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LIVINGSTONE,
THE
GREAT TRAVELLER.

BY

SAMUEL MOSSMAN,
AUSTRAlian COlONIES, CHINA: ITS INHABITANTS AND THEIR
1809; NEW JAPAN: THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, ETC. ETC.

EDINBURGH:
ANDERSON, & FERRIER
1883.
DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

THE

MISSIONARY TRAVELLER.

BY

SAMUEL MOSSMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES,' 'CHINA: ITS INHABITANTS AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS,' 'NEW JAPAN: THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN,' ETC. ETC.

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OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, AND FERRIER, EDINBURGH,
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HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., LONDON.
DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a Scotchman of Highland extraction, and born of comparatively humble but honest parents, near the great manufacturing and trading city of Glasgow. His occupation in youth was in a cotton-manufactory on the banks of the Clyde; and so different in its monotonous life from what his after-career came to be in his varied wanderings, that it is difficult to suppose the man and the boy the same person. His life is one of those rare instances where, by some mysterious transformation, we see the chrysalis of genius, apparently dormant in some humble employment unsuited to its expansive ambition, suddenly burst from its covering, and astonish the world with the brilliancy of its flight. Yet in his modest, brief autobiography, he informs us that while working in the cotton-factory he yearned after knowledge, and spent the savings from his earnings to purchase classical, scientific, and religious books, which he studied closely by night. Even during the day, while at work, he stole a few moments at a time to glance upon the pages of some book placed on a portion of the spinning-jenny, to refresh his mind amid the din of machinery. When he
was promoted to be a cotton-spinner, he cheerfully pursued his task, as it furnished him with means to enable him to attend the Greek classes in Glasgow during the winter, and divinity lectures in the summer. From these studies he entered upon a medical curriculum, in which he was successful, and admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. In all this field of education, his ultimate object was to become qualified as a medical missionary, for the purpose of proceeding to China, on his own account, to aid in curing the bodies and souls of that multitudinous heathen nation. When he was ready to undertake the self-imposed task, war broke out in the Celestial Empire with the English, and all foreigners were excluded from the interior of the country. In these circumstances he was advised to join the London Missionary Society, who were satisfied with his qualifications; and in 1842 he proceeded, under their auspices, to South Africa, where he settled at their farthest inland station from the Cape of Good Hope.

This station was at a place named Kuruman, forming the headquarters of the missionaries in that region; but the general instructions received by Dr. Livingstone from the directors of the Society were to turn his attention to the establishment of a new mission-station farther north. Accordingly, he lost no time in proceeding, in company with another missionary, to the Bakwain country, where he found the chief of the tribe favourable to his project. Returning to Kuruman, he rested among his fellow-missionaries for three months, acquiring some knowledge of the country and inhabitants generally. But as it was necessary that he should understand the language of the tribe among whom he was to take up his abode, he proceeded to a spot in the Bakwain country named Lepelole, where he remained for six months entirely cut off from European society, and gained not only a knowledge of the language, but an insight into
the customs and institutions of the Bechuana—as this negro people call themselves. Here, at the outset, he was obliged to relinquish his purpose of forming a station, in consequence of the friendly natives being driven from that locality by another tribe of Africans termed the Barolongs. It was one of those periodical outbreaks of war among these barbarous nations which have occurred from time immemorial, changing the relations of the tribes to each other, so that he saw no prospect of success, and he resolved on looking out for a more promising field for his labours.

Proceeding farther north, he entered, in the parallel of 25° south latitude, the valley of Mabotsa, which was pleasant to the view, with good soil and pasturage, near a flourishing village, where the inhabitants had goodly herds of cattle. To this place he moved all his 'lares and penates' in 1843, and continued to fulfil his mission for six years. He had not been long resident among the villagers when he encountered one of those hair-breadth escapes which form a remarkable feature in his career, exposed as he was so frequently to the perils of death. It so happened that the neighbourhood of Mabotsa was infested by lions of such a ferocious nature, that they frequently attacked the cattle-pens in the day-time, besides nightly visits, when they devoured cows and calves. Being of a pusillanimous disposition, compared to other tribes, the inhabitants had failed in their attempts to drive the marauders away. Dr. Livingstone bethought himself of trying his skill with the gun to kill one of these ferocious brutes, and as he knew that on the death of one the rest of the lions would leave that part of the country, he hoped to succeed in getting rid of them by that means. Accordingly, all the men of the village sallied forth one day, headed by the Doctor and a native teacher, also armed with a gun, and surrounded the enemy, who were taking
their siesta on a neighbouring hill covered with trees. One shot was fired at a lion, but he escaped through the circle unhurt, while two others, rushing at the cordon, broke up the attacking party. On returning towards the village, Livingstone saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock, with a bush in front, about thirty yards off. Taking a steady aim, he fired both barrels into his body; and was preparing to load again, when the lion sprang out upon him, seized him in his powerful jaws by the shoulder, and both rolled on the ground. His sensations at this moment are thus graphically described: 'Growling horribly, close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients under the partial influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast.' In this fearful predicament he looked up at the lion, and saw the brute's eyes directed towards the native teacher, who was presenting his double-barrelled fowling-piece, and drew the triggers, when both flints missed fire. On this the lion abandoned the prostrate missionary, and seized the native schoolmaster by the thigh, when another man, attempting to spear the animal, became the next object of his attack; but at that moment the bullets took effect, and he dropped down dead, the whole being the work of a few minutes.

Of the several tribes inhabiting the Bechuana country, Dr. Livingstone attached himself to the one called Bakuena, or Bakwains, the chief of which, named Sechele, was then
living with his people at a place called Shoknane. He had
embraced Christianity, and was altogether a remarkable
man, not only from his general intelligence, but the able
manner in which he expounded Christian doctrines among
his people. At the same time, when he found his exhorta-
tions had little effect, he thought of enforcing his arguments
by corporeal flagellation, saying to the Doctor, 'Do you
imagine these people will ever believe by your merely
talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by
thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head men,
and with our whips of rhinoceros-hide, we will soon make
them all believe together.' This practical method of
disseminating what might be called muscular Christianity
not being approved of, he continued: '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 to these amusements also. If
the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But
in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and
not one of my brethren will join me.'

In this year (1843) a desolating drought set in, which
continued for three years, parching up the country in all
directions, and drying up the ponds and water-courses, so
that great distress prevailed amongst the tribe. Dr. Living-
stone showed his practical talents in pointing out to the
chief Sechele how he could irrigate the fields by bringing
water from some constant stream at a distance, which was
done, and the experiment succeeded admirably during the
first year. The whole tribe moved to the Kolobeng river,
where a canal and dam were constructed; while the Doctor
built a house for himself with his own hands,—the third he
had reared,—besides a square house for the chief to live in,
and superintended the erection of a school-house by the
natives. He became his own blacksmith, carpenter, builder,
and gardener, and was in fact handy at almost any trade, besides doctoring and preaching; while his wife, whom he had married in the country, being the daughter of his coadjutor Mr. Moffat, could make candles, soap, clothes; so that, as he himself expresses it, they ‘came nearly up to what may be considered as indispensable in the accomplishments of a missionary family in Central Africa, namely, the husband to be a jack-of-all-trades without doors, and the wife a maid-of-all-work within.’

Before entering upon the consideration of the geographical discoveries made by our missionary explorer, it will be necessary to relate briefly the causes which led to his abandonment of the mission-station at Kolobeng. Near that place there was at the time a colony of Dutch settlers on the Cashan mountains, who had left the Cape Colony to be away from British rule, and set up an independent republic of their own. These people were promoters of the old system of slavery, and their community was mixed up with all the bad characters—some of them English deserters—who had run away from the European settlements; hence they were inimical to the missionary establishments, which interfered with their lawless proceedings against the Bechuanas and other African tribes of peaceable demeanour. Being afraid to show their hostility openly against an English missionary, they tried everything they could in an underhand way to damage his reputation, by inventing all sorts of subterfuges against him. Among others, that he encouraged the importation of firearms among the tribe of Bakwains, which English traders brought for traffic, and of which they were mightily afraid in making raids upon these inoffensive people. This Livingstone denied, at the same time refusing to act as a kind of spy over the tribe. Determined to pick a quarrel, they invented a most absurd story of his having given the chief Sechele a cannon, which was nothing more than an
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iron pot to cook his victuals in; while they magnified the five guns at the mission-station into five hundred. Matters went on in this unsatisfactory state for a long time, when the Caffre war broke out, involving the political independence of these Dutch Boers, which was acknowledged by the English commander of the forces, who rather loosely expressed his opinion regarding the missionaries, and the native tribes north of what was called the Transvaal Republic.* The consequence was, that in 1852 four hundred Boers, headed by their burgomaster Pretorius, attacked the Bakwains, killing a considerable number of adults, and carrying off two hundred of the mission-school children into slavery. The natives under Sechele returned the attack with effect, killing a number of the enemy, and then fled to the mountains. In revenge, the Boers plundered Dr. Livingstone’s house of all its stores, tore up the books in his library, smashed his stock of medicine, and carried off all the furniture and clothing to be sold by public auction to pay the expenses of the foray. This barbarous outrage broke up completely the mission-station at Kolobeng, and the missionary’s prospects of continuing his labours, after a successful career of nine years in disseminating the gospel among the Bechuanas. However, he was not to be turned aside from his onward progress in opening up the interior of South Africa, which the Boers were resolved on closing to exterior commerce; and he adds to this determination, ‘We shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I.’

Previous to this time several English officers and gentlemen had penetrated into the interior from Cape Town and Algoa Bay as far as the Bechuana country in the exciting

* This territory has now been annexed to the British Dominions in South Africa by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, as proclaimed at Pretoria, the chief town, on the 12th April 1877.
pursuit of African hunting, coupled with the desire to promote geographical discovery. Among these were Colonel Steele, Major Vardon, and Mr. Oswell, of the Indian army, to whom Livingstone communicated his views concerning the position of Lake Ngami, which the natives had pointed out for half-a-century, although no European had visited it. The last-named gentleman agreed to accompany Dr. Livingstone thither, undertaking to defray the expenses of the guides, and taking a companion with him named Murray. They accomplished their object, after passing through the desert region of Kalahari, where the party encountered a good deal of privation and fatigue, which happily did not result in anything serious; and on the 1st August 1849 they had the satisfaction of being the first Europeans who beheld this beautiful lake. At that period the theory of speculative geographers concerning the vast interior our missionary explorer was entering on, put down the whole of this region as a barren table-land. It is true that they had passed through a country of this kind, but it was only a portion of that immense territory, and now they saw a lake stretching far to the south and west, without any shore visible there or to the northward. Its clear, cold, and soft waters suggested the idea of melted snow from high mountains; and from that time Livingstone's enthusiasm for geographical research rose above every other consideration, which he expresses as follows: 'The prospect of a highway capable of being traversed by boats to an entirely unexplored and very populous region grew from that time forward stronger and stronger in my mind. ... Some might subject me to the charge of enthusiasm—a charge which I wish I deserved, as nothing good or great has ever been accomplished in the world without it.'

Livingstone's principal motive in proceeding to Lake Ngami was for the purpose of communicating with the great
chief of the Makololo Africans, who was friendly to the English. In this object he was frustrated by the jealousy of a neighbouring tribe; and the favourable season for travel passing away, the party returned to Kolobeng. At last he reached the Makololo country, accompanied by Major Vardon and Mr. Oswell. The first of this powerful tribe whom they met were delighted to see them, and they were conveyed in canoes down the river Chobe about twenty miles, where Sebituane had come to meet them. This chief was a remarkable man, and always had a desire to see white men, he himself having skin of an olive colour. Unfortunately, as our zealous missionary was concluding important arrangements with him concerning his future abode among the Makololo people, the chief fell sick from the effects of an old wound, and died.

After the death of Sebituane the chieftainship of the tribe devolved upon one of his daughters, who was residing at a place twelve days' journey to the north. It being necessary to obtain from her the permission promised by her father to select a suitable locality for a mission-station, Livingstone resolved on waiting for a reply to his application, which was successful. Meanwhile he improved the occasion by proceeding to explore the country in company with Mr. Oswell. The result was the discovery of the great Zambesi river, in the central regions of South Africa, which has its outlet on the east coast by several mouths, situated between 18° and 19° south latitude. This was a grand discovery, and repaid our enthusiastic explorers for all their troubles and privations in reaching so distant a spot in the interior, where no such river was supposed to exist. At the mouth of this stream the Portuguese have had a settlement for nearly two centuries, yet they knew nothing of the inland country, and on their maps the Zambesi was represented as having its source far to the east of where Livingstone and Oswell then
were. At that time (June 1851) it was the end of the dry season, when the river is at its lowest, yet there was a breadth of from 300 to 600 yards of deep flowing water, although not less than 800 miles distant from its embouchure, and perhaps as much from its source. To trace the course of this stream became now the ruling object of our missionary explorer, in order to check the traffic in slaves, by supplying articles of European manufacture through legitimate commerce along the highway of the river, were it found to be navigable.

With these views he returned to Kolobeng, where, seeing that there was no hope of the Boers allowing the peaceful instruction of the natives, he at once resolved to save his family from exposure to that unhealthy region by sending them to England. Accordingly, he journeyed with his wife and family to Cape Town, where he arrived in April 1852, being the first time during eleven years that he had visited the scenes of civilization. Here he was received very kindly by Mr. Maclear, the astronomer-royal, who corrected all his observations for latitude and longitude, and gave him further instructions in laying down the position of newly-discovered localities. Having seen his family embark on board a vessel for England, he prepared to set out on his longest journey, penetrating again to the interior of the continent, and traversing its rivers, lakes, and plains from east to west. In this projected route he started, with the approval of the directors of the London Missionary Society, in June 1852, and did not return until July 1856.

After a long journey, traversing the stages already noted, he ultimately arrived at the farthest point attained previously, whence his exploration of the interior towards the west coast commenced. This preliminary part of the journey, it may be observed, was not less than 1500 miles, and was accomplished in a waggon drawn by oxen.
When our traveller arrived at Linyanti, the chief town in the Makololo country, he was received in a very friendly manner by the people, who flocked out in thousands to welcome him and his party, looking with wonder upon the waggons, which had never been seen in that place before. Here he found that the daughter of Sebituane, who had succeeded her father as hereditary ruler, had abdicated in favour of her brother Sekeletu, a young man of eighteen years of age, equally friendly to the English, though not possessed of so much ability as his father. From Linyanti Dr. Livingstone proceeded to the Zambesi, which is named Leambye at this part, signifying 'the large river;' or the river par excellence. He was accompanied by the Makololo chief and a large concourse of his people, who all crossed the river to a place called Katonga, where he was to remain until a sufficient number of canoes were brought to convey them up the river. These were at last procured, and formed quite a flotilla of boats, thirty to forty feet long, with from six to ten paddlers, who stood up while paddling, keeping stroke with great precision. Livingstone had the choice of the best canoe out of thirty-three, carrying one hundred and sixty men. 'It was beautiful,' he says, 'to see them skinning along so quickly, and keeping the time so well. We proceeded rapidly up the river, and I felt the pleasure of looking on lands which never had been seen by a European before. The river is indeed a magnificent one.'

In this manner the party proceeded up the river without obstruction until they reached the falls of Gonye, about thirty feet in height, where the main body of the water, being narrowed to a width of about eighty yards, and broken by a mass of rock, forms a loud resounding cascade. Here the canoes were carried along a portage on the river-bank more than a mile long. As they passed up the river the inhabitants of the villages by the way turned out to present the
Makololo chief with food and skins as tribute; and one large village at the falls had people ready to assist in carrying their canoes along the portage. The country passed through presented ranges of mountains in the distance, forming a wide valley like that of the Nile, and which is annually inundated by the overflowing of the Leeambye—the whole valley assuming at that time the appearance of a lake, with the villages standing on mounds, like those of the Egyptians. The soil is extremely fertile, and the inhabitants say, 'Here hunger is not known.' No great rise of the river is required to submerge the whole valley; a rise of ten feet above low-water mark would be sufficient. Where the stream is narrowed between the rocks above the Gonye falls, it then rises sixty feet.

Having advanced to the confluence of the Leeba with the great river, Dr. Livingstone determined on returning to Linyanti for the purpose of carrying out the second part of his expedition, to reach the Portuguese settlement of Loanda on the west coast, and he came down the Leeambye the same way he ascended the stream. On the way he met a party of Arabs from Zanzibar, whom he found quite as dark in colour as the Makololo, but sufficiently educated to read and write their own language. The chief Sekeletu joined him on his return; and as this was his first visit to that part of his dominions since he succeeded to the chieftainship, it was a season of great rejoicing to many of his people. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk, and beer, more than the horde which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that line were something wonderful. The people usually exhibited their joy and worked off their excitement in dances and songs. The speed of the canoes down the stream was very great, making as much as sixty miles in one day. The time absent, however, from the point of departure, was nine weeks.
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After some discussion as to the route and the safety of the projected journey, it was arranged that the Doctor should be accompanied by a party of twenty-seven men. They were not hired, but sent to enable him to accomplish a mutual benefit, by endeavouring to establish a direct trade with Europeans, so that they should get better value in merchandise for their ivory, and he cheaper supplies for a permanent mission, when formed. His prospects of once again reaching a civilized place were dimmed by an attack of fever, and the consequent possibility of dying amongst heathens, without being near his dear wife and family. He committed the waggon and some goods to the care of the Makololo, which they put away carefully into their huts until his return, and consoled himself in not making a will for the benefit of his family, as the Boers had taken all his worldly goods, concluding with the following remark: 'Considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be the plundered party than one of the plunderers.'

With a buoyant heart our experienced traveller started under a light equipment, taking only such extra articles as were indispensable, in the shape of medical comforts and instruments for the accurate registration of the places passed on his route, besides tracing the courses of the different streams. In this respect Dr. Livingstone was no mean observer, and practice made him pretty perfect in the use of the sextant, and in calculating longitudes by chronometer, having instruments of the very best description for these purposes. Altogether, it may be said that few explorers were more practical in their arrangements, and combined more objects in their expeditions, than this intrepid man. On the basis of a devout character, earnest in spreading the doctrines of Christianity amongst the heathen, he engrafted
the qualifications of medical benevolence to aid in making converts; while he saw that these would be of small avail unless he became a pioneer in opening up the country to European traders, without whom he declared that the object of his religious mission could not be satisfactorily attained. Doubtless his teachings among the Makololo and other African tribes have sown the seeds of righteousness that in the fulness of time will produce their fruits; and the future traders visiting the country he first pointed out may flourish in their dealings with the inhabitants. But the indelible marks of his genius will be the delineations of those numerous streams and lakes, mountains and valleys, by which, through his indefatigable explorations, a blank on the map of Africa has been filled up more than twice the superficies of France. In recognition of this great addition to geographical science, it has been proposed by the most eminent French savants that this region should be henceforth named LIVINGSTONIA on the map of Africa—a suggestion which it is to be hoped the scientific geographers among his own countrymen will cordially assist in establishing permanently.

Once more upon the restless field of discovery, with a chosen band of natives, who looked up to him with the greatest confidence in his guidance as a leader towards the new market for their produce, he travelled with feelings of the greatest security, having every reliance in the honesty of his dusky companions. On the 11th November 1853, he set out from the town of Linyanti, and, as on the previous occasion, was accompanied by the friendly chief Sekeletu and his principal men. It is not necessary in this brief memoir to go over the same ground as before. Suffice it to say that the first journey was made during the winter season in these latitudes—which are the reverse of Europe—and now the party were voyaging up the Zambesi in summer. Conso-
quently, the weather was extremely hot, while the vegetation on the banks of the stream and in the adjacent forests was luxuriant beyond description. The trees had put on their densest foliage, and the landscape was strewn with innumerable flowers of the most brilliant hues and beauty of form, that would have charmed the heart of the botanist in search of new plants. Birds of the gayest plumage chattered and fluttered in myriads among the shady groves, while the insect creation swarmed in the sunshine like glittering gems. Everywhere animal life was abundant, and our voyagers found plenty of game fall before their few muskets and fowling-pieces. At times, too, there were dangers to be avoided on the river, where alligators abounded. Then the canoes passed herds of that extraordinary amphibious animal the hippopotamus, the young calf perched on the cow’s back, as the spot of maternal security. Vast shoals of fish came down the river and its tributaries, furnishing delicious food, and pigeons of green plumage rose from the trees as the canoes glided along, while the notes of many birds told our traveller that he was now among strange songsters of the feathered tribe.

After a scorching though otherwise agreeable journey of about six weeks, the party arrived safe at the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye, the farthest point reached previously, which Livingstone places accurately in lat. 14° 10' 52" S., and long. 23° 35' 40" E. The route now lay up the course of the river Leeba, the waters of which appeared of a blackish hue compared with those of the main stream. It was, however, a more placid-flowing river, winding slowly through the most charming meadows, each of which had either a soft sedgy centre, a large pond, or trickling rill down the middle, with trees that seemed to be planted in groups of such pleasant, graceful outline, that art could give no additional charm. The verdure was likewise short and
green; the whole presenting scenery which reminded our traveller of a carefully-tended gentleman's park, though simply in a state of nature.

Proceeding up the Leeba on the 1st January 1854, they came to the confluence of a small tributary named Makondo, where one of the men picked up a bit of steel watch-chain of English manufacture on the banks. On inquiry of the inhabitants, they were informed that this was the crossing-place of the Mambari traders, the most enterprising native merchants in that country, who have introduced Manchester goods right into the heart of Africa. On Dr. Livingstone informing his Makololo followers that these cotton fabrics were made by machinery, they quite believed that they could not be the work of mortal hands, while the Mambari supposed that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on the shore. 'To Africans,' says the Doctor, 'our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. "How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?" Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors, a strange realm of light whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks; an attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicits the expression, "Truly ye are gods!"' What a romantic change this was in the life of the poor spinner-loy in the factory on the banks of Clyde!

Among the chiefs met by the party in this country, some were females, who ruled with the same authority as the males, and these were pleased when Dr. Livingstone informed them that the chief of his nation was a woman. Manenko was a tall strapping woman about twenty, distinguished by a profusion of ornaments and medicines hung round her person, the latter being supposed to act as charms. She was also a 'strong-minded woman,' to whom even the Doctor was obliged to give way, and his men were humbly obedient. Being anxious to move their baggage, containing
presents to her uncle Shinté, she would not allow him to do so without her own people assisting. Upon which the Doctor says: 'My men succumbed sooner to this petticoat government than I felt inclined to do, and left me no power; and, being unwilling to encounter her tongue, I was moving off to the canoes when she gave me a kind of explanation, and, with her hand on my shoulder, put on a motherly look, saying, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done."' At this his feelings of annoyance vanished.

This muscular African princess conducted our traveller to the chief town, where her uncle Shinté held sway over a considerable tribe. For two days it rained so heavily that none of the party could proceed. Afterwards their path lay through dense forests, where only a narrow passage existed, and that formed by the axe. Large climbing plants entwined themselves round the trunks and branches of gigantic trees like boa constrictors. Edible mushrooms were gathered in abundance, some of them as large as the crown of a man's hat, and good eating. Numbers of small villages were passed, and at some they remained for the night. At these the inhabitants took the roofs off their huts, which were movable at pleasure, and transported them to the spot selected for encampment, where they were propped up with stakes, and the party safely housed for the night. These people are idolaters, every village having idols in it, and also in the adjacent forests. They do not love them, but hold them in fear, worshipping them only when in perplexity and danger. The extra-curly woolly-headed negroes were more surprised at the Doctor's straight hair than any part of his person, and at first thought he wore a wig. His men, believing that all white men come out of the sea, concluded that his hair became straight by the action of sea-water; and all his explanations that he came over the
sea went for nothing, so he was always described by his followers at each place as a veritable 'merman' who lived in the sea.

It occupied seven days in travelling to the town of Kabombo, or Shinté, which stands on a small stream, meandering through a most lovely valley about a mile and a half wide. Our traveller found it embowered in banana and other tropical trees having great expansion of leaf. It had straight streets, and, for the first time, he saw square-built houses, surrounded by neatly-constructed fences of upright poles a few inches apart. The inhabitants were pure negroes; and there were two half-caste Portuguese slave-traders in the place, with a gang of female slaves ready to be taken to the coast. These men and their Mambari followers were all armed, and accompanied Livingstone and his party to the chief's presence on the morrow, when he had arranged to give his visitors a grand reception. A salute was fired by them, and their drummer and trumpeter announced the approach to the place of audience. This was about a hundred yards square, where Shinté was sitting, under the shade of a banian-tree, on a sort of throne covered with a leopard's skin. 'He had on a checked jacket, and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green; many strings of large beads hung from his neck, and his limbs were covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets; on his head he wore a helmet of beads woven neatly together, and covered with a great bunch of goose-feathers.' Livingstone sat under another tree opposite the chief, at a distance of about forty yards, whence he could see all that was going on. About a thousand people were present, and three hundred soldiers. The ceremony lasted several hours, during which the interpreters informed the chief of all matters concerning our missionary, and his intention of proceeding to the west coast, all of which passed off favour-
Desert March.
ably. He was afterwards visited by Shinté in private, who appeared to be of a very friendly disposition, and promised to send guides along with the party through the more difficult part of the route. Slavery being recognised by him and his people, he offered his guest a young girl about ten years of age, which was declined, Livingstone advising him to give up such a pernicious system of traffic, and trade only in cattle, ivory, and bees'-wax.

Leaving this friendly chief, the party continued their route towards the north, accompanied by eight guides, instructions being sent along to the villages by the way to furnish Shinté's friends with abundance of provisions. The Balonda men were far more polite in their manners than the Makololos, retiring to eat by themselves, after cooking food for the party, while the latter were very free and easy in feeding promiscuously. As they passed through many villages the inhabitants supplied the party with provisions, asking no payment, showing that they freely obeyed the commands of their chief. When the guides reached the limits of Shinté's territory they had to forage for provisions, and shortly afterwards returned to their own country. The next chief of importance on their route was Katana, who had a great opinion of himself, but civilly pointed out three men to act as guides through his territory. The surrounding country was very level, being a portion of the table-land in the interior of South Africa which forms the great lake districts afterwards discovered. Here Livingstone came upon a small lake, named Lake Dilolo, the source evidently of the Leeua, beyond which is a level plain twenty miles wide.

To the surprise of our explorer, this plateau formed the point of division between the sources of the streams flowing north and south through the interior; the former having their outlet on the west, and the latter on the east coast.
Crossing it, they came to a beautiful valley, where the river Kasai or Loki flowed between banks covered with beautiful flowers and fringed with stately trees. This is the uppermost source of the Congo river, which has its mouth in latitude 6°, and forms a wide, navigable stream. The inhabitants of the villages on the route were not so hospitable as those on the southern watershed, as they gave nothing for mere friendship, expecting an equivalent for what they had to sell. This was a true indication of their now being within the influence of the trading town of Loanda. Still it was only a system of barter, in which money was of no value whatever, gold being considered of no greater value than brass. Gunpowder was the principal medium of exchange; and our traveller, being very short of that article, had a difficulty in obtaining even the poorest necessaries of life. English calico and beads were also in great demand; but he had only a small parcel of the latter, as a last resource in case of suffering from hunger. Besides this absence of voluntary offerings, there were less pleasing indications of being within the proximity of civilized settlements, where the ferrymen across the rivers practised dishonest tricks upon the unsophisticated Makololos. At the first town of importance the chief, named Katende, never allowed any party to travel past his place without exacting some present, so Livingstone was obliged to send him one of his few remaining shirts. The Makololos were astonished as much as he at the demand for payment to pass.

Besides these annoyances, our travellers had to make demonstration of their strength before a party of Chiboques, who endeavoured to rob them of their goods, on the pretence of fining one man for accidentally spitting on one of their people. They demanded one of the Makololos as a slave, which Livingstone was determined to prevent, even should he have to fight for it. Fortunately the matter was
settled by giving them an ox. Moreover, his constitution, which had borne up against the fatigue and privation endured in travelling through the interior, now gave way as the party approached the coast, where malaria lingers about the marshy lands and forests, inducing a fever that slowly wastes away the constitution. Weak and ill himself, with his party so discouraged by the prospect of exactions from the chiefs through whose lands they had to pass that they contemplated returning, it was a trying day for him as he neared the confines of the Portuguese settlement. They were all becoming disheartened, and could not wonder why native expeditions from the interior to the coast had generally failed to reach their destinations. After using all his powers of persuasion, he declared that if they returned he would proceed alone. This had the desired effect, and they said, 'We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead, we will follow. We are all your children.'

On their route they were subjected to still further exactions and threatening demonstrations from the petty chiefs; and when the party reached the Quango river, that separates these border robbers from the chiefs acknowledging Portuguese sway, they were in a very reduced condition from want of food, clothing, or means to purchase these. As they had to cross this river, they were obliged to hire canoes, it being one hundred and fifty yards wide, and very deep, while the natives informed them that it was infested by venomous water-snakes. Livingstone offered his last remaining blanket to be ferried over, but the chiefs, who thought that the Makololos were his slaves, demanded one of them in payment. These poor fellows stripped off the last of their copper ring ornaments, and gave them, but he would not be satisfied with anything less than a man. This rascally chief, who was a young man, with his woolly
hair elaborately dressed, worried the distressed missionary until his long-enduring patience was fairly tired out. He went into his little tent to lie down out of sight of his persecutors, but it was in so tattered a condition that he found it impossible. In this emergency opportune aid came to their relief. A young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia made his appearance, scaring away the rascally Chiboques, who fired upon the party as they left their sheds towards the river-bank, but none of the bullets reached them. As they moved quietly to the ford, their cowardly assailants took their departure.

The young half-caste Portuguese was named Cypriano di Abren, and proved to be a kind, hospitable man, at a time when his kindness and hospitality were much needed by our forlorn and weary party. He assisted them in making a satisfactory arrangement with the ferryman, at a small sacrifice of their slender means. After they had crossed the Quango, they passed with light hearts along a narrow footpath, through tall grass, for three miles, when they came to several neat square houses, with many militiamen like their conductor, who turned out and saluted Livingstone in military fashion. These were enrolled half-caste militia, of whom Cypriano was the commander, and the place an outpost of the Portuguese government at Loanda, established for the protection of the traders against the lawless tribes on the frontier. They received no pay, but were allowed to engage in trade and agriculture for their support. All of them could read and write with ease, and they had a few Portuguese books among them. Cypriano treated our enfeebled traveller and his followers most bounteously, killing an ox for their behoof, and furnishing the whole party with fruit, vegetables, honey, and farina for four or five days' consumption on their journey to Cassange, the next Portuguese settlement. Under this
kind treatment, and with the necessary rest from their fatigue, the expedition recovered some of its former strength, and in three days' pretty hard travelling reached that place, which is pronounced Kassanje, and is the farthest inland station of the Portuguese in Western Africa.

His dress in tatters, wayworn and weary, our long-suffering traveller entered this civilized spot, a strange European visitor from the unknown interior, whence no white man had come before. He was asked for his passport by the first Portuguese he met, and produced it to the authorities, with letters of recommendation from the Chevalier du Prat, of Cape Town, which produced the most unbounded liberality from all the gentlemen in the place. The commandant gave him a hearty welcome to his table, and Captain Neves, a generous officer, gave him a decent suit of clothing, invited him to take up his abode in his house, and altogether behaved like a brother during the whole period of his stay at Cassange. Here were about forty traders' houses, scattered about on an elevated spot in the great Quango valley, their occupants being all militiamen, earning a livelihood by commerce, many of whom had become wealthy by employing native traders to traffic on their account in the remote parts of the country. None of them had Portuguese wives, as they came to Africa in order to make a little money, and return to Lisbon. Livingstone was surprised to find that they had an accurate idea of the geography of the country inland, with the courses of the principal rivers flowing north and west, yet they took no trouble to send this information to Europe. Perhaps it was from the old Portuguese system of exclusiveness that they kept their information from the world at large. Their trade consisted in bartering European manufactures for ivory and wax; and though the country would yield any amount of provisions by culture and grazing, they prefer.
purchasing flour, bread, butter, and cheese from the Americans who come to Loanda. This being the first white man's trading-post our travellers had come to, they disposed of the tusks which Sekeletu had sent, to test the difference of prices, which was highly satisfactory, as the Portuguese gave two muskets, three kegs of gunpowder, large bunches of beads, and as much English calico and baize as clothed the whole party, for one tusk, whereas in the Makololo country they could only get one musket for two tusks.

Having disposed of all their ivory for such good value, the Makololos were disposed to return rather than proceed to the sea-coast, especially as they had been told that they would be taken on board ship, fattened, and eaten, as the white men were cannibals. Livingstone convinced them of the falsity of this absurd story, which seems to have prevailed from time immemorial among the Africans, from south to north, on the west coast, as we read of the same in Mungo Park's narrative. This matter being settled, the expedition prepared to start for Loanda, when it was accompanied by the whole of the merchants of this hospitable station to the edge of their plateau, and a black militia corporal sent on as a guide. The country they journeyed through is called Angola, and presents a great variety of scenery by mountain and stream, with fertile valleys, inhabited by industrious natives who have submitted to Portuguese rule, and who enjoy protection from the marauding bands of independent tribes beyond the frontier. At every station they came to, the Portuguese authorities treated them in the same hospitable manner as they had been treated at Cassange. However, the nearer they approached the coast, the weaker our brave missionary leader became, as the fever he had been suffering from had induced chronic dysentery, which reduced him to a state of bodily and mental misery.
At last the party crossed the elevated and sterile plains adjacent to Loanda, and the Atlantic Ocean burst upon the sight of the astonished Makololo, who beheld the boundless horizon with feelings of awe. As they imagined that the earth was a great extended plain, they remarked afterwards: 'We marched along with our father, believing what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, "I am finished; there is no more of me!"'

Notwithstanding the anticipated pleasure of entering a civilized community, after a self-banishment from their society for two years, our sensitive countryman had misgivings as to his reception in Loanda, as he understood that, in a population of twelve thousand souls, there was only one genuine English gentleman. All his apprehensions disappeared on meeting that gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Gabriel, the British commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade at the port of St. Paul de Loanda. He was received with open arms as an honoured fellow-countryman, whose exertions in the cause of humanity, religion, and science, had even reached that out-of-the-way region of the earth. Livingstone records how he enjoyed the luxury of feeling himself again sleeping on a good English couch. Every day he remained under Mr. Gabriel's roof he received fresh proofs of the generosity of his host, and the kind attentions of the principal Portuguese authorities and inhabitants. Shortly afterwards some British cruisers for the suppression of the slave-trade came into port, and their officers vied with each other in showing their hospitality towards their suffering countryman. One of the doctors on board furnished him with medicines, which relieved his complaint, and in time restored him to comparatively good health. The commander of one vessel offered to take him to St. Helena or homewards, but he
declined the offer in consideration of his Makololo companions, whom he resolved on guiding back to their native country.

These simple natives viewed the large stone-built houses and churches at Loanda with amazement, saying, 'These are not huts, but mountains with many caves in them!' They were invited to visit the war-vessels *Pluto* and *Philomel*, when the whole party went, and the Doctor, pointing to the sailors, said, 'Now, these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those who buy and sell black men.' They replied, 'Truly, they are just like you!' and all their fears of being kidnapped vanished at once, for they went forward amongst the men, and the jolly tars handed them a share of the bread and beef they had for dinner. A cannon was fired off to show them what the slave-trade was put down with; and they called the brig-of-war a town, asking, 'What sort of a town is it that you must climb into with a rope?'

When the objects our zealous missionary had in view, of opening up the interior of the country with direct communication to the coast for trading purposes, were made known through the newspapers of Angola, the authorities granted a sum to purchase a complete colonel's uniform and horse for the Makololo chief Sekeletu, and suits of clothing for all the men who accompanied Dr. Livingstone. The merchants likewise entered into a public subscription to send presents to the Makololo, among which were two donkeys, for the purpose of introducing the breed into their country, as tsetse cannot kill this beast of burden. Besides these, he took a good stock of cotton-cloth, fresh supplies of ammunition and beads, and a musket for each of his men. His naval friends on board the *Philomel* supplied him with a good new tent, so that he had such a large equip-
ment for the return journey that his own men had to be assisted by twenty carriers, kindly furnished by the Bishop-Governor of Loanda, who also sent forward orders to all the commandants of the districts to render the party every assistance.

Upwards of three months elapsed during their stay at Loanda, when the expedition took its departure from that hospitable town on the 20th September 1854. The return route was somewhat varied from the down journey, the particulars of which it is not necessary to enter upon in this sketch. Suffice it to say, that in crossing the dividing ranges from the northern to the southern watershed, Livingstone made a detour to the westward, ascending from a height of 3500 feet above the sea-level to 5000 feet at the summit of the western subtending range, whence there is a gentle descent towards the central basin of the country. In passing through the Chiboque territory the party was again molested by its lawless tribes, and they were attacked several times and plundered, but happily no blood was shed. Fresh exactions also reduced their store of merchandise and supplies, which were further exhausted in the necessary delays caused by some of the party from time to time being laid up with fever. The consequences were, that upwards of ten months elapsed before they reached the Makololo country; and the expedition arrived at Linyanti no richer than when it started.

On the 27th July 1855 the return party reached the town of Libonta, in the Barotse valley, where they were received with extravagant demonstrations of joy. The women came forth to meet them, making their curious dancing gestures, and shouting loud lulliloos. Some of them rushed forward and kissed the hands and cheeks of their friends among the men, whom they looked upon as having risen from the dead, for the most skilful of the
diviners had pronounced them dead long before. After many expressions of joy at meeting, Dr. Livingstone thanked them, explaining the causes of their long delay, but left the report to be made by their own countrymen. This was done by Pitsam, the chief speaker, who gave a highly flattering picture of the whole journey, of the kindness of the white men in general, and of Mr. Gabriel in particular. They were supplied with abundance of food gratuitously; and when told that all their means were expended, they answered gracefully, 'It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep.' Their progress down the Barotse valley was quite an ovation among these dusky children of Africa. Every village gave them an ox or two, and strangers came flocking from a distance, seldom empty-handed. No distrust was shown towards its indefatigable leader for bringing the party back without the expected riches, and his poverty in no way lessened his influence amongst them. They saw that he had been exerting himself for their benefit alone; and even his own men remarked, 'Though we return as poor as we went, we have not gone in vain.' At length the whole party made a grand entry into the town of Linyanti, bringing with them the horse and other presents from the governor and merchants of Loanda to Sekeletu. Livingstone explained that none of these were his property, but that they were sent to show the friendly feelings of the white men, and their eagerness to enter into commercial relations with the Makololo. The chief received the presents with expressions of great satisfaction and delight; and on Sunday, when Sekeletu made his appearance at church in his uniform, it attracted more attention than the sermon; and the kind expressions they made use of respecting the worthy Doctor were so flattering that he felt inclined to shut his eyes.

This expedition with the Makololo men to the west coast
was so far successful in the eyes of the adventurous among their tribe, that Livingstone had no difficulty in getting a band of volunteers to accompany him in his expedition down the Zambesi River to the east coast. They said that they wished to make a great journey, and be able to return and relate strange things, like those who had journeyed to the west. Livingstone having expressed a wish to Sekeletu to start in the middle of October, just as the dry summer heats set in, that considerate chief protested against his going away in such a hot sun—the thermometer rising to 138° in the rays, and 108° in the shade. By the end of the month the rainy season came on, which tempered the excessive heat of the atmosphere; and our enthusiastic explorer made his preparations for the next journey. Sekeletu being anxious to grow the sugar-cane, from what Livingstone had said, asked him to buy a sugar-mill, for which purpose he allowed him to take all the ivory he had; also to purchase different kinds of clothing, beads, brass wire, and a good rifle; winding up by saying, 'And any other beautiful thing you may see in your own country.' He was also anxious for horses, as he found them useful in hunting the giraffe and eland. Livingstone had left him two when he went to Loanda, and the horse brought from there, with the two donkeys, was a great addition to his stud.

On the 3d of November the expedition started from Linyanti, accompanied by the Makololo chief and about two hundred of his people. As the first part of the journey lay through a country infested by the dreaded tsetse insect, those with the horses and cattle had to travel by night, when that scourge is asleep. There was a tremendous thunderstorm the first night; the lightning spread over the sky, forming eight or ten branches at a time, in shape exactly like a tree, enabling them to see the whole country.
Heroes of Discovery.

Having been advised by Sekeletu not to follow down the Leeambye for a considerable distance, on account of the rocky nature of the country, Livingstone resolved on cutting across the mountains to where the river reaches a point by a north-east course, when it takes a bend to the east. Had he gone off in that direction without making a slight detour through that rocky region, he would have missed seeing the grandest natural sight witnessed by him in all his long and weary wanderings through Africa, namely, the now famous falls of Victoria on the Zambesi.

This extraordinary cataract is called by the natives Mosi-oa-tunya. Livingstone had frequently heard of these falls, as the name denotes that 'smoke does sound there,' and refers to the immense columns of vapour that rise from the unknown depths of the reservoir or chasm into which the water precipitates itself. These are visible at a distance of from five to twenty miles, according as the river discharges its volume of water between the lowest and highest flood. When seen from a distance, the vapour appears to ascend in several columns, bending with the direction of the wind. It is white at the base, and becomes dark as it ascends, until it apparently mingleth with the clouds so as to resemble smoke very closely. At this point the whole scene is described by our author as 'extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of form and colour. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled with blossoms. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, besides groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. . . . It had never been seen before by European eyes, but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt is that
of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half-a-mile from the falls I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water falls. . . . But though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could see where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only 80 feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. . . . In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which at the time we visited the spot had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour, exactly like steam, and it mounted 200 or 300 feet high; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. . . . On the left of the island we saw the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass, moving away to the prolongation of the fissure which branches off near the left bank of the river. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock.'

The natives look upon this magnificent natural pheno-
menon with fear and wonder, and stories are told of how some of their enemies have slipped down the tremendous chasm on the landward side, which penetrates the rocky mountains for a distance of thirty or forty miles. The river itself is a mysterious stream to them, and their canoe-songs have the following refrain:

"The Lecambye! nobody knows
Whence it comes, and whither it goes."

Next day our adventurous traveller visited the island again, in company with the Makololo chief, who was rather nervous of being sucked into the gulf, and planted about a hundred apricot and peach stones, and a quantity of coffee-seeds.

Returning to his party, Livingstone bade adieu to Sekeletu and his escort, proceeding on his journey towards the east coast, with a company of 114 men, carrying the ivory tusks and baggage. The country they passed through on their march was rough and rocky, and at one time had been densely peopled by a troublesome race, who were driven away by the warlike Sebituane, the father of Sekeletu. At the hamlet of Moyara they saw fifty-four human skulls hung on stakes, evidence of the savage ferocity of these tribes in warfare, as the greater number were skulls of boys. All these tribes follow the curious custom of knocking out the front teeth in the upper jaw at the age of puberty. This custom gives them an uncouth aged appearance; the teeth of the under jaw grow long and bent out, causing the under lip to protrude in an unsightly way, yet no young woman thinks herself accomplished until it is done.

After ten days' travel the party came to the river Kalomo, the only stream in the neighbourhood that never dries up, having a rapid current, about fifty yards broad where they crossed, and flowing to the southward, where it joins the
Zambesi below the falls. They were here at the culminating point of this rocky mountain-region, where Livingstone ascertained the altitude above the sea-level as over 5000 feet. From all accounts, he was of opinion that this is one of the most salubrious regions in the interior of Africa, where the climate is comparatively temperate, though within the tropical zone. As no high mountain-ranges or isolated peaks are known in these central regions, and the plateau between the ridges is about 600 geographical miles from east to west, Livingstone came to the conclusion that the greater portion of South Africa is a vast interior basin, stretching to within 300 or 350 miles of the coast, where it is fringed with hilly ranges rising to an elevation of about 5000 feet. As a curious coincidence, the same views were entertained by Sir Roderick Murchison, president of the Royal Geographical Society, who had enunciated the theory in his inaugural address for 1852, which Livingstone deduced from practical observation three years afterwards. He honestly confesses being ‘cut out’ in his discovery in the following words: ‘In his easy-chair Sir Roderick had forestalled me by three years, though I had been working hard through jungle, marsh, and fever; and since the light dawned on my mind at Dilolo (lake), had been cherishing the pleasing delusion that I should be the first to suggest the idea that the interior of Africa was a watery plateau of less elevation than the flanking hilly ranges.’ Notwithstanding this modest estimation of his geographical discovery, he bears the palm as the hero who encountered all the dangers and privations that led him to this conclusion, which he practically demonstrated, without being prompted to do so by the theories of others.

On the 18th December the expedition arrived safely at the Kafue River, having taken nearly a month to travel across the Batoka country. At the crossing place, a short
distance above its junction with the Zambesi, it is upwards of two hundred yards wide, and full of hippopotami, the young of which were seen perched on the necks of their dams. The chief of the tribe, named Semalembue, living on the river-bank, paid our traveller a visit, accompanied by forty of his people—all large men. He was very civil, remarking that he had often heard of him; and in now seeing him, said that he feared he should sleep the first night at his village hungry. This was considered the polite way of presenting his guest with several baskets of meal, maize, and ground nuts, for supper; which was supplemented next day by sending twenty baskets of meal to the party. Their mode of salutation was by clapping the hands; and their hair was twisted into little strings like a cap with tassels, or formed a great tuft drawn up from the crown of the head, while the forehead, and round the ears, was closely shaven up to the base of the tuft. Here the people had English cotton goods and other commodities, which had been brought from Mozambique by native traders, for which some of the Makololos bartered their beads.

As the party approached the Zambesi the numbers of elephants and buffaloes among the jungle and broad-leaved bushes on the route were so obstructive that they had to shout out to get them out of the way. In an open tract of country a herd of buffaloes came trotting up to look at the oxen of the party, and it was only by shooting one that they were made to beat a retreat. The flesh of this animal was excellent, and very much like that of the ox. Before they were in sight of the great river, Livingstone saw indications of its proximity in the abundance of water-fowl they met. He killed four gese with two shots, and might have fed his whole party on them. When their eyes were gladdened by a view of its broad waters, it was found to be very much larger than above the falls. One might shout in vain to be
heard across it, while the current flowed more rapidly than near Seshake, at the rate of four and a half miles an hour. At that spot, and up the valley of the Leeambye, the river was always clear, but now, below the falls, the water was discoloured, and of a deep brownish-red.

Hitherto the expedition had passed along without molestation from the inhabitants by the way; but as they neared the confluence of the Loangwa River with the main stream, they journeyed through the lands of a chief named Mburuma, who was inimical to white men in consequence of an Italian missionary who once came amongst them talking peace, having kidnapped children and bought ivory with them. Seeing Livingstone with such a large party carrying tusks, they concluded he was intent on the same business, and all his persuasions could not disabuse their minds of that idea. Consequently, when the party were crossing the Loangwa, the natives collected in great force, every man armed, so that he was apprehensive of an attack; but he fortunately got the whole party safely over to the other side, and parted in a friendly manner from the guides.

The expedition was rapidly nearing the settled districts of the Portuguese, the first indication of civilization being the appearance of a negro with a jacket and hat on. He was quite black, but had come from the Portuguese settlement at Tette or Nyungwe. From him they learned that the town was on the opposite or right bank of the Zambesi, and he advised Livingstone to cross the river at once. This he attempted to do, but could get no one to lend him canoes, as they were afraid of offending the chief of the district, named Mpande. There was therefore no alternative but to go on and see this redoubtable personage. The party encamped a short distance from his village, and messengers went on to parley with him, when they returned without any satisfactory negotiations. Next morning the
whole tribe assembled within half-a-mile of the camp, making what appeared to be a hostile demonstration. Upon this Livingstone was determined to make all the resistance in his power, and ordered an ox to be slaughtered, that his men might be strengthened for the fight. They were brave fellows, and were rather pleased than otherwise with the prospect of a skirmish, by which they could get plenty of corn and clothes when the enemy was beaten. While they were thus feasting, two old men came to inquire who they were, when Livingstone replied that he was an Englishman; and one of his head men, Sekwebu, returned with them to Mpende, who was satisfied with his explanations, offering them canoes to cross the river. This was a happy termination to a hostile demonstration, and they parted from each other excellent friends.

After crossing the river, our traveller deemed it advisable to leave the bank on his journey to Tette, and traverse the country some distance to the southward. In doing so the party suffered much from fatigue and want of food—one man dying by the way. Their clothes, too, were so ragged that two tusks were exchanged for calico to cover their nakedness. When they reached within eight miles of the settlement, Livingstone felt too much fatigued to go on, but sent forward his letters of recommendation from Loanda to the commandant. Next morning he was roused about two o'clock by two officers and a company of soldiers, who had brought the materials for a civilized breakfast, and were to accompany him to Tette. His companions thought that they were captured by the armed men, and called out in alarm. When he understood the errand on which they had come, and had partaken of a good breakfast, though he had just before been too tired to sleep, all his fatigue vanished. He says: 'It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last eight miles without the
least feeling of weariness, although it was so rough a path that one of the officers remarked to me, "This is enough to tear one's life out." The pleasure experienced in partaking of that breakfast was only equalled by the enjoyment of Mr. Gabriel's bed on my arrival at Loanda.'

It is pleasant to relate how our countryman received the same attention and hospitality from the commandant and other Portuguese authorities at Tette that he had at Loanda. In every possible way they provided succour for him and his party, as if they had been old friends. As Livingstone intended to continue his journey by water, it was no longer necessary for him to travel with so large a retinue, so he had to leave the most of his men at this place. He and his men were liberally provided with clothing and other necessaries by the commandant, who refused all recompense. When the reduced party was ready to proceed down the river, the commandant provided most abundantly for the voyage, and gave orders that no payment should be taken for any requirements all the way to the coast.

Three large canoes had arrived from Senna, and our weary traveller sat in one of them most comfortably under an awning to protect him from the sun. Notwithstanding this, he was attacked with a tertian fever before reaching the coast, from which he suffered severely. At a place named Interra, a Portuguese gentleman, noted for his attention to English officers visiting the Zambesi, gave him the use of a large sailing launch, with cabin shelter, in which he sailed down what was supposed to be the northern mouth of the great stream to the seaport of Quillimane. At length he had arrived at the east coast, accomplishing his second great journey from the interior of South Africa. Here he found that Her Majesty's brig Frolic had called to inquire for him, the captain leaving a case of wine, and the doctor some quinine,
both of which were most acceptable, and assisted in speedily restoring him to health. The brig returned with an offer from the admiral of a passage to the Mauritius, which was accepted, whence he returned to England by one of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's ships.

When Dr. Livingstone arrived in England he was received by those who were more immediately acquainted with his missionary labours and geographical discoveries with the greatest cordiality and enthusiasm. But the public at large, who had only a fragmentary knowledge of the latter, were unable to appreciate the extent of his long wanderings and privations in the interior of South Africa, from the occasional paragraphs that appeared in the periodicals of the day. Having been from time to time in communication with the Royal Geographical Society regarding his experiences of the geography of that section of the continent, which practically illustrated the theory of the president, Sir Roderick Murchison, that gentleman invited him to lay his views before the society at one of their meetings. This was complied with, and the report of his communication was received with much interest; but it only whetted the public appetite to obtain further details—a similar case to that of his predecessor, Mungo Park, in North Africa, on his return home. There was nothing for it but the publication of his journal, or such parts as would satisfy the general inquiry for further information. In undertaking the task of furnishing a condensed account of his sojourn and travels during sixteen years in that country, he expresses himself as quite incompetent to do so, and would much rather have undertaken another journey. However, he accomplished his literary work in a manner equally creditable with that of his missionary labours or his enduring toils in the field of geographical discovery; not so much on account of its
excellence as a book of travels, as for the honest, zealous, and
withal modest manner in which he recounts his adventures
among unknown African tribes, and the wonderful region
they inhabited, where it was conjectured nothing existed
but a second Sahara. His discovery of the Upper Zambesi,
with the stupendous cataracts of Mosi-oa-tunya, or Victoria
Falls,—eclipsing even the famous Niagara Falls,—took the
world by surprise, and these alone would have made his
reputation as a great discoverer. But when his journey
from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, across intertropical
South Africa, was included, his fame spread over Europe,
and geographers in all countries acknowledged the great
additions he had made to the map of that region as
without parallel.

Amidst all this laudation of his heroic exploits in the
field of discovery, Dr. Livingstone never forgot the object
of his first mission to Africa, to endeavour to spread the
blessings of Christianity among its heathen inhabitants, and
to aid in suppressing the slave-trade carried on from the
interior with the Portuguese settlements on the east and
west coasts. Notwithstanding the hospitable manner in
which he had been received by the authorities of these
settlements, he had seen enough to conclude that the traffic
in slaves was encouraged by the Portuguese home Govern-
ment, and that it became his duty to impart all the
knowledge he possessed on that head to the British
Government, especially as it cost England an immense
amount annually of men, money, and ships to suppress
the illegal traffic on the coasts. Accordingly, Lord
Palmerston, whose policy had been successful on the
west coast of North and Central Africa, and who was
at the head of the administration, cordially assented
to render assistance to our zealous explorer in prose-
cuting his researches on the Zambesi River, with a view
HEROES OF DISCOVERY.

to bring the interior tribes into direct communication with Europeans on the east coast, and encourage the production of raw material, to be exported to England in return for British manufactures. Encouragement was also to be given to the inhabitants in developing the resources of the country, by introducing seeds and implements suited for agricultural purposes. A mission of this nature was then formed under the immediate auspices of Lord Clarendon, who held the seals of the Foreign Office, and means were granted to furnish the Doctor with an efficient party and equipment to undertake his new enterprise. With him were associated his brother Charles Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and Mr. R. Thornton, as assistants in taking scientific observations, collecting objects of natural history, and otherwise aiding in the conduct of the expedition. In order that every facility should be given by modern appliances to the party in exploring the navigable parts of the Zambesi and its tributaries, a small steamer, constructed of steel, was sent out in compartments on the deck of H.M.S. Pearl, together with an engineer and seamen to work the vessel, and abundance of provisions, stores, and merchandise for traffic.

In May 1858 the expedition arrived at the mouths of the Zambesi, where the steamer was put together, and named the Ma-Robert, after Mrs. Livingstone, that being the affectionate mode of naming the mother of a family in conjunction with her eldest son, among the Bechuanas. The first object was to examine the mouths of the river, for which purpose Mr. Skead, R.N., was sent by the admiral on the Cape station to make a correct maritime survey, as doubts were entertained of the correctness of the Portuguese charts. Not only were discrepancies found in the positions laid down of these embouchures, but what was considered as the main outlet
of the Zambesi at Quillimane proved to be a different stream altogether, having no navigable connection with the great river, except a natural canal running parallel with the coast. The true entrance was discovered at the west channel, named Kongone, being one of four mouths through which the river debouches into the Indian Ocean; while the six other openings in the delta have no navigable channel into the main stream. The importance of this discovery lies in the fact that the Kongone and the other outlets were those by which the Portuguese slave-traders reached the sea, without being seen by the English cruisers, which were watching off the Quillimane River, sixty miles to the south-east. The knowledge of this fact had been all along purposely concealed by the Portuguese Government, in order to deceive the English; and the colonial minister had published a map for the purpose of deception. This disgraceful conduct of a European state in the nineteenth century, conniving at the horrible traffic in human beings, is manfully shown up by Dr. Livingstone, and henceforth our cruisers on the east coast, which cost annually £70,000 to maintain, will be on the alert in the proper quarter. Thus at the outset of the second great expedition of our explorer he had done further good service in the cause of humanity, as well as corrected a geographical error of some importance, that has existed on the maps of Africa for the last two centuries. It would appear that the local authorities were not to blame in the matter, and expressed themselves in the highest terms of Livingstone’s discovery of the true channel, where a Portuguese post has since been established.

Bidde adieu to the officers of the Pearl, our missionary explorer steamed up the broad bosom of the Zambesi, in a very different manner from his canoe voyage down the stream. He was returning like a conqueror to claim his geographical discoveries, which his enemies were en-
deavouring to dispute or claim prior information about. On reaching Tette it was found that the steamer was not at all suitable for the navigation of the river, and that the constructor of it had deceived Livingstone as to its power and accommodation.

It will be remembered that on his former expedition he had left about a hundred and twenty of the Makololo natives at Tette, who were to remain there until his return from England. After an absence of more than two years, he had fulfilled his promise, and in September 1858 he met nearly ninety of them at this place. When they recognised their 'white father,' these faithful aborigines manifested the most unbounded joy at seeing him, relating that some thirty of their number had died of small-pox.

Meanwhile the expedition descended the Zambesi to the junction of the river Shiré, a considerable tributary coming from the north, where they heard that there were numerous lakes and marshes. On inquiry of the Portuguese concerning these, they could give no precise account of them, as no one seemed ever to have gone any distance beyond the settlements. In fact, all along the Portuguese have been afraid to risk their lives in exploring the immense territory which they rather ostentatiously consider under their jurisdiction, in consequence of the slave-traffic they have introduced, and which has been obnoxious to the natives. This appears especially so with the inhabitants on the banks of the Shiré River, with whom they have no intercourse. The expedition could not learn from any statement whether the river had ever been ascended by Europeans. Hence, as far as Livingstone was concerned, the exploration of its course was entirely new.

After an ascent of some two hundred miles, the progress of the steamer was stopped by a series of magnificent cataracts, which Livingstone named 'Murchison Cataracts,' in
honour of the president of the Royal Geographical Society. Without progressing beyond the cataracts on that occasion, the party returned to the same spot in March to make a further exploration of its course above them. On this second journey the natives received them in a friendly manner, and a chief named Chibisa, whose village lay close to the falls, was so friendly that Livingstone left the steamer there, and marched with Dr. Kirk and a number of Makololo men to explore Lake Shirwa. After traversing a rugged country, and ascending hills, the perseverance of the party was crowned with success in seeing a picturesque lake, with islands, stretching away to the north as far as the eye could reach, the eastern shore formed by a mountain chain, calculated at 8000 feet above the sea-level, with Mount Zomba, 7000 feet to the west, forming the northern extremity of a range named Milanji. The lake itself was ascertained to be 1800 feet above the sea, and the superficies 60 miles from north to south, averaging 20 miles wide. The scenery in the vicinity of the lake was very picturesque, and the country covered with luxuriant vegetation far up the mountain-side. Again the party returned, with the intention of making a third trip into the country, as it was possible something wrong might happen to the steamer and crew. These they found all right, except the quartermaster suffering from fever, while the two doctors, exposed to the free mountain air, were in robust health. The steamer was taken down to the Kongone, and her bottom cleaned, but the steel fabric gave way in small cracks or stars, letting in the water most uncomfortably.

While at Lake Shirwa they learned that a much larger sheet of water was not far off towards the north, where it extended a distance of some hundreds of miles, and was named Nyingsi, signifying 'the stars.' This was the now famous Lake Nyassa, for the discovery of which the party
who started numbered forty-two, including Livingstone, his three assistants, two guides, and thirty-six Makololo. They were all armed with muskets, and made a formidable party as they traversed the Manganji highlands, which are well wooded and watered, presenting a country beautifully diversified by mountain and valley. The inhabitants were friendly, and did not molest the party in any serious way; while they exhibited more than the usual skill at handicrafts, such as weaving, blacksmith work, and making utensils, weapons, and ornaments.

Dr. Livingstone discovered Lake Nyassa on the 16th September 1859. He is precise as to the date, in consequence of an enterprising German traveller named Rocher having seen it on the 19th November 1859. Unfortunately he was murdered on his way back to the coast, and his discoveries were never published. On the other hand, Livingstone sent despatches regularly to the Geographical Society, with all the dates of discovery, which were published at the time. Having seen this immense lake, the party once more returned to the steamer, and afterwards to the coast, deferring to another trip the exploration of its waters.

At this stage of Livingstone's second great expedition he bethought himself of the promise made to the Makololo men, of returning with them to their own country, and taking to Sekeletu the merchandise he promised to bring from England in exchange for his ivory. Accordingly he mustered all the men, and started with them, leaving the steamer behind in charge of two sailors. Upwards of three years had passed while the Makololo had dwelt near Tette. During that time many had formed attachments to female slaves, and some had children whom they could not take away, and their affections being strong, about one-third preferred remaining behind or deserting the party on the journey. At last the expedition was compact, without
stragglers, and two donkeys were of service in carrying baggage. Their mode of camping out at night was skilfully arranged by the Makololo, and the daily routine was gone through with monotonous regularity. Instead of hurrying on so as to fatigue the men, Livingstone, who was ever compassionate towards the meanest of his followers, marched leisurely along, affording abundance of opportunity to view the wonders of the country, its animate and inanimate nature. The weather was generally fine while they ascended the Zambesi, and as they attained the higher regions the party enjoyed better health than they did in the lower country. As on his downward journey, Livingstone led his party across the Batoka country, to avoid the rocky regions below the great falls of Mosi-oa-tunya.

These grand falls were revisited by our explorer in company with his brother and Dr. Kirk, all of whom viewed them from the island on the verge of the cataract, making a more extensive survey of the river and outlet of the waters below, to ascertain the height of the falls and the width of the river. The latter was computed to be 1860 yards, a number which was fixed upon as also recording the date of its careful examination. The depth of the fall was calculated by lowering a piece of white cloth on a string with a weight attached, making it to be, approximately, 360 feet, or twice the height of Niagara Falls. By observation with the sextant, the width of this tremendous chasm was 80 yards at its narrowest part, into which the immense volume of water plunged with sublime grandeur. But the stream does not fall over in one unbroken sheet, as it is divided by several islands at the verge, forming a series of falls varying from 36 to 573 yards, and making a total of 900 yards of constant fall. Where the mass of water rolls over the verge it is clear and unbroken for about 10 feet, when it suddenly breaks into a white, snowy sheet, from which
fantastic forms of vapour burst forth in myriads, like the cometic forms of fireworks. Down, down this huge volume of water plunges into the abyss below, where it surges, boils, and eddies along the whole extent of the chasm, and after forming a whirlpool, rushes through an escape channel 130 yards long, between perpendicular cliffs, apparently not more than 30 yards apart. Beyond this, it enters a second chasm nearly parallel with the first, then a second, a third, and ultimately a fourth, of these precipitous ravines, like the zig-zag approaches of a military engineer in attacking a fortress, but of immense proportions, with an eternal rush and roar of water. Then above all this mighty turmoil rise about ten columns of vapour, which ascend so far into the heavens that their fleecy tops were seen at a distance of twenty-one miles on this occasion. Altogether, these falls may be pronounced the grandest in the known world, eclipsing the famous American falls that formerly reigned supreme in the category of cataracts. Doubtless they will attract many adventurous travellers into the wilds of Africa, whose presence may aid in spreading civilization around them, and thereby assist in the grand objects ever kept in view by their renowned discoverer.

Arrived at Sesheki, Livingstone found a marked change for the worse among the Makololo people and the chief Sekeletu since he had left the country, about three years before. The latter had become afflicted with leprosy in such a manner that he hid himself from the gaze of his followers, who, not having the fear of their chief before their eyes, allowed the rude government of the tribe to fall into decay, and the power of the Makololo was passing away. It was with great difficulty that the traveller and his friends were admitted into his presence, when he presented a loathsome appearance, which under the medicines administered by our medical missionary was partially
Dr. David Livingstone.

loved, and his illness alleviated. Almost every member
of the tribe crowded from far and near to see again their
good 'white father;' but all seemed to be in low spirits,
relating tales of distress from a severe drought that had
destroyed their pasture-lands and crops, while many had
suffered domestic afflictions. Nevertheless, they one and
all rejoiced at seeing their teacher again, and did all in
their power to aid him and his friends in prosecuting the
objects of the expedition.

Without making a longer stay than was necessary, Living-
stone and his friends took their departure for the coast,
returning by a path nearer the Zambesi than the one during
their ascent of the river. The country passed through was
wild and mountainous, with finely wooded scenery on both
banks, but thinly inhabited. Having reached the navigable
part of the river below the falls, the party embarked in
canoes at Sinamane, and paddled down the stream, viewing
with much interest the villages and plantations on each
side.

At Tette the expedition embarked in the steamer, which
by this time was fairly worn out, although the seamen in
charge had done all in their power to keep it afloat. They
had proceeded but a short way down the river when she
commenced to leak so much that it was difficult to prevent
her from sinking. At last she grounded on a sandbank and
filled, when the party abandoned this crazy boat, saving all
their baggage and most of the property on board. They
spent the Christmas of 1860 on an island named Chimba,
and proceeded in canoes afterwards to Senna. From thence
the expedition sailed for the Kongone mouth of the
Zambesi, where they found a Portuguese custom-house
established.

Shortly after his arrival at this place, our indefatigable
explorer had the satisfaction of seeing the small steamer
Pioneer anchor outside the bar, which had been sent out by the Admiralty from England for the purpose of navigating the Rovuma River under his orders. This river debouches into the Indian Ocean about 700 miles to the northward of the Zambesi, flowing through territory over which the Portuguese have no claim or jurisdiction, and deriving its sources from the mountains bordering the east shore of Lake Nyassa. In consequence of the Portuguese Government having refused to open up the navigation of the Zambesi to the traffic of all nations, the British Government despatched the Pioneer to survey the Rovuma, with a view to see if that river could be made a free and open highway into the interior. Accordingly no time was lost in reaching its entrance, which was accomplished on the 25th February 1861; the little steamer making a capital sea-boat, and crossing a magnificent bay, without any bar, at the mouth of the river. Unfortunately, as the steamer ascended the stream it was found that she drew five feet of water, and with difficulty crossed some shallow places on her route. After ascending several miles, the river suddenly fell about seven inches in twenty-four hours, and it was deemed advisable to return at once, especially as fever had broken out on board. From this cause, when the steamer got out to sea, the captain and crew, who had come out from England in her, were laid prostrate, and the vessel was navigated entirely by the members of the original Zambesi expedition, the Doctor acting as captain. In this capacity he exhibited his universal talent, and remarks in his journal that it is easier to lay down positions at sea than on rivers, 'where, if one does not run ashore, no one follows to find out an error or blunder.' Instead of returning to the Zambesi, he steered his course for the Comoro Islands, to take up Bishop Mackenzie and the members of a mission sent out from Oxford and Cambridge,
who were recruiting at the isle of Johanna before entering upon their labours in forming a missionary establishment on the Shiré River,—an effort in which they succumbed to the malarious fever of the country.

As Livingstone had anticipated from his experience of the Rovuma River, the Pioneer steamer was not suited for the navigation of the Zambesi. Much time and labour were lost in hauling her over the shallows; and having done so, it was found that she could not return down stream until the river rose in the rainy season. After a tedious passage, the party, including the Cambridge and Oxford mission, arrived at Chibisa, near the Murchison Cataracts on the Shiré River. While at this place, a gang of slaves were passing down to the settlement at Tette, when Dr. Livingstone and his associates resolved on freeing the wretched people from bondage. The men were fastened neck and neck by means of wooden gyves about six feet long, their wrists manacled with chains attached to the women and children; so that the whole gang were united in this cruel manner, except the babes, who were fastened by calico cloth round the mothers' backs. They were driven by black wretches, armed with muskets and hatchets, and their persons bedecked with finery, some of them blowing tin trumpets, in exultation at their cruel task, or to drown the screams of their wretched countrymen, whom they gloried in striking with heavy cudgels should they lag on the march. These cowardly drivers no sooner saw the English party, so numerous and well armed, than they suddenly ran off into the adjacent forest, leaving the whole gang of slaves in their hands, without a blow being struck. Then the poor captives knelt down and thanked their deliverers, who were soon busy in taking off their chains, and sawing asunder the heavy wooden collars of the men. They were then told, to their astonishment, to cook the food they were
carrying, and eat it as they chose. On inquiry, it was found
that they were chiefly prisoners taken in flight; that two
women had been shot for attempting to unfasten their
chains; an infant had its brains knocked out because its
mother could not carry it with her heavy load; and a man,
worn out with fatigue, was cut down with a tomahawk.
Eighty-four slaves were liberated, chiefly women and
children, and they were at once attached to the mission
under Bishop Mackenzie, the men cheerfully carrying the
baggage. Several other gangs of slaves were liberated on
the journey up, and the mission was established at
Magomero.

In the autumn of 1861, Dr. Livingstone, his brother, Dr.
Kirk, and one seaman, explored the extensive Lake Nyassa
in a four-oared gig, which the natives carried across the
portages where the river was impassable from cataracts and
rapids. The boat was launched on the lake on the 2d
September, when they were refreshed by the coolness of
the air, being at an elevation of 1300 feet above the sea.
On attempting to sound its greatest depth, no bottom was
found with a line 700 feet long. The expedition entered
upon its waters at the southern extremity, where it
separates into two arms divided by a peninsula. Proceeding
north, the narrowest part of the lake is about 20
miles broad, and it increases gradually until it widens to
about 60 or 70 miles, the whole lake trending almost due
north and south for some 210 miles. As the boat sailed
over its deep blue waters, the breezes at first blew gently,
giving a charm to their voyage, which added to that of the
fascination of discovery. But this tranquillity of the weather
was interrupted by sudden and severe storms, which rushed
down from the neighbouring high table-land towards the
interior. It was the season of the equinox, when the
stormiest periods occur, and their progress was retarded, and
The "Nata" on Lake Nyassa.
at times the safety of the party was endangered, from the violence of the waves and wind, which blew from the west. Their course lay along the western shore, where, though under the lee of the land, the surf, during the repeated gales, rose so high that they could not land, and were obliged to keep the boat head-on to the wind while its fury lasted. At last, to prevent any catastrophe, the boat was beached every night, and at the approach of each squall.

Dr. Livingstone remarks of the inhabitants on the shores of Lake Nyassa, that nowhere in all his wanderings through Africa had he seen such a dense population, especially in the southern part, where along the shore it was almost an unbroken chain of villages. These people cultivated the fertile soil, raising crops of rice, maize, mapira, millet, and sweet potatoes; and a large portion were fishermen, catching the delicious fish, which were abundant in the lake, with well-made nets. The women were hideous, disfiguring themselves with the perforation of the upper lip, extended by a ring, which was observed on the Upper Zambesi. Generally speaking, the men assumed an open, free disposition, offering fish to any of the party while watching their operations with the net. But many were arrant thieves, and, for the first time in all their varied encampments, the party were plundered during one night of the greater part of their clothes and merchandise while unconsciously sleeping under the boat's sail. So expertly were the articles abstracted that some were removed from under the sleepers' pillows, they thinking in their dreamy state that it was their own attendants adjusting their coverings. From petty larceny of this kind, the party found, as they proceeded northward, that they had come amongst a sanguinary tribe of wholesale robbers and murderers, who swoop down upon defenceless villages, plunder the inhabitants, killing those who resist, and carrying off their prisoners, whom
they sell into slavery. After sailing to where the northern shore narrowed into an apparent termination of the lake, the boat returned, and the whole party reached the steamer by the route they had come.

The *Pioneer* steamed down to the Great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, as preferable to the Kongone, for fuel. Here H.M.S. *Gorgon* towed in a brig having Mrs. Livingstone on board, who had come to aid her husband in the prosecution of his missionary labours. Alas! she had scarcely been three months in the pestilential climate when she succumbed to the fatal fever, notwithstanding all the medical aid that could be rendered by Dr. Kirk. It was about sunset on the last Sunday in April 1862 when this devoted Christian lady breathed her last, and her remains were buried next day at Shupanga, under the shade of a great banyan-tree, where a cross was erected over her tomb.

On board the *Gorgon* were the compartments of another small steamer, constructed at Dr. Livingstone's own expense, and intended for the navigation of Lake Nyassa. These were landed and put together at Shupanga, where the new steamer was named the *Lady Nyassa*. The natives came from far and near to witness the launch, as the rumour had been spread that, being of iron, she must sink. They were amazed when they saw the ship float lightly and gracefully on the river; and the figurehead was pointed to as the wonderful work of the white men, who could make a woman all except the speaking. It was June before everything requisite was placed on board, and the waters of the Zambesi and Shiré rivers being at their lowest, any attempt to take her up to the cataracts before the rainy season in December would be fruitless. It was resolved, therefore, to proceed to the island of Johanna, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of provisions, and some
draught-oxen to carry the compartments of the steamer from below the falls to the lake. Accordingly the expeditionary party proceeded thither in the Pioneer, and obtained the necessary provisions from Mr. Smiley, the British consul, who further forwarded the objects of the expedition by parting with six oxen trained for his own use in sugar manufacture.

Had the Rovuma presented a navigable channel inland, it was our explorer's intention to have returned for the small steamer, and endeavour to transport it to the north-eastern shore of Lake Nyassa, and survey it from that point. But as the land carriage was less by the Shiré affluent of the Zambesi, he resolved on attempting the transport of the steamer from that point, as at first intended. Accordingly, we find him with his party steaming up that river in January 1863, the Pioneer towing the Lady Nyassa. As they ascended the stream they were horrified to see such numbers of dead bodies floating down, so that in the morning they had to clear the paddles of those collected during the night. There had been great mortality on the river and the country inland, in consequence of a devastating drought, but chiefly from the ravages of a Portuguese half-caste slave-agent, named Mariano—a miscreant protected by the authorities at Quillimane, who shared in the profits of the slave-traffic. It grieved the sensitive feelings of our countrymen to witness the desolated villages, formerly so populous, and bustling with the industry of life. A sickening sight greeted their eyes, of putrid bodies and skeletons, everywhere, with only a few starving children, too weak to eat even the wild fruit of the forest. The body of a boy floating past the steamer was pounced on by an alligator, and munched up as a terrier dog does a rat. On shore, wherever a person walked, human skeletons were seen in every direction; and at one
place a whole heap had been thrown down an embankment, where the fugitives from the slave-hunters crossed the river. Eighteen months had barely passed away since the expedition beheld the Shire valley smiling in plenitude, and inhabited by an industrious people. Now it was silent and desolate—a Golgotha strewed with human bones; and all this the result of that monster iniquity, the slave-trade, which a so-called Christian power in Europe recognises and encourages for the filthy lucre amassed by an indolent class of Portuguese, who are a disgrace to humanity. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when England and other powers may be able to effect a change in that respect, and erase the blot on the escutcheon of Christendom.

Dr. Livingstone, in the disinterested benevolence of his heart, aimed at the amelioration of these evils when he conceived the idea of introducing a steamer on Lake Nyassa as a means of checking the slave-trade on its shores, and endeavoured to substitute a trade in ivory and other produce down the Rovuma to the coast. This intention was frustrated through several unforeseen circumstances, and the whole expedition was abandoned by order of Lord John Russell, the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. First Livingstone, his brother, and Dr. Kirk, were attacked with dysentery, and the two latter left for England. Then our sanguine explorer attempted to take a boat up the cataracts, but it was lost, with all its contents, through the carelessness of one of the men. A land-journey succeeded better, and he penetrated a hundred miles to the west of Lake Nyassa, passing through a fertile but devastated country. From the mountain heights he could discern the form of the northern shore of the lake, and the adjacent elevated table-lands, stretching away far to the north and west, at some parts near the margin of the lake computed
to be 5000 feet high, and with a gradual slope inland. Crossing these high lands at an observed altitude of 3440 feet, the Europeans of the party enjoyed the cool invigorating effects of the rarefied air; but, curious to relate, it had such a depressing effect upon five of their men born on the delta of the Zambesi, that they complained of severe pains all over the body, and one man actually died from the change of breathing a pure instead of a malarious air. This, and the difficulty of obtaining provisions, forced our intrepid traveller to return to where the Pioneer steamer lay below the Murchison Cataracts. It was here he received the despatch with instructions to take that boat down to the sea, and to discharge the crew, as their wages would cease by the close of the year. This was complied with, and she left under command of the master, who proceeded to the Cape, taking the widows and orphans of those who died belonging to the Cambridge and Oxford mission. After making another trip to the lake, Dr. Livingstone proceeded to Bombay in the Lady Nyassa, whence he took his departure for Europe, arriving in England in the summer of 1864, after an absence of six years and a quarter.

A hearty welcome was accorded to our hero of discovery by the whole British nation, who now claimed him as one who shed lustre on the nation by his deeds in the field of African exploration,—the greatest yet achieved by any one man. He found, however, that the petty jealous Government of Portugal were endeavouring to ignore his discoveries, by issuing official statements claiming a prior knowledge in olden times, which proved to be a tissue of falsehoods. Before giving an extended narrative of his second grand African expedition to the world, he expounded his views on the whole subject at the Bath meeting of the 'British Association for the Advancement of Science.' These were conclusive in showing that the Portu-
guenee had no real authority over the inhabitants of the immense seacoast of 1200 miles which they claimed, and that they were entirely ignorant of the far interior until Dr. Livingstone brought its geographical features to light. What he specially blamed the Portuguese for was their sending slave-hunters on the track of his discoveries, calling themselves ‘Livingstone’s children,’ in order to penetrate into peaceful villages, that they might seize the inhabitants and sell them into slavery. To aid in the suppression of this horrible traffic was the main object of his explorations, and he hoped he should be able yet to carry out the work. ‘I do not mean to give it up,’ he said at the close of his lecture; ‘if being baffled had ever made me to lose heart, I should never have been here in the position which by your kindness I now occupy. I intend to make another attempt, but this time to the north of the Portuguese settlements; and I feel greatly encouraged by the interest you show, as it cannot be for the person, but from your sympathy for the cause of human liberty throughout the world.’

On the representation of the Royal Geographical Society, through his staunch friend Sir Roderick Murchison, the Government were induced once more to render our intrepid explorer assistance in carrying out his plans, and one private friend gave a thousand pounds in furtherance of the objects contemplated. During the period of his second exploratory journey, Dr. Livingstone was accredited as one of Her Majesty’s consuls, which gave him an official status in communicating with the Portuguese authorities, or any of the native chiefs in the interior. On the expedition being withdrawn this office ceased, but it was again renewed by Lord Clarendon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, on his departure for the third time to explore south-eastern Africa. Of course, as a consular officer, he received the usual pay, but
not a farthing of this, beyond the means required for the
maintenance of his family at home, did he appropriate to
private purposes. All he could save was expended in
objects for carrying on the expedition, and even the means
accruing from the sale of his narratives were expended in a
like manner. The small steamer *Lady Nyassa* was con-
structed at his own cost, in which he sailed from Zanzibar
to Bombay, where she was left behind. The fact of navi-
gating such a tiny craft a distance of 2500 miles through
the Indian Ocean, in hurricane latitudes, is not the least
feat of this extraordinary man’s voyages and travels. There
were only himself and three English sailors to navigate the
boat, with a crew of seven native Zambesians, none of whom
had ever seen the sea before; yet he managed to sail the
iron boat across safely, after tossing about on the ocean for
three months.

At Bombay he sold his little steamer, and with the pro-
ceeds purchased stores for his third and greatest expedition.
Here he enlisted the bulk of his future party, by taking
with him, under sanction of the Indian Government, twelve
Sepoy soldiers—one of whom was a havildar, or non-com-
misioned officer—belonging to the Bombay Marine Bat-
talion. He was recommended, also, to take into his escort
twelve young Africans who had been formerly slaves, but
were now liberated, and educated at the Nassick Institution
in the Bombay Presidency, where they had made fair pro-
gress in learning the English language and in ordinary
education. On the advice of those in authority, who mani-
fested much interest in the expedition, he bought six camels
and four buffaloes, which were likely to be useful as beasts
of burden; and among the baggage shipped at this port
were supplies of arms and ammunition.

In due course our sanguine explorer arrived at Zanzibar,
with his living and goods freights all well and safe. But
he was not satisfied with the strength of his party; so he obtained ten natives of Johanna Island and one of Comoro Island in the Mozambique Channel, engaged by the English consul at Johanna as they were Mahommedans, and might be relied on. It will be seen that he was woefully mistaken in placing any confidence in these men. However, at the outset he had no reason to complain, and looked upon his little band with some pride, hopeful of success. There was no other European of the party except Dr. Livingstone, and his followers numbered thirty-five men, while in addition to the ten animals mentioned, five asses and two mules increased the quadrupeds to seventeen. As far as human foresight could calculate, the exploring expedition was complete for the business in hand.

All being ready to start, H.M.S. *Penguin* was placed at the disposal of the explorer, to aid him and his escort to reach a point on the coast near the Rovuma River, about five degrees south of Zanzibar, as the basis of his exploratory operations. He was the only one accommodated on board the man-of-war, the men composing his train and the beasts of burden being conveyed in a large Arab boat towed by the *Penguin*. That vessel steamed out of Zanzibar harbour on the 19th of March 1866, and in three days arrived off the mouth of the river, but owing to the strong current the boat could not get into the channel. The vessels then made for Minkindany Bay, about thirty miles north of Cape Delgos, where Livingstone and his party were successfully landed on the 28th, all well.

Without delay the expedition proceeded in a S.S.W. direction for the Rovuma, and struck it at the spot marked on the chart as that at which the *Pioneer* turned in 1861. 'We travelled,' writes the intrepid explorer in his first despatch to Lord Clarendon, 'over the same plateau that is seen to flank both sides of the Rovuma like a chain of hills.
from 400 to 600 feet high. Except where the natives—who are called Makonde—have cleared spaces for cultivation, the whole country within the influence of the moisture from the ocean is covered with dense jungle. The trees in general are not large, but planted so closely together as to exclude the sun’s rays. In many places they may be seen intertwined by tangled masses of climbing plants, more resembling the ropes and cables of a ship in inextricable confusion than the graceful creepers with which we are familiar in northern climates. . . . Trade paths have already been made, but we have both to widen and heighten them for our camels and buffaloes. . . . We were agreeably surprised to find that for reasonable wages we could employ any number of carriers and wood-cutters we desired; but the latter gave in through fatigue after two days’ labour.

Notwithstanding the assistance of these friendly natives, the progress of the expedition through the impenetrable forests was slow and harassing to both men and animals. Indeed, it may be said that here, on the threshold of the journey he contemplated, his troubles and sufferings began, and but for his dauntless courage would have forced him to abandon it, or caused him to succumb long before his seven years’ wanderings had expired. The first serious difficulties in his progress were the deaths one after another of the beasts of burden, which he attributed partly to the poisonous effects of the tsetse fly, so noxious to tame animals in South Africa, and partly to the carelessness of the Indian Sepoys who had charge of them. Then came the defection of these men, chiefly from having to carry part of the stores and baggage, and their faint-heartedness in pursuing the journey before them, especially when the whole party ran short of provisions. This was the case at the confluence of the Rovuma and Scendi, where food was not to be had; so he sent them back, as they were morally and
physically incapable of undertaking the fatigue of exploration. On their return, one by one they all fell ill, and the havildar, with some others, died on the way, so that those who survived reached Zanzibar in August and September in an emaciated condition.

In October the British authorities at that port were surprised and pained to see the eleven Johanna men return from the expedition. They related that Dr. Livingstone had been killed by a native of the Mazitu tribe, who had attacked the party in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, which they had succeeded in reaching. Moosa, the head-man of these islanders, was strictly examined by Dr. Seward, British consul, and gave him a circumstantial account of the occurrence, which his lying companions verified. There is no necessity to give the details of this story, as it turned out a pure fabrication, which these cowardly miscreants had invented to give colour to their desertion from the exploring party.

Although no fatal calamity had cut off the leader of the expedition, yet he was in sore straits by the deaths and defections among his followers, besides the famishing condition of himself and the few who remained faithful. These were nine in all, of whom six were Nassick youths from Bombay, when Livingstone wrote from the shores of Lake Nyassa to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his friends, in August 1866. Thus his retinue of thirty-five men with arms, and seventeen beasts of burden with ample stores, was reduced in five months to a miserable skeleton party of ten, including himself, who had not the means of a bare subsistence. 'We have had a long and weary trudge,' he says, 'from the coast up to this. . . . The country is a gradual slope up to within fifty miles of this shore. . . . I trudged it the whole way, and having no animal food, save what turtle doves and guinea-fowls we occasionally shot, I
became one of Pharaoh's lean kine. . . . To come back to Nissa was like visiting an old home I never expected to see. The roar of the waves, and a dash in the breakers, or rather rollers, was quite exhilarating. We get milk here, and often fine fresh fish, very like herring in their appearance and taste. These are putting some flesh on our bones.'

Among the numerous articles lost or stolen on the journey, the sorest grief of all was the loss of a medicine chest presented to him by a friend, as he had nothing but native remedies to rely on in cases of illness among his party. Under such distressing circumstances, present and prospective, most men, however enthusiastic in the discovery, would have returned from the search after the true sources of the Nile, which was the geographical object in view. But Livingstone was inspired by a higher humanitarian purpose, and that was to assist in freeing the wretched inhabitants from the horrors of slavery, which the Arabs and Portuguese carried on, and this feeling supported him in all his subsequent sufferings.

With his reduced party, diminished stores, and slender equipment, he undauntedly pursued his course to the westward of Lake Nassa into a region hitherto unexplored by Europeans. 'Leaving the valley of the Loangwa,' he states in a despatch, 'we climbed up what seemed to be a great mountain mass, but it turned out only to be the southern edge of an elevated region, which is from 5000 to 6000 feet above the level of the sea. This upland may be said to cover a space south of Lake Tanganyika of some 350 miles square (122,500 sq. m.). It is generally covered with dense or open forests, has an undulating, sometimes hilly surface, a rich soil, well watered by numerous rivulets, and, for Africa, is cold. It slopes towards the north and west, but I have found no part of it under 3000 feet of altitude.'

When he first arrived in this elevated region, in February
1867, he says: ‘I had the impression that I was then on the watershed between the Zambesi and either the Congo or the Nile. More extended observation (up to July 1868) has convinced me of the essential correctness of that impression, and from what I have seen, together with what I have learned from intelligent natives, I think I may safely assert that the chief sources of the Nile arise between 10 degrees and 12 degrees south latitude, or nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy, whose river “Ratpa” is probably the Rovuma. Aware that others have been mistaken, and laying no claim to infallibility, I do not yet speak very positively, particularly of the parts west and north-north-west of Tanganyika, because these have not yet come under my observation.’ If these impressions from the observations he made of that elevated region, by a regular survey of its area, be correct, then Dr. Livingstone has solved the great problem as to the true sources of the Nile. This has yet to be accomplished, although he continued his explorations in search of geographical data for five years longer.

Meanwhile our indefatigable traveller suffered from want of supplies, which had failed to reach him from Zanzibar, and for two years he did not receive a letter or newspaper. Moreover, his few followers became fewer as he penetrated into that extraordinary watery region, where they had in one day ‘first of all to ford four torrents, thigh deep; then a river eighty yards wide, with three hundred yards of flood on its west bank, so deep that we had to keep to the canoes till within fifty yards of the higher ground; then four brooks, from five to fifteen yards broad.’ It was not surprising that his attendants began again to desert him, and that only four faithful fellows followed him thus far. ‘The fact is,’ he writes, ‘they were all tired of this everlasting tramping, and so, verily, am I. Were it not for an inveterate dislike
to give in to difficulties, without doing my utmost to overcome them, I would abscond too.'

At length he reached Ujiji on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, where he found the longlookedfor store of supplies, letters, and papers from Zanzibar. But his joy at receiving them was considerably lessened at the meagre supply that had arrived, through the neglect and dishonesty of the man in charge, 'who was employed to drive the buffaloes hither,' he writes to Dr. Kirk, 'but by overdriving them unmercifully in the sun, and tying them up to save trouble in the herding, they all died before they got to Unyanyembe. He witnessed the plundering of my goods, and got a share of them, and I have given him beads and cloth sufficient to buy provisions for himself on the way to Zanzibar.' Here was a second disappointment in the miscarriage of supplies to him, and in what his followers had lost while on the way up; and these and other cases of the same description which followed formed some of the chief obstacles to his progress. Although he did find occasionally a good Samaritan among the native chiefs or Arab traders to succour him, yet he was often reduced to absolute want.

In addition to these troubles, those of fatigue and illness were telling upon both body and mind, so that his equanimity of temper was sorely tried at times. He saw also the difficulty of finding trusty messengers to carry his letters and despatches to the coast. This may appear surprising, but it arose simply from his being an English missionary and explorer, inimical to the detestable slave-traffic. Had he been a trader in slaves and ivory, like the Portuguese, he would have had no difficulty in obtaining supplies, especially as he was a British consul, backed by the consular officers at the ports off the coast, and even carrying a passport from the Sultan of Zanzibar. On this point he addresses a letter to Dr. Kirk, containing the following passage: 'Here, as
in the haunts of the Kilwa hordes, slaving is a series of forays, and they dread exposure by letters; no one will take charge of them. I have got Thami bin Suellim to take a mail privately for transmission to Unyanyembe. It contains a cheque on Stewart, Ritchie, & Company of Bombay for two thousand rupees, and some forty letters written during my slow recovery. I fear it may never reach you. A party was sent to the coast two months ago. One man volunteered to take a letter secretly, but his master warned them all not to do so, because I might write something he did not like. He went out with the party, and gave orders to the head man to destroy any letters he might detect on the way. Thus, though I am good friends outwardly with them all, I can get no help in procuring carriers. Fortunately this letter reached its destination, but not until four months had elapsed after its despatch, being dated Ujiji, May 30, 1869, and received at Zanzibar October 2. The stores and goods for barter required by Livingstone were duly forwarded by Dr. Kirk, but he had some difficulty in getting faithful messengers.

Undismayed by these drawbacks to the prosecution of his explorations with an efficient party and abundant supplies, he plunged again into the African wilderness with a more slender escort and means than before. In the letter above mentioned he sketches out his projected route as follows: 'As to the work to be done by me, it is only to connect the sources which I have discovered from 500 to 700 miles south of Speke and Baker's with their Nile. . . . The western and central lines of drainage converge into an unvisited lake west or south-west of this. The outflow of this, whether to Congo or Nile, I have to ascertain. The people west of this, called Manyuema, are cannibals, if Arabs speak truly. I may have to go there first; if I come out uneaten, and find my new squad from Zanzibar, I
earnestly hope that you will do what you can to help me with the goods and men.' Again was he disappointed. As already stated, Dr. Kirk forwarded supplies, but these never reached the wayworn, suffering traveller. Shortly after the departure of the caravan on its way to Unyanyembe and Ujiji, a report reached Zanzibar that cholera broke out among the men, who were said to have died, or became paralyzed, and the supplies they carried were either lost or stolen.

When the news reached England of the failure of these attempts to succour the great explorer, the excitement and sympathy was intense, not only throughout Europe but across the Atlantic, especially in the United States. With one general assent it was resolved that a succouring party of his own countrymen should be organized, with ample means, to reach him, or at all events to ascertain if he was alive, as a rumour of his having been murdered by a savage tribe had been spread again, this time by way of the Portuguese settlement of Loanda on the west coast. As before, his devoted friend, the late Sir Roderick Murchison, argued satisfactorily that the rumour could not be relied on, and a second time he proved to be correct in his conclusions. Nevertheless, he lost no opportunity to urge upon the Government, the Royal Geographical Society, and the public generally, to aid in organizing parties to go to the rescue of the great traveller and missionary, who was risking his life in the causes of religion, humanity, and science. His earnest appeals were responded to by all and sundry, backed by the united advocacy of the press, and subscriptions to a public fund came in from all parts of the United Kingdom, which was supplemented by the Geographical Society, while the Government sent instructions to the British consul at Zanzibar to provide the means of forwarding fresh supplies from there.
Meanwhile news from the Arab chiefs resident at Unyanyembe reached the British consulate at Zanzibar of an assuring character that Livingstone was alive and pursuing his explorations in the Manyuema country, but he was in great straits. In a letter received by Dr. Kirk from Sheereef Baslitch bin Ahmed, dated Ujjii, November 15, 1870, he stated that ‘the Doctor’ was then reported to be ‘well, though he had been suffering, and he was for the present at the town of Masakosa with Mahomet bin Shirib, waiting for the caravan, being helpless, without means and with few followers,—only eight men,—so that he cannot move elsewhere or come down.’ Another Arab merchant wrote that ‘letters have come from the people of Manyuema, from Mahomet bin Shirib and his followers . . . and the Christian is in their company, and they intend returning to Ujjii in the month of Safi (April 1871).’ For the third time stores were sent up country by Dr. Kirk, but they failed to reach the famished traveller, while no direct communication from him had reached the outer world for more than two years.

By this time a ‘Livingstone Search Expedition’ was organized in London, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. So popular was the project, that upwards of four hundred volunteers, in various ranks of society, tendered their services. Without entering into details, suffice it to say that the leaders appointed to the expedition were Lieutenants Dawson and Henn, of the Royal Navy, accompanied by Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the traveller’s second son, who was studying medicine in Glasgow University. The party being completed by the commencement of 1872, its members left London on 9th February, and arrived safely at Zanzibar on the 17th of March. Their instructions were: ‘To search for Dr. Livingstone; when found, to relieve him; in case of his death, to
endeavour to obtain possession of his papers, and in that event to acquire as much geographical information as possible.' Also, 'to take advice from Dr. Kirk, the experienced English consul at Zanzibar, and to consult with him when opportunity offered.'

Accordingly, the leaders of the expedition lost no time on their arrival in having an interview with the British consul. He informed them that an American expedition with the same object in view had started for the interior about a year previously. The leader of it was Mr. H. M. Stanley, a correspondent of the New York Herald, the proprietor of that journal, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, having given him a carte blanche in means to organize a party at any cost to succour and search for Dr. Livingstone. He started from Bagamoyo, on the mainland, in May 1871, accompanied by 2 white men, 108 native soldiers, supernumeraries, and carriers, 27 donkeys and 2 horses, with large supplies of arms, ammunition, tents, and goods for barter. The latest accounts of the party reported disaster to all of them during an engagement with a hostile tribe, and the loss of both men and supplies.

Notwithstanding the possibility of the British expedition being forestalled by the American party, it was resolved to carry out their instructions. So its members proceeded to Bagamoyo, where they waited until the beginning of May, ready to start at a favourable opportunity. To their surprise, not to say chagrin, three natives came into that town with letters from Stanley, who reported that their leader had found Dr. Livingstone and succoured him; that the great explorer still remained in the interior near Ujiji, but that the American and the main body of his surviving followers were on their journey to Zanzibar. These reports were confirmed by the arrival of Mr. Stanley himself, bringing letters and journals from Livingstone. After learning the
particulars of his successful search, and the ample supplies left, Mr. Stanley said: 'You need not trouble to send anything but luxuries and an armed force to Livingstone, for while I was with him Kirk's and Churchill's caravans, containing supplies sufficient to meet all the Doctor's ordinary wants for four years, reached him.' Under these circumstances, and after a consultation among the members of the party, it was decided that the expedition should be abandoned, which was immediately carried into effect, and they with Mr. Stanley took their departure for England.

When the news was telegraphed that the great explorer was alive and well, and that his succourer was on his way to Europe, intense interest was manifested everywhere to read the narrative of his successful journey. From this it appeared that Mr. Stanley had encountered great obstacles to his progress, which he ultimately overcame, but not without much suffering and loss of life. At length, on the 3d of November 1871, he came in sight of the outlying houses of Ujiji. Being anxious to enter the African town with as much éclat as possible, he disposed his little band in such a manner as to form a somewhat imposing procession. In the van the American flag was borne aloft, supported by the armed escort, who were directed to discharge their firearms with as much rapidity as possible. Following these were the baggage men, the horses and asses, and in the rear of all came Mr. Stanley himself. The din of the firing aroused the inhabitants of Ujiji to the fact that strangers were approaching, and they flocked out of their houses, filling the air with deafening shouts, and beating violently on their rude musical instruments.

As the procession entered the town Mr. Stanley observed a group of Arabs on the right, in the centre of whom was a pale-looking, grey-bearded white man, whose fair skin contrasted with the dusky visages of those who surrounded
him. Passing from the rear of the procession to the front, the American traveller noticed that the white man was clad in a red woollen jacket, and wore upon his head a naval cap with a faded gilt band around it. In an instant he recognized the European as none other than Dr. Livingstone himself; and he was about to rush forward and embrace him, when the thought occurred that he was in the presence of Arabs, who, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, were very likely to found their estimate of a man upon the manner in which he conceals his own. A dignified Arab chief, moreover, stood by, and this confirmed Mr. Stanley in his resolution to show no symptom of rejoicing or excitement. Slowly advancing towards the great explorer, he bowed and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' to which address the latter, who was fully equal to the occasion, smiled simply, and replied, 'Yes.' It was not till some hours afterwards, when alone together, sitting on a goat-skin at the threshold of the veteran missionary's habitation, that they exchanged those congratulations which both were eager to express, and recount their difficulties in African travel.

Dr. Livingstone's relation of his wanderings and explorations was to the following effect: After recounting the disasters and desertions of his first party in 1866, which have already been given, he narrated how, on approaching the chief Cazembe's territory, he crossed a stream called the Chambezi; and here he found himself in great difficulty, being for a long time unable to discover to what system of waters it belonged. The confusion which he experienced was greatly increased by the fact that Portuguese travellers had previously reported the existence of such a stream, and had asserted that it was a tributary of the great Zambesi River, having no connection whatever with the presumed lake sources of the Nile. These statements Dr. Livingstone was disinclined to believe, and determined to satisfy him-
self as to the source and course of the Chambezi, he made up his mind to devote himself to the task without delay.

From the beginning of 1867 to the middle of March 1869 he traversed the banks of the mysterious stream, tracing it where it ran, correcting the errors of the Portuguese travellers, and proving conclusively that the Chambezi was not the Zambesi River, as had been hitherto supposed. So constantly did he remain at his work, and so frequent were the inquiries he made in every direction, that the natives, in astonishment at his persistence, supposed him to be insane, and their frequent remark was, 'The man is mad; he must have water on the brain.' Their ridicule had, however, no effect upon him, for he continued his work in spite of every opposition; and as the result of his labours in this region, coupled with his further researches, he was strongly impressed with the conviction that in all probability this stream was the farthest source of the Nile, and flowed into one of the great lake reservoirs of that mighty river.

In the midst of his wanderings Livingstone came upon Lake Liembe, which he discovered to be fed by Lake Tanganyika. He found the latter to be 325 miles in length, or 73 miles longer than was supposed by Speke and Burton. Beyond this he discovered a small lake called Moero, about six miles long, and fed by the Chambezi, satisfying himself of the total independence of that stream in the elevated region through which it flowed. He then returned to Cazembe's country, on to Lake Tanganyika, resting, as his base of operations, at Ujiji, among the central waters of the grandest lacustrine domain in the world. Here he explored the head of that lake, and found that the river Rusizi flowed into, and not out of it, as had been supposed. After a few months' rest, he made preparations for another journey to the westward, hoping that he would be able to solve the great problem before he returned.
DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

In June 1869 he went up Tanganyika about sixty miles, in a northerly direction, and then struck away north-west into the country of the Mañyuema, the reputed cannibals. After a march of fifteen days, with a small escort indifferently provided, he found an unexplored region, the interior of which was but little known even to neighbouring inhabitants. His object was to follow down the central line of what he thought might be the great Nile valley, which he had seen in passing through Lakes Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo. He was weak and ill, but by persevering he gained strength, and in July came up to an Arab trader who, by native medicines, relieved him. Two days before reaching Bambarra, the residence of the most sensible of the Manyuema chiefs, he met a band of Ujjian traders, carrying 18,000 lb. weight of ivory, bought in this new field for a mere trifle in thick copper bracelets and beads. From here he struck away due north, in company with a friendly Arab trader; he to buy ivory, and Livingstone to reach the Lualaba, and buy a canoe.

In his despatch from this region, he describes the country as 'extremely beautiful, but difficult to travel over. The mountains, of light grey granite, stand like islands in the 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 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 the passengers into an adhesive compound. . . . In some cases the subsoil has given way beneath the elephants' 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 cry.'

Other descriptions are given of the rank growth of vegetation in this watery region, and the difficulties in the way of travelling across it. He mentions a plant which grows so thick on the numerous rivers he crossed flowing into the Lualaba, as to 'cover them 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 plunge through and finish the chapter. . . . Between each district of Manyuema 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 colour of strong tea. . . . 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, ox-like, on the ground. The trees are so high that a good shot-gun does no harm to the 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.'

From the description of this animal in Livingstone's posthumous journals, it differs in the lightness of its skin and hair from the black-skinned gorilla of the Gaboon River. The Doctor says: 'He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead, villanously low, with high ears, is well in the background of the great dog-mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyuema devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage they arrived at in being cannibals. They say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing; successfully stalking men and women while at their work; kidnapping children and running up trees with them. He seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and as he lifts that drops the child—the young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting, and in his attempt to
spear a soko, missed his mark. It seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me!" The soko bit off the ends of his fingers, and escaped unharmed. Both men are now alive at Bambarra. . . . Numbers of them come down in the forest within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox-hounds—this is their nearest approach to speech. . . . The soko eats no flesh; small bananas are his dainties, but not maize. His food consists of wild fruits, which abound.

During Livingstone's wanderings in these interminable forests, the Ujijian traders learned that the Manyuema people had large quantities of ivory stored, which might be had at a cheap rate. Accordingly a horde of 600 men, armed with muskets, encamped in the neighbourhood to trade with the natives. He visited the camp formed by the head men of the party, and found them civil and kind. 'A letter from the Sultan of Zanzibar,' he says, '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.'

After recruiting himself in this temporary manner from February to July 1870, he resumed his explorations, with only three faithful attendants, along the Lualaba, which he found flowing in a direction W. by S., instead of N.W. as he had calculated. From this it has been inferred that he was on the head waters of the Congo, and not the Nile, as he sanguinely expected. By this time he found continued wading in the mud unbearable. 'For the first time in my life,' he writes, 'my feet failed. When torn by hard travel, instead of healing kindly, as
heretofore, irritable eating ulcers fastened on each foot. . . . I limped back to Bambarra, and here I was laid up by eating ulcers for many months. They are common in the Manyuema 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 to the bone, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp.'

Recovering partly from these irritating sores, the venerable explorer continued his work, beneath a vertical torrid sun, for upwards of 400 miles, when he returned to Ujiji in October 1871; and in the following month he was gratified to meet Mr. Stanley, with stores, money, letters, and newspapers. Notwithstanding the sufferings and disappointments he had met with, still he was determined to pursue his route from the point where the Chambezi and Lualaba proved to be the same river. He had followed its course for 600 miles, and had come within 180 miles of that part of the Nile which had already been traced, when he was obliged to abandon further attempts, having neither stores nor followers. But he was not satisfied, for he had a very strong impression that in the seven hundredth mile he would find the fountains of the Nile, mentioned to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais, as corresponding with the streams he had discovered.

It was on the 16th October that Dr. Livingstone arrived at Ujiji, wearied, worn out, and disappointed; and it was no later than the 3d of November that Mr. Stanley reached the same place to succour and cheer him. After a fortnight's recruiting, bodily and mentally, the subject of their conversations turned upon the all-engrossing theme of finding the fountain-sources of the Nile. One day the American searcher said to him, 'Have you been up to
the head of Lake Tanganyika yet? there is a great deal said about that.' He replied that all his means had been exhausted in exploring the central line of drainage. Then Stanley proposed to him that they should go there with his 'men and material, and make a pleasure party of it.' He answered, 'I am your man,' and they agreed to start on the morrow. Accordingly, on the 20th November they left Ujiji, and explored the northern shores of the lake, confirming by a second inspection the observations which Livingstone had previously made. Twenty-eight days were spent in this journey, which was like a picnic compared to the toilsome travel the elder explorer had hitherto experienced. Then they returned to Ujiji, where they passed Christmas together, and on the following day left for Unyanyembe. At that place they sojourned until the 14th of March 1872, writing up their journals, when Mr. Stanley, entrusted with the diaries of Livingstone, together with despatches for the Government and letters to his friends and relatives, started for the coast, leaving him to continue his explorations.

Some time before his arrival in England, the fame of Mr. Stanley's successful search was freely discussed in the press, and doubts were at first thrown upon the authenticity of his narrative. But when he appeared in person, bearing the documents entrusted to his care, and delivered them up, all doubts disappeared. He was then lauded for his enterprise by all and sundry, including Her Majesty, who sent him a gracious message in a gold snuff-box.

Meanwhile our intrepid traveller mustered a strong party of some eighty followers, including his four faithful Nassick young men, who had remained with him as trusty attendants throughout all his journeyings for more than seven years. These were Chuma, Susi, Matthew, and Jacob Wainwright, who witnessed the closing days of
of their master, as related in The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. From these we learn that his party had passed along the northern shores of Lake Bangweolo, and arrived on the banks of the Luapula River, at about 10 degrees south latitude, expecting to find the fountains, of which the natives gave him some account in reply to his questions. It would appear that when he expected to solve the truth or otherwise of the problem he was seized with dysentery, and he deemed it best to return to some friendly chiefs in the Manyuema country and recruit himself.

This was in the beginning of 1873, and the party got entangled among the marshes of Bangweolo in February, where they encountered great privations, from 'the constant rain above and the flood below.' Livingstone managed to obtain some relief in a canoe on the water, while his men waded along the inundated shore. In this manner several affluents of this great lake were crossed with much difficulty; then he became so weak that he had to be carried in a litter on shore. Nevertheless, he strove to keep up manfully, making entries in his diary to within a few days of his demise. The last entry was dated April the 27th, as follows: 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milk goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.' After this his 'hand lost its cunning'; his voice became almost inarticulate, and his limbs so weak that he was unable to step in or out of his litter. Still he perseveringly pushed on to get to some drier land in that watery region.

With slow and toilsome travel the Doctor and his party, greatly reduced in number, equipment, and supplies, proceeded as far as a town belonging to a Manyuema chief named Kalunganjovu. He was friendly, and came himself to meet them on the way, dressed in Arab costume, and
wearing a fez. On the 29th, he and most of his people came early to visit the dying explorer, saying everything should be done for his friend; but he was so weak that he could not walk out of the hut into his litter, and part of the wall was taken down to bring it to him. Then he ferried across a tributary stream in the Ulala country to a village belonging to another friendly chief, named Chitambo.

On the 30th of April that chief visited him, but he was too much exhausted to converse. As night came on Susi was told that his dying master wanted to see him, and he asked for the medicine-chest under his charge. 'With great difficulty,' says that faithful attendant to Horace Waller, editor of the journals, 'Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel; which he told him to place by his side. Then directing him to put a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice, "All right; you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.'

About four o'clock next morning, the first of May, Chuma, Susi, and four other of his attendants, entered the hut. 'A candle stuck by its own wax on the top of a box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed; his body stretched forward, and his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him. He did not stir; there was no sign of breathing. Then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient. Life had been extinct for some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead.'

Such was the simple relation given by these faithful attendants of the last days and death of their master. They knew that, now he was gone, much responsibility devolved upon them to preserve his remains, and the personal effects he had left behind. They also knew the
Facsimile of hut in which Dr. Livingstone died.
difficulties that surrounded them in the midst of savage and superstitious people, who dreaded the unburied remains of a dead person being amongst them. To their credit be it said, they were equal to the occasion, and resolved amongst themselves to carry the body to Zanzibar, although distant not less than fifteen hundred miles; determined, if possible, to do so unknown to the inhabitants. In this, however, they failed at the outset, for Chitambo and his people soon found out the fact of Livingstone's death. However, that chief was so far enlightened and sympathetic, that he allowed them to preserve the emaciated remains in a hut specially erected outside the village.

This they accomplished by removing the viscera and heart, which were buried under a tree with religious service. Then the cavity was filled with salt, brandy poured into the mouth, and the body laid out in the sun to dry for fourteen days. When sufficiently mummified, it was put into the bark of a tree in one piece, so as to form a cylinder. Over this a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the whole package was securely lashed to a pole, so as to be carried by two men.

On their return journey, they pursued the track of Livingstone, until after passing the southern shore of Lake Liembe, which is a continuation of Tanganyika, where they made a straight cut across the country to Unyanyembe. Notwithstanding their precautions to pass through the villages without the inhabitants knowing they were carrying the body down to the coast, it was found out, and they had difficulty in obtaining not only shelter, but food. At a place named Kasækera the party was refused everything they asked for, unless they buried the body.

Under these circumstances, they fell upon an ingenious plan to deceive the natives, and secure their object, which was successful. A package was made up corresponding to
that containing the remains, but filled only with branches of
trees. This was carried shoulder high with much solemnity
in sight of the villagers, and in the direction of Unyanyembe.
When a sufficient distance from Kasekèra, the package was
undone, and the branches one by one thrown into the
brushwood, so that no evidence of a large bundle was
seen. The bearers then made their way back to where the
rest of the party were employed in repacking the remains,
by doubling them up so as to resemble an ordinary bale of
cloth. In this manner they deceived the Kasekèrans, who
gave them the food and shelter they wanted.

Of the journey from these regions down to the coast it
is not necessary to go into details. Suffice it to say that it
took the faithful bearers of their deceased master’s remains
nine months from the date of his death before they reached
Zanzibar. During the greater part of that time they had
to encounter perils by day and night from wild beasts and
savage men; they were exposed to disease, several dying
on the journey; they forded many rivers, and traversed
weary deserts; yet were ever animated with the great love
he had taught them, whose bones were all that remained of
the man he had been. It was not until the 12th March
that this strange funeral procession reached Zanzibar, and
thence the journey was uneventful, as swift steamers bore
it through the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, the Mediterranean;
the Straits of Gibraltar, to England, where the coffin was
landed April 15th.

It now only remains to say that the greatest honour that
could be bestowed was rendered in preparing a last resting-
place within the walls of Westminster Abbey for this
renowned Hero of Discovery. No warrior on sea or land, no
prince or king in any age, was more honoured at his burial
than David Livingstone. Nor were his faithful attendants,
who had brought the remains ‘o’er land and sea,’ overlooked
Livingstone's followers bringing his body to the coast.
during the mournful ceremony. They had religiously preserved every relic they could of the renowned traveller.

In a central part of the nave of Westminster Abbey the visitor will see a large tablet laid over Dr. David Livingstone's grave, with the following appropriate inscription in brass letters:

‘Brought by faithful hands o'er land and sea,
Here rests David Livingstone,
Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist.

Born March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire;
Died May 1, 1873, at Chitambo's Village, Ulala.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort
to evangelize the native races,
to explore the undiscovered secrets,
to abolish the desolating slave trade of Central Africa;
where with his last words he wrote:

"All I can say in my solitude is, May heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Another memorial of Livingstone has been erected in the city of Edinburgh, in the form of a statue, standing near the beautiful monument of Sir Walter Scott—the traveller whose life was a romance beside the great romancist. The figure is of bronze, and was designed by Mrs. D. O. Hill, the talented sister of Sir Noel Paton, the artist. It is mounted on a high stone pedestal, and represents the great missionary explorer in travelling costume. His right hand holds out a Bible and his left rests on an axe, as if he were offering Christianity with one hand and civilization with the other to the natives of Africa.
Casket in which the freedom of the City of London was presented to Dr. Livingstone.