Supplies and letters were therefore placed in his hands to be delivered to Dr. Livingstone. The Royal Geographical Society, not wishing in any way to compete with an existing expedition, took no other steps. Afterwards a rumor reached England, happily unfounded, that Mr. Stanley had got to Unyanyembe and that his expedition had been broken up; that in consequence of the wars of the Arabs it had succumbed, and that he was himself ill of fever and incapable of pushing on in his mission. Although we knew little reliance was to be placed in such rumors we resolved to send out that expedition, of which you have heard so much and which you know has returned. It happened that before we sent out the expedition Mr. Stanley had actually shaken hands with Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji. (Loud cheers.) When the expedition reached the coast of Africa and was ready to start, they met Mr. Stanley's advance return party and in a few days afterwards Mr. Stanley himself. (Cheers.) Now I have explained to the best of my ability the simple facts of the case, and I now call upon Mr. Stanley to give us his account of his most adventurous expedition.

STANLEY'S NARRATIVE.

Mr. Stanley then stepped forward on the platform and was again loudly cheered. He said:—Ladies and gentlemen, I consider myself in the light of a troubadour, to relate to you the tale of an old man who is tramping onward to discover the source of the Nile—to tell you that I found that old man at Ujiji, and to tell you of his woes and sufferings and how he bore his misfortunes with the Christian patience and endurance of a hero. Before I started for central Africa I knew nothing of that great broad tract in the centre of the African Continent. My duty led me to fields of journalism—my duty carried me far away from Central Africa. If I had ever dreamed that I should visit the heart of Africa I should have smiled at myself.

Now, while I was following my duties at Madrid, I received a telegram to come to Paris on important business. I went and found Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the younger, of the New York Herald—(cheers)—I found him in bed; I knocked at his door. He said, "Come in," and then demanded my name.

"My name is Stanley."

"Oh, you are the man I want. Do you know where Livingstone is?"

"I declare to you I do not." (Laughter.)

"Do you suppose he is alive?"

"I really don't know."

"What do you think of it?"

I replied, "It passes all my comprehension." (Laughter.)

"Well, I think he is alive, and I want you to find him." (Laughter.)

I thought it was a most gigantic task, but I dared not say "no" to Mr Bennett, I answered, "If you send me to Central Africa I shall go there." (Loud cheers.)

He said, "Well, go, I believe he is alive, and you can find him."

I said, "Mr. Bennett, have you the least idea how much that little journey will cost? (Laughter.) The Burton and Speke expedition cost between £2,000 and £4,000. Are you ready to incur that expense?"

Mr. Bennett responded, "Draw £1,000, and when that is finished draw another £1,000, and when that is done draw another £1,000, and when you have got rid of that draw another and another." (Cheers.)

When I was in such a position what was I to do? I saw he was determined I should go and find Dr. Livingstone, and I went. He would take no apologies or excuses, so I said, "What it is open to poor human nature to do, I will do—I bid you good night." (Laughter and cheers.)

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I had never read any book on Central Africa, and, indeed, I thought Dr. Livingstone a myth. I knew books and newspapers had said much about him, and that all people gloried in him, yet I had a doubt about his being alive. Before I started on my mis-

sion I had to give a description of the opening of the Suez Canal, and then I had to visit the vast temple of Solomon under ground. (Mr. Stanley then mentioned other duties he had to discharge, which included journeys to the Dead Sea, Caucasus, Persia, Bagdad, the Euphrates Valley Railway, and other places.)

When I reached Zanzibar I began to study books on Central Africa, and to draw up an estimate of the cost of my expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone. I first put it down at $3,000, but I had to increase it several times until it reached $20,000. Mr. Stanley then related the difficulty he had in learning the names of the currency among the natives in trading, and how he asked every Arab he met whether a white man had been seen in the country, and the conflicting information he received on the subject. One said he saw one at Ujiji, and he was very fat and fond of rice. (Laughter.) Another said a white man had been wounded when he was engaged in hunting. When I got to Unyanyembe, the great central depots of the Arabs, I asked the Governor where the fat man was. He said he lived at Ujiji somewhere, and was a great eater of butter. (Laughter.) I thought that was good news. I said, "Do you think he is alive?'" "Ah! great master, I don't say he is alive, because there has been war there." He said he had divined on the Koran, and found Livingstone was dead. Now my next point was Ujiji, from Unyanyembe. I had never been in Africa before. There were no railroads, no telegraphs, no balloons, and there was a war raging in the country. First I must cut my way through this war country. We went on for two days, but on the third we made a most disgraceful retreat. (Laughter.) All my men deserted me. I made my way to the camp of the Arabs, and I said there is a war going on, and it is between the Arabs and the natives. I will find my own way to Livingstone. One of them said, "Oh, great master, you must not do that. I must write to the Sultan and say you are obstinate, that you are going to get killed." "All right," said I; "there are jungles. If one way is closed we can try another. If that is closed we can try another, and so on. I want to go to Ujiji."

So on the 23rd September last year I started, and went directly south until I came to the frontier of the adjoining country, and when I came to the corner of it I found there was another war there. In fact I was going straight into it. I had to go up north now, and came to the salt pans of which Burton speaks. In crossing the river I had such little incidents as a crocodile eating one of my donkeys. (Laughter.) I came next to a land notorious for its robbers. I did not know this, and one night I called a council of my principal men. I told them I could not stand this tribute taking. They asked, "What will you do, master?" I said, "The thing is to go into the jungle and make direct west." At the dead of the night we went into the bamboo jungle, and on the fourth day we stood on the last hill. We had crossed the last stream; we had traversed the last plain, we had climbed the last mountain, and Ujiji lay embowered in the palms beneath us. (Cheers.) Now, it is customary in Africa to make your presence known by shouting and shooting guns. We fired our guns as only exuberant heroes can do. I said, "I suppose I shall not find the white man here. We must go on to the Congo and away to the Atlantic Ocean, but we must find this white man." So we were firing away, shouting, blowing horns, beating drums. All the people came out, and the great Arabs from Muscat came out.

Hearing we were from Zanzibar, and were friendly and brought news of their relatives, they welcomed us. And while we were travelling down that steep hill, down to this little town, I heard a voice saying, "Good morning, sir." (Loud cheers and laughter.) I turned and said sharply, "Who the mischief are you?" "I am the servant of Dr. Livingstone, sir." I said, "What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?" "Yes, he is here. I saw him just now." I said, Do you mean to say Dr. Livingstone is here?" "Sure." "Go and tell him I am coming." (Laughter and cheers.) Do you think it possible for me to describe my emotions as I walked down those few hundred yards?

This man, David Livingstone, that I believed to be a myth, was in front of me a few yards. I confess to you that were it not for certain feelings of pride, I should have

turned over a somersault. (Laughter.) But I was ineffably happy. I had found Livingstone; my work is ended. It is only a march home quick; carry the news to the first telegraph station, and so give the word to the world. (Cheers.) A great many people gathered around us. My attention was directed to where a group of Arabs was standing, and in the centre of this group a pale, careworn, grey-bearded old man, dressed in a red shirt, with a crimson joho, with a gold band round his cap, an old tweed pair of pants, his shoes looking the worse for wear. Who is this old man? I ask myself. Is it Livingstone? Yes, it is. No, it is not. Yes, it is. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" "Yes." (Loud cheers.) Now it would never have done in the presence of the grave Arabs, who stood there stroking their beards, for two white men to kick up their heels. No; the Arabs must be attended to. They would carry the story that we were children—fools. So we walked side by side into the verandah. There we sat—the man, the myth, and I. This was the man; and what a woeful tale of calamities that wrinkled face, those grey hairs in his beard, those silver lines in his head—what a woeful tale they told! Now we begin to talk. I don't know about what. I know we talk, and by-and-by come plenty of presents from the Arabs. We eat and talk, and whether Livingstone eats most or I eat most I cannot tell. I tell him many things. He asks, "Do you know such and such a one?" "Yes." "How is he?" "Dead." "Oh, oh!" "And such a one?" "Alive and well." "Thanks be to God." "And what are they all doing in Europe now?" "Well, the French are kicking up a fuss; and the Prussians are around Paris, and the world is turned topsy-turvy." It is all a matter of wonder for Livingstone. He soon turned in to read his letters. And who shall stand between this man and the outer world? I should like to say a great deal more to you, but I want you to find out one thing, and that is—I want you to find out what this man Livingstone was—what was his character—that this man can stand the fatigues, brave the dangers and sufferings of Central Africa. What is there in him which makes him go on while others turn back? What is it in him who has discovered so many lakes and rivers and

streams, passed over so many virgin countries and through so many forests, that makes him say, "It is not enough?" This is what I want to know. I asked him if he had been up to the Lake Tanganyika yet. There is a great deal said about that. He said the central line of drainage absorbed all his means. I proposed to him we should go there with my men and material, and make a pleasure party of it. He said, "I am your man." I said, "They think we should go there." "Very well; it shall be done to-morrow." And to-morrow we went. Now, it is about what Livingstone and myself discovered at the northern end of Lake Tanganyika that the Royal Geographical Society has requested me to read you a formal paper on the subject. (Cheers.)

Mr. Stanley then read his paper descriptive of Lake Tanganyika, at the conclusion of which the following conversation ensued :—

The President—You have amply testified by your applause your appreciation of the touching and interesting narrative you have just heard. One almost regrets—if one might be allowed to parody a remark of Sydney Smith's—that more eminent African discoverers were not lost in and that more able correspondents like Mr. Stanley have not gone there in search of them. (Cheers.) I will say no more now, because we have much to do. I will simply ask Mr. Stanley how much furthur Lake Tanganyika extends to the northward than the farthest point reached by Captains Burton and Speke?

Mr. Stanley—Captains Burton and Speke halted on a sandy patch thirteen miles from the extremest end of Tanganyika. Had they gone half way up the mountain referred to in my address, where resided the king of the Urundi, they must have seen the northern end of Tanganyika plainly; but resting where they did, they simply reached the point where the eastern and western ranges meet, and where the eastern overlaps the western. At the extremest end Tanganyika is fifteen or sixteen miles broad.

The President—I should like to ask another question, and that regards the sweetness or the brackishness of the

water of Lake Tanganyika. This is important, because the question of whether the Rusizi is an effluent or influent depends upon the character of the water.

Mr. Stanley—I could not wish a nicer or sweeter water to make a cup of tea or coffee than the water of Lake Tanganyika. (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Clements R. Markham then read extracts from Dr. Livingstone's Foreign Office despatches, which are published in full, in this volume.

Mr. Stanley, in reply to a further question put by the President, explained that many of the places marked on the existing maps did not correspond with the places where they were put on the maps of Dr. Livingstone.

Mr. C. R. Markham next read the following paper from Colonel Grant, a portion of which had only arrived by post that morning:—"The two letters from Dr. Livingstone to Mr. Gorden Bennett, of the New York Herald, inform us that he had traced the southern waters from 11 to 5 south latitude, and he supposed that they must flow on to the Nile by the Bahr-Gazal, at 9 degrees north latitude. I must say that this is an extravagant idea which cannot be for a moment entertained, for there are many circumstances precluding such a thing. The distance still unexplored by Dr. Livingstone may be roughly stated as 1,000 miles between his most advanced position and the mouth of the Gazal. In this distance we have Speke's Mountains of the Moon and the great bend to the west of the Nile, at 7 degrees 8 minutes north latitude, as the principal obstructions to Dr. Livingstone's theory. We have also 300 miles of longitude between the two positions; but the curious objection to Dr. Livingstone's reaching the Nile is the fact that we already know—that the source of Gazal was visited and determined a few years ago by the eminent botanist, Schweinfurth, who fully satisfied all geographers that the source of the Gazal is north of the equator, not, as Dr. Livingstone supposes, 11 degrees south of it. My observations of the Gazal were in March, 1863, when descending the Nile from Gondokoro with my late companion, and show that it is insignificant when compared with the Nile.

It seems to be a swamp with little current, for the Nile branch along which we were sailing was not increased in width by the water of the Gazal. The Nile maintained its width of 100 yards till after the Giraffe and Sooba joined it, and then the stream was increased to a width of 500 yards. The Gazal had no perceptible stream; at the junction its waters were still and looked like a backwater half a mile across, and surrounded by rushes. Mr. Oatman and others told us that no boats were able to ascend it that year, 1865, as its channel was choked with reeds. There is therefore no regular traffic on it by boats. Some years it is completely blocked—a contrast to the Nile, which is navigable to large boats all the year round between Gondokoro and Khartoom. If anything were wanting to prove that the Gazal has no connection with the southern waters of Livingstone, reference might be made to several men who have been into the Gazal country, but Dr. Schweinfurth, who is now in Europe, would be most able to give definite information. The narrative of Dr. Livingstone contains some curious incidents which are quite novel to me, for on our journey from Zanzibar to Egypt, when travelling on the watershed of the Nile, we never saw any trace of cannibals, any signs of gorillas, neither did we find that any race of natives kept pigs in the domesticated state. They eat one species of wild pig, but no race of natives in this valley of the Nile was ever seen to keep pigs tame. Oysters must be a misprint. Taking into consideration these remarkable differences from the country we traversed, I cannot but think that Dr. Livingstone, having no chronometer to fix the longitude, got further to the west than he supposes, and that he has been among races similar in most respects to those on the west coast of Africa, visited by Mons du Chaillu. In conclusion, this fresh discovery of lakes and rivers by Livingstone defines a distinct new basis, and leaves clearer than ever the position given by Speke to the Nile in 1863."

Consul PETHERICK said he was the first Englishman who ever navigated the Bahr-il-Gazal. He navigated it in 1853, and since then he had navigated it annually up to 1858. He had no astronomical instruments, and his account was

kept by dead reckoning. He reached the head waters going southward; it was then a large lake. He navigated it in several directions to find an outlet. He navigated it afterwards in 1862 or 1863. It was then a swamp reduced to the breadth of his boat and it was with the greatest difficulty that he navigated it at all. When he first navigated it it was very much swollen, and was then in the same condition which he believed the Victoria Nyanza was in when Captain Speke was there. The lake was then inundated, and appeared much larger than it was found to be in subsequent years. He fully believed he had a proof of that in ascending to Gondokoro where he found what Captain Speke found. He found its banks were overrun with water, and he had to go over ninety miles of water before he could reach land. It was said that the Bahr-il-Gazal was overrun with weeds, and he sent a man to try to get into it. The boat was driven back. In 1853 he took a more numerous expedition and succeeded. The water was much reduced, which was to be accounted for by the greater or less quantity of rain falling in Central Africa. On returning he measured the volume of water, and above the Bahr-il-Gazal it was 18,000 feet a second. The Bahr-il-Gazal it was impossible to measure, and he was obliged to go down, and he found the water going into the Bahr-il-Gazal to be a little more than one-third the volume of that going down the Nile. He believed he had fully satisfied himself that the waters flowed to the southward. There must be a watershed separate from that of Bahr-il-Gazal, and the watershed must be from east to west. It was certain that Dr. Livingstone must have made a mistake in believing that the Eastern Nile waters flowed through the Bahr-il-Gazal. Dr. Livingstone had given him an honor that did not belong to him. He did not claim to be the discoverer of the sources of the Nile, but merely to be the discoverer of some of the tributaries. The water that Dr. Livingstone was pursuing northwards must find some other outlet—where he did not profess to say.

The PRESIDENT said, leaving the question of the Bahr-il-Gazal, he wished to ask whether the water it contributed to the Nile was or was not equivalent to the Luatala of Dr. Livingstone?

Mr. PETHERICK said, judging from the despatches sent home by Dr. Livingstone, he should say it contained a great deal more water. A native told him that the Luatala was but a short distance off; but all who had travelled in Africa knew that no reliance was to be placed on the statements of natives in these matters, as very few, if any of them, ever went beyond the frontiers of the district inhabited by their own tribe.

The PRESIDENT then called on Mr. Oswell, through whose assistance it was, he said, that Livingstone first penetrated into Central Africa.

Mr. OSWELL, who spoke from the body of the room, said he would not go into the geograghical question, but he availed himself of the opportunity of expressing his gratitude to Dr. Livingstone. Dr. Livingstone had sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Livingstone, who was the best helpmate the traveller ever had. During all his experience of Mrs. Livingstone there was only one instance in which he knew of her breaking down, and then it was not through fear for herself, but through fear for her husband. (Cheers.) He trusted to have an opportunity before leaving the room of shaking hands with Mr. Stanley, and telling him how much he thanked him for what he had done. It was usually said that Livingstone—their dear old Livingstone—was the real true African lion; the young gentleman on the platform might be considered the real true young African lion. (Laughter and cheers.)

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON ON LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY'S WORK.

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON was very glad of this opportunity, as the President of the Royal Geographical Society, to bear testimony to the great value which they attached to Mr. Stanley's services in searching for Dr. Livingstone—(cheers.) That he should have succeeded in forcing his way from the sea to Tanganyika through a country desolated by sickness and war, and that he should have successfully overcome all the difficulties and dangers in his way in order to succor Dr. Livingstone reflected the greatest credit on himself, and also upon the country with which he was connected. As there had been some misconception on the subject, he took this opportunity of disclaiming, on the part of the Royal Geographical Society, the slightest feeling of jealousy. (Cheers.) He was especially glad to be able to refer to the address which he had delivered to the Royal Geographical Society at the commencement of the last session, when he announced Mr. Stanley's journey, wished him every possible success, and stated that if he succeeded he would be received in this country with the same cordial spirit and the same honor as any Englishman would. (Cheers.) He would now, with their permission, make a few remarks on the geographical question—upon the work on which Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley had been engaged—he meant the exploration of inner Africa. Dr. Livingstone's great discovery was this great system of river drainage in inner Africa; but he had strong misgivings as to whether he was upon the Nile basin. He might have been upon the Congo. Dr. Livingstone's doubts were raised, no doubt, by the levels and the tale told by his own instruments. He followed up this great river system from the watershed, 7,000 feet high, to a point four deg. south latitude, where according to the aneroid barometers, he had reached a level of about two thousand feet. What became of this great river system it was impossible for them authoritatively to determine. All that they knew was that an extensive river system had been found in the middle of Africa; but the ascertaining of the points to which these rivers flow must

await further discovery, which he trusted would be made by Dr. Livingstone himself, for he (Sir H. Rawlinson) should be sorry if he did not carry out the great work on which he had been so long engaged to a successful issue. In a matter of this kind they must at present be satisfied with conjecture; but putting all the arguments side by side and comparing the results one with another, his leaning was to the supposition that this great river system formed a large central inland lake. He should doubt if it ever reached the Tchad. There is a great space in the interior of the Continent which might well be occupied by such a lake, which would drain all the surrounding mountains and the western slope of the hills which bound Albert Nyanza and the Bahr-il-Gazal, as well as absorb all the drainage from the south. The discovery of that lake would, he trusted, crown the African labors of Dr. Livingstone. At the present moment he was on his way to the sources of these rivers, and then, having satisfied himself on that point, he would turn northwards, with the supplies which he had been furnished in a great measure through Mr. Stanley, and follow down the stream beyond the point where he was previously arrested. His great difficulty on former occasions was through the incapacity or hostility of his attendants. It was gratifying to know that he had now at his command a body of efficient and faithful followers. He was thus in a position to follow out his discoveries to their legitimate issue, and he (Sir H. Rawlinson) only trusted that he would soon ascertain where the river system debouched, which would be the crowning result of his African travels. (Cheers.)

MR. STANLEY'S DEFENCE OF LIVINGSTONE'S WORK.

Mr. Stanley expressed his thanks to Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. Oswell for their complimentary references to himself, and then proceeded to say:—Captain Grant states that there is a discrepancy between Dr. Livingstone's and Capt. Speke's statement. I don't see that there is any at all. The Nyanza has nothing to do with the Lualabu. That is proved; for between them exists the great Lake Tanganyika. It was objected that there were no gorillas in the country

near this lake, but that is no reason why they should not exist in Central Africa. Captain Grant says that Dr. Livingstone has made a mistake about the river Lualabu; but what I want to know is, how a geographer resident in England can say there is no such river when Dr. Livingstone has seen it? (Laughter.) Dr. Beke says that Dr. Livingstone has not discovered the sources of the Nile. Dr. Livingstone himself says that he thinks he has discovered them; but there is this difference between them—that Dr. Livingstone is encamped by the shores of Lualabu, and thinks that he has discovered the sources of the Nile and gives reasons for his belief. He says that he has traced this chain of lakes and rivers from 11 south to 4 south; and Dr. Beke, who has never been within 2,000 miles of the Lualabu, says that he has not discovered the sources of the Nile. (Cheers.) This was not a question of theory, but of fact. Theory won't settle it; it must be settled by men who, like Dr. Livingstone, have fought and labored for thirty-five years at the task. I think that Dr. Livingstone has discovered the sources of the Nile, and that he has good ground for his belief; and I am quite sure that when he returns two years hence and says, "I have discovered the sources of the Nile," there will not be one recalcitrant voice saying, "You have not." (Cheers.) Dr. Beke further says—The mountains close up, and a river interposes, which prevents the Lualabu from entering the Bahr il Gazal. Now, in my belief, there is nothing whatever impossible in the Lualabu flowing into the Bahr il Gazal, seeing the great bends which the latter river makes. It runs west a distance of four degrees. It then runs southwest, next north and then east. As it proceeds it receives several rivers flowing from east to west and from the west to the east. If the Nile has not been discovered, what, let me ask, has been discovered? (Laughter and cheers.) What is that great and mighty river the Lualabu? Where does it go to? Does it go into a lake, as Sir Henry Rawlinson supposes? What! the Lualabu flow into a lake!—into a marsh!—into a swamp! (Laughter.) Why, you might just as well say that the Mississippi flows into a swamp! (Laughter and cheers.) All the rivers flowing into the Tanganyika are nothing whatever

compared with the Lualabu, which at some places is from three to five miles broad. If the Lualabu enters a swamp, where does all the water go? (Cheers.) No native ever told Livingstone that the Lualabu went west. On the contrary, they all said that it ran north, and yet a German geographer comes forward and says he saw a little river. He may have done so, but that does not prevent the Lualabu from being a big river. (Laughter.) I never heard of an Englishman who had discovered anything, but a Herr of some sort came forward and said he had been there before. (Loud laughter.) Do you mean to tell me that Dr. Livingstone has spent six years searching for the sources of the Congo? Not a bit of it. What he wants is to find out the sources of the Nile. The sources of the Congo may go where they like so far as he is concerned. I have not the slightest doubt that he will yet come home with the true story of the sources of the Nile. (Loud cheers.) These gentlemen have not asked a single question which I have not asked of Dr. Livingstone. I asked him, if he had discovered the source of the Nile at 2,000 feet above the sea, how he could account for the discrepancy as to the degrees of latitude which have been mentioned? "Well," he said, "that is what baulks me." (Laughter.) But still he adhered to his opinion, and you must recollect that he has arrived at it with hesitation and humility, after six years' travel and hard work; also that his thermometers, barometers, and other instruments, which were new when he started, may now be in error. Discrepancies that may now seem to exist may hereafter be cleared up. Theory and practice must fight; which will win, do you think? I think fact—I think practice. I think, if a man goes there and says, "I have seen the source of river," the man sitting in his easy chair or lying in bed cannot dispute the fact on any ground of theory. (Hear, hear.) The best way is to go there and disprove Dr. Livingstone may be right. We cannot now solve the problem. You must go there and disprove what Dr. Livingstone has said for yourself, or else listen to and believe those who have been there. (Cheers.)

LAKE TANGANYIKA.

PAPER READ BY MR. STANLEY BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The following paper was read before the geographical section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the meeting at Brighton, August 15, by Henry M. Stanley, correspondent of the New York *Herald* :

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—I have been invited to deliver an address here before you, or rather to read a paper on the Tanganyika. Responding to that invitation I came here; but before entering upon that subject, which seems to interest this scientific assemblage, permit me to say something of your "distinguished medalist" and associate, Dr. David Livingstone. I found him in the manner already described, the story of which, in brief, is familiar to everybody. He was but little improved in health, and but a little better than the "ruckle of bones" he came to Ujiji. With the story of his sufferings, his perils, and many narrow escapes, related, as they were, by himself, the man who had endured all these and still lived, I sympathized. What he suffered far eclipses that which Ulysses suffered, and Livingstone needs but a narrator like Homer to make his name as immortal as the Greek hero's; and, to make another comparison, I can liken his detractors in England and Germany only to the suitors who took advantage of Ulysses' absence to slander him and torment his poor wife. The man lives not who is more single-minded than Livingstone—who has worked harder, been more persevering in so good a cause as Livingstone—and the man lives not who deserves a higher reward. Before going to Central Africa in search of Livingstone I believed almost everything I heard or read about him. Never was a man more gullible

than I. I believed it possible that the facetious gentleman's story, who said that Livingstone had married an African princess, might be correct. I believed, or was nearly believing, the gentleman who told me personally that Livingstone was a narrow-minded, crabbed soul, with whom no man could travel in peace; that Livingstone kept no journals nor notes, and that if he died his discoveries would surely be a loss to the world. I believed then with the gentleman that Livingstone ought to come home and let a younger man—that same gentleman, for instance—go and finish the work that Livingstone had begun. Also, inconsistent as it may seem—but I warn you again that I was exceedingly gullible—I believed that this man Livingstone was aided in a most energetic manner; that he had his letters from his children and friends sent to him regularly, and that stores were sent to him monthly and quarterly—in fact, that he was quite comfortably established and settled at Ujiji. I believed also that every man, woman and child in England admired and loved this man exceedingly. I was deeply impressed with these views of things when James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the New York *Herald*, told me in a few words to go after Livingstone, to find him and bring what news I could of him. I simply replied with a few monosyllables in the affirmative, though I thought it might prove a very hard task. What if Livingstone refused to see me or hear me? "No matter," said I to myself, in my innocence, "I shall be successful if I only see him." You yourselves, gentlemen, know how I would stand to-day if I had come back from the Tanganyika without a word from him, since but few believed me when Livingstone's own letters appeared. But how fallacious were all my beliefs! Now that I know the uprightness and virtue of the man, I wonder how it was possible that I could believe that Dr. David Livingstone was married to an African princess and had settled down. Now, that I know the strict morality of his nature, the God-fearing heart of the man, I feel ashamed that I entertained such thoughts of him. Now that I know Livingstone's excessive amiability, his mild temper, the love he entertains for his fellow-men, white or black, his pure Christian character, I wonder now why this man was

maligned. I wonder now whether Livingstone is the same man whom a former fellow traveller of his called a tyrant and an unbearable companion. I wonder now whether this is the traveller whom I believed to be decrepid and too old to follow up his discoveries, whom a young man ought to displace, now that I have become acquainted with his enthusiasm, his iron constitution, his sturdy frame, his courage and endurance. I have been made aware, through a newspaper published in London, called the *Standard*, that there are hopes that some "confusion will be cleared up when the British Association meets and Mr. Stanley's story is subject to the sifting and cross-examination of the experts in African discovery." What confusion people may have fallen into through some story I have told I cannot at present imagine, but probably after the reading of this paper the "experts" will rise and cross-question. If it lies in my power to explain away this "confusion" I shall be most happy to do so. There are also some such questions as the following propounded:—Why did not Dr. Livingstone return with Mr. Stanley? Why was the great traveller so uncommunicative to all but the New York *Herald*? Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him? What has Dr. Kirk been doing all this time at Zanzibar?

To the first I would answer, because he did not want to come with Mr. Stanley; and, may I ask, was Mr. Stanley Dr. Livingstone's keeper, that as soon as he had found him he should box him up with the superscription, "This side up with care?" To the second I would answer that Dr. Livingstone was not aware that there was another correspondent present at the interview when he imparted his information to the correspondent of the New York *Herald*. To the third question, "Why did not the relief expedition go on and relieve him?" I would answer that Livingstone was already relieved, and needed no stores. To the fourth question, "What has Dr. Kirk been doing all this time at Zanzibar?" I would reply that Dr. Kirk's relations in England may probably know what he has been doing better than I do. Also, in answer to that article in the *Standard*, and to similar articles in other newspapers, I must confess that I cannot see wherein those letters of Dr. Livingstone

to James Gordon Bennett are disturbing, grotesque or unexpected, unless the editors believed that Dr. Livingstone was dead and that his ghost now haunts them and disturbs their dreams. We are also told that "Dr. Livingstone's reports are strangely incoherent;" that Sir Henry Rawlinson's letter is "most discouraging;" that the only theory to be gleaned from Dr. Livingstone's letters is "simply impossible;" that the *Standard*, echoing the opinion of geographers, is "more in the dark than ever." Here is a field of explanation, had one only time or space in such a paper as this to explain. Let us hope that geographers who are in the dark will come forward to demand to be admitted into the light. But, leaving these tremendous questions to a subsequent moment, let us now turn our attention to that large body of water called the Tanganyika.

England is the first and foremost country in African discoveries. Her sons are known to have plunged through jungles, travelled over plains, mountains and valleys, to have marched through the most awful wildernesses to resolve the many problems which have arisen from time to time concerning Central Africa. The noblest heroes of geography have been of that land. She reckons Bruce, Clapperton, Lander, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Laing, Baikie, Speke, Burton, Grant, Baker and Livingstone as her sons. Many of these have fallen stricken to death by the poisonous malaria of the lands through which they travelled. Who has recorded their last words, their last sighs? Who has related the agonies they must have suffered—their sufferings while they lived? What monuments mark their lonely resting places? Where is he that can point the exact localities where they died? Look at that skeleton of a continent! We can only say they died in that unknown centre of Africa—the great broad blank between the eastern and western coasts. Before I brought with me any producible proofs in the shape of letters, his journal, his broken chronometers, his useless watches, his box of curiosities, it was believed by all, with the exception of a few, that the most glorious name among the geographical heores—the most glorious name among fearless missionaries—had been added to the martyrology list; it was believed that the

illustrious Livingstone had at last succumbed to the many fatal influences that are ever at work in that awful heart of Africa. It was in my search for this illustrious explorer, which now has ended so happily—that I came to the shores of this great lake, the Tanganyika. At a little port, or bunder, called Ujiji, in the district of Ujiji, my efforts were crowned with success. If you will glance at the south-eastern shore of the Tanganyika you will find it a blank; but I must now be permitted to fill it with rivers and streams and marshes and mountain ranges. I must people it with powerful trlbes, with Wafipa, Wakawendi, Wakonongo and Wanyamwezi; more to the south with ferocious Watula and predatory Warori, and to the north with Mana Msengi, Wangondo and Waluriba. Before coming to the Malagarazi I had to pass through Southern Wavinza. Crossing that river, and after a day's march north, I entered Ubha, a broad plain country, extending from Uvinza north to Urundi and the lands inhabited by the Northern Watuta. Three long marches through Ubha brought me to the beautiful country of Ukaranga, and a steady tramp of twenty miles further westward brought me to the divisional line between Ukaranga and Ujiji, the Liuche Valley, or Ruche, as Burton has it. Five miles further westward brought us to the summit of a smooth hilly ridge, and the town of Ujiji embowered in the palms lay at our feet, and beyond was the silver lake, the Tanganyika, and beyond the broad belt of water towered the darkly purple mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. To very many here, perhaps, African names have no interest, but to those who have travelled in Africa each name brings a recollection—each word has a distinct meaning; sometimes the recollections are pleasing, sometimes bitter.

If I mention Ujiji, that little port on the Tanganyika almost hidden by palm groves, with the restless, plangent surf rolling over the sandy beach, is recalled as vividly to my mind as if I stood on that hilltop looking adown upon it, and where a few minutes later I met the illustrious Livingstone. If I think of Unyanyembe, instantly I recollect the fretful, peevish and impatient life I led there until I summoned courage, collected my men and marched to the

south to see Livingstone or to die. If I think of Ukonongo, recollections of our rapid marches, of famine, of hot suns, of surprises from enemies, of mutiny among my men, of feeding upon wild fruit, of a desperate rush into the jungle. If I think of Ukawendi, I see a glorious land of lovely valleys and green mountains and forests of tall trees, the march under their twilight shades, and the exuberant chant of my people as we gayly tramped towards the north. If I think of Southern Uvinza, I see mountains of hematite of iron—I see enormous masses of disintegrated rock, great chasms, deep ravines, a bleakness and desolation as of death. If I think of the Malagarazi, I can see the river, with its fatal reptiles and snorting hippopotami; I can see the salt plains stretching on either side. And if I think of Ubha, recollections of the many trials we underwent; of the turbulent, contumacious crowds, the stealthy march at midnight through their villages; the preparations for battle, the alarm and happy escape, culminating in the happy meeting of Livingstone.

There, in that open square, surrounded by hundreds of curious natives, stands the worn-out, pale-faced, gray-bearded and bent form of my great companion. There stand the sullen-eyed Arabs, in their snowy dresses, girdled, stroking their long beards, wondering why I came. There stand the Wajiji, children of the Tanganyika, side by side with the Wanyamwezi, with the fierce and turbulent Warundi, with Livingstone and myself in the centre. Yes, I note it all, with the sunlight falling softly over the picturesque scene. I hear the low murmur of the surf, the rustling of the palm branches. I note the hush that has crept over the multitudes as we two clasp hands. To me at least, these strange names have an enduring significance and a romance blended with the sounds. The connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza was a subject of interest to all geographers before I went to Central Africa. I recollect the very many hypotheses raised upon this subject. Livingstone even was almost sure that the Albert Nyanza was no more than a lower Tanganyika, and indeed he had a very good reason for believing so. He had perceived a constant flow northward. All the natives

and Arabs persisted in declaring that the Rusizi ran out of the Lake Tanganyika. Considering also that there was a tradition that Armanika, grandfather of Rumanika, present King of Karagwe, had thought of deepening the Kitangule flowing from the west to the Victoria Nyanza, in order to permit his canoes to proceed to Ujiji for trading purposes, I cannot see why he was not justified in thinking that there was some connection between the Tanganyika and the Albert Lake or between the Tanganyika and the Victoria. Before I arrived at Ujiji he had never been to the north end of the Tanganyika; but as soon as I mentioned the interest and importance attached to it, and offered to escort him thither, he lost no time in preparing for the journey. Said he, in excuse for not having visited the northern head previously, "I never regarded it as of any importance. The central line of drainage absorbed all my atttention and means."

Our journey to the head of the lake it is unnecessary to describe here; it befits more the pages of a book. Livingstone used to call it a pic-nic, and I believe he writes of it in that sense to Lord Granville. I heartily concur with him, though the pic-nic had its drawbacks. As we hugged the coast of Ujiji and Urundi, looking sharply to every little inlet and creek for the outlet that was said to be somewhere in a day's pulling, we would pass by from fifteen to twenty miles of country. As we left our camp at dawn, after despatching our breakfast of Mocha coffee and dourra pancakes, with the men gayly shouting and chanting their lively chorus, echoing among the great mountains that rose up sometimes 2,000 and 3,000 feet above our heads, we did not know that our next camping place might be in an enemy's country. Who could guarantee our lives while camping in the country of Urundi? Several times we were in danger. Twice we were obliged to fly—twice our men kept watch all night lest we might be surprised while asleep. Twice during the noon-day heats we drank the exhilarating bohea with our eyes and ears painfully on the alert, for the enemy we knew to be on the search for us. These were some of the drawbacks to the pleasure of the pic-nic. It took us ten days' hard pulling to reach the head of the lake, a dis-

tance of nearly one hundred geographical miles from Ujiji. Two days sufficed for the coast of Ujiji, the remaining eight we were coasting along the bold shores of Urundi, which gradually inclined to the eastward, the western ranges, ever bold and high, looking like a huge blue-black barrier some thirty miles west of us, to all appearances impenetrable and impassable. If the waters of the Tanganyika could be drained out, and we were to stand upon the summit of those great peaks, which rise abruptly out of the lake, a most wonderful scene would be presented to us. We should see an extraordinary deep chasm from five thousand to seven thousand feet deep, with the large island of Ubwari rising like another Magdala from the awful depths around it; for I think that the greatest depth of that lake is near three thousand feet deep.

Only two miles from shore I sounded, and though I let down 620 feet of line I found no bottom. Livingstone sounded when crossing the Tanganyika from the westward, and found no bottom with 1,800 feet of line. The mountains around the northern half of the Tanganyika fold around so close, with no avenue whatever for the escape of waters save the narrow valleys and ravines which admit rivers and streams into the lake, that were it possible to force the water into a higher altitude of 500 feet above its present level its dimensions would not be increased very considerably. The valley of the Malagarazi would then be a narrow deep arm of the lake, and the Rusizi would be a northern arm, crooked and tortuous, of sixty or seventy miles in length. The evening before we saw the Rusizi a freedman of Zanzibar was asked which way the river ran—out of the lake or into it? The man swore that he had been on the river but the day before, and that it ran out of the lake. Here was an announcement calculated to shake the most sceptical. I thought the news too good to be true. I should certainly have preferred that the river ran out of the lake into either the Victoria or the Albert. The night we heard this announcement, made so earnestly, Livingstone and myself sat up very late, speculating as to where it went. We resolved, if it flowed into the Victoria Nyanza, to proceed with it to that lake, and then strike south to Unyanyembe, and, if it

flowed into the Albert Lake, to proceed into the Albert and cruise all around it, in the hope of meeting Baker. As there was war between the rival tribes inhabiting the banks of the Rusizi, the King Mokamba advised us to proceed to his brother's village in Mugehawa by night, which was situated about eight hundred yards from the river, on the right bank. Just after dark we started, and in the morning we arrived at Mugehawa. After a cup of coffee we manned our canoe, and having prepared our guns we started for the mouth of the river. In about fifteen minutes we were entering a little bay about a mile wide, and saw before us to the north a dense brake of papyrus and matete cane. Until we came close to this brake we could not detect the slightest opening for a river such as we imagined the Rusizi to be. We followed some canoes which were disappearing mysteriously and suspiciously through some gaps in the dense brake. Pulling boldily up, we found ourselves in what afterwards proved to be the central mouth of the river. All doubt as to what the Rusizi was vanished at once and forever before that strong brown flood which tasked our exertions to the utmost as we pulled up. I once doubted, as I seized an oar, that we should be able to ascend; but after a hard quarter of an hour's pulling the river broadened. and a little higher it widened into lagoons on either side. The alluvial plain through which the river makes its exit into the lake is about twelve miles wide, and narrows into a point after a length of fifteen miles, or a narrow valley folded in by the western ranges, which here meet at a distance of a couple of miles. The western range, which inclines to the eastward, halts abruptly, and a portion of it runs sharply northwestward, while the eastern range inclines westward, and after overlapping the western range, shoots off northwestward, where it is lost amid a perfect jumble of mountains. The chief Rubinga, living at Mugihewa, is the principal chief in Usige. He is a great traveller. Born in Urundi, he has been to Karagwa and Ruanda, and came to Usige when quite a young man. Though a pleasant cynic in his way, he shared in our enthusiasm as if he had been an Associate of the Royal Geographical Society, and entered very readily into a discussion about the mooted points which still remained unsolved.

Briefly, he said that the Rusizi rose from the Lake Kivo, a lake fifteen miles in length and about eight in breath. Kwansibura was the chief of the district in northeastern Urundi, which gives its name to the lake. Through a gap in a mountain the river Rusizi escaped out of Lake Kivo. On leaving Kivo Lake it is called Kwangeregere. It then runs through the district of Unyambungu, and becomes known as the Rusizi or Lusizi. A day's march from Mugihewa, or say twenty miles north of the mouth, it is joined by the Luanda or Ruanda, flowing from a northwesterly direction, from which I gather that the river Luanda is called after the name of the country—Ruanda, said to be famous for its copper mines. Besides the Luanda there are seventeen other streams which contribute to Rusizi; these are the Mpanda, Karindwa, Wa Kanigi, Kaginissi, Kaburan, Mohira, Niamagana. Nya Kagunda, Ruviro, Rofuba, Kavimvira, Mujove, Ruhuhha, Mukindu, Sange, Ruburizi, Kiriba. Usige, a district of Urundi occupying the head of the lake, extends two marches to the north, or 30 miles; after which comes what is called Urundi Proper for another two days' march; and directly north of that is Ruanda, a very large country, almost equal in size to Urundi. Rubinga had been six days to the northward. There were some in his tribe who had gone further, but from no one could we obtain any intelligence of a lake or of a large body of water, such as the Albert Nyanza, being to the north. Sir Samuel Baker has sketched the lake as being within one degree north of the Tanganyika; but it is obvious that its length is not so great as it is represented, though it might extend thirty or forty miles south of Vacobia. Ruanda, as represented to us by Rubinga, Mokamba, chiefs of Usige, and their elders, is an exceedingly mountainous country, with extensive copper mines. It occupies that whole district north of Urundi Proper, between Mutumbi on the west and Urudi on the east and Itara on the north-east. Of the countries lying north of Ruanda we could obtain no information. West of Urundi is the extreme frontier of Manyema, which even here has been heard of. In returning to Ujiji after the satisfactory solution of the River Rusizi, we coasted down the western shore of the Tanganyika,

and came to Uvira at noon on the following day. We were shown the sandy beach on which the canoes of Burton and Speke had rested. Above, a little south of this, rises the lofty peak of Samburizi, fully 4,500 feet above the level of the lake. Mruti, the chief of Uvira, still lives in the village he occupied when Burton and Speke visited his dominions. A day's march, or fifteen miles south of this, Uvira narrows down to the alluvial plains formed by the numerous streams which dash down the slopes of the western range, while the mountainous country is known as Ubembe, the land of the cannibals, who seldom visit the canoes of the traders. South of Uvira is Usansi, peopled by a race extremely cannibalistic in its taste, as the Doctor and myself had very good reason to know. I think if we had a few sick or old men among our party we could have disposed of them to advantage, or we might have exchanged them for vegetables, which would have been most welcome to us. From Usansi we struck off across the lake, and, rowing all night, at dawn we arrived at a port in Southern Urundi. Three days afterwards we were welcomed by the Arab traders of Ujiji, as we once more set foot on the beach near that bunder. We have thus coasted around the northern half of the Tanganyika, and I might inform you of other tribes who dwell on its shores; but the principal subject of my paper was to show you how we settled that vexed question: "Was the Rusiza an effluent or an influent?" There is, then, nothing more to be said on that point.

But, gentlemen, I must ask your permission to deliver a message from your great associate Livingstone, who long before this has left Unyanyembe, and is proceeding to the scene of his late discoveries. He told me to tell you that he wants no companion now; that he requires no more stores; that when he has satisfied himself of the sources of the Nile he will come home and give you such reports as will satisfy you. With plenty of stores and over seventy good men, well armed and equipped, he is now *en route* to Ufipa, healthy and strong and as enthusiastic as ever. Having delivered my message, I conclude with thanking you for the attention with which you have listened to me.

LETTERS OF DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Livingstone's Letters—The Correspondence of the Great Traveller Received at the British Foreign Office—The Lualaba Country—Travel Through the Primeval Forests of Interior Africa—Terrible Scenes in a Slave Camp—The Man-Eaters—The Watershed of the Nile—The Mistakes of Others who have Bravely Striven to Solve the Ancient Problem—In the Country of the Cannibals—The Drunken Moslem Tailor who Robbed the Doctor—Terrible Massacre at Nyangwe—The Slavers' Descent on the Market Place and Five Hundred People Murdered—Livingstone's Letter to Dr. Kirk—The Doctor's Description of the Coming of Stanley, the Herald Explorer—Nearly Destitute when Relieved—Banian Influence in Slaving and Trading at Zanzibar—Livingstone's Commission to Stanley.

LONDON, August 6, 1872.

The following are Dr. Livingstone's letters to Lord Stanley, Earl Clarendon, Earl Granville and Dr. Kirk, which were forwarded by Mr. Stanley, the HERALD commissioner, to the British Foreign office, and received August 1, 1872. Through the courtesy of Earl Granville the letters were given to the press for publication :—

LETTER NO. I.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO LORD STANLEY.

BAMBARRE, MANYUEMA COUNTRY, NOV. 15, 1870.

MY LORD—As soon as I recovered sufficiently to be able to march from Ujiji, I went up Tanganyika about sixty miles, and thence struck away north-west into the country

of the Manyuema or Manyema, the reputed cannibals. My object was to follow down the central line of drainage of the Great Nile Valley, which I had seen passing through the great Lake Bangweolo, and changing its name from Chambeze to Luapula; then, again, on passing through Lake Moero, assuming the name Lualaba, and after forming a third lake (Kamolondo) becoming itself a great riverian lake, with many islands in it. I soon found myself in the large bend which this great lacustrine river makes by flowing west about one hundred and eighty miles, then sweeping round to the north. Two hours were the utmost I could accomplish in a day; but by persevering I gained strength, and in July came up to the trading party of Muhamad Bogharib, who, by native medicines and carriage, saved my life in my late severe illness in Marungu. Two days before we reached Bambarre, the residence of the most sensible of the Manyema chiefs, called Moenekuss, we met a band of Ujijian traders, carrying 18,000 pounds weight of ivory, bought in this new field for a mere trifle in thick copper bracelets and beads. The traders had been obliged to employ their slaves to collect the ivory, and slaves with guns in their hands are often no better than demons. We heard but one side of the story—the slave version, and such as would have appeared in the newspaper if they had one—"The Manyema were very bad, were always in the wrong;" wanted, in fact, to eat the slaves, and always gave them just reason to capture women and children, goats, sheep, fowls and grain. The masters did not quite approve of this, but the deeds had been done, and then masters and men joined in one harmonious chorus—"The Manyema are bad, bad, bad, awfully bad, and cannibals!"

In going west of Bambarre, in order to embark on the Lualaba, I went down the Luamo, a river of from one hundred to two hundred yards broad, which rises in the mountains opposite Ujiji, and flows across the great bend of the Lualaba. When near its confluence I found myself among people who had lately been maltreated by the slaves, and they naturally looked on me as of the same tribe as their persecutors. Africans are not generally unreasonable, though smarting under wrongs, if you can fairly make them

understand your claim to innocence, and do not appear as having your "back up." The women here were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers. On calling to one vociferous lady, who gave me the head trader's name, to look at my color, and see if it were the same as his, she replied, with a bitter little laugh, "Then you must be his father." The worst the men did was to turn out in force, armed with their large spears and wooden shields, and show us out of their districts. Glad that no collision took place, we returned to Bambarre, and then, with our friend Muhamad, struck away due north; he to buy ivory, and I to reach another part of Lualaba and buy a canoe.

The country is extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains of light gray granite stand like islands in new red sandstone, and mountain and valley are all clad in a mantle of different shades of green. The vegetation is indescribably rank. Through the grass—if grass it can be called, which is over half an inch in diameter in the stalk and from ten to twelve feet high—nothing but elephants can walk. The leaves of this megatherium grass are armed with minute spikes, which, as we worm our way along elephant walks, rub disagreeably on the side of the face where the gun is held, and the hand is made sore by fending it off the other side for hours. The rains were fairly set in by November; and in the mornings, or after a shower, these leaves were loaded with moisture which wet us to the bone. The valleys are deeply undulating, and in each innumerable dells have to be crossed. There may be only a thread of water at the bottom, but the mud, mire or (*scottice*) "glaur" is grievous; thirty or forty yards of the path on each side of the stream are worked by the feet of passengers into an adhesive compound. By placing a foot on each side of the narrow way one may waddle a little distance along, but the rank crop of grasses, gingers and bushes cannot spare the few inches of soil required for the side of the foot, and down he comes into the slough. The path often runs along the bed of the rivulet for sixty or mor yards, as if he who first cu. it out went that distance seekine for a part of the forest less dense for his axe. In o thg

cases the muale palm, from which here, as in Madagascar, grass-cloth is woven and called by the same name, "lamba," has taken possession of the valley. The leaf stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm, fall off and block up all passage save by a path made and mixed up by the feet of elephants and buffaloes; the slough therein is groan-compelling and deep.

Every now and then the traders, with rueful faces, stand panting; the sweat trickles down my face, and I suppose that I look as grim as they, though I try to cheer them with the hope that good prices will reward them at the coast for ivory obtained with so much toil. In some cases the sub-soil has given way beneath the elephant's enormous weight; the deep hole is filled with mud, and one, taking it all to be about calf deep, steps in to the top of the thigh, and flaps on to a seat soft enough, but not luxurious; a merry laugh relaxes the facial muscles, though I have no other reason for it than that it is better to laugh than to cry.

Some of the numerous rivers which in this region flow into Lualaba are covered with living vegetable bridges—a species of dark glossy-leaved grass, with its roots and leaves, felts itself into a mat that covers the whole stream. When stepped upon it yields twelve or fifteen inches, and that amount of water rises up on the leg. At every step the foot has to be raised high enough to place it on the unbent mass in front. This high stepping fatigues like walking on deep snow. Here and there holes appear which we could not sound with a stick six feet long; they gave the impression that anywhere one might plump through and finish the chapter. Where the water is shallow the lotus, or sacred lily, sends its roots to the bottom and spreads its broad leaves over the floating bridge so as to make believe that the mat is its own, but the grass referred to is the real felting and supporting agent, for it often performs duty as bridge where no lilies grow. The bridge is called by Manyema "kintefwetefwe," as if he who first coined it was gasping for breath after plunging over a mile of it.

Between each district of Manyema large belts of the primeval forest still stand. Into these the sun, though vertical, cannot penetrate, except by sending down at mid-day thin pencils of rays into the gloom. The rain water

stands for months in stagnant pools made by the feet of elephants; and the dead leaves decay on the damp soil, and make the water of the numerous rivulets of the color of strong tea. The climbing plants, from the size of whipcord to that of a man-of-war's hawser, are so numerous the ancient path is the only passage. When one of the giant trees falls across the road it forms a wall breast high to be climbed over, and the mass of tangled ropes brought down makes cutting a path round it a work of time which travellers never undertake.

The shelter of the forest from the sun makes it pleasant, but the roots of trees high out of the soil across the path keep the eyes, oxlike, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good shot-gun does no harm to parrots or guinea fowls on their tops, and they are often so closely planted that I have heard gorillas, here called "sokos," growling about fifty yards off without getting a glimpse of them. His nest is a poor contrivance; it exhibits no more architectural skill than the nest of our Cushat-dove. Here the "soko" sits in pelting rain, with his hands over his head. The natives give him a good character, and from what I have seen he deserves it, but they call his nest his house, and laugh at him for being such a fool as to build a house and not go beneath it for shelter.

Bad water and frequent wettings told on us all, by choleraic symptoms and loss of flesh. Meanwhile the news of cheap ivory caused a sort of California gold fever at Ujiji, and we were soon overtaken by a horde numbering 600 muskets, all eager for the precious tusks. These had been left by the Manyema in the interminable forests where the animals had been slain. The natives knew where they lay, and if treated civilly readily brought them, many half rotten, or gnawed by a certain rodent to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes. I had already in this journey two severe lessons that travelling in an unhealthy climate in the rainy season is killing work. By getting drenched to the skin once too often in Marungu I had pneumonia, the illness to which I have referred, and that was worse than ten fevers—that is, fevers treated by our medicine and not by the dirt supplied to Bishop Mackenzie at the Cape as the

same. Besides being unwilling to bear the new comers company, I feared that by further exposure in the rains the weakness might result in something worse.

I went seven days southwest, or a little backwards, to a camp formed by the head men of the ivory horde, and on the 7th February went into winter quarters. I found these men as civil and kind as I could wish.

A letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar, which I owe to the kind offices of Sir Bartle Frere, has been of immense service to me with most of his subjects. I had no medicine; but rest, shelter, boiling all the water I used, and a new potato, found among the natives, as restoratives, soon put me all right.

The rains continued into July, and fifty-eight inches fell. The mud from the clayey soil was awful, and it laid up some of the strongest men, in spite of their intense eagerness for ivory.

I lost no time after it was feasible to travel in preparing to follow the river, but my attendants were fed and lodged by the slave women, whose husbands were away from the camp on trade, and pretended to fear going into a canoe. I consented to refrain from buying one. They then pretended to fear the people, though the inhabitants all along the Lualaba were reported by the slaves to be remarkably friendly. I have heard both slaves and freemen say, "No one will ever attack people so good" as they found them. Elsewhere I could employ the country people as carriers, and was comparatively independent, though deserted by some four times over. But in Manyema no one can be induced to go into the next district, for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten.

I was at the mercy of those who had been Moslem slaves, and knew that in thwarting me they had the sympathy of all that class in the country; and, as many others would have done, took advantage of the situation.

I went on with only three attendants, and this time northwest, in ignorance that the great river flows west and by south; but no one could tell me anything about it.

A broad belt of buga, or prairie, lies along the right bank. Inland from this it is all primeval forest, with villages from

eight to ten miles apart. One sees the sun only in the cleared spaces around human dwellings. From the facilities for escaping to the forest, people are wilder and more dangerous than those on the buda lands.

Muhamad's people went further on in the forest than I could, and came to the mountainous country of the Balegga, who collected in large numbers, and demanded of the strangers why they came. "We came to buy ivory," was the reply; "and if you have none no harm is done; we shall return." "Nay," they shouted, "you came to die, and this day is your last; you came to die—you came to die." When forced to fire on the Balegga their terror was like their insolence—extreme. And next day, when sent for to take away the women and children who were captured, no one appeared.

Having travelled with my informants, I knew their accounts to be trustworthy. The rivers crossed by them are numerous and large. One was so tortuous that they were five hours in water waist, and often neck deep, with a man in a small canoe, sounding for places which they could pass. In another case, they were two hours in the water, and they could see nothing in the forest, and nothing in the Balegga country, but one mountain, packed closely to the back of another, without end, and a very hot fountain in one of the valleys.

I found continued wading in mud grievous; for the first time in my life my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly, as heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. The people were invariably civil, and even kind; for, curiously enough, the Zanzibar slaves propagated everywhere glowing accounts of my goodness, and of the English generally because they never made slaves.

A trading party passed us, and one of their number was pinned to the ground by a spear at dead of night, while I was sleeping with my three attendants at a village close by. Nine villages had been burned, and, as the author of the outrage told me, at least forty men killed, because a Manyema man tried to steal a string of beads. The midnight assassination was revenge for the loss of friends there. It was evident that reaction against the bloody slaving had set in.

The accounts, evidently truthful, given by Muhamad's people showed that nothing would be gained by going further in our present course, and, being now very lame, I limped back to Bambarre, and here I was laid up by the eating ulcers for many months. They are common in the Manyema country, and kill many slaves. If the foot is placed on the ground blood flows, and every night a discharge of bloody ichor takes place, with pain that prevents sleep. The wailing of the poor slaves with ulcers that eat through everything, even bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp. They are probably allied to fever.

I have been minute, even to triviality, that your Lordship may have a clear idea of the difficulties of exploration in this region. Satisfactory progress could only be made in canoes, with men accustomed to work. I tried hard to get other men at Ujiji, but all the traders were eager to secure the carriers for themselves, and circulated the report that I would go from Manyema to my own country and leave my people to shift for themselves, like Speke; they knew perfectly that Speke's men left him first. It was like the case of certain Makololo who left me on the Shire and refused to carry back the medicine to their chief, for which they had come. I was afterwards accused by men similar to the Ujijians of having abandoned them, though I gave them cattle even after they deserted me—these being the wealth that they value most highly.

Failing to obtain other men at Ujiji, I might have waited in comfort there till those for whom I had written should come from the coast, and my great weakness demanded that I should do so; but I had then, as now, an intense desire to finish the work and retire. But on learning some parts of the history of Lewale, or Arab Governor, of Unyanyembe, I had grave suspicions that my letters would be destroyed. He conducted the first English expedition from Zanzibar to Ujiji and Uvira, and back again to the coast, and was left unpaid till the Indian government took the matter up and sent him $1,000. He seems to be naturally an ill-conditioned mortal—a hater of the English. When I sent a stock of goods to be placed in depot at Ujiji to await my arrival, the Banyamwezi porters, as usual, brought them

honestly to Unyanyembe ; the Governor then gave them in charge to his slave Saloom, who stopped the caravan ten days in the way here, while he plundered it and went off to buy ivory for his master in Karague. It was evident that he would do what he could to prevent evidence of the plundering from going to the coast; and his agent at Ujiji, who knew all this, though I did not, after I had paid him in full all he asked to send the packet with about forty letters, returned it back to me with the message "that he did not" know what words these letters contained. Two of my friends protested strongly, and he took the packet. When I learned the character of the Governor I lost hope of any letters going to the coast, and took back my deserters, making allowance for their early education and for the fact that they did well after Musa fled, up to the time a black Arab, who had long been a prisoner with Cazembe, joined us. He encouraged them to desert and harbored them, and when they relented on seeing me go off to Bangweolo with only four followers, and proposed to follow me, he dissuaded them by the gratuitous assertion that there was war in the country to which I was going ; and he did many other things which we think discreditable, though he got his liberty solely by the influence I brought to Cazembe. Yet, judged by East African Moslem standard, as he ought to be, and not by ours, he is a very good man, and as I have learned to keep my own counsel among them, I never deemed it prudent to come to a rupture with the old "ne'er-do-well."

Compelled to inactivity here for many months, I offered $1,000 to some of the traders for the loan of ten of their people. This is more than that number of men ever obtain, but their imaginations were inflamed, and each expected to make a fortune by the ivory now lying rotting in the forests, and none would consent to my proposition till his goods should be all expended and no hope of more ivory remained.

I lived in what may be called the Tipperary of Manyema, and they are certainly a bloody people among themselves. But they are very far from being in appearance like the ugly negroes on the West Coast. Finely formed heads are common, and generally men and women are vastly superior to

the slaves of Zanzibar and elsewhere. We must go deeper than phrenology to account for their low moral tone. If they are cannibals they are not ostentatiously so. The neighboring tribes all assert that they are men-eaters, and they themselves laughingly admit the charge. But they like to impose on the credulous, and they showed the skull of a recent victim to horrify one of my people. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla, or soko—the first I knew of its existence here—and this they do eat.

If I had believed a tenth of what I heard from traders, I might never had entered the country. Their people told tales with shocking circumstantiality, as if of eye witnesses, that could not be committed to paper, or even spoken about beneath the breath. Indeed, one wishes them to vanish from memory. But fortunately I was never frightened in infancy with "bogie," and am not liable to attacks of what may almost be called "bogie-phobia;" for the patient, in a paroxysm, believes everything horrible, if only it be ascribed to the possessor of a black skin.

I have not yet been able to make up my mind whether the Manyema are cannibals or not, I have offered goods of sufficient value to tempt any of them to call me to see a cannibal feast in the dark forests where these orgies are said to be held, but hitherto in vain. All the real evidence yet obtained would elicit from a Scotch jury the verdict only of "not proven."

Although I have not done half I hoped to accomplish, I trust to your Lordship's kind consideration to award me your approbation, and am &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

LETTER No. II.

Doctor Livingstone to Lord Clarendon.

Ujiji, Nov. 1st, 1871.

My Lord—I became aware of Mr. Young's search expedition only in February last, and that by a private letter from Sir Roderick Murchison. Though late in expressing my thankfulness, I am not the least sincere in now saying that I feel extremely obliged to Her Majesty's government, to the Admiralty, to Captain Richards, to Sir Roderick Murchison, to Mr. Young, and all concerned in promoting the kind and rigorous inquiry after my fate. Had the low tone of morality among the East African Mahommedans been known, Musa's tale would have received but little attention. Musa is perhaps a little better than the average low class Moslem, but all are notorious for falsehood and heartlessness.

When on the Shire we were in the habit of swinging the vessel out into midstream every evening, in order that the air set in motion by the current of the river might pass through her entire length the whole night long. One morning Musa's brother-in-law stepped into the water in order to swim off for a boat to bring his companions on board, and was seized by a crocodile; the poor fellow held up his hand, as if imploring assistance, in vain. On denouncing Musa's heartlessness he replied "Well, no one tell him go in there." At another time, when we were at Senona, a slave woman was seized by a crocodile; four Makololo men rushed in unbidden and rescued her, though they knew nothing about her. Long experience leads me to look on these incidents as typical of the two races. The race of mixed blood possesses the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither. I have had more service out of low-class Moslems than any

one else. The Baron Van der Decken was plundered of all his goods by this class in an attempt to go to Nyassa. As it was evidently done with the connivance of his Arab guide, Syed Majid ordered him to refund the whole. It was the same class that by means of a few Somali ultimately compassed the Baron's destruction. In Burton's expedition to Ujiji and Evira he was obliged to dismiss all his followers of this class at Ujiji for dishonesty. Most of Speke's followers deserted on the first appearance of danger, and Musa and companions fled on hearing a false report from a half-caste Moslem like themselves that he had been plundered by Mazitu at a spot which, from having accompanied me thither and beyond it, they knew to be one hundred and fifty miles, or say twenty days distant, and I promised to go due west and not turn northward till far past the beat of the Mazitu. But in former journeys we came through Portuguese, who would promptly have seized deserters; while here, at the lower end of Nyassa, we were on the Kilwa slave route, where all their countrymen would fawn on and flatter them for baffling the Nazarenes, as they call us Christians.

As soon as I turned my face west they all ran away, and they had no other complaint but "the Mazitu." All my difficulties in this journey have arisen from having low-class Moslems or those who had been so before they were captured. Even of the better class few can be trusted. The Sultan places all his income and pecuniary affairs in the hands of Banians from India. When the gentlemen of Zanzibar are asked why their Sultan entrusts his money to aliens alone, they readily answer it is owing to their own prevailng faithlessness. Some, indeed, assert with a laugh that if their sovereign allowed any of them to farm his revenue he would receive nothing but a crop of lies. In their case religion and morality are completely disjoined. It is, therefore, not surprising that, in all their long intercourse with the tribes on the mainland, not one attempt has ever been made to propagate the Mahommedan faith. I am very far from being unwilling to acknowledge and even admire the zeal of other religionists than the Christian; but repeated inquiries among all classes have only left the conclusion that

they have propagated syphilis and the domestic bug alone. Any one familiar with the secondary symptoms will see at a glance on the mainland the skin diseases and bleared eyes, which say that unlimited polygamy has been no barrier to the spread of this foul disease. Compared with them the English lower classes are gentlemen.

I am unfeignedly thankful for the kindness that prompted and carried out the Search Expedition, and am, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

P.S., Nov. 15th.—I have just learned that Musa and companions, after breaking their engagement to serve for twenty months, which was formally entered into before Mr. Stanley, went to that gentleman, and after solemnly assuring him that I had been murdered, demanded pay for all the time they had been absent, and received it. They received from me advance of pay and clothing, amounting to £40 sterling. I now transmit the particulars to Dr. Kirk, the political agent, and demand that the advances and also the pay should be refunded; for if they are allowed to keep both as the reward of falsehood, the punishment enjoined to be inflicted by Lord Stanley will only be laughed at.

D. L.

LETTER No. III.

Dr. Livingstone to Lord Clarendon.

Ujiji, Nov. 1, 1871.

My Lord,—I wrote a very hurried letter on the 28th ult., and sent it by a few men who had resolved to run the risk of passing through contending parties of Banyamwezi and mainland Arabs at Unyanyembe, which is some twenty days east of this. I had just come off a tramp of more than four hundred miles, beneath a vertical torrid sun, and was so jaded in body and mind by being forced back by faithless, cowardly attendants, that I could have written little more though the messengers had not been in such a hurry to depart as they were. I have now the prospect of sending this safely to the coast by a friend; but so many of my letters have disappeared at Unyamyembe when entrusted to the care of the Lewale, or Governor, who is merely the trade agent of certain Banians, that I shall consider that of the 28th as one of the unfortunates and give in this as much as I can recall.

I have ascertained that the watershed of the Nile is a broad upland between ten degrees and twelve degrees south latitude, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mountains stand on it at various points, which, though not apparently very high, are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet of actual altitude. The watershed is over 700 miles in length, from west to east. The springs that rise on it are almost innumerable—that is, it would take a large part of a man's life to count them. A bird's-eye view of some parts of the watershed would resemble the frost vegetation on the window panes. They all begin in an ooze at the head of a slightly depressed valley. A few hundred yards down the quantity of water from oozing earthen sponge forms a brisk

perennial burn or brook a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. These are the ultimate or primary sources of the great rivers that flow to the north in the great Nile valley. The primaries unite and form streams in general larger than the Isis at Oxford or Avon at Hamilton, and may be called secondary sources. They never dry, but unite again in four large lines of drainage, the head waters or mains of the river of Egypt. These four are each called by the natives Lualaba, which, if not too pedantic, may be spoken of as lacustrine rivers, extant specimens of those which, in pre-historic times, abounded in Africa, and which in the south are still called by Bechuanas "Melapo," in the north, by Arabs, "Wadys;" both words meaning the same thing—river bed in which no water ever now flows. Two of the four great rivers mentioned fall into the central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, and then we have but two main lines of drainage as depicted nearly by Ptolemy.

The prevailing winds on the watershed are from the south-east. This is easily observed by the direction of the branches, and the humidity of the climate is apparent in the numbers of linchens which make the upland forest look like the mangrove swamps on the coast.

In passing over sixty miles of latitude I waded thirty-two primary sources from the calf to waist deep, and requiring from twenty minutes to an hour and a quarter to cross stream and sponge. This would give about one source to every two miles.

A Suaheli friend in passing along part of the Lake Bangweolo, during six days counted twenty-two from thigh to waist deep. This lake is on the watershed, for the village at which I observed on its north-west shore was a few seconds into eleven degrees south, and its southern shores and springs and rivulets are certainly in twelve degrees south. I tried to cross it in order to measure the breadth accurately. The first stage to an inhabited island was about twenty-four miles. From the highest point here, the tops of the trees, evidently lifted by the mirage, could be seen on the second stage and the third stage; the mainland was said to be as far as this beyond it. But my canoe men had stolen the canoe and got a hint that the real owners were in

pursuit, and got into a flurry to return home. "They would come back in a few days truly," but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft if they should leave me in this wide expanse of water, and being 4,000 feet above the sea it was very cold: so I returned.

The length of this lake is, at a very moderate estimate, 150 miles. It gives forth a large body of water in the Luapula; yet lakes are in no sense sources, for no large river begins in a lake; but this and others serve an important purpose in the phenomena of the Nile. It is one large lake, and, unlike the Okara, which, according to Suaheli, who travelled long in our company, is three or four lakes run into one huge Victoria Nyanza, gives out a large river which, on departing out of Moero, is still larger. These men had spent many years east of Okara, and could scarcely be mistaken in saying that, of three or four lakes, there only one (the Okara) gives off its waters to the north.

The "White Nile" of Speke, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa (for it is only eighty or ninety yards broad), can scarcely be named in comparision with the central or Webb's Lualaba, of from two thousand to six thousand yards, in relation to the phenomena of the Nile. The structure and economy of the watershed answer very much the same end as the great lacustrine rivers, but I cannot at present copy a lost despatch which explained that. The mountains on the watershed are probably what Ptolemy, for reasons now unknown, called the Mountains of the Moon. From their bases I found that the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. This is just what Ptolemy put down, and is true geography. We must accept the fountains, and nobody but Philistines will reject the mountains, though we cannot conjecture the reason for the name.

Mounts Kenia and Kilimanjaro are said to be snow-capped, but they are so far from the sources, and send no water to any part of the Nile, they could never have been meant by the correct ancient explorers, from whom Ptolemy and his predecessors gleaned their true geography, so different from the trash that passes current in modern times.

Before leaving the subject of the watershed, I may add that I know about six hundred miles of it, but am not yet satisfied, for unfortunately the seventh hundred is the most interesting of the whole. I have a very strong impression that, in the last hundred miles, the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais do arise, not like all the rest, from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound, and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia. These fountains, at no great distance off, become large rivers, though at the mound they are not more than ten miles apart. That is, one fountain rises on the north-east of the mound becomes Bartle Frere's Lualaba, and it flows into one of the lakes proper, Kamolondo, of the central line of drainage; Webb's Lualaba, the second fountain rising on the north-west, becomes (Sir Paraffin) Young's Lualaba, which passing through Lake Lincoln and becoming Loeki or Lomame, and joining the central line too, goes north to Egypt. The third fountain on the southwest, Palmerston's, becomes the Liambia or Upper Zambesi; while the fourth, Oswell's fountain, becomes the Kafue and falls into Sambesi in Inner Ethiopia.

More time has been spent in the exploration than I ever anticipated. My bare expenses were paid for two years, but had I left when the money was expended, I could have given little more information about the country than the Portuguese, who, in their three slave trading expeditions to Cazembe, asked for slaves and ivory alone, and heard of nothing else. From one of the subordinates of their last so-called expedition, I learnt that it was believed that the Luapula went to Angola! I asked about the waters till I was ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus. I had to feel my way, and every step of the way, and was generally groping in the dark; for who cared where the rivers ran? Many a weary foot I trod ere I got a clear idea of the drainage of the great Nile valley. The most intelligent natives and traders thought that all the rivers of the upper part of that valley flowed into Tanganyika. But the barometers told me that to do so the water must flow up hill. The great rivers and

the great lakes all make their waters converge into the deep trough of the valley, which is a full inch of the barometer lower than the Upper Tanganyika. It is only a sense of duty, which I trust your lordship will approve, that makes me remain, and, if possible, finish the geographical question of my mission. After being thwarted, baffled, robbed, worried almost to death in following the central line of drainage down I have a sore longing for home; have had a perfect surfeit of seeing strange, new lands and people, grand mountains, lovely valleys, the glorious vegetation of primeval forests, wild beasts and an endless succession of beautiful man; besides great rivers and vast lakes—the last most interesting from their huge outflowings, which explain some of the phenomena of the grand old Nile.

Let me explain, but in no boastful style, the mistakes of others who have bravely striven to solve the ancient problem, and it will be seen that I have cogent reasons for following the painful, plodding investigation to its conclusion. Poor Speke's mistake was of a foregone conclusion. When he discovered the Victoria Nyanza he at once jumped to the conclusion that therein lay the sources of the river of Egypt, "20,000 square miles of water," confused by sheer immensity.

Ptolemy's small lake, "Coloc," is a more correct representation of the actual size of that one of three or four lakes which alone sends its outflow to the north. Its name is Okara. Lake Kavirondo is three days distant from it, but connected by a narrow arm. Lake Naibash, or Neibash, is four days from Kavirondo. Baringo is ten days distant, and discharges by a river, the Nagardabash, to the north-east.

These three or four lakes, which have been described by several intelligent Suaheli, who have lived for many years on their shores, were run into one huge Victoria Nyanza. But no sooner did Speke and Grant turn their faces to this lake, to prove that it contained the Nile fountains, than they turned their backs to the springs of the river of Egypt, which are between four hundred and five hundred miles south of the most southerly portion of the Victoria Lake. Every step of their heroic and really splendid achievement

of following the river down took them further and further from the sources they sought. But for the devotion to the foregone conclusion the sight of the little "White Nile," as, unable to account for the great river, they must have turned off to the west down into the deep trough of the great valley, and there found lacustrine rivers amply sufficient to account for the Nile and all its phenomena.

The next explorer, Baker, believed, as honestly as Speke and Grant, that in the Lake River Albert he had a second source of the Nile to that of Speke. He came further up the Nile than any other in modern times, but turned when between six hundred and seven hundred miles short of the *caput Nili.* He is now employed in a more noble work than the discovery of Nile sources; and if, as all must earnestly wish, he succeeds in suppressing the Nile slave trade, the boon he will bestow on humanity will be of far higher value than all my sources together.

When intelligent men like these and Bruce have been mistaken, I have naturally felt anxious that no one should come after me and find sources south of mine, which I now think can only be possible by water running up the southern slope of the watershed.

But all that can in modern times and in common modesty be fairly claimed is the rediscovery of what had sunk into oblivion, like the circumnavigation of Africa by the Phœnician admirals of one of the Pharaohs about B. C. 600. He was not believed because he reported that in passing round Libya he had the sun on his right hand. This, to us who have gone round the Cape from east to west, stamps his tale as genuine.

The predecessors of Ptolemy probably gained their information from men who visited this very region, for in the second century of this era he gave in substance what we now find to be genuine geography.

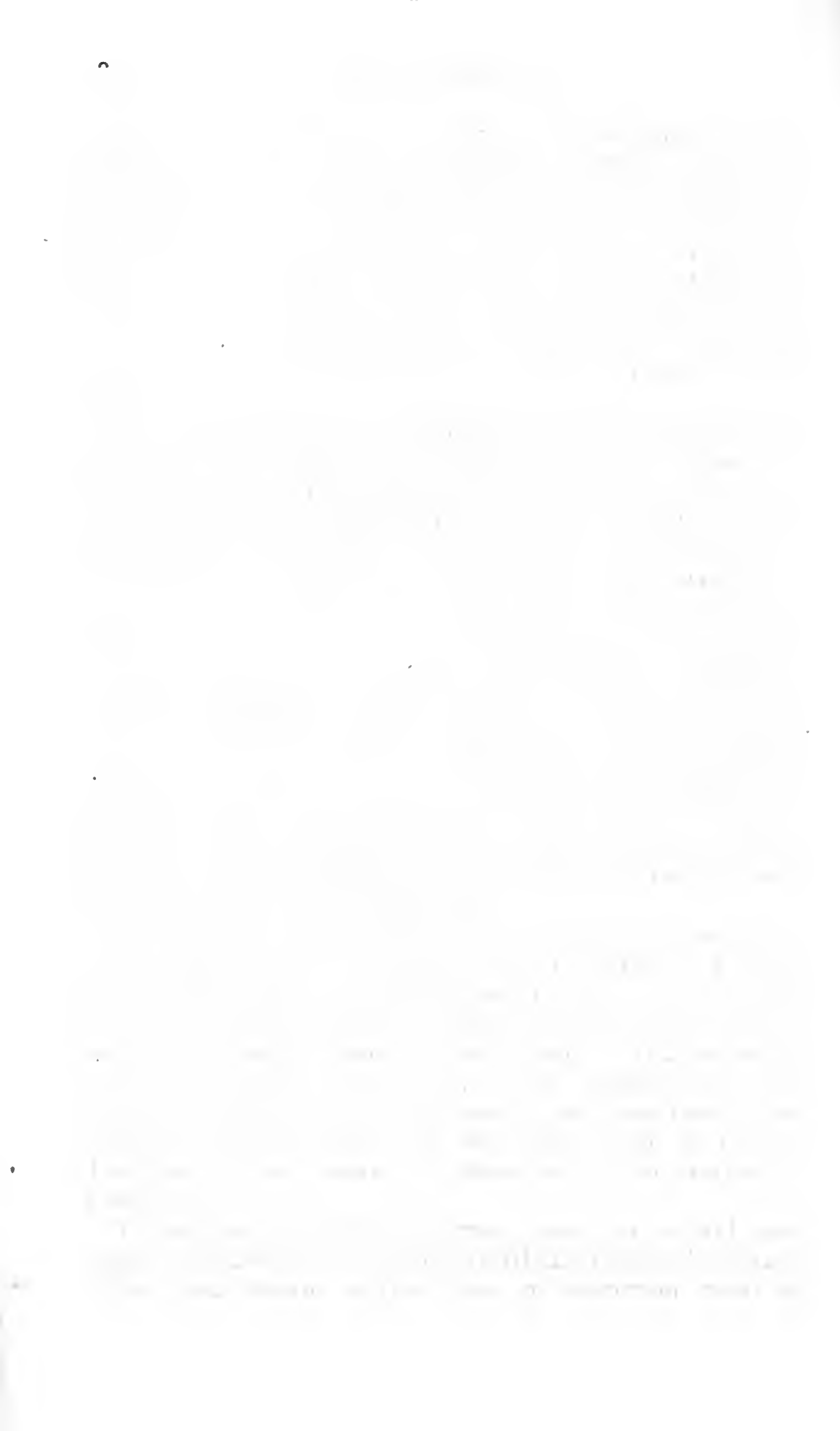
The springs of the Nile, rising in ten degress to twelve degrees south latitude, and their water collecting into two large lacustrine rivers, and other facts, could have been learned only from primitive travellers or traders—the true discoverers of what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity, longed to know, and longed in vain.

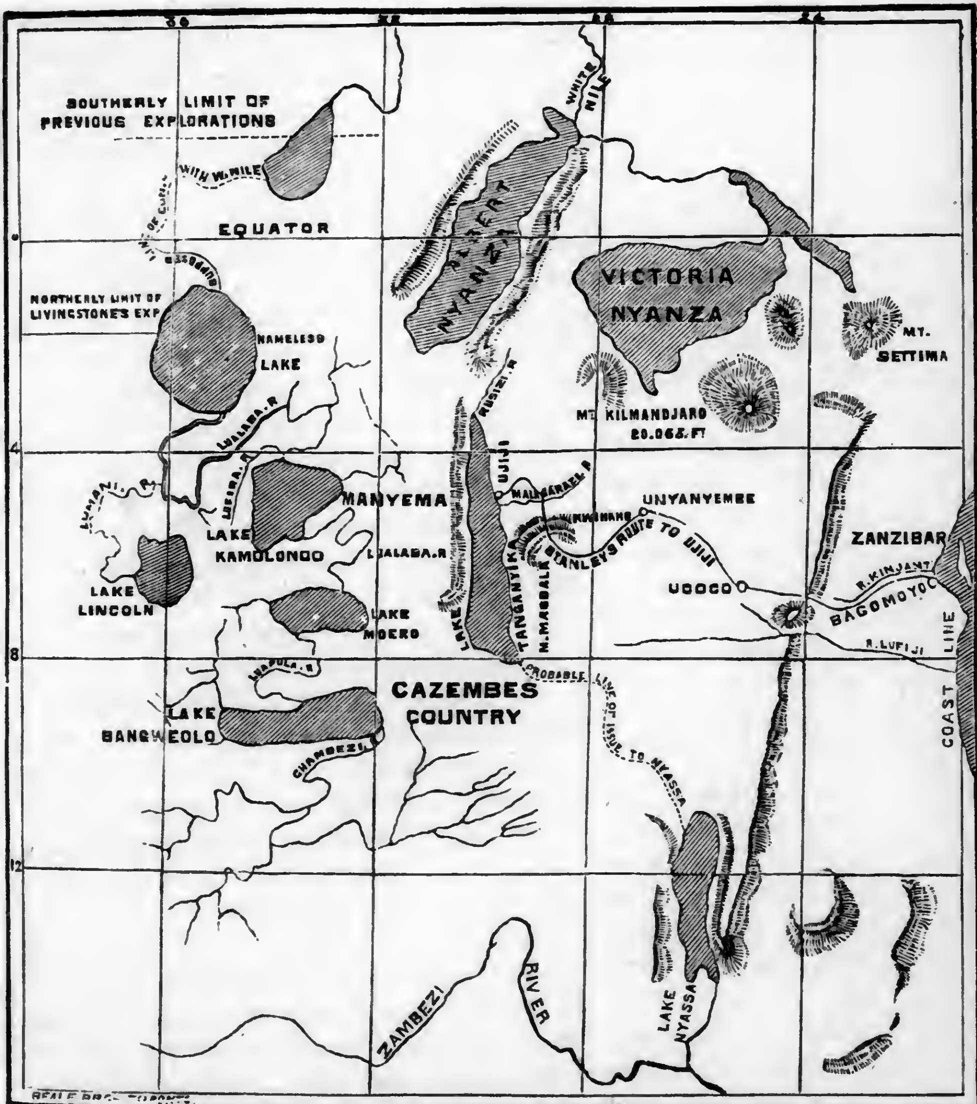
In a letter of November, 1870, now enclosed, I have tried to give an idea of the difficulties encountered in following the central line of drainage through the country of the cannibals, called Manyuema or Manyema. I found it a year afterwards, where it was left. Other letters had made no further progress to the coast; in fact, Manyema country is an entirely new field, and nothing like postage exists; nor can letters be sent to Ujiji except by large trading parties who have spent two or three years in Manyema.

The geographical results of four arduous trips in different directions in the Manyema country are briefly as follows:—The great river, Webb's Lualaba, in the centre of the Nile valley, makes a great bend to the west, soon after leaving Lake Moero, of at least 180 miles; then, turning to the north for some distance, it makes another large sweep west of about one hundred and twenty miles, in the course of which about thirty miles of southing are made; it then draws round to northeast, receives the Lomani, or Loeki, a large river which flows through Lake Lincoln. After the union a large lake is formed, with many inhabited islands in it; but this has still to be explored. It is the fourth large lake in the central line of drainage, and cannot be Lake Albert; for, assuming Speke's longtitude of Ujiji to be pretty correct, and my reckoning not enormously wrong, the great central lacustrine river is about five degrees west of Upper and Lower Tanganyika.

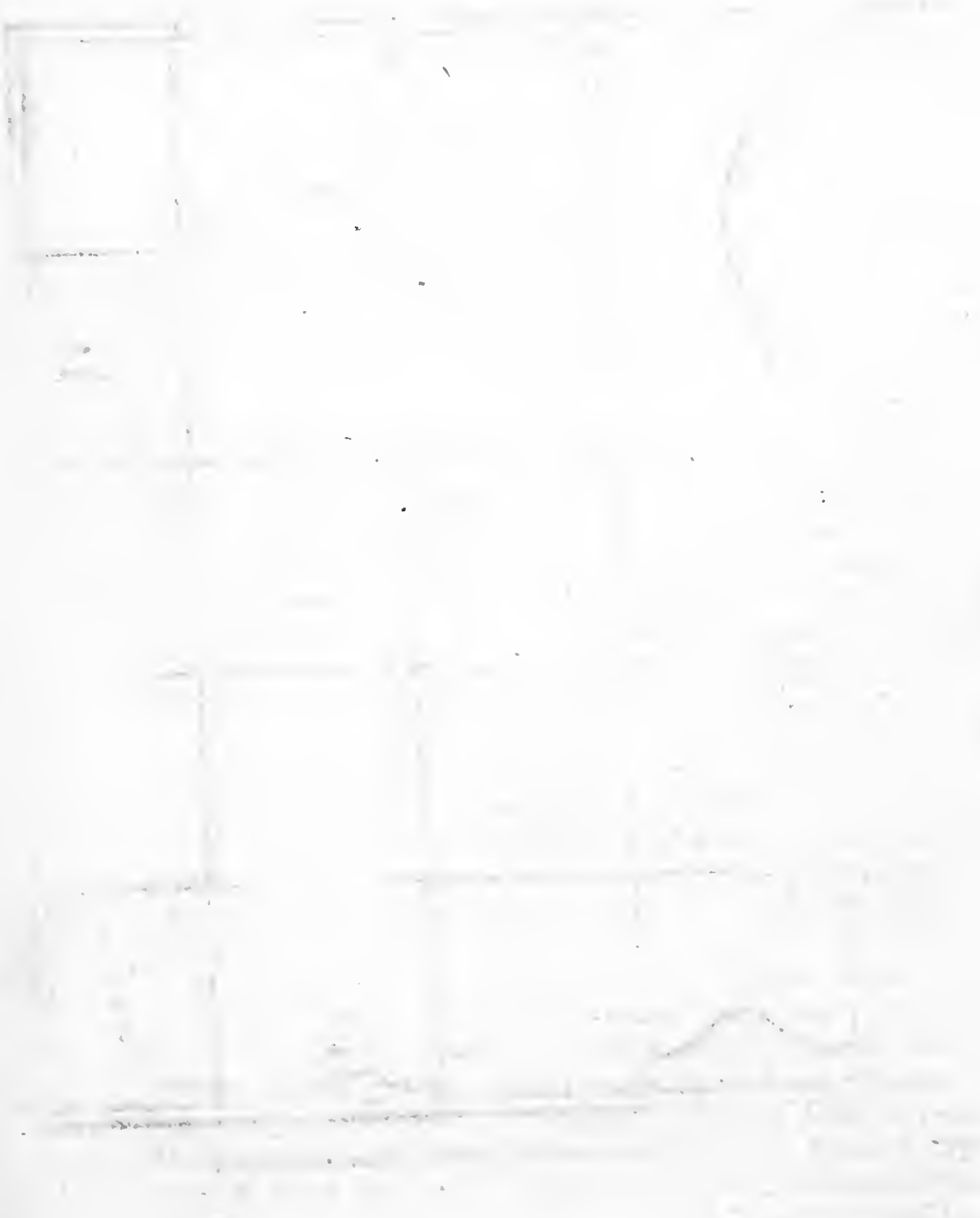
The mean of many barometric and boiling-point observations made Upper Tanganyika 2,880 feet high. Respect for Speke's memory made me hazard the conjecture that he found it to be nearly the same, but from the habit of writing the Annum Domini, a mere slip of the pen made him say 1,844 feet; but I have more confidence in the barometers than in the boiling points, and they made Tanganyika over 3,000 feet, and the lower part of Central Lualaba one inch lower, or about the altitude ascribed to Gondokoro.

Beyond the fourth lake the water passes, it is said, into large reedy lakes, and is in all probability Petherick's branch—the main stream of the Nile—in distinction from the





MAP OF LIVINGSTONE'S LATER DISCOVERIES.



small eastern arm which Speke, Grant and Baker took to be the river of Egypt.

The Manyema could give no information about their country, because they never travel. Bloody fueds often prevent them from visiting villages three or four miles off, and many at a distance of about thirty miles did not know the great river, though named to them. No trader had gone so far as I had, and their people cared only for ivory.

In my attempts to penetrate further and further I had but little hope of ultimate success, for the great amount of westing led to a continued effort to suspend the judgment, lest, after all, I might be exploring the Congo instead of the Nile, and it was only after the two great western drains fell into the central main, and left but the two great lacustrine rivers of Ptolemy, that I felt pretty sure of being on the right track.

The great bends west probably form one side of the great rivers above that geographical loop, the other side being Upper Tanganyika and the Lake River Albert. A waterfall is reported to exist between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza, but I could not go to it; nor have I seen the connecting link between the two—the upper side of the loop—though I believe it exists.

The Manyema are certainly cannibals, but it was long ere I could get evidence more positive than would have led a Scotch jury to give a verdict of "Not proven." They eat only enemies killed in war; they seem as if instigated by revenge in their man-eating orgies, and on these occasions they do not like a stranger to see them. I offered a large reward in vain to any one who would call me to witness a cannibal feast. Some intelligent men have told me that the meat is not nice, and made them dream of the dead. The women never partake, and I am glad of it, for many of them far down Lualaba are very pretty; they bathe three or four times a day, and are expert divers for oysters.

Markets are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are light colored, have straight noses, finely formed heads, small hands and feet and perfect forms; they are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution; to haggle

and joke and laugh and cheat seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large.

Near Lomani, the Bakuss or Bakoons cultivate coffee, and drink it highly scented with vanilla. Food of all kinds is extremely abundant and cheap. The men smelt iron from the black oxide ore, and are very good smiths; they also smelt copper from the ore and make large ornaments very cheaply. They are generally fine, tall, strapping fellows, far superior to the Zanzibar slaves, and nothing of the West Coast negro, from whom our ideas of Africans are chiefly derived, appears among them; no prognathous jaws, barndoor mouth, nor lark-heels are seen. Their defects arise from absolute ignorance of all the world; besides, strangers never appeared among them before. The terror that guns inspire generally among the Manyema seems to arise among the Bakuss from an idea that they are supernatural. The effect of gun-shot on a goat was shown in order to convince them that the traders had power, and that the instruments they carried were not, as they imagined, the mere insignia of chieftainship; they looked up to the skies and offered to bring ivory to purchase the charm by which lightning was drawn down; and afterwards, when the traders tried to force a passage which was refused, they darted aside on seeing Banyamwezi's followers place the arrows in the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement while the guns mowed them down in great numbers. They use long spears in the thick vegetation of their country with great dexterity, and they have told me frankly, what was self-evident, that but for the firearms not one of the Zanzibar slaves or half-castes would ever leave their country.

There is not a single great chief in all Manyema. No matter what names the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos—there is no political cohesion; not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other. The people are industrious, and most of them cultivate the soil largely. We found them everywhere very honest. When detained at Bambarre we had to send our goats and fowls to the Man-

yema villages, to prevent them being all stolen by the Zanzibar slaves. The slave owners had to do the same.

Manyema land is the only country in central Africa I have seen where cotton is not cultivated, spun and woven. The clothing is that known in Madagascar as "lambas" or grass cloth, made from the leaves of the "Muale" palm.

They call the good spirit above "Ngulu," or the Great One, and the spirit of evil, who resides in the deep, "Mulambu." A hot fountain near Bambarre is supposed to belong to this being, the author of death by drowning and other misfortunes. Yours, &c.,

DR. LIVINGSTONE,

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

LETTER No. IV.

Doctor Livingstone to Earl Granville.

Ujiji, Nov. 14, 1871.

My Lord—In my letter dated Bambarre, November, 1870, now enclosed (No. 1), I stated my grave suspicions that a packet of about forty letters—despatches, copies of all the astronomical observations from the coast onwards, and sketch maps on tracing paper, intended to convey a clear idea of all the discoveries up to the time of arrival at Ujiji—would be destroyed. It was delivered to the agent here of the Governor of Unyanyembe, and I paid him in full all he demanded to transmit it to Syde bin Salem Buraschid, the so-called Governor, who is merely a trade agent of certain Banians of Zanzibar, and a person who is reputed dishonest by all. As an agent he pilfers from his employers, be they Banians or Arabs; as a Governor, expected to exercise the office of a magistrate, he dispenses justice to him who pays most; and as the subject of a Sultan, who entrusted him because he had no power on the mainland to supersede him, he robs his superior shamelessly. No Arab or native ever utters a good word for him, but all detest him for his injustice.

The following narrative requires it to be known that his brother, Ali bin Salem Buraschid, is equally notorious for unblushing dishonesty. All Arabs and Europeans who have had dealings with either speak in unmeasured terms of their fraud and duplicity. The brothers are employed in trade, chiefly by Ludha Damji, the richest Banian in Zanzibar.

It is well known that the slave trade in this country is carried on almost entirely with his money and that of other

Banian British subjects. The Banians advance the goods required, and the Arabs proceed inland as their agents, perform the trading, or rather murdering, and when slaves and ivory are brought to the coast the Arabs sell the slaves. The Banians pocket the price, and adroitly let the odium rest on their agents. As a rule no travelling Arab has money sufficient to undertake an inland journey. Those who have become rich imitate the Banians and send their indigent countrymen and slaves to trade for them. The Banians could scarcely carry on their system of trade were they not in possession of the Custom House, and had power to seize all the goods that pass through it to pay themselves for debts. The so-called Governors are appointed on their recommendation, and become mere trade agents. When the Arabs in the interior are assaulted by the natives they never unite under a Governor as a leader, for they know that defending them or concerting means for their safety is no part of his duty. The Arabs are nearly all in debt to the Banians, and the Banian slaves are employed in ferreting out every trade transaction of the debtors, and when watched by Governors' slaves and Custom House officers it is scarcely possible for even this cunning, deceitful race to escape being fleeced. To avoid this, many surrender all their ivory to their Banian creditors, and are allowed to keep or sell the slaves as their share of the profits. It will readily be perceived that the prospect of in any way coming under the power of Banian British subjects at Zanzibar is very far from reassuring.

The packet above referred to was never more heard of, but a man called Musa Kamaah had been employed to drive some buffaloes for me from the coast, and on leaving Ujiji the same day the packet was delivered for transmission I gave him a short letter, dated May, 1869, which he concealed on his person, knowing that on its production his wages depended. He had been a spectator of the plundering of my goods by the Governor's slave Saloom, and received a share to hold his peace. He was detained for months at Unyanyembe by the Governor, and even sent back to Ujiji on his private business, he being ignorant all the while that Kamaah possessed the secreted letter. It was the only document of more than forty that reached Zanzibar. It

made known in some measure my wants, but my cheques on Bombay for money were in the lost pocket, and Ludha, the rich Banian, was employed to furnish on credit all the goods and advances of pay for the men required in the expedition. Ludha is, perhaps, the best of all the Banians of Zanzibar, but he applied to Ali bin Salem, the brother of his agent the Governor, to furnish two head men to conduct the goods and men to Ujiji and beyond it, wherever I might be there reported to be. He recommended Shereef Bosher and Awathe as first and second conductors of the caravan. Shereef, the Governor, and the Governor's brother being "birds of one feather," the consequences might have been foretold. No sooner did Shereef obtain command than he went to one Muhamad Nassur, a Zanzibar-born Banian or Hindoo, and he advanced twenty-five boxes of soap and eight cases of brandy for trade. He then went to Bagomoyo, on the mainland, and received from two Banians there, whose names were to be unknown, quantities of opium and gunpowder, which, with the soap and brandy, were to be retailed by Shereef on the journey. In the Bagomoyo Banian's house Shereef broke the soap boxes and stowed the contents and the opium in my bales of calico, in order that the pagazi or carriers paid by me should carry them. Other pagazi were employed to carry the cases of brandy and kegs of gunpowder, and paid with my cloth. Henceforth all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my property, and while retailing the barter goods of his Banian accomplices he was in no hurry to relieve my wants, but spent fourteen months between the coast and Ujiji, a distance which could easily have been accomplished in three. Making every allowance for detention by sickness in the party, and by sending back for men to replace the first pagazi, who perished by cholera, the delays were quite shameless. Two months at one spot, two months at another place, and two months at a third, without reason, except desire to retail his brandy, &c., which some simple people think Moslems never drink, but he was able to send back from Unyanyembe over £60 worth of ivory—the pagazi again paid from my stores. He then ran riot with the supplies, all the way purchasing the most expensive food

for himself, his slaves and his women, the country afforded. When he reached Ujiji his retail trade for the Banians and himself was finished, and in defiance of his engagement to follow wherever I led, and men from a camp eight days beyond Bambarre went to Ujiji and reported to him that I was near and waiting for him, he refused their invitation to return with them.

The Banians, who advanced their goods for retail by Shereef, had, in fact, taken advantage of the notorious East African Moslem duplicity to interpose their own trade speculation between two government officers, and, almost within the shadow of the Consulate, supplant Dr. Kirk's attempt to aid me by a fraudulent conversion of the help expedition to the gratification of their own greed. Shereef was their ready tool, and having at Ujiji finished the Banian trade he acted as if he had forgotten having ever been employed by any one else. Here the drunken half-caste Moslem tailor lay intoxicated at times for a whole month; the drink—palm toddy and tombe—all bought with my beads, of course.

Awathe, the other head man, was a spectator of all the robbery from the coast onwards, and never opened his mouth in remonstrance or in sending notice to the Consul. He had carefully concealed an infirmity when engaged, which rendered him quite incapable of performing a single duty for me, and he now asserts, like the Johanna deserters, that he ought to be paid all his wages in full. I shall narrate below how seven of the Banian slaves bought by Shereef and Awathe imitated their leaders and refused to go forward, and ultimately, by falsehood and cowardice, forced me to return between four hundred and five hundred miles. But here I may mention how Shereef finished up his services. He wrote to his friend, the Governor of Unyanyembe, for permission to sell the *debris* of my goods, "because," said he, "I sent slaves to Manyema to search for the Doctor, but they returned and said he was dead." He also divined on the Koran, and it told the same tale.

It is scarcely necessary to add that he never sent slaves in search of me, and from the people above mentioned, who returned from a camp in front of Bambarre, he learned that I was alive and well. So, on his own authority and that

of the Koran, he sold off the remaining goods at merely nominal prices to his friends for ivory and slaves for himself, and I lately returned to find myself destitute of everything except a very few articles of barter which I took the precaution to leave here in case of extreme need.

I have stated the case to Dr. Kirk, acting political agent and Consul at Zanzibar, and claim as simple justice, that the Banians, who are rich English subjects, should, for stepping in between me and the supplies sent, be compelled to refund the entire expenses of the frustrated expedition, and all the high interest—twenty or twenty-five per cent thereon—set down against me in Ludha's books; if not also the wages of my people and personal expenses for two years, the time during which, by their surreptitious agent Shereef, my servants and self were prevented from executing our regular duty.

The late Sultan Seyed Majid compelled the Arab who connived at the plunder of all the Baron Van der Decken's goods in a vain attempt to reach Lake Nyassa to refund the whole. It is inconceivable that the dragoman and other paid servants of the consulate were ignorant of the fraud practised by the Banians on Dr. Kirk and myself.

All the Banians and Banian slaves were perfectly well aware of Muhamad Nassur's complicity. The villany of saddling on me all the expenses of their retail venture of soap, brandy, opium and gunpowder, was perpetrated in open day, and could not escape the notice of the paid agents of the Consul; but how this matter was concealed from him, and also the dishonest characters of Syed bin Ali Buraschid and Shereef, it is difficult to conceive. The oft-repeated asseveration of Shereef that he acted throughout on the advice of Ludha may have a ray of truth in it. But a little gentle pressure on Syed Burghash, the present Sultan, will probably ensure the punishment of Shereef, though it is also highly probable that he will take refuge near the Governor of Unyanyembe till the affair blows over. If the rich Banian English subjects be compelled to refund, this alone will deter them from again plundering the servants of a government which goes to great expense for their protection.

I will now proceed to narrate in as few words as possible how I have been baffled by the Banian slaves sent by Ludha, instead of men. They agreed to go to Ujiji, and, having there ascertained where I was to be found, were to follow me as boatmen, carriers, woodmen or in every capacity required without reference to the customs of other expeditions. Each on being engaged received an advance of $30 and a promise of $5 a month afterwards. This was double to Zanzibar freemen's pay. They had much sickness near the coast, and five died of cholera. While under Shereef and Awathe they cannot be blamed for following their worthless leaders ; these leaders remained at Ujiji, and Shereef's three slaves and his woman did the same. After two months' delay these seven Banian slaves came along with the men returning past Bambarre as mentioned above. They came on the 4th February, 1871, having left Zanzibar in October, 1869. I had been laid up at Bambarre by irritable eating ulcers on both feet, which prevented me from setting a foot on the ground from August, 1870, to the end of the year ; a piece of malachite, rubbed down with water on a stone, was the only remedy that had any effect ; I had no medicine ; some in a box had been unaccountably detained by the Governor of Unyanyembe since 1868, though I sent for it twice, and delivered calico to repay the carriers. I have been uncharitable enough to suspect that the worthy man wishes to fall heir to my two guns in the same box. Shereef sent by the slaves a few coarse beads, evidently exchanged for my beautiful and dear beads, a little calico, and, in great mercy, some of my coffee and sugar. The slaves came without loads, except my tent, which Shereef and they had used till it was quite rotten and so full of holes it looked as if riddled with small shot. I never used it once. They had been sixteen months on the way from Zanzibar instead of three, and now, like their head men, refused to go any further. They swore so positively that the Consul had told them to force me back, and on no account to go forward, that I actually looked again at their engagement to be sure my eyes had not deceived me. Fear alone made them consent to go, but had I not been aided by Muhamad Bogharib, they would have gained their point by sheer

brazen-faced falsehood. I might then have gone back and deposed Shereef and Awathe, but this would have required five or six months, and in that time, or perhaps less time, at least, I had good reason to hope that the exploration would be finished and my return would be up Albert Lake and Tanganyika, instead of the dreary part of Manyema and Guba I already knew perfectly. The desire to finish the geographical part of my work was, and is, most intense every time my family comes into my mind. I also hoped that, as usual, ere long I should gain influence over my attendants, but I never had experience with Banian Moslem slaves before, who had imbibed little of the Mohammedan religion but its fulsome pride, and whose previous employment had been browbeating Arab debtors somewhat like the lowest class of our sheriff officers.

As we went across the second great bend of the Lualaba they showed themselves to be all accomplished cowards, in constant dread of being killed and eaten by Manyema. Failing to induce me to spend all the goods and return, they refused to go beyond a point far down the Lualaba, where I was almost in sight of the end towards which I strained. They now tried to stop further progress by falsehood, and they found at a camp of Ujijian and mainland Arabs a number of willing helpers to propagate the slander "that I wanted neither ivory nor slaves, but a canoe to kill Manyema." Can it be wondered at that people who had never even heard of white men, believed them ? By this slander, and the ceremony of mixing blood with the head men, the mainland and Ujijian Arabs secured nine canoes, while I could not purchase one. But four days below this part narrows occur, in which the mighty river is compressed by rocks, which jut in, not opposite to each other, but alternately ; and the water, rushing round the promontories, forms terrible whirlpools, which overturned one of the canoes and so terrified the whole party that by deceit preceded me, that they returned without ever thinking of dragging the canoes past the difficulty. This I should have done to gain the confluence of the Lomame, some fifty miles below, and thence ascend through Lake Lincoln to the ancient fountains beyond the copper mines of Katanga, and this would nearly

finish my geographical work. But it was so probable that the dyke which forms the narrows would be prolonged across country into Lomame that I resolved to turn towards this great river considerably above the narrows, and where the distance between Lualaba and Lomame is about eighty miles.

A friend, named Dugumbe, was reported to be coming from Ujiji with a caravan of 200 guns and nine undertraders with their people. The Banian slaves refused duty three times, and the sole reason they alleged for their mutiny was fear of going where "there were no Molems." The loss of all their wages was a matter of no importance to any one except their masters at Zanzibar. As an Englishman they knew I would not beat or chain them, and two of them frankly avowed that all they needed for obedience was a free man to thrash them. The slave traders all sympathized with them, for they hated my being present to witness their atrocities. The sources of the Nile they knew to be a sham; to reveal their slaving was my true object, and all dread being "written against." I therefore waited three months for Dugumbe, who appeared to be a gentleman, and offered 4,000 rupees, or £400, for ten men and a canoe on Lomame, and, afterwards, all the goods I believed I had at Ujiji, to enable me to finish what I had to do without the Banian slaves. His first words to me were, "Why, your own slaves are your greatest enemies. I hear everywhere how they have baffled you." He agreed to my proposition, but required a few days to consult his associates.

Two days afterwards, or on the 13th of June, a massacre was perpetrated which filled me with such intolerable loathing that I resolved to yield to the Banian slaves, return to Ujiji, get men from the coast, and try to finish the rest of my work by going outside the area of Ujijian bloodshed instead of vainly trying from its interior outwards.

Dugumbe's people built their huts on the right bank of the Lualaba, at a market place called Nyanwe. On hearing that the head slave of a trader at Ujiji had, in order to get canoes cheap, mixed blood with the head men of the Bagenya on the left bank, they were disgusted with his assurance, and resolved to punish him and make an im-

pression in the country in favor of their own greatness by an assault on the market people and on all the Bagenya who had dared to make friendship with any but themselves. Tagamalo, the principal undertaker of Dugumbe's party, was the perpetrator. The market was attended every fourth day by between 2,000 and 3,000 people. It was held on a large slope of land which, down at the river, ended in a creek capable of containing between fifty and sixty large canoes. The majority of the market people were women, many of them very pretty. The people west of the river brought fish, salt, pepper, oil, grass-cloth, iron, fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, in great nunbers to exchange with those east of the river for cassava, grain, potatoes and other farinaceous products. They have a strong sense of natural justice, and all unite in forcing each other to fair dealing. At first my presence made them all afraid, but wishing to gain their confidence, which my enemies tried to undermine or prevent, I wentamong them frequently, and seeing no harm in me became very gracious; the bargaining was the finest acting I ever saw. I understood but few of the words that flew off the glib tongues of the women, but their gestures spoke plainly. I took sketches of the fifteen varieties of fish brought in to compare them with those of the Nile farther down, and all were eager to tell their names. But on the date referred to I had left the market only a minute or two when three men whom I had seen with guns, and felt inclined to reprove them for bringing them into the market place, but had refrained by attributing it to ignorance in new comers began to fire into the dense crowd around them. Another party, down at the canoes, rained their balls on the panic-struck multitude that rushed into these vessels. All threw away their goods, the men forgot their paddles, the canoes were jammed in the creek and could not be got out quick enough, so many men and women sprung into the water. The women of the left bank are expert divers for oysters, and a long line of heads showed a crowd striking out for an island half a mile off; to gain it they had to turn the left shoulder against a current of between a mile and a half to two miles an hour. Had they gone diagonally with the current though that would have been a distance of three

miles, many of them would have gained the shore. It was horrible to see one head after another disappear, some calmly, others throwing their arms high up towards the Great Father of all, and going down. Some of the men who got canoes out of the crowd paddled quick with hands and arms, to help their friends; three took people in till they all sank together. One man had clearly lost his head, for he paddled a canoe which would have held fifty people straight up stream nowhere. The Arabs estimated the loss at between four and five hundred souls. Dugumbe sent out some of his men in one of the thirty canoes which the owners in their fright could not extricate, to save the sinking. One lady refused to be taken on board because she thought that she was to be made a slave; but he rescued twenty-one, and of his own accord sent them the next day home. Many escaped and came to me, and were restored to their friends. When the firing began on the terror-stricken crowd at the canoes, Tagamoio's band began their assault on the people on tbe west of the river and continued the fire all day. I counted seventeen villages in flames and next day six. Dugumbe's power over the underlings is limited, but he ordered them to cease shooting. Those in the market were so reckless they shot two of their own number. Tagamoio's crew came back next day, in canoes, shouting and firing off their guns as if believing that they were worthy of renown.

Next day about twenty head men fled from the west bank and came to my house. There was no occasion now to tell them that the English had no desire for human blood. They begged hard that I should go over with them and settle with them, and arrange where the new dwellings of each should be. I was so ashamed of the bloody Moslem company in which I found myself that I was unable to look at the Manyema. I confessed my grief and shame, and was entreated, if I must go, not to leave them now. Dugumbe spoke kindly to them and would protect them as well as he could against his own people; but when I went to Tagamoio to ask back the wives and daughters of some of the head men, he always ran off and hid himself.

This massacre was the most terrible scene I ever saw.

I cannot describe my feelings, and am thankful that I did not give way to them, but by Dugumbe's advice avoided a bloody feud with men who, for the time, seemed turned into demons. The whole transaction was the more deplorable, inasmuch as we have always heard from the Manyema that though the men of the districts may be engaged in actual hostilities, the women pass from one market-place to another with their wares and were never known to be molested. The change has come only with these alien bloodhounds, and all the bloodshed has taken place in order that captives might be seized where it could be done without danger, and in order that the slaving privileges of a petty sultan should produce abundant fruit.

Heartsore and greatly depressed in spirits by the many instances of "man's inhumanity to man" I had unwillingly seen, I commenced the long, weary tramp to Ujiji, with the blazing sun right overhead. The mind acted on the body, and it is no over-statement to say that almost every step of between four hundred and five hundred miles was in pain. I felt as if dying on my feet, and I came very near to death in a more summary way. It is within the area of bloodshed that danger alone occurs. I could not induce my Moslem slaves to venture outside that area or sphere. They knew better than I did. "Was Muhamad not the greatest of all, and their prophet?"

About midway back to Bambarre we came to villages where I had formerly seen the young men compelled to carry a trader's ivory. When I came on the scene the young men had laid down the tusks and said "Now we have helped you so far without pay, let the men of other villages do as much." "No, no, take up the ivory;" and take it up they did, only to go a little way and cast it into the dense vegetation on each side of the path we afterwards knew so well. When the trader reached his next stage he sent back his men to demand the "stolen" ivory, and when the elders denied the theft they were fired upon and five were killed, eleven women and children captured, and also twenty-five goats. The remaining elders then talked the matter over, and the young men pointed out the ivory and carried it twenty-two miles after the trader. He chose to say that three of the

tusks were missing, and carried away all the souls and goats he had captured. They now turned to the only resource they knew, and when Dugumbe passed, waylaid and killed one of his people. In our return we passed another camp of Ujijian traders, and they begged me to allow their men to join my party. These included seventeen men of Manyema who had volunteered to carry ivory to Ujiji and goods back again. These were the very first of the Manyema who had in modern times gone fifty miles from their birth-places. As all the Arabs had been enjoined by Sayed Majid, the late Sultan, to show me all the kindness in their power, I could not decline their request. My party was increased to eighty, and a long line of men bearing elephants' tusks gave us all the appearance of traders. The only cloth I had left some months before consisted of two red blankets, which were converted into a glaring dress; unbecoming enough, but there were no Europeans to see it. The maltreated men, now burning for revenge, remembered the dress, and very naturally tried to kill the man who had murdered their relations. They would hold no parley. We had to pass through five hours of forest, with vegetation so dense, that by stooping down and peering towards the sun we could at times only see a shadow moving, and a slight rustle in the vegetation which was caused by a spear thrown from an infuriated man. Our people in front peered into every little opening in the dense thicket before they would venture past it; this detained the rear, and two persons near to me were slain. A large spear lunged past close behind; another missed me by about a foot in front. Coming to a part of the forest of about a hundred yards cleared for cultivation, I observed that fire had been applied to one of the gigantic trees, made still higher by growing on an anthill twenty or more feet high. Hearing the crack that told the fire had eaten through, I felt that there was no danger, it looked so far away, till it appeared coming right down toward me. I ran a few paces back, and it came to the ground only one yard off, broke in several lengths, and covered me with a cloud of dust. My attendants ran back, exclaiming "Peace, peace! you will finish your work in spite of all these people,

and in spite of everything." I, too, took it as an omen of good that I had three narrow escapes from death in one day.

The Manyema are expert in throwing the spear, and as I had a glance of him whose spear missed by less than an inch behind, and he was not ten yards off, I was saved clearly by the good hand of the Almighty Preserver of men. I can say this devoutly now, but in running the terrible gauntlet for five weary hours among furies all eager to signalize themselves by slaying one they sincerely believed to have been guilty of a horrid outrage, no elevated sentiments entered the mind. The excitement gave way to overpowering weariness, and I felt as I suppose soldiers do on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not.

On coming to the cleared plantations belonging to the next group of villages, all lay down to rest, and I soon saw their head man walking unarmed in a stately manner towards us. He had heard the vain firing of our men into the dense vegetation and came to inquire the cause. When he had consulted his elders he sent an offer to me in the evening to collect all his people, and if I lent him my people who had guns he would bring me ten goats instead of three milch ones I had lost. I again explained the mistake under which his next neighbors labored, and as he understood the whole case he was ready to admit that my joining in his ancient feud would only make matters worse. Indeed, my old highland blood had been roused by the wrongs which his foes had suffered, and all through I could not help sympathizing with them, though I was the especial object of their revenge.

I have, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

LETTER No. V.

Dr. Livingstone to Dr. Kirk.

Ujiji, October 30th, 1871.

Sir—I wrote on the 25th and 28th current two very hurried letters, one for you and the other for Lord Clarendon, which were forwarded to Unanyembe. I had just reached this place thoroughly jaded in body and mind, and found that your agent, Shereef Bosher, had sold off all the goods you sent, for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran and found that I was dead. He also wrote to the Governor of Unanyembe that he had sent slaves to Manyema, who returned and reported my decease, and he wished the permission of the Governor to sell the goods. He, however, knew from men who came from me in Manyema that I was near Ujiji at Bambarre, and waiting for him and supplies; but when my friends here protested against the sale of my goods he invariably answered, "You know nothing about the matter. I alone know that the Consul ordered me to remain one month at Ujiji, and then sell off and return." When I came he said that Ludha had so ordered him.

From the Banian slaves you sent I learn that Ludha went to Ali bin Salem Buraschid, a person notoriously dishonest, and he recommended Shereef Bosher as leader of the caravan. No sooner did he obtain command than he went to Muhamad Nassur, who furnished twenty-five boxes of soap and eight cases of brandy, to be retailed in the course of the journey inland. At Bagomoyo Shereef got a quantity of opium and gunpowder from two Banians there, whose names are unknown to me. In their house Shereef broke the soap boxes and stowed the contents in my bales;

the brandy cases were kept entire, and pagazi employed to carry them and the opium and gunpowder, and paid out of my bales. The Banians and Shereef had interposed their own trade speculation between the two government officers, and thenceforward all the expenses of the journey were defrayed out of my supplies, and Shereef was able to send back to his accomplices five frasilahs of ivory from Unyanyembe, value some sixty pounds; the pagazi again paid by me. He was in no hurry to aid me, but spent fourteen months traversing a distance that could have been easily accomplished in three. If we deduct two months for detention by sickness, we have still twelve months, of which nine were devoted to private interests of the Banians and Shereef. He ran riot with my goods, buying the best provisions and drink the country afforded; lived in my tent till it was so rotten and full of holes I never could use it once; remained two months at three several places retailing brandy, opium, gunpowder and soap; and these being finished, on reaching Ujiji, he would go no further. Here it was commonly reported he lay drunk for a month at a time; the duro pombe and palm toddy all bought with my samsam beads. He issued twenty-four yards of calico per month for himself, eight yards for each of his slaves, eight yards for his woman, and eight yards for Awathe, the other head man; and when he sent seven of the Banian slaves employed by Ludha to me at Bambarre, he would not allow me more than two frasilhos of the very coarsest beads, evidently exchanged for my fine samsams, a few pieces of calico, and in great mercy half the coffee and sugar. The slaves came without loads. Shereef finished up, as above stated, by selling all except the other half of the coffee and sugar and one bundle of unsaleable beads. He left four pieces of calico and went off from this; but, hearing of disturbances at Unyanyembe, deposited his ivory in a village near, and coming back took the four pieces of calico, and I received of all the fine calico and dear beads you sent not a single yard or string of beads.

Awathe, the other head man employed, was a spectator of all the plunder by Shereef from the coast onwards, and never opened his voice in remonstrance or in sending back a

report to his employer. He carefully concealed an infirmity from you which prevented him from performing a single duty for me. He had his "sheepa" long before he was engaged, and he stated to me that the large fleshy growth came up at once on reaching Ujiji. It is not hydrocele but sarcocele, and his own statement proved that the pain he feigned had entirely ceased when Dugumbe, a friend of mine, offered to convey him by short, easy stages to me. He refused, from believing that the Banians have so much power that he will be paid in full for all the time he has been dishonestly devouring my goods, though quite unable to do any duty. Dugumbe also offered to convey a packet of letters that was delivered to Shereef here as my agent, but when he told him that he was about to start it was not forthcoming. It was probably destroyed to prevent my seeing the list of goods you sent by one Hassani to Unyanyembe.

With due deference to your judgment, I claim all the expenses incurred as set down against me in Ludha's book from the Banians who, by fraud, converted a caravan to help me into the gratification of their own greed. Muhamad Nassur can reveal the names of the other Banian accomplices of Shereef who connived in supplanting help for me into a trade speculation. They ought also to pay the slaves sent by Ludha, and let them (the Banians) recover from Shereef. I report this case to Her Majesty's government as well as to you, and believe that your hands will thereby be strengthened to see that justice is done and that due punishment be inflicted on the Banians, on Shereef and Awathe, and on the Banian slaves who baffled and thwarted me, instead of fulfilling the engagement entered into in your presence. A note is enclosed to His Highness Seyed Burghash, which you will please present.

In entrusting the matter of supplies and men for me to the Banian Ludha, you seem to have been unaware that our government forbids its servants to employ slaves. The Commissioner and Consul at Loanda, on the West Coast, sent all the way to St. Helena for somewhat stupid servants rather than incur the displeasure of the Foreign Office by using very clever Portuguese slaves within call.

In the very trying circumstances you mention during the visitation of cholera, and in the absence of instructions I had enclosed to employ freemen and not slaves, as also in the non-appearance of the cheques for money enclosed in the same lost packet, the call on Ludha was, perhaps, the easiest course, and I trust that you will not consider me ungrateful if I point out that it involved a grave mistake. Ludha is polite enough, but the slave trade, and, indeed, most other trade, is carried on chiefly by the money of Banians, British subjects, who receive most of the profits and adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on the Arabs. They hate us English, and rejoice more over our failures than successes. Ludha sent his own and other Banian slaves at $60 a year, while the usual pay of freemen at Zanzibar is only from twenty-five to thirty dollars a year. He will charge enormous interest on the money advanced, from twenty to twenty-five per cent.; and even supposing Shereef's statement that Ludha told him not to go beyond Ujiji, but after one month sell off all and return, to be quite untrue, it is passing strange that every one of the Banian slaves employed stoutly asserted that they were not to follow, but to force me back. I had no hold on people who knew that they would not be allowed to keep their wages. It is also very remarkable that the objects of your caravan should be so completely frustrated by Banians conniving with Shereef almost within shadow of the consulate, and neither dragoman nor other paid officials under your orders gave any information. The characters of Ali-bin-Salem Buraschid and his "chum" Shereef could scarcely have been hid from them. Why employ them without characters?

Yours, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

P. S.—November 16, 1871.—I regret the necessity of bringing the foregoing very unpleasant subject before you, but I have just received letters and information which make the matter doubly serious. Mr. Churchill informed me by a letter of September 19, 1870, that Her Majesty's govern-

ment had most kindly sent £1,000 for supplies, to be forwarded to me. Some difficulties had occurred to prevent £500 worth from starting, but in the beginning of November all were removed. But it appears that you had recourse to slaves again, and one of these slaves informs me that goods and slaves all remained at Bagomoyo four months, or till near the end of February, 1871. No one looked near them during that time, but a rumor reached them that the Consul was coming, and off they started, two days before your arrival, not on their business, but on some private trip of your own. These slaves came to Unyanyembe in May last, and there they lay till war broke out and gave them, in July, a good excuse to lie there still.

A whole year has thus been spent in feasting slaves on £500 sent by government to me. Like the man who was tempted to despair when he broke the photograph of his wife, I feel inclined to relinquish hope of ever getting help from Zanzibar to finish the little work I have still to do. I wanted men, not slaves, and free men are abundant at Zanzibar ; but if the matter is committed to Ludha instead of an energetic Arab, with some little superintendence by your dragoman or others, I may wait twenty years and your slaves feast and fail.

D. L.

I will just add that the second batch of slaves had, like the first two, two freemen as the leaders, and one died of small-pox. The freemen in the first party of slaves were Shereef and Awathe. I enclose also a shameless overcharge in Ludha's bill, \$364.06½.

D. L.

LETTER No. VI.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO EARL GRANVILLE.

UJIJI, Dec. 18, 1871.

MY LORD—The despatch of Lord Clarendon, dated 31st May, 1870, came to this place on the 13th ult., and its very kindly tone and sympathy afforded me a world of encouragement. Your Lordship will excuse me in saying that with my gratitude there mingled sincere sorrow that the personal friend who signed it was no more.

In the kind wish expressed for my return home I can join most cordially; indeed, I am seized with a sore longing every time my family, now growing up, comes into my mind; but if I explain you will not deem me unreasonable in making one more effort to make a feasible finish up of my work. I know about six hundred miles of the long watershed of South Central Africa pretty fairly. From this the majority of the vast number of the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise and form great mains of drainage in the Great Nile Valley, which begins in latitude ten to twelve degrees south. But in the seventh hundred miles four fountains are reported, which are different from all I have seen, in rising from the base of an earthen mound as full-grown gushing springs, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river. I have heard of this remarkable mound 200 miles distant on the southwest. Again, 300 miles distant on the south Mr. Oswell and I heard that Upper Zambesi or Lambai rose at (this) one point. Then intelligent natives mentioned it 180 miles off on the east, and again 150 from it on the northeast, and also in the Manyema country 100 miles north-northeast. Intelligent Arabs who had visited the mound and fountains, spoke of

them as a subject of wonder and confirmed all my previous information. I cannot doubt of their existence, and I have even given names by anticipation to the fountains whose rivers I know.

But on the next point, which, if correct, gives these fountains a historic interest, I speak with great confidence, and would fain apologize for mentioning, on the dim recollections of boyhood, and without a single book of reference, to hazard the conjecture that these fountains rising together, and flowing two north into the Nile and two south to Inner Ethiopia, are probably the sources of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais in Egypt. The idea imparted by the words of the ancient historian was that the waters of the sources welled up in unfathomable fountains and then parted, half to Egypt and the other half to Inner Ethiopia.

The ancient traveller or trader who first brought the report down to Egypt would scarcely be so precise as to explain of waters that seem to issue from nearly one spot, flowed on to opposite slopes of the watershed (*sic.*) The northeast fountain, Bartle Frere's, flows as the large river Lufira into Kamolondo, one of four large lakes in Webb's Lualaba. The centre line of drainage then, that on the northwest of of the mound, Young's (Sir Paraffin) fountain flows through Lake Lincoln, and as the River Lomame joins Webb's Lualaba before the fourth large lake is formed, of which the outflow is said to be into Petherick's branch, two certainly flow south; for Palmerston's fountain on the southwest is the source of the Lambai or Upper Zambesi, and Oswell's fountain on the southeast, is the Kafue, which far down joins the same river in "Inner Ethiopia." I advance the conjecture merely for what it is worth, and not dogmatically. The gentlemen who stay at home at ease may smile at my assurance in recalling the memories of boyhood in Central Africa; but let these be the sources of the ancients or not, it seems desirable to rediscover them, so that no one may come afterwards and cut me out by a fresh batch of sources.

I am very unwilling to attach blame to any one, and I can only ascribe it to ignorance at Zanzibar of our government being stringently opposed to its officers employing

slave labor, that some five or six hundred pounds' worth of my goods were entrusted to Ludha, a concealed slave dealer, who again placed the supplies in the hands of slaves under two dishonest freeman, who, as I have described in my letter of the 14th ult., caused me a great loss of time and ultimately of all the goods.

Again, £500 of goods—this being half of £1,000 kindly sent by Her Majesty's government to my aid—was, by some strange hallucination, handed over to Ludha again, and he again committed them to slaves and two freemen. All lay feasting on my stores at Bagomoyo, on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, from the latter part of October, 1870, to the latter part of February, 1871, and no one looked near them. They came on to Unyanyembe, a point from twenty days to a month east of this, and lay there till a war, which broke out in July, gave them a good excuse to continue there still. Ludha is a very polite and rich Banian, but in this second bill he makes a shameless overcharge of $364. All the Banians and Arabs hate to see me in the slave mart and dread exposure. Here and in Manyema I have got into the good graces of all the Arabs of position. But the Banian hatred of our interference in the slave trade manifests itself in the low cnnning of imbuing the minds of the slaves sent, with the idea that they are not to follow me, but, in accordance with some fabulous letter, force me back, This they have propagated all through the country, and really seem to believe it. My letters to the coast having been so often destroyed, I had relinquished hope of ever obtaining help from Zanzibar, and proposed when I became stronger to work my way down to Mteza or Baker for help and men.

A vague rumor reached Ujiji in the beginning of last month that an Englishman had come to Unyanyembe with boats, horses, men and goods in abundance. It was in vain to conjecture who this could be ; and my eager inquiries were met by answers so contradictory that I began to doubt if any stranger had come at all. But one day, I cannot say which, for I was three weeks too fast in my reckoning, my man Susi came dashing up in great excitement, and gasped out, "An Englishman coming ; see him !" and off he ran

to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan told me the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the New York *Herald*, sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of £5,000, to obtain correct information about me if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The kindness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude.

I have been left nearly destitute by the moral idiot Shereef selling off my goods for slaves and ivory for himself. My condition was sufficiently forlorn, for I had but a very few articles of barter left of what I had taken the precaution to leave here, in case of extreme need. The strange news Mr. Stanley had to tell to one, for years out of communication with the world, was quite reviving. Appetite returned, and in a week I began to feel strong. Having men and goods, and information that search for an outlet of the Tanganyika was desired by Sir Roderick Murchison, we went for a month's cruise down to its northern end.

This was a pleasure trip compared to the weary tramping of all the rest of my work ; but an outflow we did not find.

On returning, on the 13th current, Mr. Stanley received a letter from the American consul at Zanzibar of 11th June last, and Aden telegrams of European news up to the 29th April. My mail was dated November, 1870, and would not have left the slaves had not Mr. Stanley accidentally seen it and seized it for me. What was done by the American consul could have been done by the English consul, but for the unaccountable propensity to employ slave trade and slaves.

Seeing no hope of even the third £500, or last half of the government £1,000, being placed in any other hands but those of the polite Ludha, I have taken the liberty of resolving to return a full month eastward to secure the dregs of my goods from the slaves there and accept tbose that Mr. Stanley offers, hire freemen at Unyanyembe with them and then return back to the watershed to finish the little I have to do.

In going and returning from Unyanyembe I shall lose

three or four months. The ancient fountains will require eight months more; but in one year from this time, with ordinary health, the geographical work will be done.

I am presuming that your Lordship will say, "If worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." All my friends will wish me to make a complete work of the sources of the ancient river. In that wish, in spite of the strong desire to go home, I join, believing that it is better to do so now than afterwards in vain.

Trusting that Your Lordship will kindly make allowances for what, to some who do not know how hard I have toiled to accomplish six-sevenths of the work, may appear obstinacy, I have, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

P. S.—The mortality by small-pox in this region is so enormous, that I venture to apply to government for a supply of vaccine virus to meet me on my return—by one portion being sent in the Governor's mail bag to the Cape and another portion by way of Bombay—all convenient haste being enjoined. Many intelligent Arabs have expressed to me their willingness to use it. If I remember rightly, Lady Mary W. Montagu brought the knowledge of inoculation from Turkey. This race, though bigoted, perhaps more than the Turks, may receive the superior remedy; and, if they do, a great boon will be conferred, for very many thousands perish annually and know no preventive. The reason for my troubling you is, I do not know any of the conductors of vaccination in London, and Professor Phristison, of Edinburgh, who formerly put the virus up in capillary tubes, may not now be alive. The capillary tubes are the only means of preserving the substance fresh in this climate I have seen, and if your Lordship will kindly submit my request to vaccinators to send these tubes charged with matter, I shall be able at least to make an effort to benefit this great population.

D. L.

LETTER NO. VII.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO EARL GRANVILLE.

UNYANYEMBE, near the Kazeh of Speke,
Feb. 20, 1872.

MY LORD—My letters to and from the coast have been so frequently destroyed by those whose interest and cupidity lead them to hate correspondence as likely to expose their slaving, that I had nearly lost all heart to write, but being assured that this packet will be taken safe home by Mr. Stanley, I add a fifth letter to four already penned, the pleasure of believing that this will really come into your Lordship's hands, overpowering the consciousness of having been much too prolix.

The subject to which I beg to draw your attention is the part which the Banians of Zanzibar, who are protected British subjects, play in carrying on the slave trade in Central Africa, especially in Manyema, the country west of Ujiji; together with a proposition which I have very much at heart—the possibility of encouraging the native Christians of English settlements on the West Coast of Africa to remove, by voluntary emigration, to a healthy spot on this side the Continent.

The Banian British subjects have long been and are now the chief propagators of the Zanzibar slave trade; their money, and often their muskets, gunpowder, balls, flints, beads, brass wire and calico, are annually advanced to the Arabs at enormous interest, for the murderous work of slaving, of the nature of which every Banian is fully aware. Having mixed much with the Arabs in the interior, I soon learned the whole system that is called "butchee" or Banian trading is simply marauding and murdering by the Arabs, at the instigation and by the aid of our Indian fellow subjects.

The cunning Indians secure nearly all the profits of the caravans they send inland, and very adroitly let the odium of slaving rest on their Arab agents. As a rule, very few Arabs could proceed on a trading expedition unless supplied by the Banians with arms, ammunition and goods. Slaves are not bought in the countries to which the Banian agents proceed—indeed it is a mistake to call the system of Ujiji slave "trade" at all; the captives are not traded for, but murdered for, and the gangs that are dragged coastwards to enrich the Banians are usually not slaves, but captive free people. A Sultan anxious to do justly rather than pocket head-money, would proclaim them all free as soon as they reached his territory.

Let me give an instance or two to illustrate the trade of our Indian fellow subjects. My friend Muhamad Bogharib sent a large party of his people far down the great river Lualaba to trade for ivory about the middle of 1871. He is one of the best of the traders, a native of Zanzibar, and not one of the mainlanders, who are lower types of man. The best men have, however, often the worst attendants. This party was headed by one Hassani, and he, with two other head men, advanced to the people of Nyangwe twenty-five copper bracelets to be paid for in ivory on their return. The rings were worth about five shillings at Ujiji, and it being well known that the Nyangwe people had no ivory, the advance was a mere trap; for, on returning and demanding payment in ivory in vain, they began an assault which continued for three days. All the villages of a large district were robbed, some burned, many men killed and about one hundred and fifty captives secured.

On going subsequently into Southern Manyuema I met the poorest of the above-mentioned head men, who had only been able to advance five of the twenty-five bracelets, and he told me that he had bought ten tusks with part of the captives; and having received information at the village where I found him about two more tusks, he was waiting for eight other captives from Muhamad's camp to purchase them. I had now got into terms of friendship with all the respectable traders of that quarter, and they gave information with unrestrained freedom; and all I state may be relied

on. On asking Muhamad himself afterwards, near Ujiji, the proper name of Muhamad Nassur, the Indian who conspired with Shereef to interpose his own trade speculation between Dr. Kirk and me, and defray all his expenses out of my goods, he promptly replied, "This Muhamad Nassur is the man from whom I borrowed all the money and goods for this journey."

I will not refer to the horrid and senseless massacre which I unwillingly witnessed at Nyangwe, in which the Arabs themselves computed the loss of life at between three hundred and four hundred souls. (See No. 4.) It pained me sorely to let the mind dwell long enough on it to pen the short account I gave, but I mention it again to point out that the chief perpetrator, Tagamolo, received all his guns and gunpowder from Ludha Damji, the richest Banian and chief slave-trader of Zanzibar. He has had the cunning to conceal his actual participation in slaving, but there is not an Arab in the country who would hesitate a moment to point out that, but for the money of Ludha Damji and other Banians who borrow from him, slaving, especially in these more distant countries, would instantly cease. It is not to be overlooked that most other trades as well as slaving is carried on by Banians; the custom-house and revenue are entirely in their hands; the so-called governors are their trade agents; Syde bin Salem Buraschid, the thievish Governor here, is merely a trade agent of Ludha, and honesty having been no part of his qualifications for the office, the most shameless transactions of other Banian agents are all smoothed over by him. A common way he has of concealing crimes is to place delinquents in villages adjacent to this, and when they are inquired for by the Sultan he reports that they are sick. It was no secret that all the Banians looked with disfavor on my explorations and disclosures as likely to injure one great source of their wealth. Knowing this, it almost took away my breath when I heard that the great but covert slave-trader Ludha Damji had been requested to forward supplies and men to me. This and similar applications must have appeared to Ludha so ludicrous that he probably answered with his tongue in his cheek. His help was all faithfully directed towards

securing my failure. I am extremely unwilling to appear as if making a wail on my own account, or as if trying to excite commiseration. I am greatly more elated by the unexpected kindness of unknown friends and the liberality and sympathy of her Majesty's government, than cast down by losses and obstacles. But I have a purpose in view in mentioning mishaps.

Before leaving Zanzibar in 1866, I paid for and dispatched a stock of goods to be placed in depot at Ujiji; the Banyamwezi porters, or pagazi, as usual, brought them honestly to this Governor or Banian agent, the same who plundered Burton and Speke pretty freely; and he placed my goods in charge of his own slave Musa bin Saloom, who, about midway between this and Ujiji, stopped the caravan ten days while he plundered as much as he chose, and went off to buy ivory for his owner, Karague. Saloom has been kept out of the way ever since; the dregs of the stores left by this slave are the only supplies I have received since 1866. Another stock of goods was despatched from Zanzibar in 1868, but the whole was devoured at this place and the letters destroyed, so that I should know nothing about them. Another large supply, sent through Ludha and his slaves in 1869–70, came to Ujiji, and, except a few pounds of worthless beads out of 700 pounds of fine dear beads, all were sold off for slaves and ivory by the persons selected by Ludha Damji. I refer to these wholesale losses because, though well known to Ludha and all the Banians, the statement was made in the House of Lords (I suppose on the strength of Ludha's plausible fables) that all my wants had been supplied.

By coming back in a roundabout route of 300 miles from Ujiji, I did find two days ago a good quantity of supplies, the remains of what had been sent from Zanzibar, sixteen months ago. Ludha had again been employed, and the slaves he selected began by loitering at Bagomoyo, opposite Zanzibar, for nearly four months. A war here, which is still going on, gave them a good excuse for going no further. The head men were thieves, and had I not returned and seized what remained, I should again have lost all. All the Banian slaves who have been sent by Ludha and other Banians were full

of the idea that they were not to follow but force me back. I cannot say that I am altogether free from chagrin in view of the worry, thwarting, baffling which the Banians and their slaves have inflicted. Common traders procure supplies of merchandise from the coast, and send loads of ivory down by the same pagazi or carriers we employ, without any loss. But the Banians and their agents are not their enemies. I have lost more than two years in time, have been burdened with 1,800 miles of tramping, and how much waste of money I cannot say, through my affairs having been committed to Banians and slaves who are not men. I have adhered, in spite of losses, with a sort of John Bullish tenacity to my task, and while bearing misfortune in as manly a way as possible, it strikes me that it is well that I have been brought face to face with the Banian system that inflicts enormous evils on Central Africa. Gentlemen in India who see only the wealth brought to Bombay and Cutch, and know that the religion of the Banians does not allow them to harm a fly, very naturally conclude that all Cutchees may safely be entrusted with the possession of slaves. But I have been forced to see that those who shrink from killing a flea or mosquito are virtually the worst cannibals in all Africa. The Manyema cannibals, among whom I spent nearly two years, are innocents compared with our protected Banian fellow subjects. By their Arab agents they compass the destruction of more human lives in one year than the Manyema do for their fleshpots in ten; and could the Indian gentlemen, who oppose the anti-slave-trade policy of the Foreign Office, but witness the horrid deeds done by the Banian agents, they would be foremost in decreeing that every Cutchee found guilty of direct or indirect slaving should forthwith be shipped back to India, if not to the Andaman Islands.

The Banians, having complete possession of the Custom House and revenue of Zanzibar, enjoy ample opportunity to aid and conceal the slave trade and all fraudulent transactions committed by their agents. It would be good policy to recommend the Sultan, as he cannot trust his Moslem subjects, to place his income from all sources in the hands of an English or American merchant of known

uprightness. He would be a check on the slave trade, a benefit to the Sultan and an aid to lawful commerce.

But by far the most beneficial measure that could be introduced into Eastern Africa would be the moral element, which has worked so beneficially in suppressing the slave trade around all the English settlements of the West Coast. The Banians seem to have no religion worthy of the name, and among Mahommedans religion and morality are completely disjoined. Different opinions have been expressed as to the success of Christian missionaries, and gentlemen who judge by the riff-raff that follow Indian camps speak very unfavorably, from an impression that the drunkards who profess to be of "master's caste and drink brandy" are average specimens of Christian converts. But the comprehensive report of Colonel Ord presented to Parliament (1865) contains no such mistake. He states that while the presence of the squadron has had some share in suppressing the slave trade, the result is mainly due to the existence of the settlements. This is supported by the fact that, even in those least visited by men-of-war, it has been as effectually suppressed as in those which have been their most constant resort. The moral element which has proved beneficial to all round the settlements is mainly due to the teaching of missionaries. I would carefully avoid anything like boasting over the benevolent efforts of our countrymen, but here their good influences are totaly unknown. No attempt has ever been made by the Mahommedans in East Africa to propagate their faith, and their trade intercourse has only made the natives more avaricious than themselves. The fines levied on all traders are nearly prohibitive, and nothing is given in return. Mr. Stanley was mulcted of 1,600 yards of superior calico between the sea and Ujiji, and we made a detour of 300 miles to avoid similar spoliation among people accustomed to Arabs. It has been said that Moslems would be better missionaries than Christians, because they would allow polygamy; but nowhere have the Christians been loaded with the contempt the Arabs have to endure in addition to being plundered. To "honga" originally meant to make friends. It does so now in all the more central countries, and presents are exchanged at

the ceremony, the natives usually giving the largest amount; but on routes much frequented by Arabs it has come to mean not "black-mail," but forced contributions impudently demanded, and neither service nor food returned.

If the native Christians of one or more of the English settlements on the West Coast, which have fully accomplished the objects of their establishment in suppressing the slave trade, could be induced by voluntary emigration to remove to some healthy spot on the East Coast, they would in time frown down the duplicity which prevails so much in all classes that no slave treaty can bind them. Slaves purchase their freedom in Cuba and return to unhealthy Lagos to settle as petty traders. Men of the same enterprising class who have been imbued with the moral atmosphere of our settlements, would be of incalculable value in developing lawful commerce. Mombas is ours already; we left it, but never ceded it. The mainland opposite Zanzibar is much more healthy than the island, and the Sultan gives as much land as can be cultivated to any one who asks. No native right is interfered with by the gift. All that would be required would be an able, influential man to begin and lead the movement; the officials already in office could have passages in men-of-war. The only additional cost to what is at present incurred would be a part of the passage money on loan and small rations and house rent, both of which are very cheap, for half a year. It would be well to prevent Europeans, even as missionaries, from entering the settlement till it was well established.

Many English in new climates reveal themselves to be born fools, and then blame some one for having advised them, or lay their own excesses to the door of African fever. That disease is in all conscience bad enough, but medical men are fully aware that frequently it is not fever, but folly that kills. Brandy, black women and lazy inactivity are worse than the climate. A settlement, once fairly established and reputed safe, will not long lack religious teachers, and it will then escape the heavy burden of being a scene for martyrdom.

If the Sultan of Zanzibar were relieved from the heavy subsidy to the ruler of Muscat, he would, for the relief granted,

readily concede all that one or two transferred English settlements would require. The English name, now respected in all the interior, would be a sort of safeguard to petty traders, while gradually supplanting the unscrupulous Banians who abuse it. And lawful trade would, by the aid of English and American merchants, be exalted to a position it has never held since Banians and Moslems emigrated to Africa It is true that Lord Canning did ordain that the annual subsidy should be paid by Zanzibar to Muscat. But a statesman of his eminence never could have contemplated it as an indefinite aid to eager slave traders, while non-payment might be used to root out the wretched traffic. If in addition to the relief suggested the Sultan of Zanzibar were guaranteed protection from his relations and others in Muscat, he would feel it to be his interest to observe a treaty to suppress slaving all along his coast.

I am thankful in now reporting myself well supplied with stores, ample enough to make a feasible finish-up of the geographical portion of my mission. This is due partly to the goods I seized two days ago from the slaves, who have been feasting on them for the last sixteen months, but chiefly to a large assortment of the best barter articles presented by Henry M. Stanley, who, as I have already informed Your Lordship, was kindly sent by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of New York, and who bravely persisted, in the teeth of the most serious obstacles, till he found me at Ujiji, shortly, or one month, after my return from Manyema, ill and destitute. It will readily be believed that I feel deeply grateful for this disinterested and unlooked-for kindness. The supplies I seized two days ago, after a return march of 300 miles, laid on me by the slaves in charge refusing to accompany Mr. Stanley to Ujiji, were part of those sent off in the end of October, 1870, at the instance of Her Majesty's government, and are virtually the only stores worthy of the name that came to hand, besides those despatched by Dr. Seward and myself in 1866. And all in consequence of Ludha and Banian slaves having unwittingly been employed to forward an expedition opposed to their slaving interests. It was no doubt amiable in Dr. Kirk to believe the polite Banians in asserting that they would send stores off at once,

and again that my wants had all been supplied; but it would have been better to have dropped the money into Zanzibar harbor than trust it in their hands, because the whole population has witnessed the open plunder of English property, and the delinquents are screened from justice by Banian agents. The slaves need no more than a hint to plunder and baffle. Shereef and all the Banian slaves who acted in accordance with the views of their masters are now at Ujiji and Unyanyembe by the connivance of the Governor, or rather, Banian trade agent, Syde bin Salem Buraschid, who, when the wholesale plunder by Shereef became known, wrote to me that he (the Governor) had no hand in it. I never said he had.

However, though sorely knocked up, ill and dejected, on arriving at Ujiji, I am now completely recovered in health and spirits. I need no more goods, but I draw on Her Majesty's government, in order that Mr. Stanley may employ and send off fifty free men, but no slaves, from Zanzibar. I need none but them, and have asked Seyed Burghash to give me a good, honest head man, with a character that may be inquired into. I expect them about the end of June, and after all the delay I have endured feel quite exhilarated at the prospect of doing my work.

Geographers will be interested to know the plan I propose to follow. I shall at present avoid Ujiji, and go about south-west from this to Fipa, which is east of and near the south end of Tanganyika; then round the same south end, only touching it again at Pambette; thence resuming the south-west course, to cross the Chambeze and proceed along the the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which being in latitude 12 degrees south, the course will be due west to the ancient fountains of Herodotus. From them it is about ten days north to Katanga, the copper mines of which have been worked for ages. The Malachite ore is described as so abundant that it can only be mentioned by the coal-heavers' phrase, "practically inexhaustible."

About ten days north east of Katanga very extensive underground rock excavations deserve attention as very ancient, the native ascribing their formation to the Deity alone. They are remarkable for all having water laid on in

running streams, and the inhabitants of large districts can all take refuge in them in case of invasion. Returning from them to Katanga, twelve days north-northwest, take to the southern end of Lake Lincoln. I wish to go down through it to the Lomani, and into Webb's Lualaba and home. I was mistaken in the information that a waterfall existed between Tanganyika and Albert Nyanza. Tanganyika is of no interest except in a very remote degree in connection with the sources of the Nile. But what if I am mistaken, too, about the ancient fountain? Then we shall see. I know the rivers they are said to form—two north and two south; and in battling down the central line of drainage the enormous amount of westing caused me to feel at times as if running my head against a stone wall. It might, after all, be the Congo; and who would care to run the risk of being put into a cannibal pot and converted into a black man for anything less than the grand old Nile? But when I found that Lualaba forsook its westing and received through Kamolondo Bartle Frere's great river, and that afterwards, further down, it takes in Young's great stream through Lake Lincoln, I ventured to think I was on the right track.

Two great rivers arise somewhere on the western end of the watershed and flow north—to Egypt (?). Two other large rivers rise in the same quarter and flow south, as the Zambesi or Lambai, and the Kafue into Inner Ethiopia. Yet I speak with diffidence, for I have no affinity with an untravelled would-be geographer, who used to swear to the fancies he collected from slaves till he became blue in the face.

I know about six hundred miles of the watershed pretty fairly. I turn to the seventh hundred miles, with pleasure and hope. I want no companion now, though discovery means hard work. Some can make what they call theoretical discoveries by dreaming. I should like to offer a prize for an explanation of the correlation of the structure and economy of the watershed with the structure and economy of the great lacustrine rivers in the production of the phenomena of the Nile. The prize cannot be undervalued by competitors even who may only have dreamed of what has given me very great trouble, though they may have hit on

the division of labor in dreaming, and each discovered one or two hundred miles. In the actual discovery so far I went two years and six months without once tasting tea, coffee or sugar; and except at Ujiji, have fed on buffaloes, rhinoceros, elephants, hippopotami, and cattle of that sort, and have come to believe that English roast beef and plum pudding must be the real genuine theobroma, the food of the gods, and I offer to all successful competitors a glorious feast of beefsteak and stout. No competition will be allowed after I have published my own explanation, on pain of immediate execution, without benefit of clergy!

I send home my journal by Mr. Stanley, sealed, to my daughter Agnes. It is one of Lett's large folio diaries, and is full except a few (five) pages reserved for altitudes which I cannot at present copy. It contains a few private memoranda for my family alone, and I adopt this course in order to secure it from risk in my concluding trip.

Trusting that your Lordship will award me your approbation and sanction to a little longer delay, I have, &c.,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Her Majesty's Consul, Inner Africa.

LETTER VIII.

LETTER TO EARL GRANVILLE.

The following interesting letter received by Earl Granville from Dr. Livingstone, is published in the London papers of October 22nd :—

UNYANYEMBE, July 1st, 1872.

MY LORD—It is necessary to recall to memory that I was subjected to very great inconvenience by the employment of slaves instead of freemen. It caused me the loss of quite two years of time, inflicted 1,800 or 2,000 miles of useless marching, imminent risk of violent death four several times, and how much money I cannot tell. Certain Banians, Indian British subjects, headed by one Ludha Damji, seemed to have palmed off their slaves on us at more than double freemen's pay, and all the slaves were imbued with the idea that they were not to follow but to force me back. By the money and goods of these Banians nearly all the slave trade of this region is carried on. They employed dishonest agents to conduct the caravans, and this has led to my being plundered four several times. No trader is thus robbed. I sent a complaint of this to Dr. Kirk, and in my letter of the 14th of November last I enclosed a copy in the hope that, if necessary, his hands might be strengthened by the Foreign Office in administering justice; and I was in hopes that he would take action in the matter promptly, because the Banians and their dishonest agent Shereef, placed a private trade speculation between Dr. Kirk and me, and we were unwittingly led into employing slaves, though we all objected to Captain Fraser doing the same on his sugar estate. I regret very much to hear inci-

dentally that Dr. Kirk viewed my formal complaint against the Banians as a covert attack upon himself. If I had foreseen this I should certainly have borne all my losses in silence. I never had any difference with him, though we were together for years, and I had no intention to give offence now, but the public interest taken in this expedition enforces publicity as to the obstacles that prevented its work being accomplished years ago. I represented the Banians and their agents as the cause of all my losses, and that the Governor here is their chief trade agent. This receives confirmation from the fact that Sheeref and all the first gang of slaves are living comfortably with him at a village about twelve miles distant from the spot at which I write. Having, as I mentioned in my above letter, abundant supplies to enable me in a short time to make a feasible finish up of my work, and the first and second gangs of slaves having proved so very unsatisfactory, I felt extremely anxious that no more should come, and requested Mr. Stanley to hire fifty freemen at Zanzibar, and, should he meet the party of slaves coming, by all means to send them back. No matter what expense had been incurred, I would cheerfully pay it all. I had no idea that this would lead to the stoppage of an English expedition sent in the utmost kindness to my aid. I am really and truly profoundly grateful for the generous effort of my noble countrymen, and deeply regret that my precaution against another expedition of slaves should have damped the self-denying zeal of gentlemen who have not a particle of the slave spirit in them. As I shall now explain, but little good could have been done in the direction in which I propose to go; but had we a telegraph, or even a penny post, I should have advised Dr. Kirk in another direction that would have pleased the Council. A war has being going on here for the last twelve months. It resembles one of our own Caffre wars in miniature, but it enriches no one. All trade is stopped, and there is a general lawlessness all over the country. I propose to avoid this confusion by going southwards to Fipa, then round the south end of Tanganyika, and, crossing the Chambeze, proceed west along the shore of the Lake Bangweolo, being then in latitude 12 degrees south. I wish to

go straight west to the ancient fountains reported at the end of the watershed, then turn north to the copper mines of Katanga, which are only about ten days south-west of the underground excavations. Returning thence to Katanga, twelve days south-west leads to the head of Lake Lincoln. Arrived there I shall devoutly thank Providence, and retire along Lake Kamolondo towards Ujiji and home. By this trip I hope to make up for the loss of ground caused by the slaves.

If I retired now, as I wish with all my heart I could do with honor, I should be conscious of having left the discovery of the sources unfinished, and that soon some one else would come and show the hollowness of my claim ; and worse by far than that, the Banians and their agents, who I believe conspired to baffle me, would virtually have success in their design. I already know many of the people among whom I go as quite friendly, because I travelled extensively in that quarter in eliminating the error into which I was led by the Chambeze being called by the Portuguese and others the Zambesi. I should very much like to visit the Basango, who are near my route, but I restrict myself to six or eight months more sustained exertions.

Five generations ago a white man came to the Highlands of Basango, which are in a line east of the watershed. He had six attendants, who all died, and eventually their head man, Charura, was elected chief by the Basango. In the third generation he had sixty able-bodied spearmen as lineal descendents. This implies an equal number of the other sex. They are very light in color, and easily known, as no one is allowed to wear coral beads such as Charura brought except the royal family. A book he brought was lost only lately. The interest of the case lies in its connection with Mr. Darwin's celebrated theory on the "Origin of Species," for it shows that an improved variety, as we whites modestly call ourselves, is not so liable to be swamped by numbers as some have thought.

Two Magitu chiefs live near the route. I would fain call and obtain immunity for Englishmen such as has been awarded to the Arabs of Seyed Majid, but I am at present much to rich to go among thieves. At other times when I

have called I have gone safely, because, to use a Scotch proverb, "No one can take the breeks off a Highlander."

With ordinary success I hope to be back at Ujiji eight months hence. If any one doubts the wisdom of my decision, or suspects me of want of love to my family in making this final trip, I can confidently appeal for approbation to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society as thoroughly understanding the subject.

Had it been possible for me to know of the coming of the late Search Expedition, I should certainly have made use of it as a branch expedition to explore Lake Victoria, for which the naval officers selected were, no doubt, perfectly adapted. The skeleton of a boat left here by Mr. Stanley would have served their purpose, and they would have had all the merit of independent exploration and success.

I travelled for a considerable time in company with three intelligent Suabelli, who had lived three, six, and nine years respectively in the country east of the Victoria Lake, there called Okara, but on this side Urkara. They described three or four lakes only, one of which sends its waters to the north. Okara seems to be Lake Victoria proper. About its middle it gives off an arm eastward, called Kidette, in which many weirs are set and many fish caught. It is three days in length by canoe, and joins Lake Kavirondo, which may not deserve to be called a lake, but only an arm of Okara. Very dark people live on it and have cattle. The Masiri are further east. To the south-east of Kavirôndo stands Lake Neibash, or Neybash. They travelled along its southern bank for three days, and thence saw Mount Kimanjaro, also in the south-east. It had no outlet away far to the north of Kavirondo. They described Lake Baringo (not Bahrugo). A river, or rivulet, called Ngare-na-Rogwa, flows into it from the south or south-east. Its name signifies that it is brackish. Baringo gives forth a river to the north-east, called Ngardabash. The land east and west of Baringo is called Burnkinegge, and Gallahs, with camels and horses, are reported, but my informants did not see them. I give their information only for what it may be worth. Their object was plunder, and they could

scarcely be mistaken as to the number of lakes, where we suppose there is only one. The Okara, or Lake Victoria proper, is the largest, and has many very large islands in it. I have not the faintest wish to go near it, either now or at any future time. In performing my one work I desire to do it well, and I think that I may lay claim to some perseverance. Yet, if ordered to go anywhere else, I should certainly plead "severe indisposition" or "urgent private affairs." I have been reported as living among the Arabs as one of themselves, that only means that I am on good terms with them all. They often call me the "Christian," and I never swerved from that character in any one respect.

An original plan of getting the longitude, which I submitted to Sir Thomas Maclear, of the Royal Observatory at the Cape, gives 27 degrees east as the longitude of the great river Lualaba, in latitude 4 degs. 9 south. It runs between 26 degs. to 27 degs. east, and is therefore not so far west as my reckoning, carried on without watch, through dense forests and gigantic grasses, made it. It is thus less likely to be the Congo, and I ought to meet Baker on it. In reference to the ancient fountains, I already know the four rivers that unquestionably do arise near or on the western end of the watershed. Mr. Oswell and I were told about 1851 that the Kafue and Liambai (Upper Zambesi) arose at one spot, though we were then some 300 miles distant. The two rivers Lomame and Lufira come from the same quarter. The only point that remains doubtful is the distance of their fountain-heads, and this I am very anxious to ascertain. I send astronomical observations and a sketch map to Sir Thomas Maclear by a native. The map is very imperfect from want of convenience for tracing, and no position is to be considered settled or published until it is circulated at the observatory. There is a good deal of risk in so doing, but not so much danger as if I entrusted it to my friend, the governor. A former sketch map, a multitude of astronomical observations, and nearly all my letters, always disappeared here ; but it is better that they run the risk in the hand of a native than go with one over waters innumerable. The fear of losing my journal altogether led me to entrust it o Mr. Stanley to be kept by my daughter till I return, and I

hope it has arrived safely. I am waiting here only till my fifty men arrive.

In conclusion, let me beg your Lordship to offer my very warmest thanks to the Council and Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, and to all who kindly contributed in any way towards securing my safety. I really feel that no one in this world ought to be more deeply grateful than your obedient servant,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The following letter has been received by Sir Bartle Frere from the adventurous Doctor :—

"UNYANYEMBE, July 1st, 1872.

"MY DEAR SIR BARTLE,—I embrace the opportunity of a native going to the coast to send a sketch-map and a number of astronomical observations towards the Cape Observatory; copies of the same were sent long ago (1869), but disappeared at this place of the 'longnebbed' name, and almost everything else sent subsequently vanished in the same way. I am now between two fires or dangers; for if I take up my journal, map, and observations with me in my concluding trip I am afraid that in crossing rivers and lakes they would be injured or lost. There is a danger, too, of losing them between this and the coast; but the last is the homeward route. I entrusted my journal to Mr. Stanley for like reasons; and now I have but a short trip in prospect to make a feasible finish up of my work. It is to go round south, about all the sources, while actually shaping my course towards the ancient fountains. I perpetrate a heavy joke at the geographers by offering a prize for the best explanation of the structure and economy of the watershed, in correlation with the great lakes and lacustrine rivers, in producing the phenomena of the Nile; and now they will turn the laugh against me if I have to put in fountains which have no existence. The rivers that rise near the west end of the watershed I know, and they give me good hopes that the reports I have heard so often are true. I have a copy of Ptolemy's map with me, copied by a young lady at Bombay. It does not contain the fountains referred to, but

it contains the *Montes Lunæ*, and as I found the springs of the Nile rising at the base of certain hills on the watershed in Ptolemy's latitude, I am bracing myself up to call every one who won't believe in his *Lunæ Montes* a Philistine. After Katanga copper mines, which are eight days north of the fountains, I go ten days north-east to extensive underground excavations, used as places of retreat and safety. One I came near, but was refused an entrance. It was sufficient to receive the inhabitants of a large district with all their gear. A burrowing race seems to have inhabited Africa at a very remote period. Big feet are the only sculpture I have seen, and they are like the footprints of Adam on the mountain in Ceylon. Returning to Katanga, I propose to go twelve days north-north-west to the head of Lake Lincoln, and then turn back along Lake Kamalondo homeward. The Banians and their agents have hindered us greatly by palming off their slaves on Dr. Kirk and me as free men. If I can but make this short trip successfully I shall frustrate their design of baffling all my progress. I complained to Kirk against them, and he, unfortunately, took it as a covert attack on himself, which was never my intention, and makes me sorry. I think that the delinquents should be punished. In fear of a third batch of slaves being imposed on us, I desired Stanley, if he met any such, to turn them back, no matter how much he had expended on them. This led to the resignation of the naval officers in charge. I had not the remotest suspicion that a Search Expedition was coming, and am very much grieved to think that I may appear ungrateful. On the contrary, I feel extremely thankful, and from the bottom of my heart thank you and all concerned for your very great kindness and generosity. I wish they had thought of Lake Victoria when not needed here.

"By an original and perhaps absurd plan, I tried to get a longitude for the great central line of drainage out of a dead chronometer. I have submitted it to Sir Thomas Maclear. He is used to strange things. Ladies have come asking to have their futures told them by the stars. My horoscope tells me that in latitude 49 deg. south the Lualaba runs between 26 and 27 deg. east. Never mind about the truth

of it; it makes this great river less likely to be the Congo. Surely I may joke about it when others get angry when they talk about Inner Africa, which they never saw. In a speech of yours reported in an *Overland Mail* that came to hand yesterday, you say, if I read it right, that the government has given £300 to my daughters. I read it over and over again to be sure, for it seemed too good news to be true. If there is no mistake, my blessing upon them. I have only been trying to do my duty like a Briton, and I take it as extremely kind that me and mine have been remembered by Her Majesty's Ministers.

"I am distressed at hearing no tidings of Sir Roderick, except that he had been ill. It awakens fears for the dearest friend in life.

"With kind salutations to Lady, and Miss Frere, I am, affectionately yours,

"DAVID LIVINGSTONE."

EXTRACT FROM LIVINGSTONE'S LETTER OF THANKS TO MR. BENNETT.

UJIJI OR TANGANYIKA, EAST AFRICA,
November, 1871.

James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Junior:

MY DEAR SIR—It is in general somewhat difficult to write to one we have never seen. It feels so much like addressing an abstract idea, but the presence of your representative Mr. H. M. Stanley in this distant region takes away the strangeness I should otherwise have felt, and in writing to thank you for the extreme kindness that prompted you to send him I feel quite at home. If I explain the forlorn condition in which he found me, you will easily percieve that I have good reason to use very strong expressions of gratitude. I came to Ujiji after a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves sent to me from Zanzibar instead of men. The sore heart made still sorer, by the truly woeful sights I had seen of "man's inhumanity to man," reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure—I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. Here I found that some £500 worth of goods I had ordered from Zanzibar had unaccountably been entrusted to a drunken half-caste Moslem tailor, who after squandering them for sixteen months in the way to Ujiji, finished up by

selling off all that remained for slaves and ivory for himself. He had divined on the Koran and was informed that I was dead. * * * * *

I conclude by again thanking you most cordially for your generosity and am gratefully yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND LETTER TO THE NEW YORK *HERALD.*

SOUTH-EASTERN CENTRAL AFRICA,
Feburary, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish to say a little about the slave trade in Eastern Africa. It is not a very inviting subject, and to some I may appear as supposing your readers to be very much akin to the old lady who relished her paper for neither births, deaths, nor marriages, but for good racy bloody murders. I am, however, far from fond of the horrible—often wish I could forget the scenes I have seen, and certainly never try to inflict on others the sorrow which, being a witness of "man's inhumanity to man," has often entailed on myself.

Some of your readers know that about five years ago I undertook, at the instigation of my very dear old friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., the task of examining the watershed of South Central Africa. The work had a charm for my mind, because the dividing line between North and South was unknown, and a fit object for exploration. Having a work in hand, I at first recommended another for the task; but, on his declining to go without a handsome salary and something to fall back on afterwards, I agreed to go myself, and was encouraged by Sir Roderick saying, in his warm, jovial manner, "You will be the real discoverer of the sources of the Nile." I thought that two years would be sufficient to go from the coast inland across the head of Lake Nyassa to the watershed, wherever that might be, and, after examination, try to begin a benevolent mission with some tribe on the slopes reaching towards the coast. Had I known all the time, toil, hunger, hardships, and worry involved in that precious water-parting, I might have pre-

ferred having my head shaved, and a blister put on it, to grappling with my good old friend's task. But, having taken up the burden, I could not bear to be beaten by it. I shall tell you a little about the progress made by-and-bye. At present, let me give you a glimpse of the slave trade with which the search and discovery of most of the Nile fountains has brought me face to face. The whole traffic, whether on land or ocean, is a gross outrage of the common law of mankind. It is carried on from age to age, and, in addition to the untold evils it inflicts, it presents almost insurmountable obstacles to intercourse between the different portions of the human family. This open sore in the world is partly owing to human cupidity, and partly to ignorance among the more civilized of mankind of the blight which lights chiefly on the more degraded. Piracy on the high seas was once as common as slave-trading is now. But as it became thoroughly known, the whole civilized world rose against it. In now trying to make the Eastern African slave trade better known to Americans, I indulge the hope that I am aiding on, though in a small degree, the good time coming yet, when slavery as well as piracy shall be chased from the world.

Many have but a faint idea of the evils that trading in slaves inflicts on the victims and on the authors of the atrocities. Most people imagine that negroes, after being brutalized by a long course of servitude, with but few of the ameliorating influences that elevate more favoured races, are fair average specimens of the African man.

Our ideas are derived from the slaves of the West Coast, who have for ages been subjected to domestic bondage and all the depressing agencies of a most unhealthy climate. These have told most injuriously on their physical frames, while fraud and trade rum have ruined their mortal natures.

Not to discriminate, the difference is monstrous injustice to the main body of the population, living free in the interior under their own chiefs and laws, cultivating their own farms, catching the fish of their own rivers, or fighting bravely with the grand old denizens of the forests, which in more recent continents can only be reached in rocky strata or under perennial ice.

Winwoode Reade hit the truth when he said the ancient Egyptian, with his large round black eyes, full luscious lips, and somewhat depressed nose, is far nearer the typical negro than the West Coast African, who has been debased by the unhealthy land he lives in.

Slaves generally—and especially those on the West Coast, at Zanzibar and elsewhere—are extremely ugly. I have no prejudice against their colour; indeed, any one who lives long among them forgets that they are black, and feels that they are just fellow-men. But the low retreating foreheads, prognathous jaws, lark heels, and other physical peculiarities common among slaves and West Coast negroes, always awaken the same feelings of aversion as those with which we view specimens of the "Bill Sykes" and "bruiser" class in England.

I would not utter a syllable calculated to press down either class more deeply in the mire in which they are already sunk. But I wish to point out that these are not typical Africans any more than typical Englishmen, and that the natives of nearly all the high lands of the interior of the Continent are, as a rule, fair average specimens of humanity.

I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief Insama, who lives west of the south end of Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely-formed intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded with the finely-shaped heads.

Insama himself had been a sort of Napoleon for fighting and conquering in his younger days, was exactly like the ancient Assyrians sculptured on the Nineveh marbles, as Nimrod and others; he showed himself to be one of ourselves by habitually indulging in copious potations of beer, called *pombe*, and had become what Nathaniel Hawthorne called "bulbous" below the ribs.

I don't know where the phrase "bloated aristocracy" arose. It must be American, for I have had glimpses of a good many English noblemen, and Insama was the only specimen of a bloated aristocrat on whom I ever set my eyes.

Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well-shaped forms, and small hands and feet. But they must adorn themselves; and this they do—oh, the hussies!—by filing their splendid teeth to points like cat's teeth. It was distressing, for it made their smile, which has generally so much power over us great he-donkeys, rather crocodile-like. Oranments are scarce. What would our ladies do, if they had none, but pout and lecture us on "women's rights?" But these specimens of the fair sex make shift by adorning their fine warm brown skins, tattooing them with various pretty devices without colours, that, besides purposes of beauty, serve the heraldic uses of our Highland tartans. They are not black, but of a light warm brown colour, and so very *sisterish*—if I may use the new coinage—it feels an injury done to one's self to see a bit of grass stuck through the cartilage of the nose, so as to bulge out the *alæ nasi* (wings of the nose of anatomists). Cazambe's Queen—a Ngombe, Moari by name—would be esteemed a real beauty either in London, Paris, or New York, and yet she had a small hole through the cartilage near the tip of her fine slightly aquiline nose. But she had only filed one side of the two fronts of her superb snow-white teeth; and then what a laugh she had! Let those who wish to know go and see her carried to her farm in her pony phæton, which is a sort of throne fastened on two very long poles, and carried by twelve stalwart citizens. If they take *Punch's* motto for Cazembe, "Niggers don't require to be shot here," as their own, they may show themselves to be men; but, whether they do or not, Cazembe will show himself a man of sterling good sense.

Now these people, so like ourselves externally, have genuine human souls. Rua, a very large section of country north and west of Cazembe's, but still in the same inland region, is peopled by men very like those of Insama and Cazembe.

An Arab, Said Bin Habib, went to trade in Rua two years ago, and, as the Arabs usually do where the natives have no

guns, Said Bin Habib's elder brother carried matters with a high hand. The Rua men observed that the elder brother slept in a white tent, and, pitching their spears into it by night, killed him. As Moslems never forgive bloodshed, the younger brother forthwith ran a muck at all indiscriminately in a large district.

Let it not be supposed that any of these people are like the American Indians—insatiable, bloodthirsty savages, who will not be reclaimed or enter into terms of lasting friendship with fair-dealing strangers.

Had the actual murderers been demanded, and a little time been granted, I feel morally certain, from many other instances among tribes who, like the Ba Rue, have not been spoiled by Arab traders, they would have all been given up. The chiefs of the country would, first of all, have specified the crime of which the elder brother was guilty, and who had been led to avenge it. It is very likely that they would stipulate that no other should be punished but the actual perpetrator. Domestic slaves, acting under his orders, would be considered free from blame. I know of nothing that distinguishes the uncontaminated Africans from other degraded peoples more than their entire reasonableness and good sense. It is different after they have had wives, children, and relatives kidnapped; but that is more than human nature, civilized or savage, can bear. In the case in question, indiscriminate slaughter, capture, and plunder took place. A very large number of very fine young men were captured and secured in chains and wooden yokes. I came near the party of Said Bin Habib close to a point where a huge rent in the mountains of Rua allows the escape of the great River Lualaba out of Lake Moero. And here I had for the first time an opportunity of observing the difference between slaves and freemen made captives. When fairly across Lualaba, Said thought his captives safe, and got rid of the trouble of attending to and watching the chained gangs by taking off both chains and yokes. All declared their joy and perfect willingness to follow Said to the end of the world or elsewhere, but next morning twenty-two made clear off to the mountains. Many more, on seeing the broad Lualaba roll between them and the homes of their infancy,

lost all heart, and in three days eight of them died. They had no complaint but pain in the heart, and they pointed out its seat correctly, though many believe that the heart is situated underneath the top of the sternum or breast-bone. This to me was the most startling death I ever saw. They evidently died of broken-heartedness, and the Arabs wondered, "seeing they had plenty to eat." I saw others perish, particularly a very fine boy of ten or twelve years of age. When asked where he felt ill, he put his hand correctly and exactly over the heart. He was kindly carried, and as he breathed out his soul was laid gently on the side of the path. The captors were not unusually cruel. They were callous—slaving had hardened their hearts.

When Said, who was an old friend of mine, crossed the Lualaba, he heard that I was in a village where a company of slave traders had been furiously assaulted for three days by justly incensed Mabemba. I would not fight, nor allow my people to fire if I saw them, because the Mabemba had been especially kind to me. Said sent a party of his own people to invite me to leave the village by night, and come to him. He showed himself the opposite of hard-hearted; but slaving "hardens all within, and petrifies the feelings." It is bad for the victims, and ill for the victimizers.

I once saw a party of twelve who had been slaves in their own country—Lunda or Londa, of which Cazembe is chief or general. They were loaded with large, heavy wooden yokes, which are forked trees about three inches in diameter and seven or eight feet long. The neck is inserted in the fork, and an iron bar driven in across from one end of the fork to the other, and riveted; the other end is tied at night to a tree or to the ceiling of a hut, and the neck being firm in the fork, the slave is held off from unloosing it. It is excessively troublesome to the wearer; and when marching, two yokes are tied together by their free ends, and loads put on the slaves' heads besides. Women, having in addition to the yoke and load a child on the back, have said to me on passing, "They are killing me; if they would take off the yoke I could manage the load and child, but I shall die with three loads." One who spoke thus did die, and the poor little girl, her child, perished of starvation. I

interceded for some; but, when unyoked, off they bounded into the long grass, and I was gently blamed for not caring to preserve the owner's property. After a day's march under a broiling vertical sun, with yokes and heavy loads, the strongest are exhausted. The party of twelve above mentioned were sitting singing and laughing. "Hallo!" said I, "these fellows take to it kindly; this must be the class for whom philosophers say slavery is the natural state;" and I went and asked the cause of their mirth. I had to ask the aid of their owner as to the meaning of the word *rukha*, which usually means to fly or to leap. They were using it to express the idea of haunting, as a ghost, and inflicting disease and death; and the song was, "Yes, we are going away to Manga (abroad, or white man's land) with yokes on our necks; but we shall have no yokes in death, and we shall return to haunt and kill you." The chorus then struck in with the name of the man who had sold each of them, and then followed the general laugh, in which at first I saw no bitterness. Perembe, an old man at least 104 years, had been one of the sellers. In accordance with African belief, they have no doubt of being soon able, by ghost power, to kill even him. Their refrain might be rendered,

Oh, oh, oh!
Bird of freedom, oh!
You sold me, oh, oh, oh!
I shall haunt you, oh, oh, oh!

The laughter told not of mirth, but of the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

About north-east of Rua we have a very large country called Manyuema, but by the Arabs it is shortened into Manyema. It is but recently known. The reputation which the Manyuema enjoyed of being cannibals, prevented the half-caste Arab traders from venturing among them.

The circumstantial details of the practices of the men-eaters given by neighbouring tribes were confirmed by two Arabs, who two years ago went as far as Bambarre, and secured the protection and friendship of Moenekuss—lord

of the light-grey parrot with scarlet tail—who was a very superior man.

The minute details of cannibal orgies given by the Arabs' attendants erred through sheer excess of the shocking. Had I believed a tenth part of what I was told I might never have ventured into Manyuema; but, fortunately, my mother never frightened me with "Bogie" and stuff of that sort, and I am not liable to fits of bogiephobia, in which disease the poor patient believes everything awful if only it is attributed to the owner of a black skin. I have heard that the complaint was epidemic lately in Jamaica, and the planters' mothers have much to answer for. I hope that the disease may never spread in the United States. The people there are believed to be inoculated with common sense.

But why go among the cannibals at all? Was it not like joining the Alpine Club in order to be lauded if you don't break your neck where your neck ought to be broken? This makes me turn back to the watershed, as I promised.

It is a broad belt of tree-covered upland, some 700 miles in length from west to east. The general altitude is between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea, and mountains stand on it at various points which are between 6,000 and 7,000 feet above the ocean level. On this watershed springs arise which are well-nigh innumerable—that is, it would take half a man's lifetime to count them. These springs join each other and form brooks, which again converge and become rivers, or say streams, of twenty, forty, or eighty yards, that never dry. All flow towards the centre of an immense valley, which I believe to be the Valley of the Nile.

In this trough we have at first three large rivers. Then all unite into one enormous lacustrine river, the central line of drainage, which I name Webb's Lualaba. In this great valley there are five great lakes. One near the upper end is called Lake Bemba, or, more properly, Bangweolo, but it is not a source of the Nile, for no large river begins in a lake. It is supplied by a river called Chambezi and several others, which may be considered sources; and out of it flows the large river Luapula, which enters Lake Moero and

comes out as the great lake river Lualaba to form Lake Kamolondo. West of Kamolondo, but still in the great valley, lies Lake Lincoln, which I named as my little tribute of love to the great and good man America enjoyed for some time and lost.

One of the three great rivers I mentioned—Bartle Frere's, or Lufira—falls into Kamolondo, and Lake Lincoln becomes a lacustrine river, and it, too, joins the central line of drainage, but lower down, and all three united form the fifth lake, which the slaves sent to me instead of men, forced me, to my great grief, to leave as the "unknown lake." By my reckoning—the chronometers being all dead—it is five degrees of lontitude west of Speke's position of Ujiji; this makes it probable that the great lacustrine river in the valley is the western branch —or Petherick's Nile—the Bahar Ghazal, and not the eastern branch, which Speke, Grant, and Baker believed to be the river of Egypt. If correct, this would make it the Nile only after all the Bahar Ghazal enters the eastern arm.

But though I found the watershed between 10 deg. and 12 deg. south—that is, a long way further up the valley than any one had dreamed—and saw the streams of some 600 miles of it converging into the centre of the great valley, no one knew where it went after that departure out of Lake Moero. Some conjectured that it went into Tanganyika, but I saw that to do so it must run up hill. Others imagined that it might flow into the Atlantic. It was to find out where it actually did go that took me into Manyuema. I could get no information from traders outside, and no light could be obtained from the Manyuema within —they never travel, and it was so of old. They consist of petty headmanships, and each brings his grievance from some old feud, which is worse than our old Highland ancestors. Every head man of a hamlet would like to see every other ruling blockhead slain. But all were kind to strangers; and, though terrible fellows among themselves, with their large spears and huge wooden shields, they were never known to injure foreigners, till slavers tried the effects of gunshot upon them and captured their women and children.

As I could get no geographical information from them, I had to feel my way, and grope in the interminable forests and prairies, and three times took the wrong direction, going northerly, not knowing that the great river makes immense sweeps to the west and south-west. It seemed as if I were running my head against a stone wall. It might after all turn out to be the Congo; and who would risk being eaten and converted into black man for it? I had serious doubts, but stuck to it like a Briton; and at last found that the mighty river left its westing and flowed right away to the north. The two great western drains, the Lufira and Lomame, running north-east before joining the central or main stream—Webb's Lualaba—told that the western side of the great valley was high, like the eastern; and as this main is reported to go into large reedy lakes, it it can scarcely be aught else but the western arm of the Nile. But, besides all this—in which it is quite possible I may be mistaken—we have two fountains on probably the seventh hundred mile of the watershed, giving rise to two rivers—the Liambai, or Upper Zambezi, and the Kafue, which flow into Inner Ethopia; and two fountains are reported to rise in the same quarter, forming Lufira and Lomame, which flow, as we have seen to the north. These four full-grown gushing fountains, rising so near each other, and giving origin to four large rivers, answer, in a certain degree, to the description given of the unfathomable fountains of the Nile, by the secretary of Minerva, in the city of Sias in Egypt, to the father of all travellers, Herodotus.* But I have to confess that it is a little

* The following is the passage in Herodotus alluded to by Dr. Livingstone:—

"With regard to the sources of the Nile, not one of the Egyptians, or Libyans, or Greeks, professed to know anything, excepting the guardian, "grammatistes," of the precious things consecrated to Minerva in Sais, a city of Egypt. But this individual, in my opinion at least, did but joke when he asserted he was perfectly acquainted with them. He gave the following account:—'That there are two peaked mountains situate between Syene and Elephantis, the names of which mountains are Krophis and Memphis, and that accordingly the sources of the Nile, which are bottomless,

presumptuous in me to put this forward in Central Africa, and without a single book of reference, on the dim recollection of reading the ancient historian in boyhood. The waters are said to well up from an unfathomable depth, and then part, half north to Egypt and half south to Inner Ethopia. Now I have heard of the fountains afore-mentioned so often I cannot doubt their existence, and I wish to clear up the point in my concluding trip. I am not to be considered as speaking without hesitation, but prepared, if I see reason, to confess myself wrong. No one would like to be considered a disciple of the testy old would-be geographer, who wrote "Inner Africa Laid Open," and swore to his fancies till he became blue in the face.

The work would all have been finished long ago had the matter of supplies of men and goods not been entrusted by mistake to Banians and their slaves, whose efforts were all faithfully directed towards my failure.

These Banians are protected English subjects, and by their money, their muskets, their ammunition, the East Af-

come from between these two mountains; that one half of the water flows into Egypt and towards the north, while the other half flows into Ethopia. That the sources are bottomless, Bammetticus, King of Egypt,' he said, ' proved, for having caused a cable to be twisted many thousand ogyæ in length, he cast it in, but could not reach the bottom.'"

The Rector of Stone thus compares the old with the modern version. He says:—

"Herodotus speaks of two peaked mountains, between which lie the sources of the river; Livingstone, of an earthen mound and four fountains as the source of the river. Herodotus writes that one half of the water flows north into Egypt; Livingstone, two of these run north to Egypt—Lufira and Lomame. Herodotus again, the other half flows into Ethopia; Livingstone, and two run south into Inner Ethopia, as the Liambai, or Upper Zambesi, and the Kafue. Again, the father of history is confirmed by modern research, and the information which the great Dr. has obtained almost in the immediate neighbourhood of the object of his ambition shows how carefully the curious old traveller of 2,300 years ago must have pur ued his inquiries and recorded the results, although he puts it upon record that he thought the man of letters or notary was joking with him."

rican Moslem slave trade is mainly carried on. The cunning East Indians secure most of the profits of the slave trade, and adroitly let the odium rest on their Arab agents.

The Banians will not harm a flea or a mosquito, but my progress in geography has led me to the discovery that they are by far the worst cannibals in all Africa. They compass, by means of Arab agents, the destruction of more human lives for gain in one year than the Manyuema do for their flesh-pots in ten.

The matter of supplies and men was unwittingly committed to these, our Indian fellow subjects, who hate to see me in their slave market, and dread my disclosures on the infamous part they play. The slaves were all imbued with the idea that they were not to follow but force me back; and after rioting on my goods for sixteen months on the way, instead of three, the whole remaining stock was sold off for slaves and ivory.

Some of the slaves who came to Manyuema so baffled and worried me, that I had to return between 500 and 600 miles.

The only help I have received, except half a supply which I despatched from Zanzibar in 1866, has been from Mr. Stanley, your travelling correspondent, and certain remains of stores which I seized from the slaves sent from Zanzibar seventeen months ago, and I had to come back 300 miles to effect the seizure.

I wait here—Unyanyembe—only till Mr. Stanley can send me fifty free men from the coast, and then I proceed to finish up the geographical part of my mission.

I come back to the slavery question, and if I am permitted in any way to promote its suppression, I shall not grudge the toil and time I have spent. It would be better to lessen human woe than discover the sources of the Nile.

When parties leave Ujiji to go westwards into Manyuema, the question asked is not what goods they have, but how many guns and kegs of gunpowder. If they have 200 or 300 muskets, and ammunition in proportion, they think success is certain.

No traders having ever before entered Manyuema, the value of ivory was quite unknown. Indeed, the tusks were

left in the forests, with the other bones, where the animals had been slain; many were rotten, others were gnawed by a rodent animal to sharpen his teeth, as London rats do on leaden pipes.

If civilly treated, the people went into the forests to spots where they knew elephants had been killed either by traps or spears, and brought the tusks for a few copper bracelets. I have seen parties return with so much ivory that they carried it by three relays of hundreds of slaves. But even this did not satisfy human greed.

The Manyuema were found to be terrified by the report of guns; some, I know, believed them to be supernatural, for when the effect of a musket ball was shown on a goat, they looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm by which lightning was drawn down. When a village was assaulted, the men fled in terror, and women and children were captured.

Many of the Manyuema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very light colored and lovely. It was common to hear the Zanzibar slaves—whose faces resemble the features of London door-knockers, which some atrocious iron-founder thought were like those of lions—say to each other, "Oh, if we had Manyuema wives, what pretty children we should get!"

Manyuema men and women were all vastly superior to the slaves, who evidently felt the inferiority they had acquired by wallowing in the mire of bondage. Many of the men were tall, strapping fellows, with but little of what we think distinctive of the negro about them. If one relied on the teachings of phrenology, the Manyuema men would take a high place in the human family. They felt their superiority, and often said truly, "Were it not for firearms, not one of the strangers would ever leave our country."

If a comparison were instituted, and Manyuema, taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass cloth, I should like to take my place alonside the Manyuema, on the principle of preferring the company of my betters; the philosophers would look woefully scraggy. But though the "inferior race," as we compassionately call them, have

finely-formed heads, and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals. It was more difficult to ascertain this than may be imagined. Some think that they can detect the gnawings of our cannibal ancestry on fossil bones, though the canine teeth of dogs are pretty much like the human.

For many a month all the evidence I could collect amounted only to what would lead a Scotch jury to give a verdict of "not proven." This arose partly from the fellows being fond of a joke, and they like to horrify any one who seemed credulous. They led one of my people, who believed all they said, to see the skull of a recent human victim, and he invited me in triumph. I found it to be the skull of a gorilla—here called Soko—and for the first time I became aware of the existence of the animal there.

The country abounds in food of all kind, and the rich soil raises everything planted in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three and four months it yielded one hundred and twenty fold; three measures of seed yielded three hundred and sixty measures. Maize is so abundant that I have seen forty-five loads, each about 60lbs., given for a single goat. The "maize-dura"—or *holcus sorghum Tennisetum cassava*—sweet potatoes, and yams, furnished in no stinted measure the farinaceous ingredients of diet; the palm oil, the ground nuts, and a forest tree afford the fatty materials of food; bananas and plantains, in great profusion, and the sugar-cane yield saccharine; the palm toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco and bange, *canabis sativa*, form the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, dogs, pigs, and fowls; while the elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and sokos, or gorillas, yield to the expert hunter plenty of nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to see why they should be cannibals.

New Zealanders, we were told, were cannibals because they had killed all their gigantic birds (moa, &c.), and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs. But the Manyuema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. Into the reasons for their cannibalism I do not enter. They say that human flesh is not equal to that of goats or pigs; it

is saltish, and makes them dream of the dead. Why fine-looking men like them should be so low in the moral scale, can only be attributed to the non-introduction of that religion which makes those distinctions among men which phrenology and other ologies cannot explain.

The religion of Christ is unquestionably the best for man. I refer to it not as the Protestant, the Catholic, the Greek, or any order, but to the comprehensive faith which has spread more widely over the world than most people imagine, and whose votaries, of whatever name, are better men than any outside the pale. We have, no doubt, greivous faults, but these, as in Paris, are owing to the want of religion.

Christians generally are better than the heathens, but often don't know it, and they are all immeasurably better than they believe each other to be.

The Manyuema women, especially far down the Lualaba, are very pretty and very industrious. The market is, with them, a great institution, and they work hard and carry far, in order to have something to sell.

Markets are established about ten or fifteen miles apart. There those who raise cassava, maize, grain, and sweet potatoes, exchange them for oil, salt, pepper, fish, and other relishes ; fowls, also pigs, goats, grass cloth, mats, and other articles change hands.

All are dressed in their best—gaudy-colored, many-folded kilts, that reach from the waist to the knee. When 2,000 or 3,000 are together they enforce justice, though chiefly women, and they are so eager traders, they set off in companies by night, and begin to run as soon as they come within the hum arising from hundreds of voices. To haggle, and joke, and laugh, and cheat, seems to be the dearest enjoyment of their life. They confer great benefits upon each other.

The Bayenza women are expert divers for oysters, and they barter them and fish for farinaceous food with the women on the east of the Lualaba, who prefer cultivating the soil to fishing. The Manyuema have always told us that women going to market were never molested. When the men of two districts were engaged in actual hostilities,

the women passed through from one market to another unharmed; to take their goods, even in war, was a thing not to be done. But at these market-women the half-castes directed their guns. Two cases that came under my own observation were so sickening, I cannot allow the mind to dwell upon or write about them. Many of both sexes were killed, but the women and children chiefly were made captives. No matter how much ivory they obtained, these "Nigger Moslems" must have slaves, and they assaulted the markets and villages, and made captives chiefly, as it appeared to me, because, as the men run off at the report of guns, they could do it without danger. I had no idea before how blood-thirsty men can be when they can pour out the blood of fellow-men in safety. And all this carnage is going on in Manyuema at the very time I write. It is the Banians, our protected Indian fellow-subjects, that indirectly do it all. We have conceded to the Sultan of Zanzibar the right, which it was not ours to give, of a certain amount of slave trading, and that amount has been from 12,000 to 20,000 a year. As we have seen, these are not traded for but murdered for. They are not slaves, but free people made captive. A Sultan with a sense of justice would, instead of taking-head money, declare that all were free as soon as they reached his territory. But the Banians have the custom-house and all the Sultan's revenue entirely in their hands. He cannot trust his Mahometan subjects, even of the better class, to farm his income, because, as they themselves say, he would get nothing in return but a crop of lies. The Banians naturally work the custom-house so as to screen their own slaving agents; and so long as they have the power to promote it, their atrocious system of slaving will never cease. For the sake of lawful commerce, it would be politic to insist that the Sultan's revenue by the custom-house should be placed in the hands of an English or American merchant of known reputation and uprightness. By this arrangement the Sultan would be largely benefited, legal commerce would be exalted to a position it has never held since Banians and Moslems emigrated into Eastern Africa, and Christianity, to which the slave trade is an insurmountable barrier, would find an open door.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

James Gordon Bennett, Esq.

In answer to the various statements that have recently been made concerning Dr. Kirk and Dr. Livingstone, the son of the latter, Mr. Oswell Livingstone, has felt it his duty to publish the following letter. It will be remembered that this gentleman accompanied the Search Expedition organized by the Royal Geographical Society.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Sir,—May I ask for a few remarks of my own concerning Dr. Kirk and my father the same prominent publicity which is afforded to your correspondent's details, as your readers have them in your publication of to-day?

I will preface what I have to say by stating that the extreme happiness which was borne to me whilst at Zanzibar, upon the news of my father's safety, was sadly marred by the impression which had evidently entered his mind concerning his old and true friend, Dr. Kirk, at some time previous to his parting with Mr. Stanley.

Before leaving the coast I used all my own exertions in letters to Dr. Livingstone to remove this misconception, and I ardently hope that I have done so with success before now. But in the mean time Dr. Kirk had received some astonishing and strongly expressed surmises in letters from my father, concerning the results he had experienced from the sending off of various expeditions for his relief, both by Dr. Kirk and such other officials as had preceded him in office. Dr. Kirk had also been made aware of that which Mr. Stanley had forcibly and publicly retailed as coming from my father, so that he felt the claims of friendship (which had been ignored on Dr. Livingstone's part) must be laid aside, in all further intercourse, for the stiff routine of consular action, to which my father had alone appealed in his letters.

It would seem from what I read to-day, that Dr. Kirk did not conceal this when speaking to the American Consul and a gentleman with him at the time. Mr. Stanley has so far omitted to furnish your correspondent with this very necessary context—namely, that the speech was made after the whole order of things had been so disastrously interfered

with—and your readers are left to infer that Dr. Kirk's apathy is exposed, and that the conduct attributed to him is really founded on fact.

Let me state at once that Dr. Kirk is totally unworthy of the accusations which are daily reaching the public, and which can have but one source. I may add, that nothing could exceed the kindness that we, the members of the Search Expedition, experienced from him and Mrs. Kirk during the whole time we were at Zanzibar and guests in their house.

Both to Mr. Keene and to myself Dr. Kirk plainly stated that henceforth it only was left for him to deal with Dr. Livingstone in a purely official capacity, and that the old friendship between them had been laid aside. I repeat that I trust it is only for a time that this determination must, perforce, be adhered to, and that I live in hope that the earnest representations of myself and others who know my father, and also know Dr. Kirk, and the exertions he has really made may speedily restore a balance which nothing should have overset.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

W. OSWELL LIVINGSTONE,

Of the Livingstone Search Expedition.

The Royal Geographical Society, 1, Savile-Row,
July 27.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

TO HIS BROTHER IN CANADA.

STEAMSHIP THULE, at Sea, January 12, 1866.

MY DEAR BROTHER—The last letter I got from you, with the enclosure of money, I forwarded at once to Janet, with a request that she would send a kind answer to you in return. I was unable to write myself at the time, and, though I have been three months at Bombay, I had the same excuse; and only now, when on my way to Zanzibar, have I leisure to give you a "screed," and I fear it may be the last for a good while to come. The vessel in which I sail was one of Sherrard Osborne's late Chinese fleet, and it is now going as a present from the Bombay government to the Sultan of Zanzibar. I am to have the honor of making the formal presentation, and I value it, because it will give me a little lift up in the eyes of the Sultan's people, and probably prevent them from any open opposition to my progress. She is very gorgeously got up. The fleet, by the way (with this exception), still lies rotting at Bombay. Our government let themselves in for a very large amount by placing an embargo on the sale of vessels which might possibly have gone to the Confederates as "Alabamas." For this an offer of £9,000 was made; now it went for £3,000, and all the difference comes out of John Bull's pocket. Here where they could not act fairly to the United States they did it even at a great sacrifice.

The Sultan of Zanzibar visited the Governor of Bombay while I was there. He was very gracious and gave me a

firman to all his people and an order to one of his captains to carry some tame buffaloes across. These are to be used as an experiment with the tsetze, and if they withstand the poison of that pest we shall have done something to open Africa. At present they have no beast of burden in the country, and this is so like the wild ones which live in the very *habitat* of the tsetze that I have good hopes of success.

My party consists of thirteen Sepoys of the old East India Company's Marine Battalion. They have been accustomed to rough it on board ship. (This one is kicking about now in a way that might make "a grumphy grew.") They are likely enough fellows. I have also nine boys, who were recaptured, and have been taught trades and other things at a Government school near Bombay. They know a little of their native tongues still. These, with two mules and a little dog named Titani, constitute the party. I had many offers of service from Europeans, but have invariably declined them. Unless a man has been tried, he may become a nuisance and entail the burden on the leader of being "a servant of servants" to his brethren. I proposed to go due west from the river Rovuma or Livuma, then turn north after reaching the middle of the Continent. The objects are partly geographical and partly to open the country to better influences than have prevailed for ages. I anticipate great good from the abolition of slavery in the States. The Spaniards and Portuguese are quaking in their shoes, in expectation that the new-born zeal of the Americans will be hot. My book will not tend to allay the perturbation of the Portuguese. It has been favorably reviewed in the *Athenæum* and *Saturday Review*, so I can go away with a light heart.

A nasty spirit is abroad in England which may, if unchecked, lead to a war of races. We were very much bamboozled by the Southerners and our own newspapers. "They were the true gentlemen"; the benevolent harpies who prevented the negro race from utter annihilation ; and the contempt they laboured to diffuse has received a great accession in strength by the late Jamaica outburst. That fellow Hobbs must have been steeped full of that nasty

race prejudice, and nothing could be more disgusting than his mad ferocity when overcharged with a frenzied "funk." I don't suppose we have another case in history in which a man was hung for giving a fiendish look at the forty-seventh lash. I would have given one at the first. I think it will be found a wise dispensation of Providence that has allotted the elevation of so many freedmen to the Americans. They go at these things with wonderful ardor. The United States Christian Commission and Freedmen's Bureau seem to be admirable institutions, showing true Christian zeal and wisdom, while, unfortunately, the countrymen of Clarkson and Wilberforce are becoming imbued with prejudices and hatred, which found no place in their noble breasts.

A Baron Van der Decken went up the river Juba, which is just on the Equator, a few months ago, in two steamers, built at his own expense. When about three hundred miles from the sea he knocked two holes in the bottom of one—the other he had already lost. Then went ashore with his doctor. The vessel was forthwith attacked by a large body of natives and several of the Baron's people killed. His lieutenant, an officer of the Prussian navy, left at night in a boat with some of the survivors and escaped to Zanzibar. From the way the letter was worded the lieutenant seems to have "skedaddled," but this is probably owing to his imperfect English. Nothing is known of the Baron and doctor, but it looks ill at present, for the natives would scarcely allow him to pass in safety while going to attack the vessel.

My love to Sarah and all the children. Agnes is in Paris and doing well; Tom at Glasgow College and Oswell at school; Anna Mary with her aunts at Hamilton.

Affectionately yours

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

P.S.–The Baron and his doctor were killed by Somaulies, who are bigoted Mahommedans. The servants who were Mahommedans were allowed to escape and came to Zanzibar, where I now am (29th January.) The officer who escaped seems to have acted wisely, and no blame can be fairly attributed. D. L

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

TORONTO, Canada, August 19, 1872.

The following is Dr. Livingstone's letter to his brother, John Livingstone, residing at Listowell, Ontario, Canada. It bore on the envelope, "This leaves Unyanyembe, March 14, 1872":—

UJIJI, Nov. 16, 1871.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I received your welcome letter in February last, written when the cable news made you put off your suits of mourning. This was the first intimation I had that a cable had been successfully laid in the deep Atlantic.

Very few letters have reached me for years, in consequence of my friends speculating where I should come out—on the West Coast, down the Nile, or elsewhere.

The watershed is a broad upland between 4,000 and 5,000 feet above the sea and some seventy miles long. The springs of the Nile that rise thereon are almost innumerable. It would take the best part of a man's lifetime to count them. One part—sixty-four miles of latitude—gave thirty-two springs from calf to waist deep, or one spring for every two miles. A birdseye view of them would be like the vegetation of frost upon the window panes. To ascertain that all of these fountains united with four great rivers in the upper part of the Nile valley was a work of time and much travel.

Many a weary foot I trod ere light dawned on the ancient problem. If I had left at the end of two years, for which my bare expenses was paid, I could have thrown very little more light on the country than the Portuguese, who, in

their three slavery visits to Cazembe, asked for ivory and slaves and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters; questioned and cross-questioned till I was really ashamed, and almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus.

I went forward, backwards and sideways, feeling my way, and every step of the way I was generally groping in the dark, for who cared where the rivers ran?

Of these four rivers into which the springs of the Nile converge, the central one, called Lualaba, is the largest. It begins as the River Chambeze, which flows into the great Lake Bangweolo. On leaving it its name is changed from Chambeze to Luapula, and that enters Lake Moero. Coming out of it the name Lualaba is assumed, and it flows into a third lake, Kamolondo, which receives one of the four large drains mentioned above. It then flows on and makes two enormous bends to the west,, which made me often fear that I was following the Congo instead of the Nile. It is from one to three miles broad, and can never be waded at any part or at any time of the year. Far down the valley it receives another of the four large rivers above mentioned, the Lockie or Lomani, which flows through what I have named Lake Lincoln, and then joins the central Lualaba.

We have, then, only two lines of drainage in the lower part of the great valley—that is, Tanganyika and Albert Lake, which are but one lake-river, or say, if you want to be pedantic, lacustrine river. These two form the eastern line. The Lualaba, which I call Webb's Lualaba, is then the western line, nearly as depicted by Ptolemy in the second century of our era. After the Lomani enters the Lualaba the fourth great lake in the central line of drainage is found; but this I have not yet seen, nor yet the link between the eastern and western mains.

At the top of Ptolemy's Loop the great central line goes down into large, reedy lakes, possibly those reported to Nero's centurion, and these form the western or Petherick's arm, which Speke and Grant and Baker believed to be the river of Egypt. Neither can they be called the Nile until they unite. The lakes mentioned in the central line

of drainage are by no means small. Lake Bangweolo, at the lowest estimate, is 150 miles long, and I tried to cross it and measure its breadth exactly. The first stage was to an inhabited island, twenty-four miles; the second stage could be seen from its highest point, or rather the tops of the trees upon it, evidently lifted up by mirage; the third stage, the main land, was said to be as far beyond; but my canoe men had stolen the canoe, and they got a hint that the real owners were in pursuit and got in a flurry to return home. Oh, that they would! but I had only my coverlet left to hire another craft, and the lake being four hundred feet above the sea, it was very cold. So I gave in and went back, but I believe the breadth to be between sixty and seventy miles. Bangweolo, Moero and Kamolondo are looked on as one great riverine lake, and is one of Ptolemy's.

The other is the Tanganyika, which I found steadily flowing to the north. This geographer's predecessors must have gleaned their geography from men who visited the very region. The reason why the genuine geography was rejected was the extreme modesty of modern map makers. One idle person in London published a pamphlet which, with killing modesty, he entitled, "Inner Africa laid open," and in the newspapers, even in the *Times*, rails at any one who travels and dares to find the country different from that drawn in his twaddle. I am a great sinner in the poor fellow's opinion, and the *Times* published his ravings even when I was most unwisely believed to be dead. Nobody but Lord Brougham and I know what people will say after we are gone. The work of trying to follow the central line of drainage down has taken me away from mails or postage.

The Manyema are undoubtedly cannibals, but it was long before I could get conclusive evidence thereon. I was sorely let and hindered by having half caste Moslem attendants, unmitigated cowards and false as their Prophet, of whose religion they have only imbibed the fulsome pride. They forced me back when almost within sight of the end of my exploration, a distance of between four and five hundred miles, under a blazing vertical sun.

I came here a mere ruckle of bones, terribly jaded in body and mind. The head man of my worthless Moslems remained here, and, as he had done from the coast, ran riot with the goods sent to me, drunk for a month at a time. He then divined on the Koran and found that I was dead, sold off all the goods that remained for slaves and ivory for himself, and I arrived to find myself destitute of everything except a few goods I left in case of need. Goods are the currency here, and I have to wait now till other goods and other men come from Zanzibar. When placed in charge of my supply of soap, brandy, opium and gunpowder from certain Banians (British subjects) he was fourteen months returning, all expenses being paid out of my stocks; three months was ample, and he then remained here and sold off all. You call this smart, do you? some do, if you don't. I think it moral idiocy.

Yours affectionately,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE SLAVE TRADERS DESTROY HIS LETTERS TO THE COAST.

The subjoined letter, with an enclosure from Dr. David Livingstone to W. F. Stearns, Esq., dated Unyanyembe, March 13, 1872, was among the number brought to the coast by Mr. Stanley, the *Herald* correspondent. The package was forwarded, as directed, to Bombay, to the firm of Stearns, Hobart & Co., in which Mr. Stearns was a partner at the date of Dr. Livingstone's departure for the coast of Africa in 1866. Mr. Stearns, who is an American, and son of President Stearns, of Amherst College, is now engaged in business here, hence the letter and enclosure had to be re-directed to this city, where they arrived yesterday from Bombay.

The enclosure referred to in the letter is dated November, 1870, from Manyema, Central Africa. In it a special and friendly reference is made by Dr. Livingstone to the American Geographical Society, with a request that Mr. Stearns would communicate such extracts to that scientific body as he saw fit. Mr. Stearns therefore withholds the enclosure from publication in order that he may first carry out the great traveller's commission to the American Society. Dr. Livingstone has been for many years a corresponding member of the American Geographical Society. He was about to be made an honorary member of the body six years ago; but, owing to the doubts of his being alive, this has not been carried into effect. The Society at their earliest meeting now propose to carry this project out, owing to the knowledge of the Doctor's safety, as brought by the *Herald* expedition. Judge Daly stated to a *Herald* reporter yesterday that it was the intention of the Society to give a reception to Mr. Stanley on his arrival in this country. They admired the generosity which conceived the expedition and the courage and devotion which carried it out. It was, he said, something for all Americans to be proud of.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LETTER TO MR. STEARNS.

UNYANYEMBE, *i. e.*, SIXTY DAYS' SMART MARCHING FROM THE EAST COAST, AFRICA, March 13, 1872.

MY DEAR STEARNS,—I have written to you before, but my letters were destroyed, because I have been considered a spy on the slave traders. The enclosure was penned long ago, among the cannibals, when I had no paper. I gave you an idea of matters then, but my own knowledge has been increasing, and perhaps the enclosed statements do not tally exactly with what I have to say now, and much of which will be published in my despatches. I have to thank you very heartily for all your kindness to me in Bombay and afterwards. * * *

This goes to the coast by Henry M. Stanley, travelling correspondent of the New York *Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., to aid your servant, and he has done it right nobly.

Our Consul believed the Banians, who are the chief slave traders, by means of Arab agents, when they said they would forward supplies of goods and men to me. They sent slaves instead of men, and all the efforts of slaves and masters were faithfully directed to securing my failure. I was plundered shamelessly and forced back about five hundred miles from discovering the fifth great lake below the sources. But Mr. Stanley has supplied every want, and I now only need to rediscover the ancient fountains of Herodotus and retire.

The Agra and Masterman's bank broke. The receipt for £1,000 is in Mr. T——'s strong box, and he can draw out the deposit. All scientific expeditions are universally exempted from loss, even in time of war. Please tell them that I cannot enter into any creditor's arrangement; they

must return the whole deposit and interest according to the rules agreed upon by all civilized people, and I hope they will act in accordance with what is manifestly right

The buffaloes were killed for me; but the driver had a letter on his person, knowing that on its production his wages depended. This was the only one of forty sent. The Governor here, who is merely a low Banian trade agent, called by simple people the Great Sheikh Syde ben Salem, destroyed them and others to prevent evidence of plundering my goods going to the coast.

I have been among the Philistines, my dear fellow, but am now strong and well, and, thanks to the Americans, completely equipped for my concluding trip. * * * And believe me, ever truly yours,

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER TO A FRIEND.

The unabated interest which still prevails in relation to Dr. Livingstone induces me, in deference to the suggestion of several friends, to offer the following extracts from his letters recently received. The earlier letter is almost a literary curiosity. It is very closely written upon leaves cut out of his Bombay cheque book, and both of them carry with them indubitable evidence of their genuineness. I rejoice to observe that Sir Bartle Frere has added the weight of his influence to the earnest recommendation of Dr. Livingstone, contained in the postscript written in the present year, in favor of encouraging settlements of native Christians on the East Coast of Africa, to which Dr. Livingstone evidently attaches so much importance.

J. B. BRAITHWAITE.

LINCOLN'S INN, August 12.

MANYEMA COUNTRY, say 180 miles west of
UJIJI, NOV., 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Want of paper leads me to cut a leaf out of my Bombay cheque book in order to give you and our friends some information. If you have received previous letters you will readily take this as the thread of my story that I am trying to follow. Down the central line of drainage of the great Nile Valley a great lacustrine river, which I name Webb's Lualaba—an extant specimen of those which in prehistoric times abounded in Africa, and whose beds are still known in the south as "Melapo," in the north as "Wadys"—both words meaning the same thing—river

channels in which no water ever now flows. The third line of drainage lies west of this, and is formed by two large rivers, each having the same native name of Lualaba. An English epithet seemed necessary, so I have named them by anticipation after Sir Bartle Frere and Mr. T. Young. These two Lualabas unite and form a large lake, which I am fain to call Lake Lincoln. Looking back southwards from Lake Lincoln to the watershed, we have a remarkable mound from which four gushing fountains rise, each the source of a large river, though not more than ten miles apart. Two on the northern side become Bartle Frere's and Young's great rivers. Two on the south side from the Laiamb, or Upper Zambezi—the larger one, at which a man cannot be seen across, I name after Lord Palmerston; the lesser, which, lower down, becomes the Kafue, I call after my old friend and fellow traveller Oswell. You know that Sir Bartle Frere abolished slavery in Upper India, Scinde, or Scindiah. Lord Palmerston worked for many a long year unweariedly to stop the slave trade, and Mr. Lincoln by passing the amendment of the United States constitution gave freedom to 4,000,000 slaves. We live too near events in which these three good men acted to appreciate the greatness of their work. Palmerston and Lincoln are no longer among us; but in giving all the honor in my power, I desire to place, as it were, my poor little garland of love on their tombs. It is almost premature to make use of their names before I have reached the mound, but I have heard of it when 200 miles distant on the southwest; again when 180 miles from it on the southeast and east; again when 150 miles distant on the northeast; and now on the north-northeast, many intelligent Arabs, who have visited the spot and had their wonder excited as much as the natives, give substantially the same information. It is probably the locality of the fountains mentioned to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais, Egypt—"fountains which it was impossible to fathom, and from, which half the water flowed north to Egypt, the other half south to Inner Ethiopia." * * * I have been sorely hindered by the worst set of attendants I ever travelled with. Here, in the cannibal country, no one will go into the next

district for fear, they say, of being killed and eaten. Elsewhere I could get the country people to carry from village to village, and was comparatively independent after the flight of my Johanna men from terror of the marauding Mazitu or Batuta left me with a few petted, coddled and spoilt liberated slaves. Here I was at their mercy, and they took full advantage of the situation, and even became eager slavehunters of their countrymen. I have to wait for other men from the coast. If they arrive, four or five months will finish all I have to do to make a complete work of the exploration. Had I known all the hunger, hardship, toil and time required I might have preferred a straight waistcoat to undertaking the task; but, having taken it in hand, I could not bear to be beaten by difficulties. I had to feel my way, and every step of my way, and was generally groping in the dark, for who cared where the rivers ran? My plan was to come across the head of Lake Nyassa, examine the watershed, and in two years begin a benevolent mission on the slope back again to the sea. Had I left at the end of two years I could have given little more light than the Portuguese, who, in three slaving visits to Cazembe, inquired for slaves and heard of nothing else. I asked about the waters till almost afraid of being set down as afflicted with hydrocephalus, and many a weary foot I trod ere I gained a clear idea of the ancient problem of the drainage. The watershed is in latitude 10 12 degrees south. Thence the springs of the Nile do unquestionably arise. The length of the watershed from west to east is between seven hundred and eight hundred miles. This is where Ptolemy put it, and the mountains on it—only about seven thousand feet above the sea—are his Mountains of the moon. I feel a little thankful to Old Nile for so hiding his big head as to leave all so-called theoretical discoverers out in the cold. * * The little river that comes out of the Victoria Nyanza, less by a full half than the Shire out of Nyassa, would not account for the Nile. Webb's Lualaba, from four to eight thousand yards wide, and always deep; and again, Young's Lualaba, of equally large proportions, would give an abundant supply of water for inundations, and for the enormous evaporation of a river almost without affluents, for a distance in latitude

and longitude of about three thousand miles. * * Mine is a rediscovery of what sunk into oblivion about two thousand years ago. This is all I can, in common modesty, fairly claim. One line of drainage was unknown even to Ptolemy—that is mine, until it be found that the ancient explorers from whom Ptolemy collected his geography knew it before I did. A map of the Ethiopian gold mines is the oldest in the world, and of the time of Sethos II. It may have it. I am thankful to a kind Providence for enabling me to do what may reflect honor on my children, if not on my country. It is not without anxious care that I have stuck to my work with John Bullish tenacity. The only thing I could feel sure of, in the absence of all letters, save a few three-year-olds in 1869, was this—that you and all my friends would approve my doing well whatever I did. The discovery is somewhat akin to that of the Northwest Passage ; but in this we have what emperors, kings, philosophers, all the great minds of antiquity longed to know, and longed in vain. In addition to the almost innumerable fountains whence flows the famous river * * if I should find anything to confirm the precious old documents, the Scriptures of truth, I would feel my toil well rewarded. These are my day dreams ; the reality reveals sore perplexity. * *

Postscript to a letter written long ago in Manyema, the country of the cannibals, the 8th of January, 1872 :

In the enclosure you will find a full account of my affairs. * * I am now anxious on another matter—the plan which I am about to advance of removing one of the English settlements of the West Coast, by voluntary emigration of the native Christians, to a healthy spot on this side of the Continent. When I say English settlement I don't mean a settlement of English people, but one of those establishments in the west which have fulfilled their end. The settlements referred to have fully accomplished the ends of their establishment in the total suppression of the slave trade wherever their influence extended. Colonel Ord's valuable report fully confirms this, and he said that this was proved by the suppression being as complete where they were, though unvisited by men-of-war, as in parts to which these ships habitually resorted. Now, the slave trade is as rife on

the East Coast as ever it was on the West, and we have none of the moral influence which Christian establishments carry along with them. * * Where they to come direct from our own settlements to Mombas, which is ours already, they would bring the moral element, which in the Molsem inhabitants is dormant, and ultimately frown down the mean duplicity which now enables our Banian British subjects to carry on by their money all the slave trade that is carried on. The only additional expense to what is now incurred would be the passages of the officials in men-of-war. The success of missions in the West is unquestionable, and the cessation of the slave trade all around the settlements is worth all the expense which has been borne by government and missionary societies. Let us have these instruments here. Wherever English missionaries are established traders are welcomed and protected. * * We need native Christians to diffuse morality. * * I have still a little work before me to make a complete finish up of the sources of the Nile. I have lost a great deal of time and money by a Banian called Ludha. * * It has entailed a tramping of 1,800 miles on me ; but all will come right at last, I hope.

Yours, &c.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION AND THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

From the New York "Herald."

THE TESTIMONY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BROTHER.

We publish in the *Herald* to-day a letter from Hon. Charles Hale, Assistant and Acting Secretary of State, enclosing a communication from Mr. John Livingstone, of Listowell, Canada, the brother of Dr. David Livingstone, forwarded to the department through Mr. Freeman N. Blake, the United States Consul at Hamilton. Mr. John Livingstone, while conveying to the *Herald* and to the leader of the Search Expedition, through that official source, his congratulations on the successful issue of the enterprise, takes occasion to express "the most implicit confidence in the statements" of both, and adds :—"I can assure you that Dr. Livingstone holds the American Government and people in the highest estimation, principally on account of the late abolition of slavery in the United States; and I trust that his persistent efforts to check the nefarious traffic in slaves in Africa will be crowned with success." We presume that Mr. John Livingstone adopted this formal mode of forwarding his communication in view of the apparently stubborn unbelief of a small portion of the American press in the relief expedition and all relating to it, down to the point of incredulity in the existence of such a person as Mr. John Livingstone, of Listowell, Ontario, in the new Dominion. We are correspondingly grateful to that gentleman for the precaution he has taken to forestall the efforts of the enterprising journalists who have imposed upon themselves the duty of testing the genuineness of all the *Herald* correspondence on the subject, and who would doubtless have been speedily on his track to ascertain the authenticity of his letter had it reached us in the ordinary manner. As it

comes back by the endorsement of the efficient Consul at Hamilton and the accomplished Assistant Secretary of State at Washington we presume it will be accepted, as a sufficient proof that the brother of Dr. Livingstone in Canada unites with the son of the explorerer in England, the British Foreign Office, the Royal Geographical Society and Queen Victoria herself in differing with the profound authorities who pronounce the Livingstone letters forgeries, and deny that the Doctor was ever discovered by Stanley at all.

When the *Herald* fitted out its Livingstone Search Expedition it had two objects in view:—First, to carry relief to the renowned explorer, in the confidence that the rumours of his death were unfounded, in the fear that he must be undergoing privations and perhaps ill treatment in his unprotected condition, and in the conviction that it needed only energy and courage to follow the track he had pursued to find him, if living, or, in the sadder event, to obtain certain proof of his death; and second, to secure the credit and advantage that would assuredly follow success in such an enterprise. Any person who may be so disposed, is at liberty to reverse the order of these motives and to make the more selfish one predominate. We shall not quarrel with such critics, but shall be content to regard their judgment as the natural product of their minds. It is enough for us that in both instances our most sanguine anticipations have been realized. The assistance that was fortunate enough to reach Dr. Livingstone in the wilds of Africa arrived none too soon. It found him baffled, worried, defeated, a "mere ruckle of bones;" feeling as if he was dying on his feet, and with destitution in that inhospitable wilderness staring him in the face. It supplied his immediate necessities, enabled him to resume the work to which he has unselfishly devoted his life, left him in comparative ease and comfort, and secured the forwarding of supplies and help sufficient to insure him in the future against the disappointments and sufferings he had undergone in the past. We leave others to estimate the credit due to the *Herald* for its share in the enterprise, so well carried to a successful issue by its faithful and daring leader. The honor we covet finds happy expression in Consul Blake's letter to

Acting Secretary Hale—the honor that can be justly claimed for "the expedition instituted by American enterprise." The discovery of Dr. Livingstone not only shows what individual American spirit can accomplish, but proves the real power of the American press. Independent American journalism will hereafter occupy a higher position in the estimation of foreign nations, and its usefulness, value and intelligence will no longer be measured by the standard of partisan organs. Indications have already been given that the lesson will have its effect upon our own journalists, in the avowal of an independent position by some of our leading political journals. The unfortunate bitterness of the Presidental campaign, it is true, temporarily checked this commendable spirit; but now that the election is over there is a fair prospect that many of our best-conducted newspapers will recognize the fact that the American press has a higher and more patriotic mission to perform than that of persuading foreigners that all our political parties are corrupt and all our public men debased and dishonest. We regard the triumph of the Livingstone Expedition not as the triumph of the *Herald* alone, but of the whole American press, and not the least gratifying of its effects is the impulse it has given to the promised improvement in the character of American journalism.

There is one point however, recalled to notice by Mr. John Livingstone, which, while it did not enter into any calculation of the probable issues of the *Herald* Search Expedition when the enterprise was set afoot, may prove one of its most important results. In all his letters—in those to the *Herald*, to the Royal Geographical Society, to the Foreign Office and to members of his family—Doctor Livingstone is earnest in his exhortations to the civilized world to stretch forth its strong arm over the suffering Africans and snatch them from the horrors of slavery in the most hideous and revolting forms. "I trust," says his brother, "that his persistent efforts to check the nefarious traffic in slaves in Africa will be crowned with success." This Christian object is no doubt uppermost in the mind of the missionary and explorer, who, in his sorrowing over "man's inhumanity to man," awards a crown of honor to

the American people for their abolition of slavery in the United States, without pausing to inquire how far the blacks owe their liberty to the uncertain chances of politics and war. The seed he planted in the letters sent home by the leader of the *Herald* Search Expedition has already borne some fruit, in moving the British government to the more energetic action on the African coast recently announced in the Queen's speech to Parliament. But the subject will not be suffered to rest there. We have confidence that philanthropic men in all nations will soon take it up and make an effort to accomplish some practical work towards the uprooting of the inhuman system in the interior of Africa, as well as for its check on the coast. There are indirect means, however, as well as direct means, by which slavery can be driven from the stronghold. The extention of trade into the regions travelled by Livingstone would do more than armies to remove the evil, and in this respect the Stanley expedition may have worked a good not anticipated for it. The success of one resolute, practical man, and the plain statement of his experience, will tempt adventure more than all the essays that could be written in a dozen years. Despite his energy and perseverance, Dr. Livingstone has been looked upon as a scientific explorer, and ordinary men, who would hesitate before they followed on the track he might indicate in search of profitable ventures, would strike out boldly in the path pointed out by such a traveller as Stanley. If Livingstone had remained in Africa two years longer unaided and unheard of, even if he had lived to return home, the good work now hoped for would at best have been so long delayed. But we even question whether the story he would then have had to tell would have worked any practical good in this important direction. The scientific features of his labors would have engrossed public attention and the everyday facts would have been overlooked in admiration of the genius and devotion of the explorer. Stanley's successful expedition is of an entirely different character. He brings back information of the existence of a horrible traffic, which is going on every day and which can be stopped with comparative ease. He tells of riches in store for adventurers as tempting as the golden

promises of the mines. He offers in his own person the proof that the land can be travelled in safety and that the natives are harmless and tractable. We shall be mistaken if his experience and his story do not induce many of those bold spirits who are always ready to strike for fortune through difficult paths to seek the wilds of Afiica for their easily gathered treasures. Who shall say how soon commerce and civilization will stretch from the coast into the interior of the land in which Livingstone is to-day again shut out from the world, driving slavery before them more effectually than it could be scattered by armies? And who will deny that the "expedition instituted by American enterprise" has happily tended to promote this practical result?

JOHN LIVINGSTONE'S TESTIMONY.

HIS WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS TO THE HERALD.

The following letter and enclosures, from Acting Secretary of State Hale, have been received at the office of the NEW YORK HERALD. It will be recalled that Mr. John Livingstone stated to the HERALD correspondent, who had called on him at his house in Canada, that he had taken the course indicated in the Acting Secretary of State's letter before he had any idea that a HERALD attaché would visit him :—

ACTING SECRETARY OF STATE HALE TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1872.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq., New York :—

SIR—I enclose for your information copies of a despatch this day received from Mr. Freeman N. Blake, Consul of the United States at Hamilton, Canada, and of a letter addressed to him by Mr. John Livingstone, which accompanies the despatch.

An original letter (David Livingstone to John Livingstone) also accompanies the despatch, and is held by the Department subject to Mr. John Livingstone's expressed intention to ask its return. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HALE, Acting Secretary.

ENCLOSURES.—First, Mr. Blake to Mr. Hale, No. 111, September 3rd, 1872 (copy). Second, Mr. Livingstone to Mr. Blake, August 24th, 1872 (copy).

MR. JOHN LIVINGSTONE TO UNITED STATES CONSUL BLAKE.

LISTOWELL, August 24th, 1872.

F. N. BLAKE, Esq., United States Consul, Hamilton, Ontario :—

DEAR SIR—Would you kindly oblige me by conveying in your official capacity to Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the NEW YORK HERALD, and also to Mr. Stanley, the leader of the "HERALD'S Livingstone Search Expedition," my warmest congratulations on the successful issue of that expedition.

Having noticed a number of articles in the public press reflecting doubts on the veracity of Mr. Stanley and the HERALD, I am glad to be able to say that I place the most implicit confidence in the statements of Mr. Stanley and the HERALD.

I can also assure you that Dr. Livingstone holds the American government and people in the highest estimation, principally on account of the late abolition of slavery in the United States, and I trust that his persistent efforts to check the nefarious traffic in slaves in Africa will be crowned with success. I am, yours respectfully,

JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

CONSUL BLAKE TO THE ACTING SECRETARY OF STATE.

[No. 111.]

UNITED STATES CONSULATE,
HAMILTON, Sept. 3rd, 1872.

HON. CHARLES HALE, Assistant Secretary of State :—

SIR—I have the honor to enclose herewith a letter officially addressed to me by Mr. John Livingstone, of Listowell, Ontario, attesting his confidence in the statements recently published regarding his brother, Dr. David Livingstone, and conveying expressions of gratitude that the expedition instituted by American enterprise and private liberality succeeded in the discovety of his brother, and in fur-

nishing aid to enable him to prosecute his work, when all other efforts for this object failed.

The public interest felt for the safety of this eminent explorer, and the success of his researches, prompt me most cheerfully to comply with the request in the only way I can properly do so—by transmitting this communication to the Department.

In the personal interview I had with Mr. John Livingstone he seemed desirous to authenticate the genuineness of Dr. Livingstone's despatches, by offering for examination the original letter enclosed herewith, which in proper time, he would only claim again. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

FREEMAN N. BLAKE,
United States Consul.

ENCLOSURES.—First—Letter from John Livingstone, of Listowell, Ontario. Second—Original letter of Dr. David Livingstone to same.

LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES.

CONCLUSION.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of Dr. Livingstone's researches, it is not to be doubted that his name will be forever associated with the history of the Nile. He is by far the greatest of all modern explorers. He has ventured more, seen more, and thrown a clearer light on the hydrography of Central Africa, than all his predecessors put together. Still, a cloud hangs suspended over the exit of the waters, among whose innumerable springs he has so long wandered ; and it is to clear up, once for all the mystery of their course, that he voluntarily condemns himself to remain an anchorite in unknown wilds and forest, for we know not how many years. He hopes, indeed, to complete his work in two years ; but considering how much his previous stay has been protracted, we may fairly conclude that his return within that period is doubtful. Meanwhile, we observe with regret several marks of a disposition to disparage his labors, by attempting to prove that there exists no connection between the streams he has discovered and the river of Egypt. It would be unjust to say that Captains Speke and Grant discovered nothing, because they made us acquainted with the course and character of the Kitangule, which is certainly one of the feeders of the Nile ; but their notion, that the Victoria N'yanza is the source of that river, is as irreconcilable with their own narrative as it is with the science of geography. They saw part of a lake, and heard a great deal about the rest of it ; but they neither discovered its dimensions, nor how it is fed, nor how many streams fall into it, nor with what system of lakes it is connected at its southern extremity. All these points are still unknown, and so also is the source of the Kitangule. Nothing, therefore, could be more unfounded than their pretension to

have discovered the source of the Nile. It is highly probable that the stream which runs out of the Victoria N'yanza is one branch, and perhaps a principal branch of the Nile; but as they did not follow its course from the lake to its junction with the Blue River, this probability does not amount to certainty. They have given, we admit, satisfactory reasons why they did not follow the great sweep which the river makes toward the west, and the extent of which is still unknown; and though, proceeding northward, they came to a river, which they assumed to be the same as that they had left, they may have been mistaken, for, after parting company with it for a hundred miles, they could not be more sure that they were dealing with the same stream, than Dr. Livingstone in his assumed identification of the Lualaba with the Bahr-el-Gazal.

We are far from deciding dogmatically that the ridge of uplands, and the peaks that tower from their summit, are the Mountains of the Moon; they are situated about eleven degrees south of what Captain Speke assumes to be the Lunar Mountains of Ptolemy; but instead of contenting himself with transient glimpses of these terrene elevations, Dr. Livingstone patiently plodded along six hundred miles of the watershed, examining and describing in noble language his impressions of what he saw by the way. He has not beheld the whole, and does not say he has; on the contrary, he tells us that there remains yet a hundred miles of the watershed, and the most important hundred miles, which he has not visited. The reader who remembers the gorgeous picture which Buffon has drawn of the primitive earth, may imagine himself among its wastes and wilds, as he peruses Dr. Livingstone's descriptions of the spongy fountains, the morasses, the shallow lakes, hundreds of miles in length, the impenetrable forests which the traveller skirted, the wild buffalo and elephant tracks, in which the unwary wanderer often sinks to the thigh, where the foot of the huge beast has been, the reedy pools, many miles in length, resembling the mangrove swamps on the coast, the tor-like peaks, impending far up among the hills over runnels and fountains yet unvisited. As we have already said, it is not our intention to be positive where the great

traveller himself is not: after all his researches, he observes very modestly that he may be mistaken, and in that case expresses his readiness to confess his error; but if his own observations, and the testimony of natives whom he knows and trusts, can be relied upon, all the wealth of waters descending from the Lunar Mountains do certainly flow in a northerly direction, whether they ultimately unite with the Egyptian flood or not. The reason he gives for his own belief that it is the great valley in which the united waters flow, sometimes spreading into large lakes, sometimes forming huge lacustrine rivers, is, that the depression is hemmed in by high lands on the west as well as on the east, so that, up to the fourth degree of south latitude at least, he could perceive nothing to lessen his belief in the junction of the Lualaba with the great western arm of the Nile. Still, when his researches northward were interrupted at the fourth degree of south latitude, he had reached an immense sheet of water, which he calls the unknown lake, terminating, as he was assured by the natives, in extensive reedy swamps, which he persuaded himself must in the end join the Bahr-el-Gazal.

Both Captain Grant and Dr. Beke have written letters to the *Times*, in which they maintain that Dr. Livingstone's theory is impossible. An eminent German botanist, Dr. Schweinfurth, has discovered, they say, the source of that river in five degrees north latitude. But are they or the German botanist quite sure that the Bahr-el-Gazal has but one source? May it not, like the Bahr-el-Abiad, have many springs? so that, without disparaging the botanist's testimony, we may believe in the practicability of conducting the waters of the Lualaba into the Bahr-el-Gazal. But here Dr. Beke interposes another obstacle, which he considers insurmountable: the river Uelle traverses, he affirms, the line of march which the Lualaba must follow in its attempt to unite its forces with those of the western branch of the Nile. But with all due respect for the science of travellers whether at home or abroad, we have less faith than Dr. Beke in the astronomical observations by which the latitude and longitude of new places and heads of rivers are often determined. The Uelle may follow its accidental

track in peace, and yet leave room for the north-eastern course of the Lualaba. However, as, from all these conflicting ideas, it is obvious that certainty has not yet been attained, we persuade ourselves that the public will be content to await the result of Dr. Livingstone's final researches, which, whether they establish his previous theory or not, he will surely divulge to the world in their utmost completeness. For some time, it is well known, the chief of African travellers was supposed to be dead, his journals lost, his discoveries handed over to oblivion. Several languid endeavours were made by the scientific gentlemen of this country to discover his fate, or afford him succour if still alive. But causes on which we decline to dwell frustrated their attempts, and it was left for the correspondent of the New York *Herald* to explore the explorer, and shew to England her bold son displaying the hereditary virtues of his race in the untrodden wilds of Central Africa. The name of Mr. Stanley, who carried the design of the New York *Herald* into execution, is now almost as well known as that of Livingstone himself, and respected wherever it is known. The meeting of the explorer and his deliverer near the banks of the Tanganyika Lake is characteristic of British coolness and daring. Informed by a servant of the approach of a white man, Livingstone advanced to meet him, and, at the head of a small caravan, beheld the stars and stripes flaunting in the African breeze. He was therefore not left to conjecture from what quarter his deliverance was approaching. He was not one of those who care on which side of the Atlantic an Englishman is born, or whether he happens to be called an American or a Scotchman; it is enough that he is one of the leading race among mankind, which he feels himself also to be.

The communications of Livingstone himself to the Foreign Office, his letters to the New York *Herald*, and those of Mr. Stanley, giving an account of his proceedings in Africa, have made the public familiar with the leading facts of the case; it is not with these, therefore, that we have to deal, but with some important questions, geographical and physiological, arising out of them. Dr. Livingstone is a man of warm and grateful feelings—emotional, though not demon-

strative; and as he has received numerous benefits from the Africans of the interior, he is naturally disposed to think kindly and judge favourably of them. But kindness is one thing, and science another. Men and women with whom he has for years maintained friendly relations, can hardly appear to him in the same light in which they would be viewed by a new and impartial observer. He tells us himself, that after living awhile among black people, you cease to be conscious that they are black; as by the same metamorphosis of feeling, you cease to be conscious that ugly people are ugly. Men who marry plain women, if they happen to be gifted with a loving disposition, soon forget the want of symmetry in their features, or of proportion in their figure, and, misled by the force of expression, absolutely regard them as beautiful. It seems to us that, under some such influence as this, Dr. Livingstone has been betrayed into the entertaining of a far more favorable opinion of the structure and appearance of the Manyema, for example, whom he himself describes as ruthless cannibals, than a physiognomist would consider defensible. Some travellers have said that the negroes pity us because we are white, and possibly also because our heads are not woolly. There is no accounting for tastes; but among the multitudes of black people whom we have seen and known, no example has occurred of an individual who preferred the negro countenance to that of the European. We are consequently disposed to demur to Dr. Livingstone's theory of the *physique* of Central Africans, whom he looks upon as superior in many respects to our own countrymen, especially such as have applied themselves to physiological studies.

Six years of familiarity with 'thick lucious lips,' and locks which a poodle might envy, have sometimes led him to view us, descendants of the Vikings and Gauls, from a comic point of view. For instance, in the following passage: 'If a comparison were instituted, and Manyema taken at random, placed opposite, say, the members of the Anthropological Society of London, clad like them in kilts of grass-cloth, I should like to take my place alongside the Manyema, on the principle of preferring the company of my

betters—the philosophers would look wofully scraggy.' But though the 'inferior race,' as we compassionately call them, have finely formed heads and often handsome features, they are undoubtedly cannibals. Elsewhere, reasoning in the same vein, he says: 'I happened to be present when all the head men of the great chief, Insama, who lives west of the south end of the Tanganyika, had come together to make peace with certain Arabs who had burned their chief town, and I am certain one could not see more finely formed intellectual heads in any assembly in London or Paris, and the faces and forms corresponded with the finely shaped heads.' The men being fashioned after this type, we naturally inquire what sort of persons are their helpmates? Are they also finely formed, with intellectual heads and elegantly proportioned bodies? Dr. Livingstone replies: 'Many of the women were very pretty, and, like all ladies, would have been much prettier if they had only let themselves alone. Fortunately, the dears could not change their charming black eyes, beautiful foreheads, nicely rounded limbs, well shaped forms, and small hands and feet.' Further on, he adds: 'Cazembe's queen would be esteemed a real beauty, either in London, Paris, or New York.' In a village of Upper Egypt, we saw one black beauty with features as regular as those of a Grecian statue, and hair long and flexible as that of a Greek or Englishwoman. Inquiring whence she came, it appeared that no one could tell—somewhere from the interior, was the reply, but from what part of the interior, it was impossible to learn. She had come huddled among a multitude of captive negresses, whom she regarded with as much scorn as if she had been an Iapetian of the purest blood. Could she have been brought from Manyema? The complexion decided in the negative. They, as Livingstone assures us, are of a rich warm brown colour—she was as black as ebony. Leaving this question unsolved, we follow Dr. Livingstone in his speculations on the original type of the negro, which, with Winwood Reade, he is inclined to discover in the ancient Egyptian. Here dogmatism would be peculiarly out of place, since investigation has not yet revealed to us who the ancient Egyptians were. The geographers and phil-

osophers of antiquity were of opinion that Africa commenced west of the Nile, at the line which separates the cultivated country from the Desert. The Egyptians, therefore, in their view, were Asiatics, probably of Semitic origin, and closely allied to the Phœnicians and Carthaginians. To study their monuments carefully, and to behold in them, indications of a physiological affinity with the African races, we hold to be impossible. Instead of round, they have almond-shaped eyes, with lips rather thin than thick, slender figures, and long, flexible hair. The nose is not depressed, as Winwood Reade supposes, but straight, like that of the Arabs. Occasionally, mummies have been found with red hair; and from among such individuals, victims were occasionally selected, and sacrificed to Typhon. Their opinions, their rites, their ceremonies, their philosophy, their religion, were almost identical with those of the Phœnicians, and never suggest to a philosophical student the slightest trace of African origin. One of the least explicable problems in the science of ethnology is that repugnance to civilization, or absolute incapacity to profit by its teaching, which, from the beginning of time, has characterized the black races. As far as we can discover, they have always been cannibals; while the masses of the population have as invariably been slaves, whether at home or abroad. An old Greek poet divided mankind into three classes—one consisting of men who could discover truth for themselves; a second, of men who could not discover it for themselves, but could accept it when it had been discovered by others; and a third, who could neither do the one nor the other—whom, in his rough way of speaking, he called 'wretches, without use or value.' We would not apply this language to the black races, nor perhaps would the old poet, if he were required to deliver his opinion in prose; but the fact is certain, that while the nations of Semitic and Iapetian origin have invented a civilization for themselves, the Africans have remained from time immemorial unimproved, and apparently unimprovable, at least beyond a certain point. When Dr. Livingstone returns to this country, and places his matured views before the world, we are persuaded he will introduce many great modifications into his ethnolo-

gical theory. No one knows better than he that numerous efforts have been vainly made to diffuse the light of knowledge among the African populations by the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, and Arabs. But the head of the African has proved impenetrable to the darts of enlightenment, whether social, moral, or religious. Nothing can be more completely removed from the ethical system of civilized mankind than the practice of cannibalism, which, nevertheless, appears to be not naturally repugnant to the interior African. The Manyema women, Dr. Livingstone says, keep aloof from the hideous banquets of the men; but in the West India Islands, more especially in Hayti, it is the women who take the lead in the practice of cannibalism, which they carry to its most shocking excess, by devouring their own children. How barbarous nations are to be civilized, seems not yet to have been discovered in modern times. Dr. Livingstone describes the result of his own researches as the *rediscovery* of facts well known to antiquity; and it would be well for us if we could rediscover the methods by which the Greeks and Romans civilized the races among whom they planted colonies. When modern Europeans settle in the midst of savages, they immediately commence the process of extermination, which they generally complete in a period more or less protracted; and when they fail, it is only when the multitudes with whom they have to deal are vastly too numerous to be cut off. The Red Indians of North America have dwindled from fifteen or sixteen millions to about a million and a half, and will soon disappear altogether. The natives of Newfoundland have long ago retreated to the 'happy hunting-grounds,'

> Where slaves once more their native land behold,
> No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

So, again, in Tasmania, not a trace remains of its once vigorous and numerous population; the black race is fast dying out in Australia, the cannibal in New Zealand, and if we do not extirpate the Hindus and Mohammedans of India, it is because the effort exceeds our strength. Were it not

for this phenomenon, we should exceedingly regret that conquest and annexation were not the result of the Abyssinian war. Once firmly planted in those highlands, and opening commercial relations with the Africans of the interior, the probability is that we should have exerted as beneficial an influence on their minds and manners as they are capable of receiving. When Cazembe—the beauty of whose Queen has been above spoken of—had conversed with Dr. Livingstone, he said that from the first specimen of the English he had seen, he liked them, and evinced his liking by treating the traveller with much consideration. He might not have liked them so well, had his country become a province of our colonial empire. Commerce, however, quietly insinuates into barbarous populations the good which conquest endeavours to force upon them. The merchant, with a string of blue beads in his hand, is often more potent than a dragoon with his sword. The women befriend the bringer of beads, and the persons whom they befriend are generally able to effect much among savages. Had Abyssinia become the receptacle of all such articles of European manufacture as would be adapted to the tastes of the natives, many of which they have never yet beheld, a peaceable passage would be readily granted through their country to every Englishman. The only races who would have had cause to regret our close vicinity would have been those of the elephant and lion, whom we should certainly have destroyed in a comparatively short space of time. The existence of the lion in any country is an indubitable proof of a low state of civilization; he had already disappeared from Greece in mythical times; in Persia and in the Nedjed, as well as in India, he maintained his ground to our own day; but he has now become extinct in Asia as well as in Europe; and had we planted ourselves firmly in Central Africa, as we have long done in the south, lions skins would have become a scarce article in the markets of the world.

The necessity of our advent among the cannibals of Manyema is clearly shown by many passages in Dr. Livingstone's letters. The natives are not without industry; they cultivate the soil largely, and have carried the useful arts so far

as to be able to smelt iron and copper; yet they have made but small progress in the affairs of social life. 'There is not a single great chief in all Manyema—no matter what name the different divisions of people bear—Manyema, Balegga, Babire, Bazire, Bakoos—there is no political cohesion, not one king or kingdom. Each head man is independent of every other.' The women play a distinguished part in the business of these countries; they dive for oysters, and are expert in many other kinds of industry. The principal part of the trade is in their hands. 'Markets are held at stated times, and the women attend them in large numbers, dressed in their best. They are light-coloured, have straight noses, and are finely formed. They are keen traders, and look on the market as a great institution: to haggle and joke, and laugh and cheat, seem the enjoyments of life. The population, especially west of the river, is prodigiously large. 'Near Lomame, the Bakuss or Bakoons cultivate coffee, and drink it highly scented with vanilla. Food of all kinds is extremely cheap and abundant. Hereafter, when Dr. Livingstone comes to arrange his materials, draw inferences from his own statements, and estimate the value of different facts, he will doubtless be able to paint a consistent picture of the Central Africans, who contrast favourably, as far at least as morals are concerned, with the half-caste Arabs—I mean in Dr. Livingstone's opinion. In everything which distinguishes man from man they are as inferior to the real Arab as the Chinese is to the Englishman. Their superstitions are the lowest and most grovelling prevalent among the human race. The least benighted among them are Manichæans of the rudest stamp, that is, have conceived some idea of a good spirit and a bad one, and point out a hot spring in one of their valleys as coming up directly from the quarters of the latter. Contrast with these notions the grand simple creed of the Muslims—La illah il Ullah—'There is no God but God,' the words in which they express their belief in the unity of the Divine essence. A few years ago, there sprang up a sort of revival among the Arabs of Arabia Proper, who burst into Africa with a comparatively small number of conquering bands, and swept everything before them

almost as far south as our settlements; upon which the English bishop of the Cape observed, that he thought it matter of congratulation that the truths of El Islam were thus substituted for the grovelling fetishism of the blacks. But this movement from the East soon slackened, and has left no other trace than increased appetite for marauding and kidnapping among the inferior races, for Dr. Livingstone must admit that the people which invariably succumbs to another people are certainly their inferiors.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

A

CANADIAN LADY TAKEN CAPTIVE

BY

SIOUX INDIANS

IN THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

Born, bred, and educated at Orillia. Married and settled in Kansas; moves with her husband and child towards Montana; their train attacked by Indians; most of the men murdered; the authoress and heroine, her child and another lady

CARRIED FAR INTO THE WILDERNESS;

Revolting Scenes; Horrid Barbarities; Degrading Slavery; Cold and Starvation; Escape and Recapture; Hope still Cherished; Hope deferred; Treachery of Pretended Friends (Indian);

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Toronto: Maclear & Co., Publishers.
1872.

NARRATIVE

OF

MY CAPTIVITY

AMONG THE

SIOUX INDIANS.

BY

FANNY KELLY.

WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF GENERAL SULLY'S INDIAN EXPEDITION IN 1864,
BEARING UPON EVENTS OCCURRING IN MY CAPTIVITY.

TORONTO:
PUBLISHED BY MACLEAR & CO.,
1872.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIAN CHIEFS.

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Pnblic for the District of Columbia, Mrs. Fanny Kelly, who is at this time a citizen of the State of Kansas, and being duly sworn, deposes and says:

That in the year 1864, she started from Geneva, Allen County, Kansas, for the purpose of settling with her husband and family in Montana, and for this purpose she with her husband took all the goods and chattels they had, which are enumerated below, with amount and value.

She further says she is now a widow and has a family to support.

But she was for many months a prisoner, and taken captive by a band of the Sioux Indians, at the time at war with the white people, and with the United States, as follows:— On the 12th day of July, 1864, while on the usually travelled road across the plains, and west of Fort Laramie, she, with her husband and family, with several other persons, were attacked by these Indians, and five of the party were killed, while she was taken captive. That the Indians took or destroyed all they had. She was a captive for five months, suffered hardships and taunts, and was finally delivered to the military authorities of the United States in Dakota, at Fort Sully.

That the following is a statement of their goods and effects, including stock, as near as she can remember. The whole account was made out and placed, as she is informed, in the hands of Dr. Burleigh, late delegate from Dakota, but

which she can not find at this time. The amount and the leading items she knows to be as follows:

* * * * * *

FANNY KELLY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 24th day of February, A.D. 1870.

JAS. H. MCKENNEY, Notary Public,
Washington County, D. C.

CITY OF WASHINGTON,
District of Columbia,
June 9th, 1870.

We, the undersigned, chiefs and head men of the Dakota or Sioux Indians, do hereby acknowledge and certify to the facts set forth in the foregoing affidavit of Mrs. Fanny Kelly, as to her captivity and to the destruction of her property by members of our nation. We acknowledge the justness of her claim against us for the loss of her goods, and desire that the same may be paid her out of any moneys now due our nation, or that may become due us by annuity or by any appropriation made by Congress; and we would respectfully request that the amount as set forth in the foregoing bill be paid to Mrs. Fanny Kelly by the Department, out of any funds that may now or hereafter belong to us.

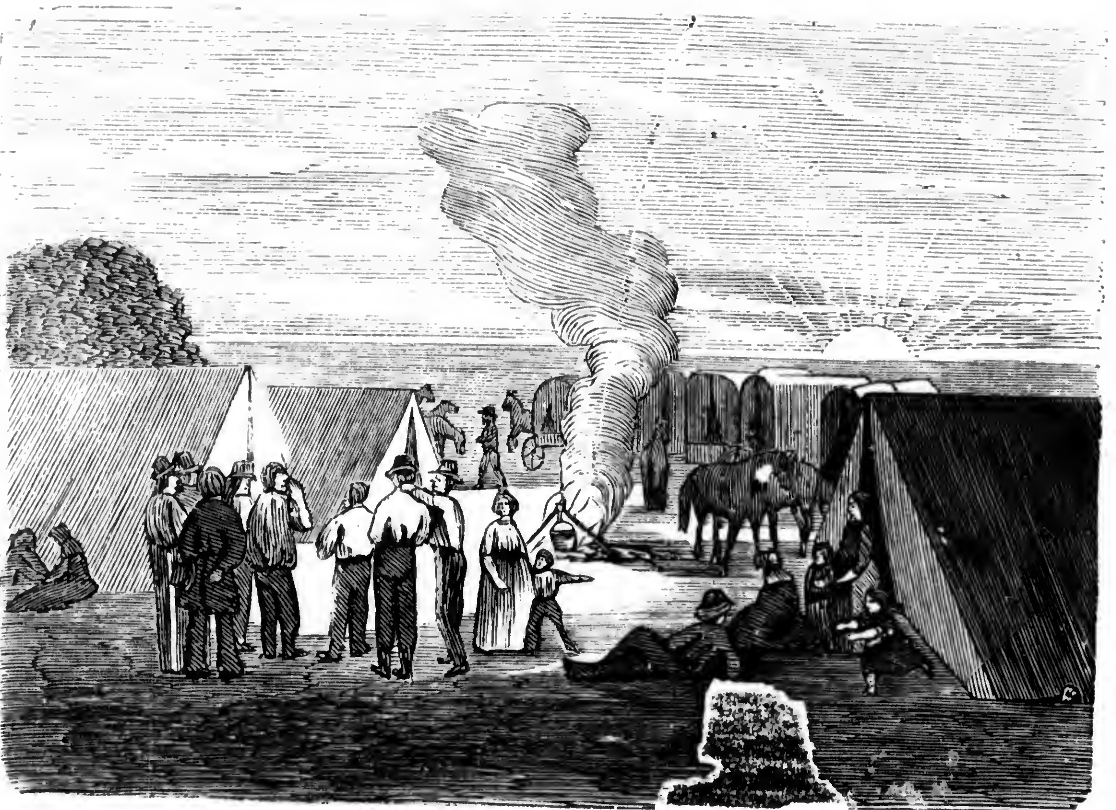
SPOTTED × TAIL,
Chief of Brule Sioux.

SWIFT × BEAR,
Chief of Brule Sioux.

FAST × BEAR,
Warrior, Brule Sioux.

YELLOW × HAIR,
Warrior, Brule Sioux.

Respectfully
Fanny Kelly



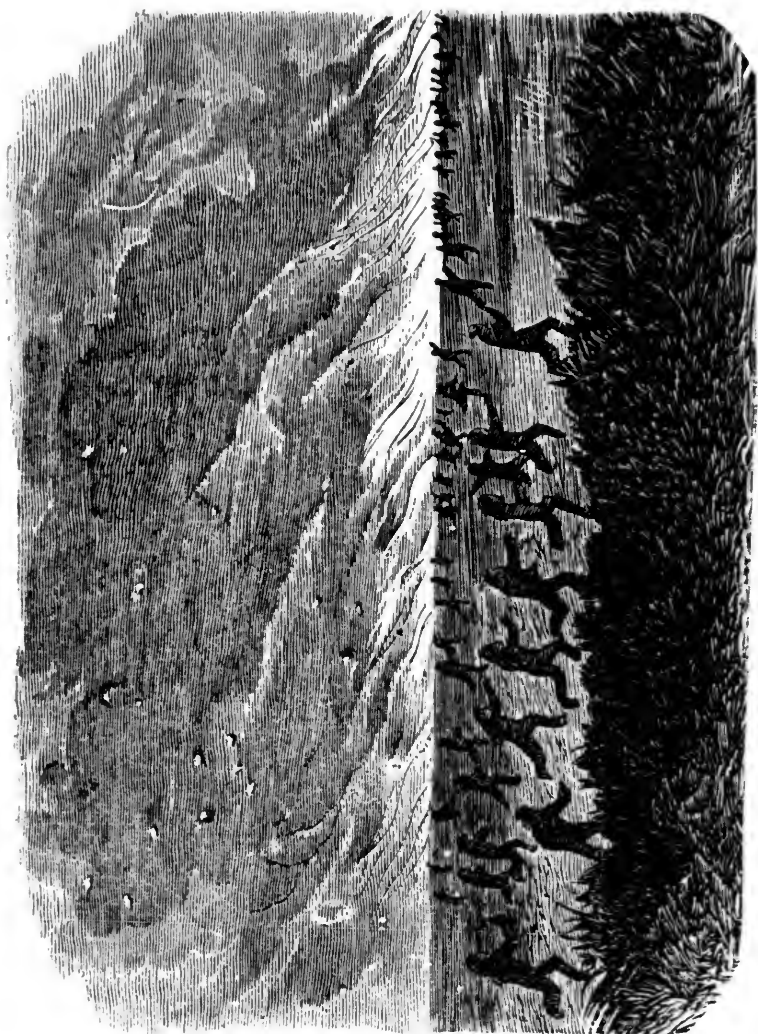
THE CAMP.

THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF OUR TRAIN, JULY 12TH, 1864.

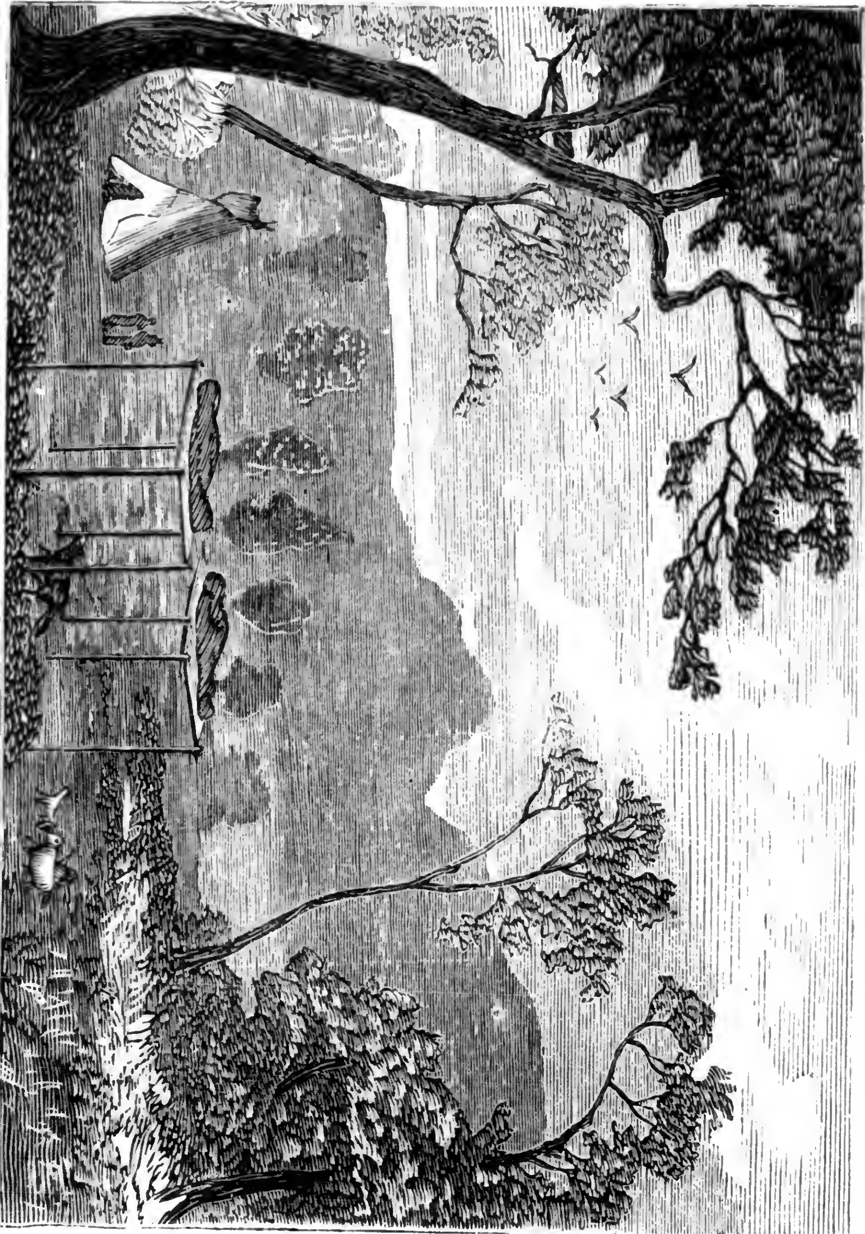
A SCENE ON THE THIRD NIGHT OF MY CAPTIVITY.

THE BUFFALO HUNT.

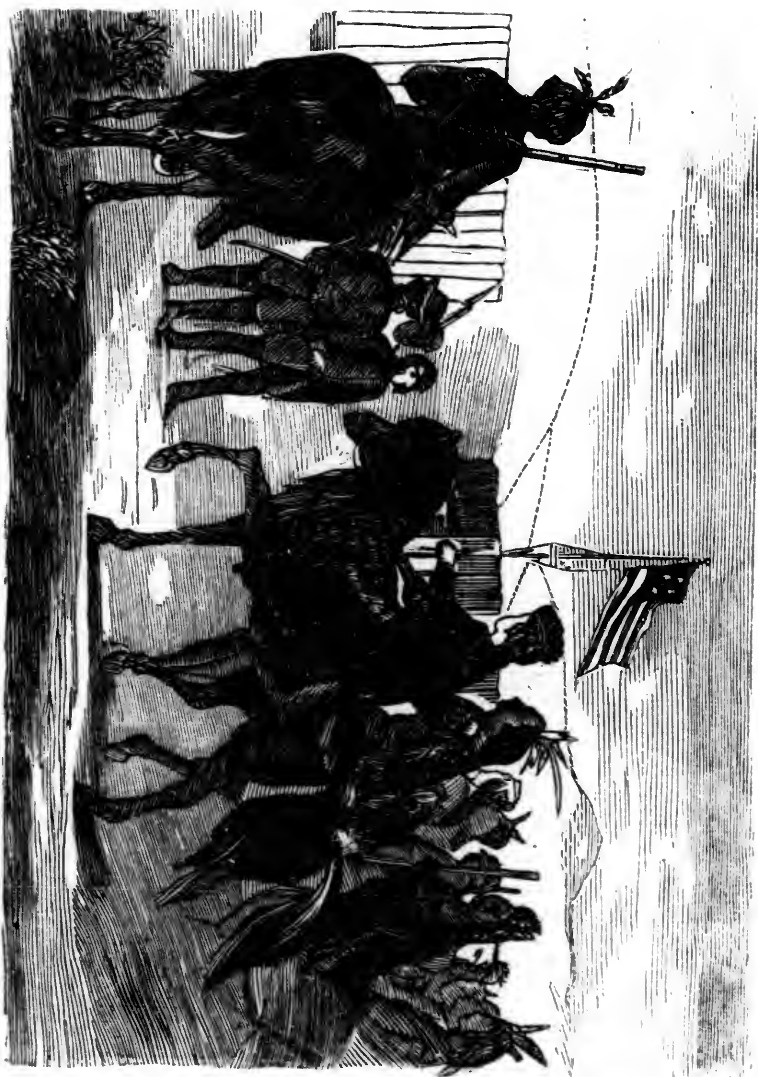
THE SUN DANCE.



PRAIRIE ON FIRE



JUMPING BEAR PROMISING BY THE MOON TO CARRY MY LETTER TO THE WHITE CHIEF AT FORT SULLY.



MY ARRIVAL AT FORT SULLY.

FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR;

AND

HOW I MADE IT

IN

FIVE YEARS' TIME, STARTING WITHOUT CAPITAL.

BY

EDWARD MITCHELL.

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THE TRANSMISSION OF LIFE.

COUNSELS ON THE

Nature and Hygiene of the Masculine Function.

BY

DR. GEORGE H. NAPHEYS,

Author of "The Physical Life of Woman," "Compendium of Modern Therapeutics," "Letters from Europe," etc.

One Volume Crown Octavo.

Best English Cloth, Gilt Back and Side Stamps.

TESTIMONIALS.

The publishers take pleasure in presenting the following testimonials to the practical value and the moral tone of this work:

REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.,

Author of "The Student's Manual," "Index Rerum," etc.

"*Dr. Napheys:* I am surprised at the extent and accuracy of your reading; the judiciousness of your positions and results; the clear, unequivocal, and yet delicate and appropriate language used; and the amount of valuable information conveyed. It is comparatively a new, but very important field, and you have done well. The book cannot fail, I think, to do good—great good—if rightly heeded."

BISHOP LEVI SCOTT, D.D.,

Methodist Episcopal Church.

"I partake largely of the favourable opinion of Dr. Todd, and wish your work great success."

REV. H. CLAY TRUMBULL,

Missionary Secretary for New England of the American S.S. Union.

"Your new work, on "The Transmission of Life," is one that every boy, and every man, every bachelor, parent, or teacher, should have and read and be grateful for. I have given sufficient study to the ways and needs of boys and young men, to appreciate perhaps more fully than most, the importance of your theme. I have been much instructed by your writings, and I desire others to be benefitted thereby."

RT. REV. THOMAS MARCH CLARK, D.D., LL.D,

Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island.

"I do not hesitate to say that I regard it as a most timely and valuable treatise on an important and delicate subject. I do not see a line to which the most fastidious could object, and I believe that its general circulation among the young would avert a vast amount of misery and sin."

BISHOP T. A MORRIS, D.D.,

Methodist Episcopal Church.

"The subject of this work is one of intense interest, and the manner of treating it is very proper. Both will command public attention and approval. May the book find a hearty welcome among all the wise and good."

REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D.,

New Haven, Connecticut.

I think you have treated very judiciously a difficult subject. My belief that some such work may be useful is derived from the fact that the newspapers in all parts of the country overflow with advertisements addressed to the ignorance, the fears, and the guilt of transgressors. If your book can diminish the sale of the nostrums offered in those advertisements—still more, if it can put any on their guard against the vices which make such advertisements worth paying for, you will have done a good work."

REV. J. AVERY SHEPHERD, D.D.,

Head Master of St. Clement's Hall, Ellicott City, Md.

The subjects treated of are not merely of great interest, hey are of *vital importance.* My decided impression is that this work *will do good.*

REV. CYRUS NUTT, D.D.,

President of Indiana State University.

I know of no work recently issued from the press, calculated to do so much good as "The Transmission of Life." It contains information of the utmost importance to the individual and the race, and should have a wide circulation.

PROF. J. ORDRONAUX, LL.D., M.D.,

Prof. of Physiology, Pathology, and Medical Jurisprudence, Columbian College, Washington, D. C.

It was due to the cause of science, no less than morality, that some competent and honourable physician should reclaim this subject from the slough of pollution in which it has been dragged. Your work bears the impress of religious and scientific truth.

PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL REPORTER.

This book is intended to meet a want which, during the last year, has been urgently expressed by several medical and literary journals in this country and England, namely, to place before the public, in popular yet irreproachable language, what information regarding the hygiene, nature, uses, and abuses of the procreative function in the male is necessary to protect the individual from the evil consequences of his own folly or ignorance. It will readily be conceived that to discuss such topics clearly, positively, and with benefit to the lay reader, requires no ordinary tact; and we must say that the author has succeeded beyond all our expectations. The work is characterised throughout by sound scientific views, and indicates extensive and careful reading.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1871.

Those who are acquainted with the author's "Physical Life or Woman" will find this new book fully equal to that very popular and extraordinarily successful work, to which it may be said to form a sequel, being addressed to the other sex.

NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

March 30, 1871.

The book treats of an important and difficult subject with perfect delicacy of thought and expression, and its counsels are eminently sound and judicious. It is, we believe, calculated to do great good.

ANDREW D. WHITE, LL.D.,

President of Cornell University.

Your thoughtful and delicate presentation of the subject seems to me to merit great praise. That your discussion will do much good I firmly believe.

REV. W. T. STOTT,

Acting President of Franklin College, Indiana.

I know no author who has succeeded so well in combining information with safe advice.

PROF. JOHN S. HART, LL.D.,

Trenton, N.J.

I have been impressed with the care and discretion shown in the treatment of a very difficult subject.

PROF. HARVEY L. BYRD, M.D.,

Prof. of Obsterics in the Medical Department of Washington University, Baltimore, Md.

You have done your work well. I am one of those who believe the lay members of every intelligent community should be educated in a general knowledge of the laws of life. Hence I endorse your efforts in this direction.

JOHN H. GRISCOM, M.D.,

New York City.

The numerous and important subjects have been nowhere, to my knowledge, as intelligently and effectively treated. The sanitary advice, so well inculcated, should be learned by every individual, especially by parents for the safety of their children.

THE COLLEGE COURANT.

NEW HAVEN, CT., April 8, 1871.

This work ought to be in every one's library, in every family throughout the country. No young man should be without a copy of it. *It has no equal.*

THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

HARTFORD, March 15, 1871.

Dr. Napheys has treated this delicate topic with excellent discretion, and his book comes highly recommended by some of the best and wisest men among us. Its perusal may save thousands of persons from untold evils.

THE AGE.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24, 1871.

Parents will find in this book wise cautions; and men young and old, may acquire from it precise knowledge of the most important natural functions. In language, moral tone' and purpose the book is unexceptionable.

THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1871.

This work is both scientific and practical. Its style is clear and plain, but does not offend the most refined taste. The fearful and increasing prevalence of certain vices among the young, to which all physicians bear witness, requires that parents and teachers should possess the knowledge which Dr. Napheys' book imparts, and should conscientiously consider their duties in view of the perils which are therein revealed.

THE CHRISTIAN RADICAL.

The hygienic advice imparted in the pages of this work, if put into practical use, will be of the greatest benefit to the race. It is a book that should be read. Every man, and woman too, will be the better for it.

THE PROVIDENCE EVENING PRESS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 30, 1871.

The subject treated by Dr. Napheys is a delicate and important one, yet he has treated it with peculiar delicacy and care. The Rev. Dr. Todd and a host of other learned men have commended it in the highest terms. It is pronounced scientific by competent authority, and is full of valuable information. It treats of crime against the body, and uses the strongest terms of condemnation, showing the revenge which nature invariably takes upon the violater of her laws. The moral as well as the physical standpoint is taken by the learned author, and if the book will produce the good effect designed, it will prove invaluable to society.

THE METHODIST.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1871.

"The Transmission of Life," by Dr. George H. Napheys, is a thorough treatise on the most important physical function. It furnishes information on a subject on which correct information is much needed, which deeply concerns all men and women and their children.

REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.,

Hartford, Connecticut.

"I see it to be a work immensely wanted, and think it will do much good. The subject, as related to family life, and the condition of posterity, is a really awful one, and ought to b just as much more awful to young men, as it more deeply concerns their welfare. Give it as great a circulation as you can."

REV. C. P. SHELDON, D.D.,

President of the N. Y. Baptist Convention, Pastor of the Fifth Baptist Church, Troy, N. Y.

"The subjects of which it treats are of great importance; and I am much pleased with the careful, candid, and able manner in which Dr. Napheys discusses them. The public need just such information, and in this work it is so imparted, that it cannot but be healthful and salutary. In moral and religious tone it is unexceptionable. I earnestly recommend its publication and circulation."

PROF. NOAH PORTER, D.D.,

Yale College.

Dr. Geo. H. Napheys—

Dear Sir: I thank you for a copy of your work on "The Transmission of Life." There is in it much valuable information, carefully considered and industriously collected. The topics—of greatest delicacy—are treated with all possible refinement, while the much needed warnings concerning the offences against nature, which are practised in ignorance by many, and with shamelessness by others, are faithfully administered."

DR. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE,

Author of "The Dictionary of Authors."

"The subjects discussed are of great importance; the literary style is excellent—terse, vigorous, and perspicuous; the philanthropic zeal evinced is highly creditable to your heart; and the moral and religious spirit of the work is such as to give me a profound respect for the writer. The tendency of the book is good, and good only. It makes vice abhorrent and virtue cheaply purchased by all the wholesome restraints which it imposes."

HON. T. W. BICKNELL,

Vice-President Rhode Island Institute of Instruction.

I have read "The Transmission of Life," by Dr. Napheys, and find the volume filled with truths which every man should know, understand, and daily practise. The author exhibits knowledge, wide reading, candour, and good sense. I can but wish for this work an immediate and wide circulation among the young men of our State, for by its teachings the causes of education, religion, and the purest morality will be advanced. A few friends who have read the book concur heartily with this opinion.

THOS. W. PERRY, M.D.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I have read with great pleasure "The Transmission of Life." The subjects are well arranged and handled with great delicacy and truthfulness. The book is worthy the perusal of all men, both professional and unprofessional.

FROM THE PACIFIC CHURCHMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 18, 1871.

This is a book for honest, God-fearing men and women. Its subject is one of the most important and sacred in the world, and is treated with the highest scientific and professional ability; and, what is more important, is written from a Christian standpoint. It is one of the good signs of the times that such matters are written upon by honest, able hands, and the field not abandoned to quacks. Every young married couple should possess and read it.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

NASHVILLE, June 3, 1871.

The delicate and difficult subject is handled with great skill, prudence, and fidelity. The apalling prevalence of licentiousness in all its forms in our country shows that the question must no longer be allowed to rest. The reticence and fastidiousness which have characterised the pulpit, the press, the lecture-room, etc., must give way to earnest, well-directed efforts to stop the plague, which is sapping the foundations of society.

We call earnestly upon parents, pastors, and teachers to watch over the youth committed to their care with the utmost vigilance, so as to save them from the first transgression—and in order to this, you would do well to procure this volume and give it a serious and careful perusal.

REV. HENRY A. NELSON, D.D.,

Professor of Systematic and Pastoral Theology, Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"You have treated an important subject with great wisdom and fidelity. I could wish every young person to receive *early* the valuable—shall I not say necessary?—instruction which it contains."

REV. ABNER JACKSON, D.D., LL.D.

President of Trinity College.

"I have found your volume both interesting and instructive. It contains a large amount of useful information and suggestion in regard to human welfare and duty. Matters of great delicacy, but of great importance in their bearings on health and happiness, are here treated of in a manner to instruct and guide, without shocking, or giving offence. The wide circulation of this work cannot fail to do good.

REV. WM. A. STEARNS, D.D., LL.D.

President of Amherst College.

It is a difficult subject, which you have treated with propriety and success. The information which you give is of the greatest importance to the community, and especially to young men; and it is a thousand times better that they receive it from a work like yours, than be left to obtain it from sources of doubtful influence, or from bitter experience."

REV. SAMSON TALBOT, D.D.,

President of Denison University, Ohio.

I have read carefully the advance sheets of "The Transmission of Life," and most heartily join in recommending its publication. The candour and learning of the author are very manifest; the information imparted is just that which the public most needs, and the moral tone of the work is altogether pure and elevating.

REV. GEORGE W. SAMSON, D.D.,

President of Columbian College.

I have read "The Transmission of Life" with care, so has my son, who is a practising physician. I regard it as scholarly in its discussion, chaste in its expression, and unobjectionable in every respect. I cannot but commend this worthy effort in a field where faithful instruction is so much needed.

THE MORAVIAN.

It is not often that one sees a really commendable book on so delicate, and yet so extremely important, a subject as that which is treated in Dr. George H. Naphey's "Transmission of Life." The author speaks candidly and plainly, using no technical terms, and yet without offending the purest taste or feeling. The moral tone of the work is altogether unexceptionable. It meets a great popular want, imparting information for the want of which many a young man is ruined, body and soul. Its common sense and earnest tone commend its counsels to all.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

"The Transmission ot Life," by Dr. Napheys, is an elaborate and carefully-prepared treatise which has been highly commended by competent judges. It treats of subjects of great importance to human health and happiness, and does this with equal plainness and delicacy.

PROF. CHARLES A. LEE, M.D.,

Emeritius Professor of Hygiene in the University of Bnffalo, N. Y., &c. &c.

From a careful perusal of your work, "The Transmission of Life," I find you have been remarkably successful in treating a delicate but most important subject so as not to offend the most fastidious taste, while you have given all the information and facts needed for the instruction of the young in this branch of physiology. Your work, moreover, has a high moral and religious tone, which must particularly recommend it to the better classes of society and those engaged in the office of instruction. I trust it may be the means of effecting a vast amount of good, and to this end I wish it may have a wide circulation.

REV. EDWARD COKE, D.D.,

Principal Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.

My experience as an educator of young men has taught me the dangers of ignorance on the subjects therein treated. It seems to me Dr. Napheys has furnished just the information needed. The work must, if freely circulated, be of great benefit to health and morals.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

THE

PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN:

Advice to the

MAIDEN, WIFE, AND MOTHER.

—BY—

GEO. H. NAPHEYS, A.M., M.D.

Member of Philadelphia County Medical Society;
Corresponding Member of the Gynæcological Society of Boston;
Author of "Compendium of Modern Therapeutics," &c., &c.

"Je veux qu'une femme ait des clartés de tout."
MOLIERE.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR THIS AND OTHER BOOKS.

☞Should these pages come into the hands of any one who may take no interest in the books described, the Publishers will esteem it a favor to have them handed to some one who may desire them.

TORONTO:
MACLEAR AND COMPANY.
1872.

PREFACE.

It seems well to offer, at the outset, a few words explanatory of the nature and object of this book. The author feels that its aim is novel, is daring, and will perhaps subject him to criticism. He therefore makes his plea, *pro domo suâ*, in advance.

The researches of scientific men within the last few years have brought to light very many facts relating to the physiology of woman, the diseases to which she is subject, and the proper means to prevent those diseases. Such information, if universally possessed, cannot but result in great benefit to the individual and the commonwealth. The difficulty is to express one's self clearly and popularly on topics never referred to in ordinary social intercourse. But as the physician is obliged daily to speak in plain yet decorous language of such matters, the author felt that the difficulty was not insurmountable.

He is aware that a respectable though diminishing class in the community maintain that nothing which relates exclusively to either sex should become the subject of popular medical instruction. With every inclination to do this class justice, he feels sure that such an opinion is radically erroneous. Ignorance is no more the mother of purity than she is of religion. The men and women who study and practise medicine are not

the worse but the better, for their knowledge of such matters. So it would be with the community. Had every person a sound understanding of the relations of the sexes, one of the most fertile sources of crime would be removed.

A brief appendix has been added, directed more especially to the professional reader, who may desire to consult some of the original authorities upon whom the author has drawn. And here he would ask from his fellow-members of the medical profession their countenance and assistance in his attempt to distribute sound information of this character among the people. None but physicians can know what sad consequences are constantly occurring from the want of it.

This book but follows the precedent set by Dr. Bockh, Professor of Pathology in Leipsic; Ernest Legouvé, of the French Academy; Dr. Edward John Tilt, M.R.C.P., Lond.; Dr. Henry Pye Chavasse, F.R.C.S., Eng.; and others who stand in the front rank of the profession abroad.

In concluding, the author desires to express his thanks and acknowledge his obligations to a medical friend, whose name is well known in the literature of the profession as that of one alike distinguished for his general culture and scientific attainments. It is to his very material assistance in the preparation of the manuscript, and in the passage of the book through the press, that any merit which this work may possess is in a great measure owing.

PHILADELAHIA, 1869.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND CANADIAN EDITION

In bringing out a new Canadian Edition of Dr. Naphey's invaluable Work, little need be said by way of Preface. No one can read the book without profiting by it; and no one need expect to find in its pages a single word to offend any mind rightly constituted. In the words of the New York Evangelist, "the most delicate subjects are treated in language so chaste as not to offend any pure mind; and the highest authority we acknowledge declares, that "to the pure all things are pure."

The work covers the whole grouud embraced in the Table of Contents: And on the great engrossing subject which lately called forth such emphatic deliverances by the Right Rev. Bishop Coxe, Right Rev. Primate Spaulding, the old and new school Presbyterian General Assemblies, &c., &c., it utters no uncertain sound.

The facts, references, &c., are mainly applied to the United States, where the book was first published, but they all tell with equal force in our own country.

That the Work is highly appreciated where it is best known, a sale of over one hundred thousand copies in a few months amply prove~

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THE MOTHER ....

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THE CHANGE OF LIFE ....

Its dangers, diseases, and hygiene.

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Author of " Compendium of Modern Theraputics," &c., &c.

" Je veux qu'une femme ait des clartes de tout."
MOLIERE.

SYNOPSIS OF THE BOOK.

It treats in detail the three peculiar phases of woman's life, viz., maidenhood, matrimony and maternity. Under the first head, the subject of puberty, its dangers and hygiene, and of love, are discussed from a medical stand-point. Valuable advice is given on the marriage of cousins, on the effects of marriage on woman and man, on "choosing a husband," on "the engagement," on the right time of the year to marry, on the wedding tour, and on many kindred topics. The physiology of the marriage relation is then considered. In the second part of the book, "the wife." It commences with some salutary hints on the "wedding night." Such inquiries of universal hygienic interest as, Shall husband and wife occupy the same room and bed ? What kind of bed is most healthful ? the dignity and propriety of the sexual instinct. its indulgence, restraint, and physiological laws, &c., are decorously but plainly treated. Well considered views are advanced in regard to over-production and the limitation of offspring. The author also gives much useful advice to sterile

wives who desire to have children, and he answers the question, Can the sexes be produced at will? in the light of the most recent scientific research. Many pages are devoted to the discussion of inheritance, how to have beautiful children, twin-bearing, &c. The information in regard to the signs of pregnancy and the avoidance of its diseases and discomforts, the prevention of "mothers' marks" and of miscarriage, is of incalculable value to every woman. Minute, practical and careful directions are laid down as to the proper preparations for confinement, how to preserve the form after childbirth, etc. Under the head of "the mother" the rules for nursing, weaning and bringing up by hand, are copious, and would benefit every mother to know. The volume closes with a consideration of "The Perils of Maternity," and of the dangers and hygiene of "The change of life."

TESTIMONIALS.

The following, among others, have been received indicating the scientific value and moral worth of this book :—

SIR WM. STERLING MAXWELL,

Recently elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University,

gave the usual address on being installed in that office. Among other things he referred to the medical education of women, and said he was in favour of teaching women everything that they desired to learn, and for opening to them the doors of the highest oral instruction as wide as the doors of book learning. So long, he said, as women would administer to their sick children and husbands, he must hear some argument more convincing than he had yet heard why they were to be debarred from learning the scientific grounds of the art of which they were so often the empirical practitioners or the docile and intelligent instruments.

FROM PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, LL.D.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, TRENTON, N.J.

GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M.D.,—

Dear Sir : I have read with attention the advance sheets of your book, "The Physical Life of Woman ;" and take pleasure in saying that you have handled a most difficult and important subject with equal delicacy and ability.

Yours truly,

JOHN. S. HART.

FROM WM. A. HAMMOND, M.D.

Late Surgeon-General of U. S. Army; Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, and of Clinical Medicine in the Bellevue Hospital, Medical College, New York.

New York, Aug. 1869.

Dr. Napheys,—

Dear Sir: I have read with much interest and satisfaction your very admirable book on "The Physical Life of Woman." I am glad that the subject has been taken up by one who shows himself so thoroughly qualified for the task, and I trust the instruction and advice contained in the volume will reach every woman in the land.

Yours, sincerely,

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Sept. 1869.

Dr. Geo. H. Napheys,—

Dear Sir: I have examined your volume, "The Physical Life of Woman," and desire to thank you for performing a work so long needed, so difficult to perform, and now, at length, so well done by you. Every mother should have this book, nor should she suffer a child to be married without the knowledge which this work contains. Thousands have dragged through miserable lives, and many have perished for want of such knowledge. It is to be hoped, too, now that these delicate topics have been so modestly and plainly treated, that your work will supersede the scores of ill-considered and often mischievous treatises addressed "to the married," which too often serve the lusts of men under the pretence of virtue.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER RECEIVED FROM JOHN H. GRIMSON, M.D.

New York, Sept. 1869.

Dr. Napheys,—

My Dear Sir: "The Physical Life of Woman" is a very scientific and intellectually written work, and contains almost all the physiological and sanitary facts and directions needed for the preservation of the health and longevity of the maiden, wife and mother. It must prove attractive and useful for any lady who reads it.

Your sincere friend,

JOHN H. GRIMSON.

FROM REV. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.

HARTFORD, CONN., Sept., 1869.

GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M.D.,—

Dear Sir: I have read a large part of your book with interest. I shrink from expressing any estimate of it as respects its physiological merit, but it seems to be a book well studied, and it is written with much delicacy and a careful respect, at all points, to the great interests of morality. It will certainly be a great help to intelligence on the subject, and ought, therefore, to be correspondently useful.

Very respectfully yours,

HORACE BUSHNELL.

FROM HARVEY L. BYRD, M.D.,

Professor of Obstetrics in the Medical Department of Washington University of Baltimore, Maryland.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 1869.

DR. GEO. H. NAPHEYS, Philadelphia,—

Dear Sir: I have examined with much pleasure and satisfaction your work on "The Physical Life of Woman," and do not hesitate to commend it most warmly to our countrywomen, for whose benefit it is intended. I congratulate you on the felicitous manner in which you have treated so difficult a subject, and would recommend it to the public as supplying a want that has long been felt in this country.

Omne verum utile dictu, and what can be more proper, or more useful, than that woman should be made acquainted with the great laws of her being, and the duties for which she was created?

Very respectfully, your obed't servant,

HARVEY L. BYRD.

OPINION OF S. W. BUTLER, M.D.,

Editor of the Philadelphia "Medical and Surgical Reporter."

I have carefully examined "The Physical Life of Woman," and find it a work at once thoroughly representing modern science, and eminently adapted for family instruction. It is well suited to female readers, to whom it is especially addressed both in the matter it contains and in the delicacy with which points relating to their physiological life are mentioned.

S. W. BUTLER.

OPINION OF MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Williams College.

"Your book is conscientiously written, and will be likely to do good."

FROM THE N.Y. EVANGELIST, NOV. 18, 1869.

This is a plain and practical treatise prepared by a physician of skill and experience, in which he aims to furnish information to women, in their peculiar conditions and relations, married and single, so as to enable them to preserve their own health, and perform their duties to themselves and their children. The most delicate subjects are treated in language so chaste as not to offend any pure mind.

EDITORIAL FROM PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL REPORTER.

It is a singular fact, that in this country most of the works on medical hygienic matters have been written by irregular practitioners in order to help on its legs some ism or pathy of their own. The public is really desirous of information about the great questions of life and health. It buys whatever is offered it, and cannot tell of course the tares from the wheat. In fact, as we have said, there has been very little wheat offered it. Scientific physicians do not seem to have taken the pains in this country, as in Germany, to spread sound medical information among the people.

We therefore welcome all the more warmly a work which, under any circumstances, would command our praise, advance sheets of which are now before us. The author is Dr. George H. Napheys, of this city, well known to all the readers of the "Reporter" as a constant contributor to its pages for a number of years, a close student of therapeutics, and a pleasing writer. The title of the book is "The Physical Life of Woman; advice to the Maiden, Wife, and Mother." It is a complete manual of information for women, in their peculiar conditions and relations, married and single.

The style is simple, agreeable, and eminently proper and delicate, conspicuously so when treating of such difficult topics to handle in a popular book, yet so necessary to be handled, as the marital relations of husband and wife, the consummation of marriage, etc.

We do not doubt that this work will find as large a sale both in and out of the profession in this country, as the works of Bockh and Klencke in Germany, and of Tilt and Chavasse in England.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER RECEIVED FROM EDWARD M. SNOW, M.D., OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, Sept., 1869.

DR. NAPHEYS,—

Dear Sir: I have examined with much interest the advance sheets of your book, "The Physical Life of Woman;" I am highly pleased with it. The advice given seems to me to be generally correct and judiciously expressed; and in my opinion the wide circulation of the book would be a benefit to the community.

Truly yours,

EDWIN. M. SNOW.

FROM REV. GEORGE ALEX. CROOKE, D.D., D.C.L.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept., 1869.

DR. GEO. H. NAPHEYS,—

Dear Sir: I have carefully read your work entitled "The Physical Life of Woman," and as the result, I must candidly say that I believe the information it contains is well calculated to lessen suffering and greatly benefit the human race. I know there are some falsely fastidious persons who would object to any work of the kind, but "to the pure all things are pure." You have done your part fearlessly and well, and in a popular manner, and I trust that your work may be productive of all the good you design by its publication.

Very faithfully,

GEO. ALEX. CROOKE.

OPINION OF LLOYD P. SMITH.

Librarian Philadelphia Library.

LIBRARY CO. OF PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH ST. BEL. CHESNUT,

PHILADELPHIA, Sept., 1869.

It is an open question whether books *de secretis mulierum* should be written for the general public, but there is no doubt that when they are written, it should be done by the regular medical faculty and not by ignorant quacks. Dr. Napheys' "Physical Life of Woman" shows not only the scientific attainments of the author, but also a wide range of miscellaneous reading. The delicate subjects treated of are handled with a seriousness and earnestness becoming their importance, and the author's views are expressed in excellent English.

LLOYD P. SMITH.

LETTER RECEIVED FROM REV. GEO. BRINGHURST.

Rector of the P. E. Church of the Messiah, Philada.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept., 1869.

DR. GEO H. NAPHEYS,—

My Dear Sir : I have perused with considerable care and pleasure the work on the "Physical Life of Woman," and feel no hesitation in pronouncing it admirably composed, honest, succinct, refined and worthy the companionship of every lady of this age. I hail its appearance with gratitude, and look upon it as a valuable contribution to those efforts which are making in various directions to elevate the tone of morals of the nineteenth century, and to enable mothers to discharge faithfully the duties they owe their children.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE BRINGHURST.

FROM THE MEDICAL RECORD, NEW YORK, JAN. 15, 1870.

Doctor Napheys, in his work on "The Physical Life of Woman," has acquitted himself with infinite credit. The subject, which for a work of its size takes a very wide range, is treated in choice, nay elegant language, and we have not noticed a single expression upon the most delicate matter, that could offend the most refined taste. There are, too, a great many interesting historical facts connected witn the general topic, both in an ethical and physiological point of view, which show much discrimination in their production, and a good amount of sterling scholarship. To the medical reader there are many points in the book that are worthy of attention, prominent among which are remarks bearing upon the right of limitation of offspring. We sincerely hope that for the real benefit of women, it may meet with a hearty reception, and be productive of great good, in preventing many of these disorders now so rife in the community, which are solely the result of ignorance of the ordinary laws of female hygiene.

No one, however scrupulous, need fear to admit the work within the pale of his family circle, and place it with confidence, in the hands of his daughters.

FROM THE NEW YORK MEDICAL GAZETTE, JAN. 8, 1870.

Though professedly written for popular instruction, this book will not fail to instruct, as well the professional reader. We cordially recommend the perusal of Dr. Napheys' book to every woman seeking a fuller acquaintance with her physical organism.

FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN OF PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 4, 1869.

A book which treats wisely and delicately of very important subjects, and subjects which ought to be treated by competent hands, instead of being left to quacks and the venders of nostrums. Dr. Napheys is evidently a conscientious and intelligent physician, and his counsels are such as may be put in the hands of all persons needing such counsels. We commend it for its judicious exposition of the laws of nature.

FROM REV. HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL,

Secretary of New England Department of Missions of the American Sunday-school Union.

HARTFORD, CT., Oct., 1869.

GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M.D.—

My Dear Sir: Understanding from my long acquaintance with you, your thoroughness of mental culture, your delicacy of sentiment, and your sound good sense, I was prepared to approve heartily the tone and style of your new work—"The Physical Life of Woman"—when its advance sheets were first placed in my hands.

A close examination of it convinces me that it is a book which can be read by every woman to her instruction and advantage. Its manner is unexceptionable. Its style is remarkably simple. Its substance evidences your professional knowledge and your extensive study. I believe it needs only to be brought to notice to commend itself widely. I think you have done an excellent work in its preparation.

Sincerely your friend,

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

FROM THE NEW YORK CHRISTIAN UNION, JAN. 8, 1870.

Society owes a debt of gratitude to this brave and scientific physician for the unexceptional way in which he has performed a work that has, up to the publication of this book, been a paramount need, not to be satisfied anywhere in the English language. If the volume contained only the chapter on the influence of the mother's mind upon her unborn child, we would recommend its purchase by every family in the land.

FROM H. N. EASTMAN, M.D.,

Professor of Practical Medicine in Geneva Medical College.

GENEVA, Sept., 1869.

GEO. H. NAPHEYS', M.D.,—

Dear Sir : I have just completed a careful reading of your advance sheets of "The Physical Life of Woman," and I unhesitatingly pronounce it an admirable work, and one especially needed at this time.

The book is written in a chaste, elevated, and vigorous style, is replete with instructions indispensable to the welfare and happiness of women, and should be placed in the hands of every mature maiden and matron in our land.

H. N. EASTMAN.

FROM THE NASHVILLE JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY FOR NOVEMBER, 1869.

The outside of this book is more stylish and artistic than any the market has owed to the press this season. The type and paper of the inside are in keeping with the elegant exterior. The work contains much valuable matter, in a style peculiarly attractive. It is intended to treat woman as a rational being, to let her know much about herself as a woman, that from this knowledge she may prevent and therefore escape much of the suffering endured by her sex.

And who can do this but a physician? This may be regarded as the first attempt of the kind in this country.

FROM THE CHICAGO MEDICAL EXAMINER OF NOVEMBER 19, 1869.

This work is written in a plain and pleasing style well calculated both to please and instruct. There is nothing of the *sensational* or imaginative character in it. On the contrary, its teachings are in strict accordance with scientific facts and good sense. Though designed specially for females, yet a careful perusal would be productive of much benefit to both sexes.

FROM THE BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, NOV. 25, 1869.

Most valuable for the perusal of mothers, and of those fathers who may be equal to the task of advising sons liable to commit matrimony. The style—of the text—is unexceptionable. Words are not wasted, and those used are to the point. The volume is not a mere *resume* of others' opinions; but the author has made the topics of which he treats his own.

FROM THE NATIONAL BAPTIST, PHILADELPHIA,
DEC. 30, 1869.

We join in the cordial welcome which this book has received. There is no other work which tells so well just what every woman,—and every considerate man also,—ought to know. Maternity is the one great function of woman, according to God's ordinance, and for this marvellous and holy mission, her physical, intellectual, and moral constitution has been designed. Dr. Napheys, in his wise "advice to maiden, wife, and mother," passes in review the cardinal facts respecting woman's physical life. The book is written in a very clear and simple style, so that no one can misunderstand it, while there is nothing to disturb or offend the most sensitive. A judicious mother would do her maturing daughters great service by first carefully reading this volume herself, and then have them read it under her guidance.

OPINION OF MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M.D.

ELMIRA, N.Y., Sept. 1869.

The advanced sheets of "The Physical Life of Woman" have been read with much interest. In this book Dr. Napheys has well met a real need of the age. There are many things incident to woman's physical organization which she needs to know, and concerning which she still does not want to ask a physician, and may not have one at hand when she most desires the information. This book can be easily read and perfectly understood by those not familiar with medical terms. All matters of delicacy are treated with freedom, and still with a purity of thought and expression which is above criticism.

For many years we have been often asked for just such a book, and shall gladly commend it to the many wives and mothers who want for themselves and grown-up daughters such a book of helps and hints for home life.

MRS. R. B. GLEASON.

OPINION OF DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct., 1869.

Believing that such a work as Dr. Napheys' "Physical Life of Woman," giving a great deal of valuable information, explicitly and delicately, is likely to be of very essential importance to the fair sex, I cannot hesitate to express my favourable opinion of its object and execution.

FROM THE METHODIST HOME JOURNAL, DEC. 4, 1869.

Hitherto, the subjects so honestly and so skillfully treated in this volume, have, to a very great extent, been ruled out of the realm of popular knowledge, and information of this class sought only in a clandestine manner. The people have suffered by deplorable ignorance on those topics, which should be as familiar to us as the alpnabet. Dr. Napheys, by his scientific handling of the physiological points which relate to health, trairing, and development, has rendered a great service to the orld. This, the press and public men have not been slow to acknowledge. This book has gained unquallified praise, and well deserves it.

FROM THE INDEPENDENT, NEW YORK, NOV. 11, 1869.

It required a brave but sensitively pure man to provide for the want which existed for some reliable medical instructions upon points which every woman and every married man ought to know, and few do. Dr. Napheys we do not know personally. But his book is at once brave and pure. It is written in such a spirit that she who really desires to learn the truths of which she cannot with justice to herself or others be ignorant, may do so without being shocked; while he who hopes to stimulate a vicious imagination by its perusal will turn from its pages disappointed away.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING TELEGRAPH, OCT. 6, 1869.

This is a work by a physician of reputation on the hygiene of woman, designed for popular use, and introducing a variety of topics not generally discussed outside of regular scientific medical works. Dr. Napheys writes with dignity and earnestness, and there is not a chapter in his book that may not be read by persons of both sexes. Of course, such a work as this is intended for men and women of mature years, and it is not suitable to be left lying about for the gratification of ide curiosity. The author has been careful to write nothing that can possibly give offence, and he conveys much sound instruction that, if heeded by those to whom it is particularly addressed, will save much suffering.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH;

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CANADIAN EDITION.

Toronto:
MACLEAR & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1872.

"ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

In bringing out the first Canadian edition of "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH," the Publishers need say but little. The work has had an immense sale, both in England and the United States; yet, until now, our own country, of all others the most interested, has been denied the honour of its publication.

In her characteristically graphic introduction to this edition the venerable authoress paints a glowing picture of "Canada, past and present." Imagine another Rip Van Winkle waking up from a forty years' nap—after reading "Roughing it in the Bush"—carried mid-air from the storm-lashed Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific, say in a baloon, reading the Census of 1871, and beholding our young giant empire, like Sampson of old, rending the swaddling bands, the wyths and cords of adolescence · extending with one hand the olive-branch and with the other the cornucopia to a united people, the freest, happiest, best governed, and most virtuous community, owning the largest domain on this continent; a people who act out in fact, what elsewhere has been treated as a fiction by its authors, that all men "are free and equal;" would not the ideal Dutchman of Irving, exclaim, "verily. Truth is stranger than Fiction."

In presenting for the first time Mrs. Moodie's greatest work in its own native dress, the Publishers hope they know better than, at this late day, to attempt to praise the productions of a STRICKLAND or a MOODIE, their record in Literature, Civilization, Peace and War, is known and read of all; but the fact that a great, good man, bearing one of the above names has passed to his reward, may justify in this connection the assertion that a better type of the high-minded, kind and generous hearted, thorough-bred Christian gentleman never trod Canadian soil, than the late lamented Colonel J. W. Dunbar Moodie.

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Here we have IN MINUTE DETAIL, *found nowhere else*, the long list of heroes who nobly stood up, at the expense of life, home, comfort, and everything but honour and conscience, to secure for us and the whole Empire, at home and abroad, the blessings of Civil and Religious Liberty—blessings only faintly appreciated by too many in our days.

But for the self-sacrificing and noble deeds performed on Irish soil during that eventful period, we might now be grovelling under the hated rule of a Stuart, or mayhap a bloated Bourbon, and as much degraded as Italy, Spain, or Portugal, instead of each and all of every creed and colour dwelling in peace, prosperity and happiness, under the protection of one of the best monarchs that ever swayed an earthly sceptre.

It is surely time to look to our bearings, when the principles for which our fathers freely shed their life-blood are repudiated by many openly, and others covertly.

When men bearing the once-revered name of Protestant, aye, Protestant Clergy, have set up the Confessional, the Rags and Mummeries of Rome—keep out from their churches the pure light of heaven, and substitute for it a few twinkling candles,

> "To mock the Saviour of mankind,
> As if the God of Heaven were blind."

The eloquent Macaulay says,—"It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by the veneration of the people of Londonderry, and the North generally, for the dear old city and its associations." "It is a sentiment," he says, "which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of States. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

"Within the city," says the same author, "there were seven thousand men capable of bearing arms, and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency."

The Reign of Terror under which every Protestant in Ireland groaned at the time of the Revolution, will be seen in the history of the events contained in this book, showing clearly that there was no other course open to them but resistance to the Stuart dynasty, which, had it been perpetuated, must have sunk the whole British Empire to the level of Spain, Portugal, or Italy. And if on this Continent a British Settlement existed at all, we may judge of its extent and character by what Mexico and Lower Canada now are.

Extract from the Speech of LORD LISGAR, *Governor-General of the Dominion, delivered at Toronto, 5th October,* 1869 :—

His Lordship spoke of the heroes of the Irish struggle in 1688-90 as "those who successfully conducted the toilsome retreat from Cavan—who turned to bay and held their ground at Enniskillen, through many a month of doubt and peril. Of whom another band sustained the LONGEST SIEGE which ever took place in the British Islands, and watched from the walls, which their valour made impregnable, the slow approach of the sails from Lough Foyle, which were bringing them relief to close the conflict in their triumph—a triumph not more glorious to the defenders than it proved advantageous to them and their assailants, and to the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty, then and for all time to come."

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