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NEW, AUTHENTIC, COMPLETE.

THE LIVES AND TRAVELS
OF
LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY,

COVERING THEIR ENTIRE CAREER IN

SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

CAREFULLY PREPARED

From the most authentic sources, viz.: Livingstone's two large volumes, "South Africa," and "The Zambesi Expedition;" his "Last Journals" (edited by Horace Waller), the Reports of the London Geographical Society, the works of their cotemporaries, and various other writings bearing upon the subject.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
OF THE
Adventures, Discoveries, Experiences and Achievements
OF
THE GREATEST EXPLORERS OF MODERN TIMES
IN A
WILD AND WONDERFUL COUNTRY,
INCLUDING

Livingstone's Early Life, Preparation for his Life-work, a Sketch of Africa as known before his going there, the entire Record of his Heroic Undertakings, Hazards, Hardships, Triumphs, his Discovery by H. M. Stanley, his lonely Death, faithful Self-devotion of his native Servants, Return of the Remains, Burial, etc.; the work taken up by Stanley; the Three Great Mysteries of the Past five thousand years solved by Stanley; concluding with a clear and concise survey of the continent touching its Agricultural, Commercial and Missionary promise, the Nile mystery, etc., as gathered from the works of Livingstone, Baker, Speke, Grant, Barth, etc.

BY REV. J. E. CHAMBLISS.

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PREFACE.

My task has been to write a book setting forth as clearly as possible the life-work of Dr. Livingstone, in its connection with the history of the African continent, and its bearing on those great issues involved in the redemption of that continent from gloom and barbarism. I have followed, as closely as the subject demanded, the books and journals of Dr. Livingstone himself, for his personal observations and adventures, and have availed myself freely of whatever I have found, in a wide range of works, in illustration of the character and customs of the people, the appearance and condition of the country, the habits of animals, and have freely seized such facts of science and of general history as have seemed to have a bearing on my subject. Where I have drawn on the works of others, I have done so more for facts than for the form of putting them, and I have not been particularly careful in making quotations, that they should be literal, nor has it seemed important in a work designed for popular patronage to make frequent mention of authorities. I have had at my command the most reliable sources of information concerning the things of which I have written, and while I am conscious that there are imperfections in the book, I have tried to make it a faithful record, a clear delineation of character, and a reliable witness in connection with the great interests in-

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volved in the question of African civilization, as far as these matters could be considered under the circumstances.

If the reader gets a true and full conception of the work of Dr. Livingstone, catches anything of his manliness, love for men, and zeal for Christ, and becomes more deeply interested in the great enterprises on which the deliverance of the millions of that unhappy continent from the dominion of ignorance and superstition and vice depends, if he becomes only a little wiser, and stronger, and better, and nobler, through reading the book, I will be satisfied.

J. E. C.

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In those remote ages, when the Mesopotamian plain is represented in Scripture history as little more than a wide and open common, the northern shores of Africa sustained a powerful and splendid civilization. "When Greece was under the tumultuary sway of a number of petty chieftains, Homer already celebrates the hundred gates of Thebes and the mighty hosts which in warlike array issued from them to battle." Before the faintest dawn of science had illumined the regions of Europe, the valley of the Nile was the abode of learning and distinguished for its incomparable works in sculpture, painting and architecture. "And while Egypt was thus preëminent in knowledge and art, Carthage equally excelled in commerce and in the wealth produced by it, and rose to a degree of power that enabled her to hold long suspended between herself and Rome the scales of universal empire."

Carthage sunk amid a blaze of glory in her grand struggle with Rome, toward which falling kingdoms of all later time have looked with envy. And the land of the Pharaohs, whose alternate splendor and slavery had been the admiration and astonishment of the ages, came also at length under the hand of the Cæsars. The fostering republic soon rekindled the fires which the tide of war had extinguished, and Northern Africa was still opulent and enlightened, "boasting its sages, its saints, its heads and fathers of the church, and exhibiting Alexandria and Carthage on a footing with the greatest cities which owned the imperial sway."

But while the banks of the Nile and the shores of the Mediterranean were conspicuous in ancient civilization, the power and glory did not penetrate the continent; there was only a narrow strip of light fringing the sea and the river, back of it there was the mysterious and the unknown.

The traveller who ventured into that background found himself among wild and wandering tribes, who exhibited human nature under its rudest and most repulsive forms. If he journeyed far, there confronted him "a barrier vast and appalling—endless plains of moving sand, waste and wild, without a shrub, a blade of grass, a single cheering or life-sustaining object." Victorious armies turned back from the borders of the desert as the limit of the possible, and the intervening tract of alternate rock and valley and plain furnished many of those fabulous stories which have come down to us in classic measure and become a grand theatre of ancient mythology.

Thither, according to Diodorus, the "ancients referred the early reign of Saturn under the appellation of Ouranus or Heaven; the birth of Jupiter and his nursing by Amalthæa; the impious race of Titans and their wars with the gods; Cybele with her doting love for Atys and frantic grief for his fate." And there were placed the hideous Gorgons, and the serpents hissing in the hair of Medusa. And thence came the stories of those dreadful Amazons, "gallant viragoes," who ravaged all the region and carried victorious arms, according to the historian, into Syria and Asia Minor.

But mingled with so much fable the ancient writers had also some just conceptions of this region, and many things mentioned by Herodotus, Diodorus, and particularly by Strabo, who wrote after the Roman sway was fully established over Africa, indicate that greatest care was used in treasuring the scraps of knowledge which floated up out of the deeper wilderness beyond. Yet that wilderness kept its secrets so jealously that the diligence of historians and the eagerness of explorers and the power of armies were equally ineffectual in extending the range of precise knowledge beyond the narrow confines on the north and a limited extent of western coast. The light struggled to penetrate the gloom, its blunted rays rested against an opacity, and rose in towering brilliancy, and stood a while flashing like a resisted sun, then paled and quivered and fell, and left the continent a heritage of darkness to the future.

When the Saracen sway swept across from Asia, in whose social system such marvellous changes had been wrought, and established itself among the splendid relics and smoldering fires so readily surrendered by the effeminate descendants of the Greeks and Romans, an auspicious day seemed to be dawning on the continent, the arts and sciences were revived on that consecrated soil. "Even remote Mauritania, which seemed doomed to be forever the inheritance of a barbarous and nomadic race, was converted into a civilized empire, and its capital, Fez, became a distinguished school of learning." They introduced the camel from the sandy wastes of Arabia. Paths were opened through wilds which had hitherto defied all human effort, and a trade in gold and slaves was formed with countries which had been unknown. By successive migrations these descendants of the prophet multiplied in Africa. Sanguinary disputes arose, and the ill-fortuned sought refuge on the southern side of that scorching sea of sand which had arrested the ambition of Cambyses and Alexander. There, in the territory distinguished on our maps as Soudan, these enterprising travellers founded several flourishing kingdoms, which Europeans vainly sought to reach until within a comparatively recent date. They founded Ghana, boasting unrivalled splendor, whose royal master rode out attended by obedient elephants and camelopards—a kingdom which, after various fortunes as subject to Timbuctoo, Kashna, and Sackatoo, came to be identified in the present Kano. And there was Tocrur, the Takror of Major Denman, the Sackatoo of our maps—in that early day enjoying an extensive traffic with the people of the west, who brought shells and brass to barter for foreign trinkets. Then came Kuku, the Bornou of to-day. Farther south was the ancient city of Kangha, famous for its industries and arts, which modern historians have recognized in the city of Loggun, celebrated, by Major Denham, for its ingenuities, its manufactures, and its witty women.

Along the southern borders of Soudan there were districts known as Wangara and Ungara, mentioned confusedly by the early writers, whence the merchants are reputed to have derived vast quantities of gold. The progress rested against the Alpine range on the south, which divides Soudan from Guinea, and the dwellers in those wild regions were branded as infidels, and the darkness which repelled the light of Islam was made to cover deeds of violence and blood, and treasures for the final day stories of wrong for which there is no adequate condemnation in human censure. West of the Niger there was an extensive region, hardly known to exist by the Arabians. On the east the regions of Nubia and Abyssinia, which Grecian enterprise had reached with ships, had received the name of Christ, and hostile creeds can no more touch than light and darkness; and there was an unknown wilderness on the west, there were despised infidels on the south, and a hated creed in Nubia and Abyssinia—Mohammedan altars in the midst. The splendors of this foreign presence contrasted strangely with the native wildness for a time, but it was not a corrective, assimilating light. It was modifying, but aggravating. The cities were bright spots unquestionably; so penal fires are bright, but earth is darker for their glare.

Fitful efforts were made to explore the west from the inland cities. Settlements were effected from southern Arabia at various points along the eastern coast as far down as Mozambique. But Mohammedanism was the inspiration of Arab energy; Mohammedanism possessed no inherent vitality. The inspiration gradually failed; barbarism gradually reclaimed its dominion by the degeneracy of its invaders, and became intenser because it was a little more intelligent. The life which is not nourished by the fruits of nature must gradually waste away and give itself to feed that whereon it should have fed. The civilization which does not assimilate the surrounding barbarism must itself degenerate into its stimulant. The sun itself would be but half a sun amid the whirling realms if it did not clothe them all with its own brightness and make them helpers, giving as they receive. Aggression is the law of existence. The inefficiency of Mohammedan civilization in Africa was the prophecy of its decadence. The prophecy was only too true. The glory departed, and that which promised to elevate Africa became its incubus: that which promised healing became a poison inflaming and agonizing wherever it touched. The continent was involved in deeper darkness—a festering barbarism—which gave off to the world a tribute that cursed the giver and the receiver.

While the Crescent was resting with dazzling splendor over Africa, Europe was in that profound apathy which attended the "decline of the Roman empire, the irruption of the barbarous nations, and the rude systems of feudal polity which were inaugurated. There was absolute indifference to all matters pertaining to science, discovery and distant commerce." Even the naval efforts of Venice and Genoa extended little farther than Alexandria and the Black Sea. Satisfied by the wealth and power to which they had been raised by this limited commerce, these celebrated commonwealths made no attempt to open a more extended path over the ocean.

"About the end of the fifteenth century, the human mind began to make a grand movement in every direction, especially in religion, science, industry, and freedom. It eagerly sought not only to break loose from that thraldom in which it had been bound for so many ages, but to rival and even surpass all that had been achieved during the most brilliant eras of antiquity. These high aims wer peculiarly directed to the department of maritime discovery. The invention of the compass, the skill of the Venetian and Genoese pilots, and the knowledge transmitted from former times, inspired all classes with the hope of being able to pass the ancient barriers and to throw light upon regions hitherto unknown." Portugal, whose kings were preëminent in intelligence and enterprise, was the first to obey this new inspiration. Various circumstances conspired to fix the eye of Portugal on the western border of Africa as the choice field for research. The ancient expeditions had furnished very limited and indefinite information of this coast, and even the wonderful discoveries of Columbus in later years hardly excited greater surprise and admiration than the voyages which so rapidly scattered the mists which had hung through all the past about the shores of Sahara, Senegambia, Guinea, and Lower Guinea.

In 1433 Gilianez passed the Cape Bojador, and Portuguese navigators were not long in reaching the fertile regions watered by the Senegal and the Gambia; within forty years Portugal had made settlements as far down as the Congo, and according to the ancient maxim which gives to the victors all countries conquered from infidel nations, had received from the Pope a grant of full dominion in all lands which should be discovered beyond Cape Bojador and in their farther progress eastward. The capital of Portuguese possessions on the continent was fixed at Elmina, and the king hesitated not to assume the pompous title of Lord of Guinea. The new-comers, true children of Rome, appealed chiefly to their religion, in establishing their sway. Baptisms were made by wholesale, which was the easier done because the ceremony included the putting of salt on the tongue of the converts, and this was a commodity for a taste of which many of the poor creatures would have faced any sort of formula. The Congo princes were particularly favorable for a time to the new system; various courtesies were exchanged, whole nations were Christianized by contract, the freest scope was given to the missionaries, and these worthies seemed to have been really animated by a very devoted and persevering zeal. But they unfortunately put the presentation of beads, Agni Dei, images of the Madonna, and saints, splendid processions, rich furniture, and solemn festivals of the church before the doctrines of the Bible. They sought to dazzle the eye rather than instruct the mind, to secure an outward allegiance rather than an inward renewal. The new converts viewed the gospel only as a gay and pompous pageant; they had no idea of the duties and obligations which were enjoined by the sacred name which was pronounced over them. And naturally enough, there was a tremendous reversion of feeling when the authorities began to interfere with some of those barbarous customs, which were with them time-honored and sacred, though condemned by the church. The inquisition was brought to aid in the promotion of that practical piety which ought to have been sought by the faithful presentation of truth and the conversion of souls; wars arose, complications multiplied. The missionaries toiled and endured with a heroism worthy of truer principles, but they failed. And the banks of the Congo, especially, where their greatest exertion was put forth, retain no trace or tradition of them.

"Portugal passed under the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, and under that influence became involved in war with the Dutch, who had risen to the first rank as a naval people, and whose splendid armaments successively stripped them of their most important possessions on the African continent as well as in the East Indies." In 1632, Elmina, their capital, the key to the gold coast, fell into the hands of these successful rivals.

But the splendid results which had followed so rapidly the revival of interest in maritime matters had attracted universal attention to the ocean, and that vast trackless realm became the theatre where unrivalled wealth and glory seemed to await the seeking. The gallant Hollanders soon found their proud mastership of the seas disputed by powerful rivals. England and France had come to the front in European affairs, and were already pressing forward in a jealous race to surpass each other and all the past. For a while their settlements on the African coast were made with a view only to obtaining slaves for their new possessions in the West Indies. Soon there came wonderful reports of the gold-trade carried on at Timbuctoo. There was no hope of establishing a highway across the desert from the north, and a company was formed in England for the purpose of exploring the Gambia, by which the geographical systems of the age warranted them in hoping to reach the glittering treasures. Richard Thompson, the first representative of this company, after desperate engagements with the Portuguese, who still boasted their lordship over the region, fell by the hands of his own men. But a better star guided his successor, Richard Jobson, who, while falling far short of reaching the far-famed Timbuctoo, won, perhaps, the glory of being the first Englishman who had an opportunity to observe the manners and superstitions peculiar to native Africa. As he advanced, a new world seemed to dawn on him. All about him land and water were inhabited by multitudes of savage animals. The enormous sea-horses sported in every pool, herds of enormous elephants crowded to the shore, lions and leopards moved about among the trees in full view, and everywhere there were myriads of monkeys going through their eccentric evolutions. Armies of baboons marched along occasionally, and displayed their surly tempers by horrid grimaces and angry gesticulations, as they watched the progress of the intruders. The appearance and customs of the human dwellers in the region were in keeping with the utter wildness, and many were the wonderful stories he had to tell his countrymen of the kindnesses and cruelties, the fashions and follies, the graces and hideousness which he saw, and the strange things he heard. But the goal was not reached. Then, for a long time, the spirit of discovery, so far as pertained to Africa, was dormant in England. And when it revived a little in 1720, it was only to be assured, by the expedition of Captain Stibbs, that the theories of reaching the interior by the Gambia had been only a delusion.

While the English sought to ascend the Gambia, Senegal was the Niger to the French, the stream by which they hoped to reach the regions of gold. They founded the settlement of St. Louis in 1626, but little was accomplished until 1697, when Sieur Brue was appointed director of the company's affairs, who made various journeys into the interior, penetrating as far as Bambouk, distinguished still for its mines of gold. But still there remained the vast blank on the map of Africa, and the fabulous stories of wonderful wealth came floating up out of the unknown, while the remotest extremities of land in other quarters of the globe were being brought under contribution to the general fund of knowledge and wealth.

At length the African Association was formed in England, and introduced a new era in African discoveries. First, Mr. Ledyard, a born traveller, who had sailed around the world with Captain Cook, had lived in North America, and journeyed to the remotest parts of Asia, was sent out, and died in Egypt before even beginning the proposed journey along the Nile. Then Lucas attempted to cross the desert from Tripoli; the daring Major Houghton fell the victim of Moorish perfidy, while boldly penetrating the continent from the mouth of the Gambia. Then came the celebrated Mungo Park, who was destined to take the front rank of all the travellers of his day, whose dreadful sufferings, and unrivalled heroism, and unconquerable perseverance were as much matter of astonishment and admiration as the discoveries he made, and the exploits he performed. While Mr. Park was making his discoveries in Senegambia, Guinea, and western Soudan, Frederic Horneman was sent out by the association, penetrating the continent from the north. Travelling as a Mohammedan, with various caravans he crossed the dreary wastes to Mourzouk and thence southward, and never returned. Various unauthenticated reports were made by individuals claiming to have been shipwrecked and to have wandered great distances inland, and seen wonderful things and made wonderful discoveries. Several expeditions sent out with high hopes and great expense were comparatively fruitless.

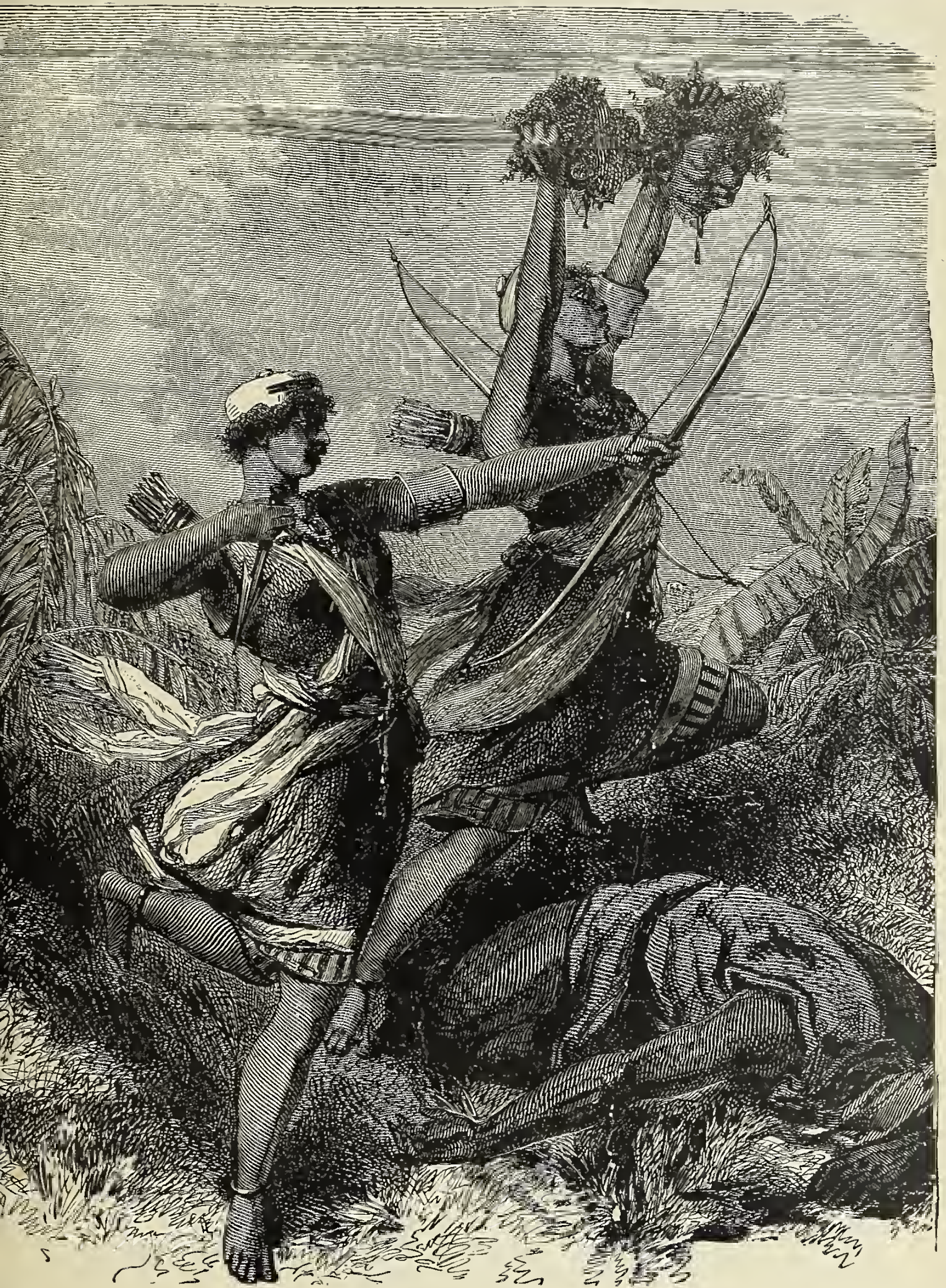
The patience and zeal of those who had devoted themselves to this great work was at length rewarded by the very remarkable and successful journeys of Denham and Clapperton, who crossed the desert from Tripoli and traversed the whole region which so many centuries before had furnished a home to the wandering sons of the prophet. Timbuctoo, Kano and Sackatoo were all called on to reveal their secrets. Kingdoms, before unknown, took their place in history. New mountains, lakes, and rivers, came out under the indefatigable labors of these heroic men, as at the bidding of a magician. But the course of the Niger, the mighty river which was found watering those distant inland regions, was still unknown. Park had traced it only a little lower down than Boussa, when his splendid career was brought to its fatal close. It was to be the glory of Richard Lander to dispel this mystery. The grand problem which had perplexed Europe for so many ages, on which, during a period of nearly forty years, so many efforts and sacrifices had been expended in vain, was completely resolved. Park in his first journey reached the banks of the Niger, saw it rolling its waters toward the interior of the continent, and theorists readily leaped to the conclusion, "This must be the Nile." The same traveller proved its continuous progress for more than one thousand miles. Lander followed all its windings until it emptied itself into the Atlantic Ocean—a discovery which was hailed with rejoicing in all Europe as opening a highway to the most fertile and improved and healthful portions of the interior.

From these settlements along the western coast various expeditions were sent into the country for purposes of discovery and trade, and missionary enterprises found footing at various points.

A chain of European forts were erected along nearly the entire coast, but with the abandonment of the slave-trade by Great Britain, and the vigorous measures against it, the territory passed into the possession of a number of petty states, many of which compose aristocratic republics, turbulent, restless, licentious, and rendered more depraved by their intercourse with Europeans. But a little inland there are found in this tract several powerful and well-organized kingdoms. Conspicuous among them is Dahomey, one of the strangest kingdoms on the face of the earth. A kingdom which was begun in blood and cruelty, and which has maintained its existence for more than two centuries in spite of the terrible scenes continually enacted—scenes which would drive almost any other nation to revolt—there, almost under the shadow of Christian mission stations, are still enacted the bloody dramas of human sacrifices. Human skulls are drinking-cups. And the horrid brutalities of the king at home and the fiendish invasions of neighboring states are sustained by a dreadful army of Amazons, finding a Satanic solace for the enforced sacrifices of their celibate state in bloodiest deeds. There, too, are the Ashantees, hardly better than the Dahomey. South of Dahomey, just above the equator, in Lower Guinea, are the Fans—the cannibals of Du Chaillu and Mr. Reade, whose horrid barbarism shocks the bluntest sensibilities in civilized lands. A land where even the grave affords no security from the unnatural gluttony. A people "who barter their dead among themselves;" the rivals of the Niam-Niam in those orgies and wild dances on which Dr. Schweinfurth has cast such vivid light. Along the same tract, a little back from the coast, are the Ashira, the Camma, and various other tribes, whose strange customs enrich the volumes of Du Chaillu. There, too, is the famous "Ashango Land."

Brighter spots are seen in the midst of the darkness: the light of Christianity is established at various points along the coast; and colonization enterprises have taken a hold which promise grand results in time.

Leaving the western coast, we approach the Cape of Good Hope, about which the contending oceans meet with a rage which appalled the stout heart of Diaz; whose peaceful name is a memento of the bold spirit of the king who could foresee in its discovery the grander attainments of the future.



AMAZON WARRIORS.

The Dutch, ever wide awake to the best chances, soon seized on the Cape and began the settlement which has gradually extended over the Cape country, and made its impression on many of the tribes of southern Africa, furnishing, besides a foothold for the missionary, splendid opportunities to the sportsmen, and a starting-point for many of the most important explorations. Associated with this point we find the names of Hope, and Barrow, and Lichtenstein, who shed the earliest light on the habits and homes of the Hottentots and various Caffre tribes. Hither came Campbell, and Trutter, and Somerville, and Moffat, to deeds of love and heroism which have enriched the literature of missions.

And hither, too, in later days came Livingstone, purposing in his heart to do only as other men had done; chosen of God to do a peculiar and unrivalled work, and lift the curtain on all the hidden region.

While so much attention was being bestowed by European nations on the western coast, the eastern had remained either unknown or in the undisputed possession of the Arabs. In 1489, when Vasco de Gama had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, he touched at Mozambique, Mozamba, and Milinda, where he found the Arabs ruling in all their Mohammedan bigotry. Cabrial visited Quiloa, and very soon the power of Portugal had swept the ancient settlers from the delta of the Zambezi. They quickly found their way up the river and established the forts of Sena and Tete, and ultimately the city of Zumbo, with whose ruins we will become familiar. From these settlements several journeys seem to have been made into the interior, extending some of them quite into the heart of the region which came down to our time an unsightly blank. But only the dusty unexplored archives of the Portuguese government can reveal the now useless facts which were so jealously concealed when they would have been welcomed by the world. The same fatal policy which distinguished their efforts in the west brought speedy decay of power here likewise. A government, over anxious for gain and unscrupulous as to measures, and a church with nothing better to give than beads and crucifixes, and images, and solemn mummeries, can have no lasting glory.

The regions south of Mozambique remained almost unknown until the establishment of the English colony at Natal. At a comparatively recent date the earlier history of this settlement was attended with most distressing complications with the natives, but at length Natal rose so far above adversity as to become perhaps the most desirable field of emigration on the continent. The remarkable natural advantages have greatly assisted the labor of industry and art in making this district the "Elysium" of South Africa. The tribes who surround the beautiful homes and carefully cultivated fields and blooming gardens of the foreigners retain none of their early hostility; cultivating more the peaceful habits so well and wisely recommended to them, they are rather pleasant neighbors, affording in their ignorance an ample field for the philanthropist and Christian, and in their strange sports and rivalries entertainment unsurpassed. But after Natal had been made to blossom as a rose, there still remained a considerable extent of the African coast vailed in almost absolute darkness. All that vast region between Abyssinia and the equator was still the land of fable. This "*terra incognita*" was believed to be the ancient *Regio Cinnamonifera*, to have undergone great revolutions, to be possessed by independent tribes of Gallas and Soumalis, and to teem with aromatics, spices, myrrh, aloes, ivory, ostrich feathers, indigo, cotton, and other valuable articles of commerce, yet it was still unexplored.

About the time that David Livingstone was taking his first lessons in African life, Lieutenant Christopher, in command of the Honorable East India Company's war-brig "Tigris," touched at several points on this coast, and made a few short journeys into the country.

But the grandest realms of wonder here were just beginning to absorb modern attention. The inquiry of the ancients was being taken up with new enthusiasm. The theories of Pacy and the Abyssinians and of Bruce had been set aside. A search for the true source of the Nile had succeeded that for the outlet of the Niger as the grand problem. And rivalling this more nearly than any other question was the eagerness to know what lay beneath that vast blank which extended from the Cape Colony to Soudan and from Lower Guinea to Zanguebar.

The ponderous volumes of Bruce won highest praise for the light which they shed on Abyssinia, that land of long-prevailing mystery, where ancient credulity asserted that unicorns and lions held their deadly combats, and dragons flapped their scaly wings through air; that golden mountains towered toward the sky, and river beds were paved with diamonds; and, most of all, where Presto John, the priest and king, was said to hold his court, a Christian Solomon of the middle ages; a land which in the full light of history still engages peculiar attention; where beautiful women and splendid horsemen bewilder the astonished traveller with their accomplishments; and most loathsome customs disgust him; where everything is an astonishment; a country which has come into distinguished prominence in connection with the sources of the Nile; whose lofty mountains garner the showers with which it contributes to the great patron of Egyptian wealth and plenty.

A host of travellers followed Bruce in Abyssinia; most notable of them was Dr. Beke, who was the first to give the world a map of the regions in which the Nile sources were supposed to be involved. The Blue and White Nile were soon brought into notice, and the public interest deepened in the work. The Pasha of Egypt entered the field with an expedition, which started from Khartum in December, 1839, and was actively engaged seventy-two days. A second and a third Egyptian expedition was sent out; but still the problem seemed to become more intricate. It remained for Sir Samuel Baker to discover the Albert N'Yanza; for Speke and Burton to discover the Tanganyika; for Speke to tell the world of Victoria N'Yanza, and for Livingstone to trace the Lualaba through the Bangweolo, the Moero, and the Kanalondo to its junction with the Lomame, and for a coming man to come in between and divide or unite these various waters.

While all these efforts were being put forth east, west, and south, various adventurers were traversing the northern shores among the relics of ancient greatness, and visiting the sand-girt cities of the desert; and from a thousand sources information was being derived about this vast continent so long wrapt in gloom. Only absolute darkness prevailed over the vast region marked on the map, Unknown! Not only the curiosity of the world called for its explanation, commerce called for it; there might be vast treasures concealed there; there might be nations easily advanced in industrial interests. Philanthropy called for it: there were undoubtedly untold wrongs crying to the world for redress: there were evils of ignorance and superstition which might be mitigated. Science called for it: her commission embraces the whole world, and while there is a rock unbroken or a star without a name she must not rest. But, most of all, religion called for it—Christianity—there were in that region souls to be saved. The time had come, and a man came forward, little thinking of the future that lay before him; a man whose joy it was to do what his hands might find to do, only doing all for Christ; a man not sent but led, step by step. It is this man whom we will follow up and down in the deep shadows of that vast unknown; whose adventures we will observe; whose toils and sacrifices we will note; whose character we will study; and by whose wonderful guidance we will find out all the strange, astonishing, distressing, animating, pleasing and important things the land can reveal.

The wonderful journeys of which we will read covered many thousand miles; generally they will be found to lie in regions where not the shadow of a tradition exists of a white man's presence before. We will find tribes presenting every phase of uncivilized life. We will find every wild animal which belongs to the continent represented. We will find strange and wonderful insects, and dreadful reptiles. We will read of swamps reeking with pestilence, deserts and trackless forests, rivers and mountains. Everywhere we will see a man alone, often without supplies, with no adequate means of self-protection, practising no deception; everywhere appearing in his true character; everywhere condemning vice and commending virtue; espousing the cause of the oppressed against the strong; combating long-established customs, and proposing great reformations. This man we will see passing unharmed, and seldom resisted by native force. We will feel that he carries a "charmed life," that he is "immortal until his work is done." If we observe carefully and weigh well his life, we will be wiser and better than we are, besides the knowledge we shall gain of Africa.

CHAPTER I.

BLANTYRE TO THE BAKWAINS.

Noble Names—David Livingstone—Blantyre—Home Traditions—The Factory—Common School—Latin—Love of Books—Be Honest—His Father—Mother—Scottish Poor—Bothwell—Conversion—Missionary Spirit—China—Medicine—Astrology—Greek—Theology—Africa—Thorough Preparation—1840—Leaves England—Goes to South Africa—Condition of Country—Cape Colony—Cape Town—Algoa Bay—Port Elizabeth—Kuruman or Lattakoo—Dr. Moffat—Northward—Studying Language, etc.—Selects Matabosa—Settles—Kindness to the Natives—A Lion Encounter—Joins the Bakwains.

THERE are names that live, and should live. Like the men who make them honorable, there are names which do good, carrying light and strength. There are names about which systems, and histories, and ideal realms of wondrous beauty are; which incite mankind to lofty enterprise, and impart confidence and fortitude and zeal. There are names which honor a world's remembrance. It is well and creditable for the world that some men are never forgotten. But of all, there is no life-work brighter and truer and loftier than that in the service of humanity, and the service of humanity is perfected in the dignity of Christian effort. Among the securest favorites of history, the worthiest are those who lived for others, and loved and labored under the impulses of the gospel.

Such a man was David Livingstone. His child-life was at Blantyre, by the beautiful Clyde, above Glasgow, in Scotland. He was born there in the year 1813. The humble home entertained some proud traditions, treasured through eight generations of the family. The young David listened with bounding heart and growing spirit, while his grandfather told the histories and legends of the olden time. Culloden was in the story. His great-grandfather fell there, fighting for the old line of kings; and "Ulva Dark," the family home, had been there. Old Gaelic songs trembled off the lips of his grandmother, beguiling the social hours. There was the spirit of heroism in the home. And among the traditions there were those of singular virtue and integrity. He classed the dying precept of a hardy ancestor the proudest distinction of his family: that precept was, "be honest." Honesty is a matchless birthright; he claimed it; he was not proud of anything else.

His father was a man of "unflinching honesty," and was employed by Montieth & Co., proprietors of Blantyre Works, in conveying very large sums of money from Glasgow, and by the honorable kindness of their firm his integrity was so rewarded that his declining years were spent where he had lived, in ease and comfort. He was a man who kept the hearts of his children. His kindness and real love were sweeter to them than all that wealth sometimes bestows as its peculiar gift. He brought his children up religiously; it was in connection with the Kirk of Scotland. It is a beautiful tribute of his illustrious son: "My father deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from my infancy with a continuously consistent pious example. I revere his memory."

The mother of the man appears only, and passes from the public view. She was a quiet, loving, industrious, self-denying, praying mother. God knows how to choose mothers for the chosen men. This mother was the mother of a great and good man. She was a women who, by her virtue and modesty, and fortitude and courage, could bear a hero and inspire him for his destiny. "An anxious house-wife, striving to make both ends meet," found time and place to exert a true woman's singular and mighty influence upon her little boy. We will not presume to estimate the magnitude of that influence. We will not say how much his home had to do with the singular thoughtfulness and distinguished precocity of the child that toiled all day long in the mill with the hundreds who worked there. David Livingstone was only ten years old when he was put into the factory. People ought not to despise little factory-boys. He worked from six in the morning until eight at night; that makes fourteen hours a day, and a child just ten years of age. There were very good schools at Blantyre; the teachers were paid twenty-five pounds a year. The schools were free to the children of the working people. David had been in one of those schools. He must have been well advanced for his age. The impulse that his mind received in the common school was aided by the attractions of the great University at Glasgow. Boys in the neighborhood of great colleges have earlier and loftier aspirations perhaps. Anyhow we are informed that a part of David Livingstone's first week's wages went for "Ruddiman's Rudiments of Latin," and that he pressed the study of that language with peculiar ardor, in an evening school, from eight to ten o'clock, during a number of years. There are many grown men who mourn over their ignorance whose work does not fill fourteen hours a day.

In those evening hours, with a little tired child-body, Livingstone mastered the Latin language, and accomplished much in general reading. When he was sixteen years old, he was quite in advance of his age. The diligence and self-control of the boy was the prophecy of the man. At this early age, too, the peculiar tastes and talents which rendered his subsequent life singularly successful and vested his work with singular interest began to appear. He did not love *novels:* he loved facts. He was not charmed with the woven fancies of quiet effeminacy. He delighted in stories of adventure; he was always glad to put his hand in the hand of the historian, and be led away from familiar scenes to the new and the strange and the difficult. The hero spirit was in him. This love of the new and eagerness for travel were tempered and sanctified by an appreciation of the real and the useful. He had delight in scientific books and experiments.

The home of his childhood was admirably adapted for the development of noble character. There was a population of nearly three thousand. The people were "good specimens of the Scottish poor," as he tells us himself, "in honesty, morality and intelligence." There were all sorts of people, of course; they were generally awake to all public questions; their interest was intelligent; there were some characters of uncommon worth; these persons felt peculiar interest in the thoughtful, studious lad. There were near at hand many spots hallowed in Scottish history—spots with venerable associations. The Scottish people love old associations; they treasure the dear memorials of the past. The ancient domains of Bothwell stood with open door to these respected villagers. David Livingstone was one of the people, and loved these scenes; he knew their history, all their old traditions were in his heart.

A youth, with the spirit of these associations and surroundings, fond of study, with abundant capacity, wanted only the touch of divine grace, and his heart would bound to noble sacrifice for Christ; he would not think of himself. The time came. "The change," he says, "was like what may be supposed would take place, were it possible to cure a case of color-blindness." The appreciation of God's love was humiliating and controlling. The freeness of grace engaged his gratitude and affection; the fullness and magnitude of it was unanswerable, and constrained him. There was no expression left him but that of a life given in return. He gave himself to God immediately. He determined to give himself to the heathen. But it was not Africa which he thought of. He was not like Park—he did not make special preparation for Africa. He looked toward China; that immense empire seemed to beckon him. He studied for China and went to Africa. It is so in God's providence. Sometimes the highest fitness for a place is attained indirectly. God orders the preparation of his chosen. His ways are not like ours.

The practical man shows himself in the boy. Young Livingstone felt that whoever ministers to the souls of the people must reach them through their bodies. He reasoned that the confidence to be desired, as a spiritual teacher and helper, would be most easily secured by attention to the humbler interests. It is like seeking interview with a lord: it is easier if the attendants are first won. Christ paid much attention to the bodily necessities of people. So have all the best and wisest of his servants. Livingstone studied medicine in preparation for his missionary work. His first book led him "deeply and anxiously into the perplexing profundities of astrology;" and he only paused in his investigations when, to his youthful mind, the ground seemed to be perilous, and, in his own words, "when the dark hint seemed to loom toward selling soul and body to the devil, as the price of the unfathomable knowledge of the stars."

He would wander, delighted and wondering, through

Blantyre and Cambuslang, collecting shells and stones long before geology was as popular as it is now. As a specimen of the help and encouragement he received, when the curious child one day asked a quarryman, "How did ever these shells get into these rocks?" he was told, "When God made the rocks, He made the shells in them." And when his honored father found his preference for such study, he insisted on creating a fondness for such books as "Fourfold State," by Boston, "Practical Christianity," etc.

It is almost incredible that such varied and profound reading as filled these early years of Livingstone could have been done in the midst of such daily work in a factory. He really accomplished all of his reading by placing his book where he could catch a sentence, as he passed backward and forward at his work. Working continually in his factory, he studied Greek at Glasgow, and Divinity with Dr. Wardlaw, by his own manual labor providing for his own education. It was a wonderful love of knowledge and wonderful love of Christ which strengthened his heart for such a work. What wonder that he expressed his delight, when at last he was admitted a member of a profession devoted to benevolence! How naturally he treasured most fondly the recollections of Blantyre by the Clyde, through all of his wanderings! It was a sacrifice for such a man. Africa offered nothing. It asked for everything. There could never be a home there for him; there could never be one anywhere on earth. It is a serious thing to become a missionary. Christ had no home. The missionary comes nearest to Christ in his service, and he must come nearest to Christ in his sacrifice. Livingstone did not go to Africa to find out Africa. He went there to carry Christ to the ignorant and lost. The gospel being his mission, he remained long enough in England to make special preparation in the study of theology. It is a mistake that the intelligence of the teacher should be graded by the advancement of the learner. The very best preparation is desirable for the teacher of the very ignorant. Little children should have the most accomplished teachers. Don't send a novice in Bible truth to the heathen. God is not in need of such haste on the part of his servants that the man he calls for a special work may not go about it deliberately. No time is saved by rushing to the battle without one's armor and weapons. Livingstone was right. He knew there would be all to give, and but little to receive. There is great waste in missionary life. A man does wisely to seek thorough development before he sets out on such work. Livingstone was a man with a reasonable scientific knowledge, good medical education, a student of theology—all pervaded by the love of Christ and devotion to humanity, with a deep-felt call to the heathen.

This is the man who left England for Africa in 1840. He was born in 1813. He was twenty-five years old when he began his great work there. It was a life in the fullness and elasticity of its vigor which he laid on God's altar in the service of humanity.

The portion of the benighted continent which he selected was full of interest and mystery. Stories of wonderful fertility and tempting reservoirs of wealth had for a long time been floating in the popular mind. Civilization looked eagerly toward the heathen wilderness. Accounts, all indefinite, but promising, of nations worthy of their sympathy, had moved the hearts of Christians. The missionaries, who had gone before, had but little more than built their fires over against the gloom. Now and then a man would come out of the deeper shadows, attracted by their brightness. These men revealed the hidden want. It was that hidden want which cried so loudly to the heart of Livingstone. His Highland blood was consecrated to Christ. He could not accept a service which was less than heroic. He could not measure his obligations by apparent expediency and personal safety. The English power on the Cape had, in God's providence, provided a footing for Christianity on the unreclaimed territory. Light had stepped on the coast of darkness; that was all. The radiance must be guide through the gloom. Livingstone rejoiced in the undertaking. We will find that his work assumes the character of exploration. It was the work of Christian zeal. It was the gospel in control of a man penetrating the "regions beyond." The same gospel has been the unrecognized power in all the histories, wrapping the world with the joys and beauties of true civilization.

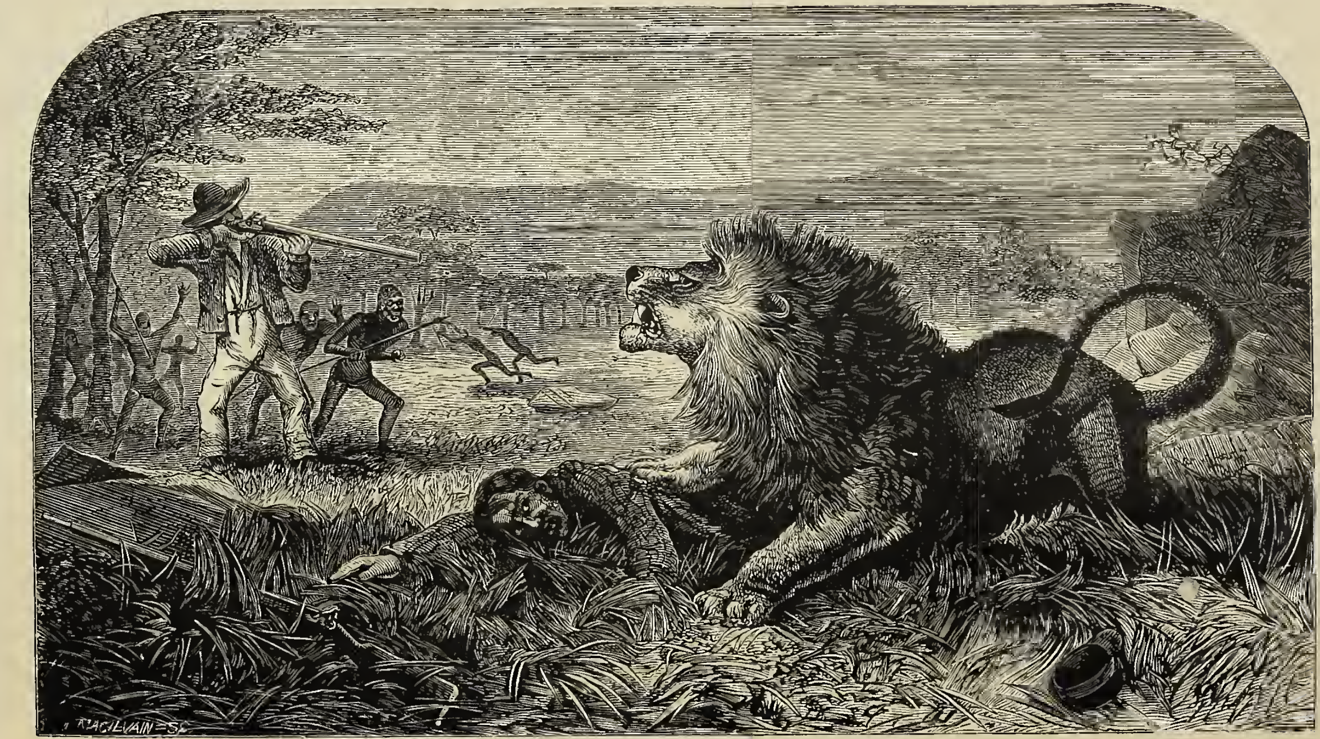
The Cape Colony is divided. The divisions are the Eastern and Western. Cape Town, where the missionary landed, is a city. It occupies a splendid amphitheatre; three lofty mountains describe an arc about it. There is Table Mountain, rising nearly 4000 feet above the sea, Lion's Head and Devil's Peak. The city nestles in their friendly shadows, and looks at itself in the sea. There are 30,000 inhabitants, all sorts of people, Dutch, English, Negroes, Malays, Hottentots, everything and nothing. The streets are straight; they cross at right angles; they are threaded by canals, along whose banks there are rows of stately trees. The houses are flat on top; they have great block stoops in front, where the inmates lounge in the evening. There are fifteen churches. Mohammedanism is there, watching most jealously the intrusion of Christianity. There is a good government, and the sects may quarrel securely. They do it. It is a pity. All hearts ought to be united in saving the heathen.

After a little while spent resting, Livingstone sailed from Cape Town around to Algoa Bay, and entered the country. It is well to look at it on the map; it will fix matters in the mind. On Algoa Bay you will see Port Elizabeth. This is a town of 3000 inhabitants, an English settlement, and the principal shipping-point for the eastern division of the colony. It is a door. Civilization goes in and out with its blessings and the returns. There is a return for all service. Civilization has adventured its wealth in the service of barbarism; enlightened barbarism has always reimbursed civilization. The Church carries the gospel to the heathen at great cost; the heathen receive it, and strengthen the Church. The sun loses nothing by lengthening its rays.

Leaving the bay and the easy sailing, Livingstone pressed on to the farthest inland station of the Society. This station is called Kuruman or Lattakoo. It was the headquarters of Dr. Moffat, who had spent many years in that region; whose book, issued thirty years ago, is full of interest. This hospitable home gave a noble daughter to be the companion of the missionary explorer.

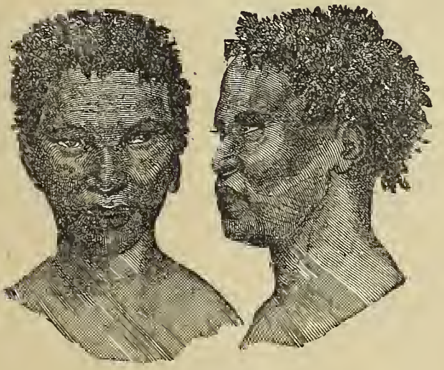
Now fully on the ground, Livingstone cast about him with characteristic deliberation and courage and zeal. It is when zeal is courageous and courage deliberate that great things are accomplished. Quitting Kuruman, and the pleasures and encouragements of home-faces and home-words, he sought an abode northward. There he denied himself all European society six months, that he might identify himself with the natives and learn their language, their customs, their habits of mind, their laws and way of thinking. The tribe which he had chosen was that section of the Bechuanas known as Bakwains. The future rewarded the sacrifice he made and the labor he performed in those first six months. He bought, by those months of toil, the key which unlocked for him door after door in his subsequent wanderings. His home in these months was at Litubamba; it was called then Lepelole. He proposed to make a settlement there; but while he was at Kuruman on one occasion, the friendly Bakwains were dispossessed of the territory by one of those native wars which arise almost as frequently and unexpectedly and terribly in barbarous countries as the wild winds.

So after some journeyings hither and thither, he selected the "beautiful valley of Matabosa," and removed to it in 1843. He immediately identified himself thoroughly with the people. It was his nature and his theory to do so. The real interest which he allowed himself to cherish in everything which concerned them is the truest explanation of their regard for him and his peculiar influence over them. If they were in want, he would help to provide for them; if they were in danger, he would help to deliver them. If we would give medicine to a child, we give it a toy first. He felt that those people must receive the truth like a child receives medicine. He made them like him by the love he bore them, manifested according to their comprehension; then they would hear him in matters which were strange and disagreeable. This spirit led to a very serious affair only a short time after the settlement at Matabosa—an incident which has gained peculiar interest latterly. The lions had become singularly troublesome, venturing on most daring depredations in broad daylight. The cowardly natives had surrendered to their superstitions, and bemoaned the misery of their situation helplessly enough, when the killing of a single one of their impudent neighbors would have relieved them effectually. Under the circumstances, the missionary headed a


MACILVAIN-S.

ENCOUNTER WITH THE LION

party which he gathered and went out to make a victim which should be a hint to the presumptuous marauders. After several failures, they at length discovered a lion sitting behind a small bush on a rock. The deliberate aim of Livingstone reached its mark, but had the effect of bringing the lion bounding upon him. Quicker than it can be told, they fell together to the ground, and growling horribly the monster shook him furiously, inflicting eleven wounds on the upper part of the arm, and crushing the bone into splinters. That wound was God's mark placed on the man; it was that which thirty years later served to identify the human remains which were carried to England as the body of Dr. Livingstone. The affair was one of a moment; the death-shot had been received; the rage of death was in the spring and first grasp of the beast; then he fell over his victim, dead. Livingstone had learned the language, had learned to ride an ox, had acquired some skill as a pedestrian, and had learned the delights of lion-hunting. He was prepared for his work, which was opening. The spirit was in him, and the mark was on him: now he might go into the wilderness. He attached himself to the Bakwain tribe.



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CHAPTER II.

1843—1850.

The Bechuanas—The Bakwains—Sechele—His Conversion—His Difficulties—The Government—Baptism of Sechele—Cross and Crown—Difficulties of the Work—Belief in Rain-Making—Drought—Noble Conduct—The Hopo—Kindness to Livingstone—Livingstone's Spirit—The Boers—Slavery—Antagonistic Principles—Boers Hate Livingstone—Sechele's Resistance—Livingstone Accused—His Effects Destroyed—Going Northward—Desire to find the Lake—Desire to see Sebituane—Sekomi—The Desert—Bushmen—Bakalahari—Water-Sucking—Across the Desert—Difficulties—Salt Pans—The Zouga—Quakers of Africa—Lake Ngami Discovered—The Lake—Sebituane—Guides Refused—Sketch of the Zouga—Elephants—Trees—Fish—Bayieye—Kolobeng again—Home-life in Kolobeng.

The Bechuanas live in a country remarkable for its beauty and fertility, a country abounding in herds. They are separated from the Cape Colony by the Sneuwberg Mountains, and beyond the mountains a pastoral district, where Bushmen and Hottentots have their wandering sway, and after these the Orange river; just over the Orange are the Bechuanas. On the left hand, which is west, is the Kalahari Desert; on the right hand, which is the east, lies the Caffre territory and the mountains. The Bechuanas comprise a number of tribes, whose chiefs have independent patriarchal authority. These tribes are generally rather in advance of their neighbors in natural intelligence; they dwell more in cities, and pay more attention to agriculture; they are more advanced in the arts.

The names of Trutter and Sumerville are associated with the earliest knowledge we have of this people. These gentlemen reported the discovery of Lattakoo as late as 1801. It was among these tribes that Mr. Campbell did his work of love. Rev. Robert Moffat had been there many years before 1840; Lattakoo, or Kuruman, was his station. The Bakwains are a Bechuana tribe; their territory is north of Kuruman. Shokuane, the city of the chief, when Dr. Livingstone was there, is about 250 miles from Kuruman. *One hundred* miles may not be despised, in a country where all journeys must be undertaken with one's eyes open to the difficulties of forests and wild beasts and unfriendly people, and where oxen convey you. The first settlement, 250 miles in advance of the hardiest missionary effort, was no insignificant matter. Matabosa, the mission station selected by Dr. Livingstone, is only a few miles south of the city of the chief. Sechele was chief. There is frequent mention of this man in the books of travellers in South Africa about that time. He stands out distinctly, in the meagre African history which we possess, a noble specimen. He was a man of singular intelligence and liberality, and grasped with avidity the rudiments of reading and mathematics, and handled these keys with a masterly skill, opening readily the avenues of knowledge. He received the Christian teacher with all cordiality, and was greatly delighted with the beauties of the Bible. Isaiah charmed him; over and over he would exclaim, "He was a fine man that Isaiah; he knew how to speak."

No wonder that such a man, coming to know the truth, was full of amazement that Christian people had been so long a time delaying to send his people the gospel. "My forefathers!" he would exclaim, "why did they not send them this word? They all passed away in darkness." O that the reproach of inactivity may be against us no longer! The "fathers have passed away in darkness!" The children! the Christian world must vindicate the name it bears, by arising in the spirit of the Master, giving wings to the word.

This noble man was greatly embarrassed by the incompatibility of the demands of Christianity with the customs of his country, and particularly with the relations of a chief. There he sat, in the centre; ranged around him, circle after circle, were his subjects, in the order of their dignity or family strength. The one bond which pervades the whole tribe is that of marriage. The chief binds the stronger of the under chiefs to himself by taking wives of their families; these under chiefs in turn fasten yet humbler families to them in the same way, and so on.

The whole tribe is a family; the chief is the head of the family. The missionary did not need instruct Sechele concerning the impropriety or sinfulness of some of his customs. His own intelligence discovered his duty, and in the bitterness of his struggle he cried: "Oh! I wish you had come to this country before I became entangled in the meshes of our customs." Here was a heathen chief. The chiefs under him were identified with him and bound to him by the wives whom he had taken. If he abandons polygamy he offends the under chiefs; he shakes the whole tribe to its circumference. Two years and a half he battled with these difficulties; the convictions of duty were permanent; the sacrifice stood facing the service. It was the old and ever-new Cross against the Crown.

During those two years and a half Sechele co-operated with Dr. Livingstone heartily, and manifested much concern that the gospel might be accepted by his people. Indeed, he proposed to introduce it in true African style, by the lash of his whip. Then, when discouraged from that method, he wondered and grieved that only in this, where of all things he would have them imitate him, his people despised his example. At length the hour came; the decision was strong. Sechele asked for baptism, and, influenced entirely by his own convictions of right, broke away from all those customs which he perceived to be improper. He sent home all of the wives except his first, and gave to her his heart anew in Christian purity. This interference of Christianity with polygamy is one of its most unpopular features in Africa. But the directness and nearness of Christian approach to God, the setting aside not only of their customs, but of their superstitions, is a still greater difficulty.

Most conspicuously among the Bakwains was their faith in the art or power of the rain-maker. Their country borders on the desert; frequently they need water; the rains are withholden; there are men who profess to bring rain; they administer medicine to the elements; they claim the rain, if it comes, as brought by them; if it does not come, then they argue, "No man is expected to succeed in every particular matter." Now, Religion says, Ask God for rain; they prefer to ask the rain-doctor; they cannot see God; they see the rain-doctor; they see his medicine bag; they are in trouble; they think their ancestors got rain so. It is hard for them to decide; they cling to the superstition.

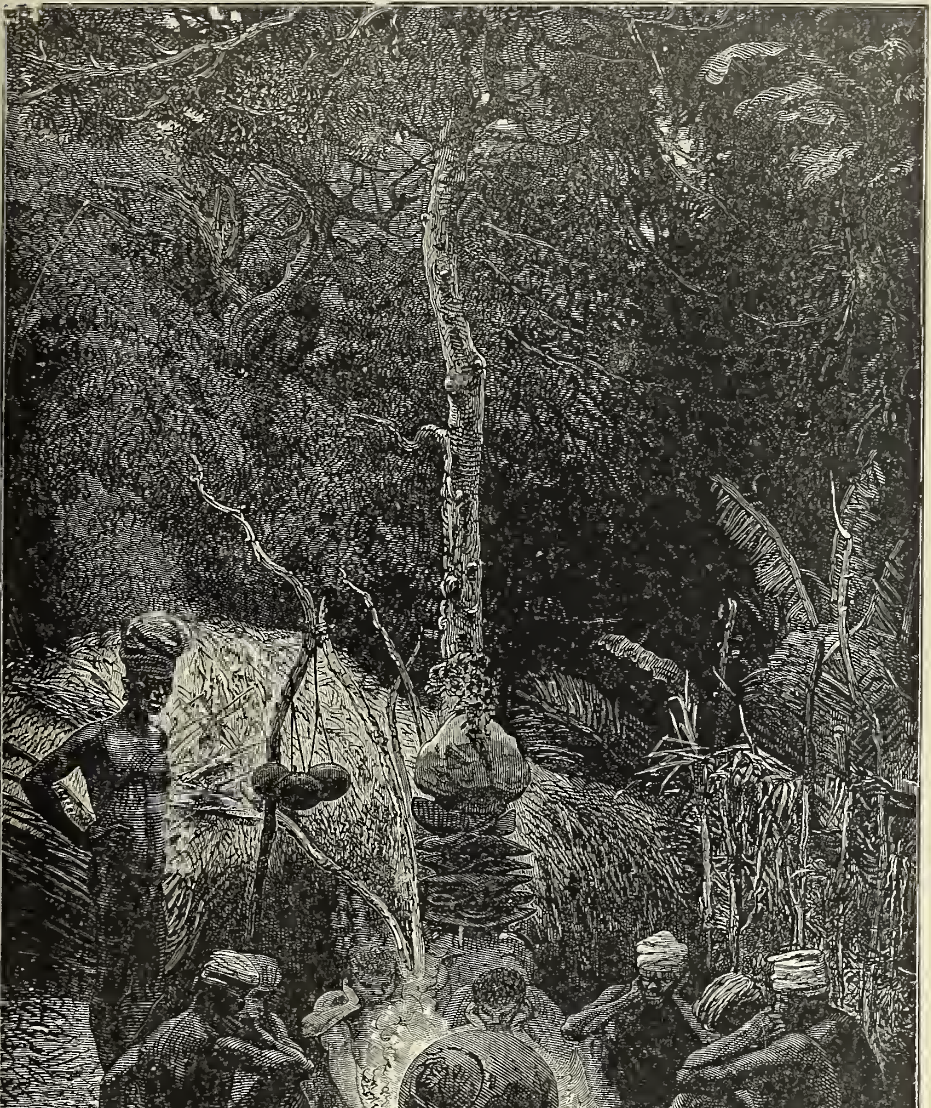
During the three years—the earlier years of Livingstone's settlement—there was almost a continuous drought. Sechele had been a noted rain-doctor; now he would not do anything. They felt that Christianity was to account for their parched fields and famished herds and their own great suffering. They were slow to embrace Christianity. To Dr. Livingstone they would say, "We like you as well as if you had been born among us, but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. You see we never get rain, whilst those tribes who never preach and pray have plenty." Indeed, with such impressions, there is no difficulty in comprehending their feelings, if we can only realize their distress during those three years—the rivers running dry, the leaves dying on the trees, needles retaining their polish perfectly lying in the street, the mercury standing at 134° three inches under ground. Only the long-legged black ants seemed to prosper; they only deserve to be said to live; everything else seemed ready to give up. They toiled on, under the cover of recurring darkness, year in and year out; somehow or other finding moisture for their mortar, and rearing their singular mansions. It was a mockery. Birds suffered, beasts suffered, reptiles suffered, fish suffered, beetles placed on the surface died in half an hour, man suffered; only the chambers of these strange creatures were surprisingly humid. It was a question for the curious.

Sechele's people did nobly. They sold ornaments; the women did that. There are women in Africa. It is woman's mission to arise to her noblest work in times which crush men. It is the mission of African women. They sold ornaments—for corn—to other tribes. The men resorted to the Hopo; this is a mammoth trap, which is set for the giants of the wilderness. If you look at the picture, it is easily understood. It is made of huge piles driven firmly in the ground, and boughs of trees closely interwoven with the piles. There is a strong barricade formed in this way; it extends about a mile. At the point of the **V** formed by these hedges there is a lane; at the end of the lane a pit. The men easily enclose within these hedges a large number of animals, which, terrified by the furious yells of the hunters and their sharp javelins, rush madly along the converging hedges and the narrow lane until the treacherous pit receives them. It is a wild, cruel scene. It is the law of extremity to be cruel. The Bakwains are kind until they suffer; so are people generally. Want is lawless. Through all of their extremity Dr. Livingstone was treated kindly and wrought diligently for their enlightenment and salvation. The work of saving men is independent of their condition; men need the gospel all the time. Dr. Livingstone recognized the difficulties. He knew that the uncertainty, the anxiety about the things that perish, the lawful solicitude about food, was indeed a mighty hindrance to his success. He did not suspend his work, but he gave the sufferers his sympathies. It will, indeed, be well when the Christian churches awake thoroughly to the importance of seeking directly the improvement of the heathen, not only in knowledge and in their social life, but in the conditions of bodily comfort and happiness.

The life of Livingstone is a lesson. He was a Christian. He was a missionary. He determined to open a way that the world might enter Africa; that the enlightened might lift up the benighted; that the Church might address the people who have been aided, who are stronger and happier for the coming of the Church. But there was an obstacle to be confronted by our missionaries among these tribes harder to overcome than prejudices, than customs, than wants. That obstacle was living. It called itself civilized; it called itself human. It was in human shape; it was encouraged by outside civilization. The Cashan Mountains, just north of the Bechuanas, were occupied by the Boers. There are people known as Boers in Cape Colony; they are a very industrious, honorable class. These are not like them. The mountains were formerly occupied by a cruel Caffre chief; he had been expelled. The Bechuanas rejoiced too soon when the Boers came in his place. They had too much confidence in white skin. The Caffre had been "cruel to his enemies and kind to the conquered. The Boers killed their enemies and enslaved their friends." They had settled in Africa out of antipathy to the African. They cultivated their farms with unpaid labor. It was compulsory labor; they were heartless in their methods of securing slaves. They would murder men and women and burn a town to make captives of the children; the children grew up accustomed to the yoke. The tribes hated slavery, but were degraded by it. It seemed inevitable. Sometimes people would sell their children. The inevitable becomes tolerable. Besides the degradation, there was the constant trepidation and absolute insecurity. The shadow of those mountains became a decree of instability. This hindered the missionary work; that was Livingstone's work. Christianity and the Boers were enemies. The Boers were the enemies of Livingstone; they did everything in their power to prevent him in every undertaking. The missionary would educate the people; he emancipated their minds; they would become free and strong. Trade is the companion of Christianity in heathen countries. Traders follow missionaries; they followed Dr. Livingstone. These traders sold guns and powder. The Boers were cruel to the weak, therefore they were cowardly. They dreaded the trader because they dreaded powder and guns. They dreaded Livingstone because they dreaded the trader. There could be no peace. And when, at last, Sechele arose in self-defence and killed the first Boers ever slain by Bechuanas, Livingstone was denounced as the instigator of their action. It was then that the Boers destroyed his house, his books, his papers, his all. They were determined that he should not open the country. They set him free to do it, and forced him to do so by tearing up his nest. They were cruel to Livingstone, but God was kind to Africa. The missionary could do nothing under the Boers; he must go northward. If he went northward or eastward or westward, the way he went would become a road, and the light would stream in stronger and stronger. God's Spirit had made the missionary; God's Providence was making the explorer.

Several years had been spent battling with these difficulties. The labors of Dr. Livingstone had extended several hundred miles eastward from Kolobeng. He had established an intimate friendship with Sechele, and other Bechuana chiefs, besides gathering considerable information about the regions beyond. But the beyond was across the desert. The desert was a difficulty. It was a heartless difficulty, but it was not human; it was limited. There were no Boers on the other side; there were only heathen, and the Lake Ngami. This lake had long been an object of anxious curiosity to people interested in African matters; and beyond Ngami, the home of a far-famed chief and an intelligent tribe promised a most desirable footing for Christianity. Sebituane was the chief of the Makololo. Sebituane was a really great man; his praise was on the lips of other chiefs; he was a generous man. Dr. Livingstone longed to know him and teach him of Christ. He desired to gain his great influence and the strength of his tribe to the gospel. The chief of the Bamangwato, the tribe just above the Bakwains, almost between Sechele and the lake, knew a route to it, but he would not tell it, because he did not wish the ivory of the lake region to become accessible to the outside world. There was only one thing to do. The desert must be crossed.

In this undertaking Livingstone was joined by Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray, both of them noted travellers. The formidable region before them was one of peculiar interest, though peculiarly inhospitable. It was a desert that was not a desert. There was only one want. That want was water. There are trees and vines and grasses, and animals and reptiles and people; but everything, from the men to the creeping vine, is searching for water. The plants search downward, and send their roots far beneath the parched surface; they must find moisture, because they seem to laugh at the sun. The animals are such as can go long periods without water. Their sagacity discovers the few fountains and pools which are here and there. The human inhabitants are Bushmen and Bakalahari. The Bushmen love the desert. The Bakalahari love freedom. They find the freedom in the desert which they lost elsewhere; therefore, they are in the desert. There are plants in this wilderness which take the place of fountains. They bear quite a number of tubers, which are filled with a cool, refreshing liquid; these tubers are deeply buried far below the crust. They are betrayed only by a stalk as large as a crow's quill. There are vast quantities of watermelons in some years. Every living thing in the desert rejoices when these abound. But there were none when Livingstone's party was there. The human dwellers of the desert use all care in concealing the few watering-places which exist. Art helps the desolation. The women have a singular method of obtaining water from these hidden pools. They gather about the spot with their vessels, which are only



BUSHMAN'S CAMP

ostrich egg-shells, with a small hole in them. They thrust one end of a small reed down to the water, and applying the lips to the other end, suck up the precious fluid, which passes from the mouth, through another reed or large straw, into the shell. Thus they improvise a pump. When they have filled a number of shells, they are borne far away from the spot to their homes. Nobody finds water by finding the Bakalahari. Its existence is accounted their sacred secret. It is because the tribes outside can find no water that they are secure.

The Bushman's security is in his poisoned arrows, which he uses with great cordiality when occasion demands it. The Bushmen are manly-looking and brave; the Bakalahari are mean-looking and timid. The weak and the strong, the brave and the timid, have each their reason for chosing this home; they find their interests identical, so they live together. The Bushmen are hunters; the others live on roots and fruits, and trade between the Bushmen and the world, with skins and tobacco.

It was the 1st of June, 1849, when Messrs. Livingstone, Oswell and Murray left Kolobeng for the Lake Ngami. Messengers had come from the chief of the lake country, whose name was Lechulatebe, inviting Dr. Livingstone to visit him. These messengers had brought wonderful accounts of the ivory to be had there. Their accounts stimulated the Bakwain guides, though they did not lessen the difficulty of the journey, because wagons could not proceed by the route which they came. The party was furnished with oxen and wagons and guides and servants. We can hardly convey an impression of the picture. They slowly skirted along the desert, from pool to pool. There were a score of men, twenty horses, and about eighty oxen. They passed Boatlonama and Lopepe. At Mashue, they left the road which they had followed, and struck out northward, upon the desert. They pressed on to Serotli. It was toilsome progress—the deep sand conspired with the scorching sun. Serotli was only a sucking-place, and there was the delay of several days before the party was refreshed by its slow stream. There was nothing more remarkable than the impatience of a guide, the herds of wild animals, and dissuasions of Sekomi, who sent messengers expressing the greatest anxiety about them. Cupidity is a hypocrite in Africa and everywhere. Sekomi feared Livingstone would find the ivory: he pretended to be afraid he would be lost in the desert.

At Nchokotsa our travellers were entertained with a wonderful and charming illusion. Passing out of a thick belt of trees there burst upon their view what seemed to be a beautiful lake. The setting sun was casting a lovely haze over the surface; the waves were seen as if dancing and rippling; the shadows of the trees were true as life. The reward of their toil seemed at hand. They were disappointed on finding that there was no lake, no water—only a great salt-pan. The wonderful mirage had deceived them. Over and over as they passed northward were they deceived in the same manner. The object of their quest was still far away.

At length they struck the river Zouga, flowing by the village of Bakarutse. The people of the village informed them that this noble river flowed from the lake. Now, then, they had the thread—an unerring guide. They had water; success was a matter only of days and life. When they had passed along this river nearly a hundred miles, they met the hospitality of the lake chief. The tribes had received orders to give to the travellers all desired aid, and expedite his advance with all readiness. The Bakoba was found to be one of the most interesting of these tribes. They are the men of peace, the "Quakers of Africa." Their pride is in their canoes. All day they delight to strike their supple oars into the beautiful water of their river; at night they love to sleep in their boats, safely fastened in the stream. The river Tamunak'le flows into the Zouga. The party passed its mouth; it flows down from "a country full of rivers." It was the 1st day of August, 1849, when our travellers went down together and looked on the broad Lake Ngami. The discovery of this lake was pronounced to eclipse all preceding discovery in Southern Africa. This point furnished the key to all the lower portion of the continent, and contributed greatly to the interest of African travel, while it invited a deeper interest in trade. This discovery associated the name of Livingstone with the noblest explorers of history.

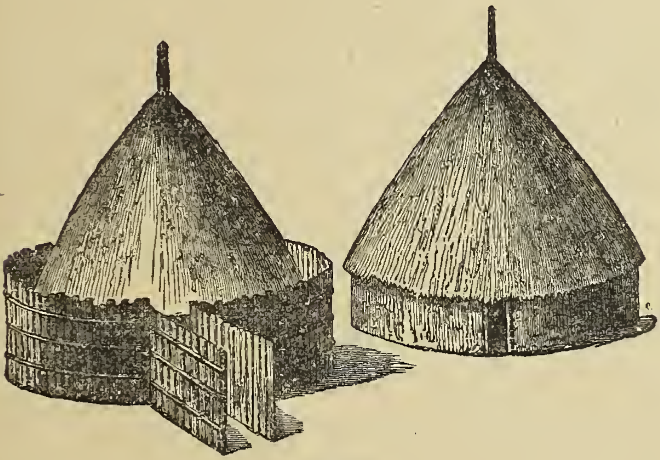
This lake is estimated to be nearly a hundred miles in circumference. It lies about two hundred feet above the level of the sea. The water is cold and soft, and fresh when full; when very low, it is a little brackish.

But after so much toil, the main object of Dr. Livingstone was not to be realized at this time. As we said before, while he was in fact an explorer, he had a loftier aim. He was a missionary. He desired to see Sebituane, but Lechulatebe was unwilling that he should go there, and refused guides, and sent an order to the Bayieye to refuse passage across the river. Lechulatebe was afraid of Sebituane, who had killed his father and conquered his territory long before; from whom, indeed, he had himself been ransomed. The season was far advanced; they could not go on. The party turned back and passed leisurely down the Zouga, Mr. Oswell having volunteered to bring up a boat from the Cape. On one side, the banks of the Zouga arise perpendicularly; on the other, they slope away gracefully, clothed with grass. Along these grassy slopes the Bayieye have constructed pitfalls, in which to entrap the wild animals, when they come down to the water's edge to drink. These traps are so carefully concealed that every now and then some of the party would fall into one, though using all vigilance to avoid them. But not unfrequently the sagacity of the lordly elephant is superior to this strategy. The old ones have been known to precede the rest, and carefully uncover every pit before allowing them to go down to drink. These animals were found in great numbers along the southern bank of the river. A beautiful antelope, feeding in vast herds, attracted much attention. Its noble appearance, with head uplifted, gazing curiously upon the party; its full white breast; its long, curving antlers; the splendid agility displayed as it went bounding away over the undergrowth, were indeed charming. Magnificent trees adorn the banks; their shadows are on the glassy surface. Some of these trees measure twenty feet in diameter. They are crowned with splendid flowers of various hues. Their wonderful evergreen foliage, drooping gracefully, presents most charming retreats. They are grand, natural arbors.

When the eye falls from these majestic views, and wearies of the feeding herds and rests upon the water, there may be a fish just leaping into the sun, or a singularly beautiful and harmless snake gliding along the shining surface. The Bayieye are fishermen, and eat what they catch. They make nets; strangely enough, too, their nets are not unlike our own. They show great dexterity in harpooning the hippopotamus. When once their barbed blade has fixed itself in their victim, he has only one of two things to do—the boat must be smashed or he must surrender.

Returning thus, as they went, Dr. Livingstone and his party reached Kolobeng, Mr. Oswell having gone on toward the Cape. The journey had been accomplished; white men had looked on the water about which untangible accounts had made them so curious. There had been hardships, but humanity had been served. The way was opened for Christianity. The inquiring and generous sympathizers with the ignorant and degraded in those dark forests had received new inspiration. The news of this discovery had kindled a new interest in Africa. The hardy missionary decided to spend the winter with his family in Kolobeng. But it was not lost time. His hands were full. People generally have a poor idea of the real life of those noble few whom God calls to forsake the leisure and comfort of civilization for the toils and responsibilities of a foreign field. While this noble man is waiting on the winter rains, we may look in upon the home which he has made.

About the only facility which Africa offers the architect who works on the models of civilized life is material. The house which he builds must be dearly bought with many days of hard work. This was emphatically so of a home among the Bakwains; because they, however willing, have a queer inability to put things square. Dr. Livingstone had to place every brick and beam with his own hand. After the house comes the living in it. The romance of hardship becomes very real in years. It must be true benevolence which finds pleasure in the want of all the conveniences of early experience. We smile quite seriously to see Mrs. Livingstone going out with a large batch of dough and depositing it in a great hole which the doctor has scooped out in a great ant-hill, the only accessible oven. It makes one tired even to think of the weariness and worry of improvising everything; of manufacturing soap and candles and butter about as Selkirk might have done in his loneliness. The city pastor, imagining himself run to death with the duties of his position, who hardly has time to buy his own coal, forgets that the man who has volunteered to be his substitute under the command, "Go ye into all the world," must add to the work of translating or inventing a written language, teaching, preaching, travelling, praying; the cultivation of his own garden, the duties of smith and carpenter, the milking of cows, with the hundred and one things not to be thought of except as they arise. Such was the work on the hands of Dr. Livingstone, while every duty of his had its corresponding duty for his wife. Then there are ever-occurring acts of kindness, taxing mind and body, which the noblest missionaries have considered a part of their duty. The almost menial services for the natives, themselves unskilled in the arts of comfort, are not a mean part of the work which falls upon him. We must think of the great explorer passing back and forth in the whole range of this extended sphere of activity, from mending shoes to making Bibles, and ever cheerful and resolute. We must see his noble wife gladly and proudly holding a hand with him in everything, if we would form a true conception of the characters of the parties. And the man rises loftily indeed in our appreciation, while we observe the dignity and humility, the tenderness and the strength, the meekness and the courage of his life.



HOUSES.

CHAPTER III.

DESERTS AND FORESTS.

Livingstone's Second Journey to the Lake—Pass the Zouga—Forests—Tsetse—Recross the Zouga—Lake Ngami Again—Hopes of Seeing Sebituane—Guides Secured—Sickness of Children—Return to Kolobeng—Opposition of Chiefs—Sebituane's Messengers—Third Start—The Old Path—Desert—Guide Wanders—Five Terrible Days—Water Found—Banajoa—Guide to the Chobe—The Mokolo—Meets Sebituane—Death of Sebituane—Discovery of the Zambesi—Returns to Cape—Sends his Family to England—A New Tour Undertaken—Party—General Idea—Former Occupants of the Cape—Boers of the Cape—Griquas' Territory—Effects of Mission Work—Kuruman—Dr. Moffat—Bible Translation—Language—War of Boers—Difficulties—Servants Secured—Starts North—Lion—Buffalo—Sechele's Tour—Serpents—The Ostrich—Motlasta—Belief in God—Salt Pans—Koobe—Famished Beasts—Livingstone's Kindness—Tremendous Trees—Singular Vitality—Civilized *vs.* Native Hunters—Unku and Sunday—Difficult Advance—The Way to Cut with the Axe—Wild Animals—The Sanshureh—Linyanti—May 23, 1853—Circumcision—Appearance of Country.

Dr. Livingstone was not the man to abandon a cherished enterprise; his resolution strengthened when difficulties multiplied. He had discovered Lake Ngami, but he had not seen Sebituane; he had not gained his great influence for Christianity. He was determined he would not relinquish his purpose. Accordingly in April, 1850, he began a second journey northward. This time Sechele joined him; Mrs. Livingstone also gave to the party the pleasure and singular interest of a woman's presence among explorers of African wilds, and the helplessness and gleefulness of children made the lumbering ox-wagons seem like a home. This time they took a more easterly route, and instead of striking across the desert from Bashue, as they had done before, Livingstone decided to go through the Bamangwato town. The chief there, Letoche, confessed himself to have been beaten by the success of the Doctor in his former journey, and declared himself content. Reaching the Zouga, this time the party crossed it, Livingstone designing thus to avoid the difficulty which he might again have in proceeding if he passed the ford and depended on Lechulatebe to assist him at the lake. Sechele parted with them here, being anxious to meet that chief. The party then passed along the northern bank of the Zouga. Their progress was slow and laborious. The great trees stood so thickly that the wagon-road had to be made by cutting them down, and the multitude of pitfalls proved a terrible affliction notwithstanding all possible watchfulness. The oxen were sadly unfortunate in combating with this difficulty; many of them were killed or crippled: for although the Bayeiye were friendly to Livingstone's undertaking, and would gladly uncover the pits, they could not be always aware of his approach. Thus wearily the party pressed on, until they reached again the confluence of the Tamunak'le. There a fresh barrier confronted them. There is a fly, called the tsetse, which infests certain sections of the country, whose bite is singularly fatal to domestic animals; it is absolutely impossible to pass through such sections without the forfeit of all the oxen or horses. The choice of the travellers was standing in the wilderness, returning, the tsetse, and crossing to the southern side again. They crossed, and hurried along until once more they looked on the lake, by whose border the engraving gives us the pleasing picture of Dr. Livingstone and family enjoying the fresh morning as peacefully as ever a family strolled along our own lakes.

The hesitation of Lechulatebe yielded at length to the solicitations of Sechele and the offer of Dr. Livingstone's splendid gun; the guides were promised, and arrangements were perfected for the entertainment of his family. Dr. Livingstone was buoyant in the thought of mounting his ox for the home of Sebituane. The morning came; with it came disappointment. The stubborn chief had consented; a protest was entered with which there could be no reasoning, which could not be bought over even by London-made guns. The children both opened their eyes in the morning, their little bodies scorched with African fever. The servants soon were its victims. There could be no debating; only the desert air would cool the fire in those swollen veins. The second time the hero was foiled. They returned to Kolobeng.

When Sebituane heard of the attempts of Livingstone to reach him, he immediately sent his messengers to the chiefs, with presents, requesting them to render all the assistance they could to the missionary. He sent thirteen brown cows to Lechulatebe, thirteen white cows to Sekomi, and thirteen black cows to Sechele; but though these chiefs were all deeply indebted to Sebituane, and greatly dependent on his clemency, so great was their unwillingness to have the remoter regions of the continent brought into contact with the world outside that they still persisted in hindering the advance of Livingstone in every possible manner. Even Sechele, whose friendship was a thing of years, and fixed by his own conversion, took advantage of the absence of Livingstone to allow all the messengers of Sebituane to go back without him. The opposition was annoying, it was not discouraging.

Waiting only for returning health, the party resumed their travelling trim and set out on the third journey. We little think, who so quietly talk of the light of civilization and Christianity spreading gradually over the entire earth, how stoutly the darkness resists it, how heroically the pioneers of knowledge and gospel hope have striven in their work. The track was about the same as in former journeys, as far as Nchokotsa. From there it led across a flat, hard country several hundred miles. The salt pans, which so thoroughly deceived the discoverer in his first visit, and which are found quite frequently on this broad plain, invite the attention of the curious. Here too are found a great number of wells and never-failing springs, among which the Bushmen were found—a friendlier home than the desert. These precious fountains have their limit though. Beyond them a wide and cheerless waste resists with its passive strength the advance of the traveller. Before entering on this dreary scene Livingstone secured a Bushman guide; the guide's name was Shobo. Shobo did not excite their hopes; he was a prophet of evil on the water question. It required more than heroism—it required Christianity—to strengthen a man for this awful undertaking. As the party advanced the desolation deepened. They had left all signs of life miles behind them; there was only the sand. The single piece of vegetation was a low, mean-looking scrub. "Not a bird, not an insect, enlivened the view." Two days passed, then Shobo began to wander; every now and then he would throw himself down, crying: "No water, all country only; Shobo sleeps; he breaks down; only country." How shall we picture the agonies of those days to the husband and father? Such a waste; a guide whose mind wanders; the water in the wagons nearly exhausted; the children crying for thirst; the silent emblems of inexpressible anguish hanging on the eyelids of their mother. Four days passed. They laid down in absolute helplessness, only praying for the morning which they trembled to see. The fifth day, toward evening, some of the men returned to the wagons with a little of the precious liquid. No wonder it was esteemed God's best gift. When the party reached the Mahabe they found Shobo, who, with inimitable acting, assumed the dignity of fathering the whole exploit, in the presence of the Bayeiye. At Banajoa, the son of the head man volunteered to guide them to the Chobe, in the country of Sebituane. They had exchanged the dreary desolation for rivers and swamps and the fatal tsetse. To the oxen it was escaping famishing, but death by a slow and terrible poison. Singularly enough the bite of this fly does not harm human beings. The wild animals of the country feed in their midst unharmed; so does the ass, the mule and the goat. The horse dies in a few days after being bitten, and cattle are its hopeless victims.

At the Chobe Livingstone was met by delighted Makololo, who conducted them joyfully to their chief. It is remarkable indeed to find such a man in the heart of this long-neglected continent as Sebituane. He was a speciman of the possible African man which fully repaid the toil and dangers of this long journey. Through varied fortunes, almost incessant wars, he had reached the dignity of being perhaps the greatest chief in the country. With the loftiest courage he blended a singular depth of sympathy and capacity for winning the hearts of his subjects. His praises were sounded far and near. The people would say, "He has a heart. He is wise." He was delighted by the visit of the missionary, and felt himself honored by the confidence which was manifested in bringing his family. But in the midst of his realization of his long-cherished desire this great chief fell sick. Livingstone desired to treat him himself, but being cautioned that, in the event of his death in that case, the tribe would blame him, was induced to do nothing. Sebituane had become greatly interested in the children of his visitor. When he was dying, he raised himself and said to a servant, "Take Robert to Munku [one of his wives] and tell her to give him some milk." These were his last words.

The death of Sebituane again disarranged the plans of Livingstone. The chief had promised to go with him through his country and select a suitable spot for a station. Now it would be necessary to put up with considerable delay while a message might be had from his daughter, who inherited the chieftainship. This time was filled up by Messrs. Livingstone and Oswell, by a tour to the northeast, where, after travelling some time, and going, perhaps, three hundred miles across a flat country, varied in its surface only by enormous ant-hills, clothed at intervals with forests of mimosæ and mopane, bearing the marks of occasional floods, they found the Zambesi in the centre of the continent—a broad and noble-looking river. Among the swamps of the Zambesi and the Chobe were the homes of the Makololo. Here too had the wretched trade in human flesh left its degrading slime. The garments of baize and printed cotton told the story of the horrid traffic. While the heart of Livingstone was yearning for this people, the demon was approaching. Had he been able to complete his first journey, he would have been on the ground to resist the first approaches of this destroyer. The Makololo, like their noble chief, despised the trade, and declared they had never until then heard of people being bought and sold. Indeed, in all Africa, it is the testimony of Livingstone and others that the persons sold are only the captives which a tribe may hold. It is a thing unheard of that a man sells his own children.

The death of Sebituane and the unhealthiness of the Makololo region made the desired settlement there impracticable. The animosity of the Boers left no hope of peaceable labors among the Bakwains. There was no home. The heroic man determined to send his wife and children to England, and return alone "in search of a district which might prove a centre of civilization." In the execution of this resolution he bent his steps toward the Cape. About April, 1852, he placed his family on board a homeward-bound ship, and bade them a farewell, which proved to be for five long years. The distinct object in view was a central station in the continent, where a mission might be planted, from which Christian influence could radiate the entire land. For such an end, he gladly braved the foreseen hardships and perils and endured a long forfeiture of the sweet society of the dearest friends of earth.

He left the Cape in the lumbering wagon drawn by ten oxen. The companions were "two Christian Bechuanas from Kuruman, two Bakwain men, and two young girls who had come from Kolobeng as nurses for the children, and were now returning." The party in such style would be a novel sight indeed for many who read these pages. Think of starting in such fashion from New York to St. Louis; imagine the strange forests; see ever and anon the animals which we look on with wonder through grated bars walking freely across the plains, or bounding through thick jungles. Where our towns and cities are, let there be only larger or smaller clusters of queer-looking huts of mud and straw; for the fashionable belles and gallants of our communities think of nude and dusky beings, adorned only with odd-looking ornaments of rude metals. But we cannot imagine the thing.

This journey of Livingstone, destined to stretch across the whole continent, lay first along the centre of the promontory, inclining a little eastward. Nearer the capital the inhabitants are mainly of Dutch and French descent. Africa too has been an asylum from religious persecution. God has allowed his people to be *driven* forth "into all the world." After two hundred years on this shore the people are hardly changed; they are honest, industrious farmers, who have made a sterile region moderately fruitful, though to the eye of our traveller it was uninviting. There were no trees crowning the dark brown hills, and the plains looked like the promises of a desert. The names of the places which the party passed indicated that in some other time there were buffalo and elands and elephants roaming over this region. They have fled from the approach of civilization. These farmers devote most of their attention to herds and flocks, and the climate is peculiarly favorable to their choice; though, after you leave the Cape some distance, there is a wide belt of country which opposes an almost unsurmountable barrier to the introduction of horses into the remoter or central districts.

Just before the party reached the Orange river, which crossed their route some three hundred miles from Cape Town, the monotony of the journey was relieved by a vast herd of springbucks, which seemed to be moving away from the Kalahari desert. These animals are said to feed sometimes in herds which exceed forty thousand head. Spreading over vast expanses, their quivering motion and tossing antlers present a view of singular beauty.

Across the Orange, they passed through the territory of the Griquas—a mixed race, sprung of Dutch and Hottentot parents. That famous chieftain who behaved so nobly toward the colony, a Christian man of whom much is said in "Moffat's Scenes and Labors in South Africa," ruled these people. Among these Griquas there are many Bechuanas living, and both the races have received much benefit from Christian teaching. Dr. Livingstone was a little disappointed in their lives. It is difficult for even those who spend many years among the heathen to judge them fairly. It is hardly to be expected that persons brought out of such degradation to Christ should immediately assume the proportions and symmetry which we expect of Christian character in our land. Christianity has done much for them. The Bechuana mission has thrown over the whole section the air of civilization, and made Kuruman a retreat from the heathenism beyond. It found the Griqua woman clothed only with a bunch of leather strings hanging from her waist, and the skin of an antelope thrown over her shoulders; the men were smeared over with a mixture of fat and ochre, with only a few square inches of leather for an apron; that was their wardrobe. Christianity has clothed these people and induced them to attend religious meetings regularly. It has given a Sabbath to the people which they respect. Surely, though we may not compare them with the societies at home, we may not despise the results which missionary efforts have accomplished.

At Kuruman Dr. Livingstone spent some time with his venerable father-in-law, who had been at that time thirty-five years in Africa. He had at last completed the translation of the Bible into the language of the Bechuanas, and was carrying it through the press. He found no written language to begin his undertaking with; he had first to produce that, then accomplish the translation. The work reveals something of uncommon interest. This language possesses wonderful copiousness, and yet provides for the expression of the Pentateuch in fewer words than the Greek Septuagint, and makes a much smaller volume than our English version.

During the delay at Kuruman they were surprised and grieved by the coming of the wife of Sechele, reporting an attack of the Boers on the Bakwains, in which they fully gratified their cruelty and eagerness for plunder, and vented a little of their rage against the missionary work by robbing the house of Dr. Livingstone.

This outrage of the Boers raised a new barrier. It had so terrified the Bakwains that not one could be found who would risk himself in the company of Livingstone; for besides their cruelties, the Boers had made furious threats against the man whom they charged with having taught the Bakwains to kill them. Only after considerable loss of time and much searching he succeeded in finding three servants, who he describes as being "the worst possible specimens of those who imbibe the vices without the virtues of the Europeans." These, with a colored man named George Fleming, who was induced to go with him, made it possible to advance, and he left Kuruman on the 20th of November, and skirted along the Kalahari as before. This time there was an abundant crop of watermelons. This being the season just preceding the winter rains, the travellers were subjected to the peculiarly hot winds of the desert, which they escaped in former travels. The party reached the afflicted town of Sechele on the last day of 1852. No wonder that the heart of Livingstone was grieved with the spectacle. Never had he witnessed one so pitiable. The people were plunged in absolute misery. Little more could be done than to give them the sympathy of his full heart. These were the people among whom he had labored first. He had lived in their midst. He had left them only when the interference of the Boers rendered his work there entirely impracticable. Sorrowfully enough he left them to follow the duty which called him again into the wilderness. He found the wells at Boatlanama and Lopepe all dry, and pressed on to Mashuc, where there was delicious water. There is little which can interest a traveller when every step he takes is taken so anxiously; but the country from Kuruman is thronging with all those forest monsters which have made the continent one of wonderful interest. By the very fountain of Lopepe a lioness once sprang upon the horse of Mr. Oswell, who, falling to the ground, was only saved by his faithful dogs. The hyena prowls among the forests; the buffalo, the elephant, the giraffe, the zebra, the tiger, all are here. All about Mashue great numbers of mice trace their subterranean homes, or raise the odd-looking little haycocks, against the inclement season.

Occasionally as they went they found a beautiful tortoise, whose hard shell is its secure castle even under the teeth of the lion, and a bid for covetousness to all who love the beautiful ornaments which they afford.

All about Mashue there are great numbers of serpents. These are associated in every mind with the very word Africa. The saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," applies to them. A residence in this country overcomes that terror which these gliding, coiling enemies inspire in regions where they are seldom seen. They are death on rats. To kill the rats is to be free of snakes. There a cat is a household treasure. Some of these reptiles are fearfully venomous. The pecakholu is a species peculiarly so. They are sometimes eight or ten feet long; and even when its head has been cut off, the fangs have been known to distil clear poison for hours. The nogo-put-sone, or serpent of a kid, is a sort of puff-adder which imitates with wonderful exactness the bleating of that animal; and, unquestionably, the uplifted head, the wicked, glassy eyes, the darting tongue of the cobra, is calculated to suggest very serious reflections on death and antidotes.

Livingstone in this journey found the Bamangwato chief Sekomi particularly friendly. All of these Bechuana tribes south of the Zambesi practice circumcision, and the ceremony is attended with singular severities. The young gentlemen are subjected to severe whippings, which leave their backs scarred and seamed with fearful wounds; to which ordeal they must add the exploit of killing an hippopotamus before they are called men and permitted to marry a wife. There may be a worthy lesson in this for more enlightened people; for truly there can hardly be fitness for the responsibilities of life before one is in some way trained to endure, or dares to do. Among these tribes another singular fact is, that no one knows his age, but measures his life only by the initiations into the national rites which he has witnessed.

The Bamangwato hills, in whose shadow the party passed along, rising nearly a thousand feet above the plain—vast masses of black basalt—are scarred and split and everywhere present the traces of volcanic action. The soil lying in the interstices relieves the barrenness of the lava marks with pleasant foliage. All along were seen the chinks and cavities formed by the broken masses, which, slipping down, have caught and hang piled against each other, forming wild refuges for the natives in time of war.

Twenty miles beyond the Bamangwato the party reached Mr. Cummings' farthest station north. This gentleman outranked, by far, all hunters in Africa, and many a wild and thrilling story is in his book, which has aroused the Nimrod spirit in the breast of youth. But the chase along our meadows and river banks of the bounding buck or cunning fox is a poor preparation for the terrific charge of an infuriated elephant: shrieking like a steam-whistle, his proboscis high in air, his dread-inspiring tusks gleaming awfully, his enormous tread shaking the earth, he rushes on, trampling under foot every opposing thing; he must have nerve who stands, and skill who escapes.

Beyond Letlachi they entered on a plain, where, for sixty miles, there was no water. Feeding here and there were seen vast herds of elands, and frequently they saw the silly ostrich. Hardly any occupant of these wilds engages a deeper interest. Its very folly is entertaining; the traveller pities and laughs, to see the creature, though fully a mile away, in extreme alarm rushing straight toward him. The poor bird seems to suspect that every passer-by is trying to circumvent him, and so invariably seeks safety by rushing across the path, frequently only a few yards or rods before the oxen. With enormous strides and astonishing rapidity of motion, it rivals the fleetest horses in its race for life, while its feet are used with remarkable dexterity in warding off the dogs. Its splendid coat of glossy black, and white-tipped wings, flash in the sunshine, as it runs, with peculiar beauty. Its quick and far-reaching vision constitutes this singular individual the sentinel of the plains, and its timely alarm is the signal for a general stampede of all the game in sight.

About the wells of Motlatsa are clustered the homes of numerous Bakalahari, who, though kindly disposed, and willing enough to hear the missionary, were yet so wretchedly ignorant and degraded, so driven by the wants of their poor bodies, that Livingstone was compelled to fall back only on the great designs of infinite compassion and sovereign grace for support in his labors among them; repeatedly, as he was in their midst, hardly an appreciable effect was observed. It was almost impossible for these poor creatures to restrain their amusement when he would kneel down to pray. They saw no God, and the idea of talking to an unseen being was ridiculous to them. Some of these tribes are absolutely wanting in the remotest approaches to music, and are wild with laughter if singing is begun in their presence. Yet these beings believe in a God. Is it instinct, or the tuition of the Spirit of the Highest, which instructs them to refer every inexplicable occurrence to a Supreme Being? They believe that there is a God; they do not understand that they may approach him. The missionaries among the Bechuana tribes and the Caffres have found no idols, no places of worship, no prayer of any sort. The idea of an altar must be given them; feeling that an Unseen has to do with them, they have no sort of conception of that Unseen which justifies their acting with the slightest regard for it.

From these wells the journey of Livingstone lay toward Nchokotsa, along the dry bed of the Mokoko. This is the region of the salt pans again, and every fountain reminds the traveller of the fact. Livingstone records that on one of the salt pans passed in this trip there was a cake of salt an inch and a half in thickness.

All along, just in the edge of this desert, are large flocks of sheep and goats, the treasures of the Bamangwato. The rich curd produced from the milk of goats is held in high favor, a fit dish for kings indeed; for even among these poor heathen, on this dead level, as we may think, of human nature, there are distinctions, marked by matters as trifling as ever serve to define the borders of classes in civilized society. The rich master of a flock of these goats, rejoicing in his palatable dish of curd-porridge, is heard to say scornfully of his poor neighbor, "he is a water-porridge man." They are no better than civilized people in this matter; and with all our gifts, we can never claim to have planted the spirit of aristocracy even in Africa. It is there now, heathendom though it be, as night.

At Nchokotsa the party found worse for bad. They left salt and purgative waters at Orapa; to turn again from a filthier draught, to pause at Nchokotsa wells, was to mock the thirst their bitter, nitrate waters could not quench. At Koobe matters were hardly more promising; but it was only a promise, and might prove worthy. It was a dreary picture. There is romance in it viewed from our easy chairs; but a wide flat country, over which a white sultry glare spreads, relieved only by herds of scorched zebras and gnus, with here and there a thirsty buffalo standing with famished gaze bent toward the wells, which offer to them only mud—the recent wallow of a huge rhinoceros—it is hardly a landscape to charm an eye-witness whose supply of water is spent. The well at Koobe was that rhinoceros wallow. Livingstone paused there for water for men and oxen, and looked about on that withered, sweltering scene. They could hardly clear a space in the dirty mortar in which the oozing beverage might be collected. And there were some days lost from their progress in waiting on this slow fountain, before the oxen could be satiated.

Some men would have what they might have called fine sport shooting the animals, whose thirst—greater than their timidity—held them close about the fascinating spot. But Livingstone was no hunter. He was a nobler type of man. There was too much of the spirit of Him who guideth the sparrow's wing and feedeth the ravens to have pleasure in killing anything. He did not scruple to shoot an animal for food, but to kill them for the sport—he would not. The kindness of his heart was manifested in the tender sympathy which refused even to provide needed food by taking advantage of the desperate tameness of the herds which gathered in easy range of the well. It ought to be so always. Whoever goes forth in civilized or heathen lands to represent Christ in presenting his gospel ought to be animated with his wonderful spirit of tenderness. It is not mean to be touched by the woes of a dog. It is magnanimous to respect the helplessness of a worm.

Quitting this scene, the party pressed northward across the great Ntwetwe pan, and rested under the shade of one of the magnificent mowana trees which rise loftily all over this broad area of calcareous tufa, with its slight carpet of soil. The tree under whose branches they rested, three feet from the ground, was eighty-five feet in circumference. In all the forests and plains of the continent nothing equals the wonderful vitality of these mowana trees. Livingstone declared that he "would back one of them against a dozen floods." It does not yield its life to the decay within or the injuries without. It grows on and wears its crown of foliage as proudly when the capacious cavities within offer shelter to men and beasts as when its heart was firm and healthful. It may have its coat of bark stripped off year by year, and year by year it somehow weaves another coat and wraps itself anew. The flames may twine about it and sear and blacken it: it will not die. Dr. Livingstone testifies that he saw one which continued growing in length, even after it had been cut down, while it lay stretched upon the ground. There is only one thing to be done with them; that is, let them alone. The natives say, the "lightning hates it," and decline even the favor of its shade.

From this resting-place, travelling a few miles, the party reached Rapesh, where the inevitable Bushmen were found again. Their chief was Horoye, and he headed a nobler class of men, better specimens in every respect than their namesakes of the desert; a jovial set, who love to live, and decline to follow their departed friends "just yet," although they recognize a future state. They love the hunting-ground of the present, and their country flows abundantly with water; that is enough for them. These men stand for courageous, because they kill elephants. But nowhere in Africa do the natives exhibit such courage in hunting as is displayed by their civilized visitors. The Bushmen are more expert in handling their peculiar weapons, because they have had long training; but if it is a question of coolness, of quietly approaching a fresh strong elephant, the civilized man always astonishes the native by his apparent recklessness. Indeed, it seems to be the testimony of history that pure courage is in the ratio of moral culture. Animals lower than man, and savage men, may be ferocious; civilized man presents the noblest models of courage.

Spending a Sunday at Maila, our party passed on, to be invigorated by the freshness and lifefulness at Unku. We may imagine, if we can, the relief. For the dreary barrenness of Koobe, there were now spread all around the tall grass waving in the breezes like fields of golden grain, all the various flowers blooming splendidly, and everywhere the twittering of birds kept memorial of the rain which had revived the scene; while the game, independent of mean wells, keeping a good distance, despised the harmless guns of the invader. Surely it is almost worth an experience in the desert to have the surprise and delight of coming again to a world of life and beauty and joy. But it was hot. On the ground the thermometer marked 125°! The water, on the surface, stood at 100°; dipped from the bottom, it was pleasant. This was in March, 1853. Livingstone had left Kuruman in November, and was now some six hundred miles on his journey, though passing mainly through familiar places. Passing on through a dense, bushy tract, cutting their way with axes, the party were suddenly arrested by an enemy ever lurking on the footsteps of travellers passing through this region: four of the party were down with fever, which, in three days, had seized every one of the party except one Bakwain and Dr. Livingstone. While lying in this place nursing the sick, one night a hyena appeared in the high grass, and frightened the oxen so terribly that every one of them rushed away into the forests. The trusty servant had followed them, and after an absence of several days, with no other guide than his instinct, came driving up the whole herd of forty oxen. The progress now, burdened with the sick and annoyed with the convalescent, obliged to cut a way through the closely wedged trees, became exceedingly laborious; but good health backed the never-flinching spirit of Livingstone. They were in the 18th degree of latitude. The forests became more and more formidable. The privilege of almost every step must be paid for by valiant service with the axe. The man Fleming was vanquished, and could go no farther. Livingstone pressed on. The heavy rains had loaded the thick foliage overhead, and the blows of the axe brought a continual shower-bath.

Again they were subjected to the annoyance of a stampede of the oxen; this time a lion did the mischief. The lions in the region through which the party was now passing are held in check by the poisoned arrows of the Bushmen. As this poison is referred to frequently, it may be interesting for the reader to know that it is "the entrails of the caterpillar called N'gwa the Bushmen squeeze out these, and place them all around the bottom of the barb, and allow them to dry in the sun. The effect of this poison on men and beasts is alike terrible, driving them to a perfect frenzy. The Bushmen told Dr. Livingstone their way of curing the poison was to give the wounded man the caterpillar itself, mixed with fat, saying, the N'gwa wants fat, and when it does not find it in the body kills the man; we give it what it wants, and it is content." Possibly these despised Bushmen may dispute the honor yet for the glory of Homœopathy.

At length they came to the first hill they had seen since leaving the Bamangwato. It was N'gwa. They had struggled across quite three hundred miles of distressingly flat country, exchanging only almost insufferable deserts for almost impassable forests, each in turn only two or three times refreshed by anything like beauty. How joyously now the hero looked down on the picturesque valley which wrapped the base of the hill! a beautiful stream was flowing along the glade, across which the shadows of stately trees blended; gnus and zebras and antelopes stood gazing on the strangers; a splendid white rhinoceros moved across the stage indifferently as a lord, while dark-visaged buffaloes stood about quietly under the trees. The Sabbath seemed to be kept by nature, all was so peaceful. They were now literally surrounded with wild beasts; the roar of the lion was continually in their ears; koodoos and the giraffe were frequently in view. The wilderness was real, but as they advanced became more and more beautiful. The green grass, higher than the wagons; the splendid vines, hanging richly and gracefully among the trees, as if arranged by—they were arranged by the hand of God! Small rivers crossed their way continually.

When he reached the Sanshureh, he met trouble enough to dishearten any ordinary man. He was an extraordinary man. This new barrier met them in latitude 18° 4′ 27″ S., longitude 24° 6′ 20″ E. In vain they sought a ford; they sought east and west; everywhere the same deep flood met them as they reached the terminus of the rank undergrowth through which they were splashing in water from ankle-deep to the arm-pits. Everywhere the river was broad and deep; everywhere there was a wall of reeds resisting its approach through an inundated swamp. Heartily wearied, the bold explorer, with a single companion, pushed out a small boat upon the stream, and, leaving the wagons, went floating down the stream until he dropped among the astonished inhabitants of a Makololo town like one from the clouds. In the boat he had passed the confluence of the river, and was now on the western bank of the Chobe, in the land of friends. By the kindness of these Makololo of Moremi, they were assisted to bring the oxen and wagons across. This brought them almost upon the route of 1851. It was now the 23d of May, 1853. They were at Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo region, among the people of Sebituane.

CHAPTER IV.

NINE WEEKS WITH SEKELETU.

Arrival at Linyanti — Makololo — Their Policy—Welcome to Livingstone—Sekeletu—African Hospitality—Ma-mochisane's Difficulty—Livingstone refuses to Trade—His Labors—Makololo Ideas of Beauty—Manliness—Justice—Livingstone's Journey to the Barotse—The Soil along the Chobe—The Party—Receptions—Sekeletu loves Coffee—Huts and Hats—The Leeambye—Animals about Katonga—The Splendid River—The Makalaka—The Contrast—Cattle and War—Rapids—Cataracts—Falls—No Monuments in Africa—The Barotse Valley—Fertility—Mounds—Punishment—War Averted—The first White Man—To the Leeba—No place for a Mission—The Wildest of all—Linyanti again—For Loanda—Serious Thoughts—Resolution—Outfit for Journey—November 11th, 1853—Escape from an Elephant—The Hippopotamus—The Scenery on the Chobe—Arrival at Sesheke.

THAT was a great day in Linyanti, that 23d day of May. The capital of the Makololo had never witnessed such a sight. The wagons were a phenomenon entirely new. The people remembered Livingstone as the friend of Sebituane; they associated his coming with ideas of increasing greatness. It seemed like the hand of the great outside world reaching through the barriers of wilderness and distance, eager in congratulation and warm with brotherly love. They were glad. The nearer tribes had beaten back the light from the dwellers in the Chobe marshes for many years; now it was breaking through, and found a people ready to rejoice in its blessings. The Makololo are the most northern of the Bechuanas, and, under the wise and warlike Sebituane, had become a powerful nation; the other chieftains had acknowledged the greatness of this man, and accorded him the respect which they feared to withhold if they had desired to do so. The Makololo had conquered the whole country to the 14° S. latitude, and were scattered thinly over their broad domain, giving a name and laws to the tribes among whom their individual identity was almost lost. The territory which Sebituane had selected in the days when he was beset by continual wars, lying between the Chobe and Zambesi, had furnished a natural fortress; but the source of their security had almost been the extermination of the race. No enemy could hope to assail Sebituane successfully in those pestiferous marshes; but the malarial breath of the place was an ever-active enemy which despised his strength. Fevers had greatly reduced the numbers and the bodily vigor of the Makololo proper. Sebituane had maintained the vigor and ever-increasing prosperity of his nations by his wisdom in thoroughly identifying all the conquered tribes with his own. The Makalaka were in fact only serfs of the Makololo, but they were called Makololo, and spoken of, like his own people, as the children of Sebituane. The kindness of their conquerors had bound them in stronger cords than their authority could possibly have woven. The Makalaka were proud to be called Makololo.

The welcome at Linyanti was in all courtly dignity. The herald came bounding and capering, in most eccentric and indescribable antics-cutting, vociferating the feelings of the people. "Don't I see the white man?" "Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane?" "Don't I see the father of Sekeletu?" "We want sleep!" "Give your son sleep, my lord!" Sleep! quiet! The people of Sebituane were tired of war. How longingly those who have been combating adversities through dragging years think of tranquil hours! War had been threatening recently; the people of the lake country, being in possession of guns, had grown very insulting and menacing. The Makololo had heard that "the white people possessed a pot which would burn up any attacking party." They had heard of cannon. Now they trusted they might obtain that wonderful "*pot.*" It may seem singular that a people should desire cannon that they might have peace; but it is the improvement in the implements of war which promotes the interests of peace more, perhaps, than anything except the gospel. The consciousness of strength increases our magnanimity. The exhibition of strength secures us respect. Respect on one side and magnanimity on the other leave no place for strife.

Sekeletu had on his chieftainly behavior. The great cups of the national beer were brought with lavish hospitality. From the time of his arrival the Makololo ladies were most assiduous in their attentions; their presents of milk and food burdened the gratitude of the strangers. Indeed, in all wild countries, the simple, childlike, the grand, Godlike grace of hospitality abounds. The poor Indian will tell you how his ancestors kept a home in every village for the stranger; how the visitor, whoever he was, was conducted thither in joy and pride; how the best skins were spread and the choicest food provided without price or expected thanks—the service of duty only. In Africa the people never think of putting a price on their attentions to the stranger until civilization teaches them cupidity. It is the letter of God's great law of kindness written on their wild hearts which we read in their ready reception of the stranger. It is the writing out of God's law by the decalogue of the devil which we read in the selfishness and suspicion which makes a large part of civilization a desert drearier, for the wandering and the wanting, than the sands of Sahara. These ladylike matrons, with their short-cut hair and coats of shining butter, only partly hidden by the soft mantle of ox hide thrown over the bare shoulders, and the ox-hide kilt from waist to knees, their arms and ankles adorned with massive rings of brass and iron, and strings of beads of various hues twined about their necks, were only glad to wear the grace of free attentions with that grace of person in which they pride themselves.

You will remember that Ma-mochisane had been left the chieftainship of the Makololo. But Ma-mochisane was a woman. The Makololo women all are passionately fond of children. The lady chieftain tried to follow the example of the chiefs, and selected a number of men whom she called her *wives*. But it wouldn't work. The women became aroused against her; their tongues could not be controlled; their bitter speeches and cruel insinuations were more than Ma-mochisane could endure. She fretted, she cried, she got mad, she quit and vowed she would not be chief. She would "have a husband and children and a home like other women." "Sekeletu must be chief." So Sekeletu stood in the shoes of his father. This young man inherited his father's dignity and authority, some of his wisdom and kindness, and all of his *wives*. Of these latter he distributed all but two among the under chiefs, and selected some new ones for himself. He was quite anxious to give the missionary anything he possessed, but he refused positively to read the Book which taught that men should have only one wife. He must have "*at least five wives.*" He was honest certainly. Anything is better than pretending to accept what is said, when the secret thought and determination are entirely the other way.

As early as possible Livingstone assembled the people for worship. The Makololo observed greater decorum than some of the more southern tribes had on the first presentation of the gospel, though there were many disturbances inseparable from absolute ignorance of such a thing as public worship.

Among these people, as elsewhere, Livingstone had ample opportunity to take advantage of the kindness and ignorance of the natives and of his being the pioneer of discovery, to engage to great advantage in trade; but he was too deeply interested in the spiritual condition of the people, too thoroughly consecrated to the service of God. He resisted all temptations in that direction, and though conducting his great work on £100 a year, out of which the single item of presents for the people through whose territory he must pass was considerable, he pressed on without murmuring. It was his study that he might impress on the minds of the poor people that he sought only their elevation and salvation.

At first he found some difficulty in finding persons who would learn to read, for the reasons which we have given. At length, however, several prominent men, even the hesitating Sekeletu, began the work. Thus teaching, preaching, and searching with all the industry to be expected of one fully settled and "fixed," this wonderful man, a wayfarer only, had thrown himself immediately into his work. The world was the field he was sowing beside all waters. There was great need of the noblest elements of character to prosecute the work of Christ in such a community. It was the heart of spiritual ignorance; it was the very core of chaos.

Yet there were ideas of justice, and there was industry and manliness and quite familiar ideas of beauty. The women, for instance, admiring themselves in Livingstone's mirror, were entertained quite as really as any city belle you ever saw, and they were greatly more honest in their impressions. They had never seen themselves before. Very much of the self-complacency of the world is the child of self-ignorance and blindness. These women would say: "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves." "I have no chin at all." "I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones." "See how my head shoots up in the middle." Their merry laughter with these jokes afforded the over-worked and anxious-hearted missionary much amusement.

The men rejoice in their javelins and the strong ox-hide shields. They are dexterous in the use of the one, and throw the other with singular force and exactness of aim. Their trained courage causes them to despise pain and weariness.

There are regular courts, where, in the settlement of the graver difficulties, the proper deliberation and care are employed to bring out the truth and render justice. In these courts the accused and the accuser are brought face to face, each supported by his witnesses; all parties tell their stories, and the chief men render the decision, which none desire to question. All respect the decisions of the court.

After spending a month in the hospitable town of Sekeletu, Dr. Livingstone was attended by that young chieftain in a tour northward as far as Naliele, the capital of the Barotse country. Their path lay along the upper bank of the Chobe. That noble river with its fortress of reeds was on their right hand. Every now and then one of those singular miniature mountains reared by the interminable industry of the tiny ant was passed, its broad, gentle, fertile slopes inviting the diligence of the natives to the culture of their choicest plants. The rich tenacious loam on the flats between these ant-hills suggested the hope of cotton-fields, and everywhere the hanging fruit banished the fear of want. The hundred and sixty attendants in a long line winding through these scenes completed a view as picturesque as could be. The waving feathers, the dangling ox-tails, the flashy prints, the red tunics, the spears and shields, and clubs and battle-axes, the laughter, the shouts, the antelopes bounding across the way and splashing through the ponds, all the forest inhabitants in turn coming forward to view the trespass—it was a unique picture and full of interest.

An African chief had taken up the generous man who had struggled to the heart of the continent with his messages of fraternity from men and grace from God, and was bearing him triumphantly through all his borders. Authority went before them and opened the storehouses of tribes and the hearts of people. Servants cleared the path. The beasts behaved like subjects. At every village the loud lulleloo of the women proclaimed their cordiality and their respect for the chief. The young chief received their cries of "Great lion," "Great chief," "Sleep, my lord," as composedly as he invites his companion to the calabash of beer which prompt Makololo have provided.

The Makololo presented the party great bowls of milk, out of which they drank, dipping by means of that primitive provision commonly known as the hollow of the hand, Nature's spoon. An ox was commonly killed, and, quickly divided amongst the company, was soon scorching in the flames, and while dripping and cracking with the heat was crammed voraciously into the capacious jaws of the men, each racing to be filled, in mortal terror of the law which forbids that one continue at his food when the others have finished. Sekeletu became quite fond of Dr. Livingstone's coffee and biscuit. He would declare with unusual warmth that he "knew the heart of the missionary loved him by finding his own heart warm toward the missionary's food." A process of reasoning, by the way, which may hardly be trusted in the reach of the covetous people of lighter hue. The villages of the Makololo, besides the gift of food and shouts of welcome, have a singular arrangement, which makes their entertainment something like a trifling custom in other places. The houses are only circles of posts placed in the ground and vines and mortar filling the interstices. The roofs are entirely detached and independent of the walls. They look just like a Chinese hat, and are lifted on and off at the pleasure of the occupant. The guest's chamber is generally provided by lifting the roof of the hut off, and setting it on the ground. The guest sleeps under the roof. The house takes off its hat to you as you approach it.

The party struck the Leeambye at the town of Katonga. Sekhase sent canoes across to bring them over to him. The region around Katonga or Sekhase differs little from the valley of the Chobe, except that it is higher and freer from th malarial vapors. The sandier soil beyond the marks of overflow reflects painfully the sunrays, driving the poor scorched hunter to despise the sport or deny the want which prompted him forth upon the field.

All sorts of herds, from a tiny, fairy-looking antelope eighteen inches high, to the majestic buffalo, feed leisurely and peacefully over these plains. Among them there was a species of eland famous for its beauty. In the engraving there is a representation of this splendid curiosity, out of whose midst Dr. Livingstone carried one back to his men—better game in their eyes by far than the finest ox.

The Leeambye is a splendid stream six hundred yards wide where the party approached it, and widening sometimes to fully a mile in breadth. The banks on either side were clothed with splendid forests. The winter wind had shaken off the floral crown of summer, where the rays of the setting sun loved to linger latest, as if they loved it best, and over the wide boughs a gauzy mantle of changeable brown was thrown, through which every now and then the travellers had a glimpse of the fresh green date palm. Sometimes the forests would open a nestling place for a little village; then their dominion would be resumed along the banks of the river of which they are the children and the glory.

The party were gliding along in the narrow canoes which hardly disturbed the glassy surface of the stream in its deep, quiet places, and which bounded from wave to wave in the rougher places, where underlying rocks resisted it, lightly as winged things. The Makalaka were in their element. Standing erectly in the narrow boats, they plied their long, lithe oars with matchless dexterity, and raced along with the reckless delight of conscious masters. The Makololo are their masters on the land, but they tremble over the edges of the shooting bark as if their shadows in the water pointed to a sepulchre. The largest animals of Africa abound along the banks of the Leeambye. The people who dwell in its villages are expert and courageous hunters, and they select the hippopotamus as their game.

The Manyeti, whose country borders along the river, are a peaceable people. They have no cattle, therefore no controversy with their neighbors. Nearly all the quarrelling in the country is about cattle. The tsetse partly, and partly their desire to live peaceable, incline these people to their chosen handicraft in preference to having herds. Dr. Livingstone never knew war in this whole region except on a cattle question, but in a single instance; then the trouble was like that of which old Homer sings—a woman. But women are considered among the necessaries of life, so the Manyeti hazard war rather than banish all the women.

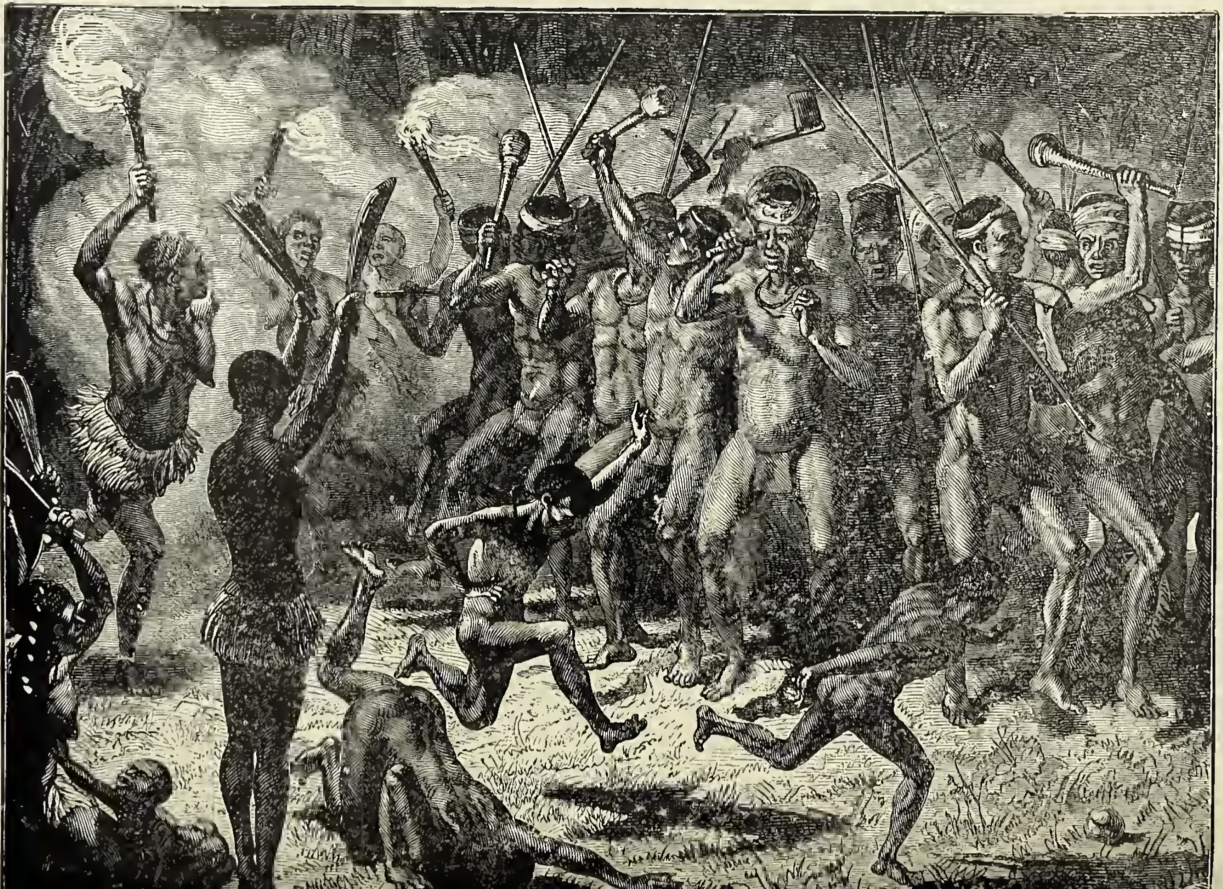
From Katima-molelo northward there is a succession of rapids, falls and cataracts which make the progress difficult and dangerous. The party were obliged to carry their canoes around some of these places; sometimes more than a mile would thus be traversed, bearing their boats on their shoulders. At Gonye the main body of the water is collected within about seventy yards, and leaps about thirty feet; the entire mass falling against a huge projecting rock, causes a sound which is heard far away. There are various traditions of sudden death to hapless travellers floating about this spot. But whatever has been, there are no memorials more substantial than the imperfect traditions. There is nothing in all these wilds to commemorate the past; the dead are rarely spoken of; there are no monuments in all Africa; "the very rocks are illiterate;" hidden in them are no curious shapes and characters, nothing to interest or tempt the attentions of science as in other rocks.

About the 16° S. latitude the party entered the true Barotse valley. The forests fall back gradually from the banks of the river, until they are only seen across the fringe of reeds and a flat, fertile tract some twenty miles apart. Like the valley of the Nile, this valley is subject to an annual overflow from the river, which winds along its centre. The villages of the Barotse, built on artificial mounds, dot the whole expanse, and sit there like teeming islands while the waters of the overflow spread around them. The people love their homes beside the splendid stream—a home where "hunger never comes." But comfortable though these poor people think they are, like all of this wild country this noble valley is waiting for the hand of intelligence to find its real treasures. In one of these Barotse towns Livingstone witnessed a specimen of Makololo authority which was painful indeed. It was the town where the father of a man lived who had conspired to deprive Sekeletu of the chieftainship after the death of Sebituane. This man and another who had counselled the conspiracy were taken on the arrival of Sekeletu and tossed into the river. The remonstrances of the doctor were of no avail. Sekeletu only calmly answered him: "You see we are still Boers; we are not taught."

But Livingstone was more successful in averting a war upon the Mambari, to whose fortified town they came. The feeling of the Makololo was very bitter against them. They had been intimately associated with the conspirator against Sekeletu, and had received of him the privilege of marauding on their neighbors. Their city was full of these poor slave-gangs. The plan of the chief was to starve the fortress out. Livingstone, showing them that the first and greatest sufferers in that case would be the helpless slaves, finally led them away and averted a cruel revenge. It was a part of the constant aim and effort of Livingstone to bring the natives of the country through which he passed to love peace and embrace a creed of kindness. And it was a blessed service. The horrors of war may not be appreciated by the poor savage, but they are real and awful still. To inculcate a spirit of peace in men is their highest service; it is Christlike.

Careful inquiry at Naliele convinced Dr. Livingstone that there had never been a white man in that region before he and Mr. Oswell were at Sebituane's, in 1851. Though he met some half-cast Portuguese at this time, they had come into the country two years after the visit of himself and Oswell in 1851. It is probable that no white man had ever been so far into the heart of the African continent before. His eyes were looking upon these strange, wonderful things for the world, and it was the world's first glimpse of them.

The kindness of Sekeletu provided attendants, and the missionary continued his journey some distance beyond Naliele without the chief. The herald of Sekeletu, though, made the entrance to every village an affair of princely dignity by running in advance of the party, vociferating, "Here comes the lord." "Here comes the great lion." The attentions were in keeping with the introduction; the party fared on the fat



of the land, and enjoyed all the respect to be desired. The public meetings were attended readily, the people heard with quietness, and the best decorum was observed in all the services.

Beyond the 14° S. latitude the forests converged until they cast their shadows upon the river again, and the party passed along between the stately trees and clinging vines as far as the confluence of the Leeba. But nowhere could be found a spot exempt from the poisonous atmosphere so antagonistic to health. The destiny of Livingstone was more than quiet teaching; Providence had in hand to open Africa by this man. He was allowed to find no home.

The regions through which he had passed were fertile to rankness. The inhabitants were the most thoroughly ignorant and wild of any people he had seen. The forests and plains were filled with every variety of animal and beast. At Libonta he counted eighty-one buffaloes pass slowly before his fire. The roar of the lion was continuous and loud. Everything, animate and inanimate, was wild and monstrous.

On returning to Naliele Livingstone rejoined Sekeletu, enjoying the adulations of his subjects, who did all they could to charm the young chief in his first visit to their borders. The dance which constituted their principal entertainment was indeed a strange and grotesque performance, admirably appropriate to a mad-house. The nearly naked men, standing in a circle, brandish their clubs and battle-axes, while they stamp first the right then the left foot, all moving together in this artistic performance; while their wild, indescribable contortions of countenance and body conspired, with the interminable and demoniacal laughter, to drive one almost crazy with perplexity and confusion. They consider it "very nice," and Sekeletu "gives them an ox for dancing for him;" so light-heartedness and hunger are oddly joined in the spirit of the scene. The women have only a very unimportant part in the performance. Surrounding the circle, they clap their hands continually, only now and then venturing to slip into the midst of the men, cut a few capers, and retire to the observant and applauding place.

The heart of the missionary had endured a great trial during the nine weeks of this journey. How helplessly he looked up to the great Master out of the midst of these poor degraded masses! Their dancing, roaring, singing, jesting, grumbling, fighting and murdering were the wild expressions of their degradation, and they rang in his ears continually like the cry of the lost, like an unconscious prayer for help. He suffered keenly, but more than ever was resolved to open Africa to the full light of the truth which sets men free from superstitions and all clinging corruptions.

In September the explorer and Christian teacher was in Linyanti again, arranging for a journey to Loanda on the western coast. His eagerness to accomplish this journey found an ally in the anxiety of the Makololo to open a direct trade with white men. They felt restive under the old system of swindling to which they had been so long subjected by the Mambari, who had monopolized the trading between the interior and the coast. Livingstone coincided too in this desire for the establishment of direct trade with the interior; for not only did the natives themselves suffer for the lack of it, but he was convinced that it would also work greatly against any missionary who might be dependent on intercourse with these extortioning traders for supplies.

Frequent fevers had worn perceptibly on the vigorous constitution of Dr. Livingstone. A man more easily discouraged could have found a well-grounded excuse for claiming exemption from duties demanding such exposure and exertion. There was no wavering in the heart of this man. He felt that he must face death very deliberately. It was painfully impressed on him that a lonely dissôlution in wild forests, with only heathen attendants, was quite probable; but he reasoned, "If we serve God at all it must be done in a manly way." He banished all fears and braced himself to "succeed or perish." Nothing is more touching than the picture of this great man, after reflecting seriously on the dangers of the undertaking before him, sitting down in the rude hut of a savage and commending his little daughter to a brother far away and to God.

The Boers had relieved him of anxiety about worldly possessions by relieving him of their possession. There was very little to dispose of now. The friendly Makololo readily assumed the care of his little store, and left him free to equip himself for the long journey. The curious reader will be pleased to know what sort of outfit an explorer of such wilds finds important. There are all sorts of things represented to be indispensable, but Livingstone was too inured to privations and hardships to trouble himself much about softening the bed which he was called to lie on. In his own language, he was satisfied "that if he did not succeed it would not be for want of 'knick-knacks,' but from want of pluck." The rifle and double-barrelled gun for himself, and the three muskets for his people, were depended on to provide the necessary food, and had only the supplement of about forty shillings worth of beads, carried for barter. A few small packages of the more important articles of food for civilized life, such as coffee and tea, a limited quantity of clothing, left room for the more important things essential to obtaining an accurate knowledge of the country. A sextant, a chronometer watch, a compass, a thermometer, and a small telescope were his stock of instruments. The only books he carried were a "Nautical Almanac," "Thomson's Logarithm Tables," and a Bible. A small tent for his house, with a sheepskin mantle and house-rug for furniture, and lastly his magic lantern. His attendants were twenty-seven men, belonging to the different tribes acknowledging the Makololo authority.

Thus attended and equipped, the traveller left the town of Linyanti on the 11th of November, 1853, to embark on the Chobe. The purpose of good was the strength of his heart; the results were with God. Approaching the river from Linyanti the party traversed a portion of the country where Livingstone and Oswell had been three years before. They passed through the wild where Mr. Oswell had nearly lost his life on that occasion. This gentleman had followed an elephant into the dense thorny growth which borders the river, when suddenly he discovered the monster had turned about, and was rushing madly upon him. Vainly the hunter tried to force his trembling horse through the thicket; there was only a moment, when he was dashed to the ground by the frightened creature as it bounded aside. It seemed impossible that he should not be instantly crushed beneath the feet of the tremendous assailant, who passed over him in the instant. The escape was marvellous. It is only a glimpse of the perils of the place, perils which must be hazarded everywhere in this strange wild land.

The river on which the slender canoes were launched was a poor exchange for the lair of the lion and the tramp of the elephant. It entertained an enemy as dreadful as either. The hippopotamus is not generally a bold assailant of man, but where there are as many as infest this stream it is hardly possible to avoid contact with him. The tiny boats may at any moment glide into the midst of a sleeping herd, and be suddenly dashed to pieces. Besides there are always certain individuals of the species lurking about in lonely Ishmaelitish anger which spares no living thing. The hippopotamus, though confined to the African continent, is found in all parts of it, and is generally of tremendous size, though its short legs, hardly lifting its belly from the ground, cuts off its height; its body is large as that of the elephant. Its huge mouth opens like a cave, and is furnished with massive, frightful teeth, formidable enemies to the growing grain and luckless boatman. It is strictly gregarious in its habits, and dozing lazily through the day quits its river haunts at night in search of food. Sometimes it exhibits a peculiarly happy mood, sporting like a mammoth kitten in the yielding element. At other times the evil spirit rises and it bites and kicks sullenly as a demon. Once an angry member of the race pursued the attendants of Livingstone far away from the river, and often he witnessed the cruel gashes of its tusks in the legs of natives who had barely escaped a horrid death. Its thick hide is a formidable shield, even against the sharp, heavy lances of the country. But its flesh is healthful and very highly esteemed for food.

The Chobe, from Linyanti to its confluence with the Leeambye, is exceedingly tortuous, and though deep and wide offers but small temptation to navigation. Many villages are passed on its banks. All of them were ready with the supplies which had been ordered by Sekeletu to be in waiting for Dr. Livingstone. The banks are high and crowned with many lofty trees, whose branches tempt the traveller with their pendant offerings of various fruits.

At the confluence of the rivers the party spent a night on the island Mparia, and, turning up the Leeambye, landed at Sesheke on the 19th of November.

CHAPTER V.

TO BALONDA.

Sesheke—Sekeletu's Policy—Missionary Work—Wanting in Religious Ideas—Duties of Missionary—The Leeambye—Hippopotami—Mr. Cumming's Adventure—Livingstone's Idea of Lions—Anderson—Lion Confused—Fevers Protracted—Unwelcome News—Livingstone's Wise Plan—Libonta—Death by a Lion—The Camp—Cook and Laundry Work—Humanity of Livingstone—Beyond Libonta—Courage—First Act in Balonda—The Leeba—Want of Game—Buffalo Hunt—Buffalo and three Lions—Mambari Merchants—Manenko—Town of Shinte—Fashions of Ankle Rings—A Black Scold—Manenko's Dress—Fever, Rain, Hunger—Dark Forests—Delays—Invitation at last—Medicine Charms—A Soldier—Balonda Fashions—Full *Un*dress of Balonda Lady—Balonda Gentlemen—Head-dress—Salutations—Manenko's Kindness.

SESHEKE by the Leeambye—"the white sand-banks" by "the large river"—was the city of a brother-in-law of Sebituane, named Moriantsane. Its large population was representative of the Makololo dominion. All the conquered tribes were represented there. Each of them had its own head-man, though, of course, they all recognized the higher authority of Sekeletu. There were little things, however, constantly occurring, as there were all through his country, which indicated that the young chief had not the regard of the people which they had been glad to cherish for his father. There was a great difference. Sebituane had been a wise man, and under him the various tribes had been held gently and firmly. He was fully informed of the minutest details in the government of the various tribes, and made the under chiefs love and fear him alike. Sekeletu was not like him; the petty chiefs soon found out his inattention and incapacity. The father, with old Roman policy, obliterated all distinctions, and made his subjugated provinces a part of his country; his subjects became his children. Sekeletu revived the Makololo pride, and replaced the insignia of inferiority on the tribes. These tribes began to hate him, while they were fearing him less and less. The people would sometimes defy the decisions of the local chiefs with impunity. An instance of this occurred while Dr. Livingstone was in Sesheke. There had been a theft committed, and in the effort to find out the guilty party a young man who was suspected was bound and exposed in the scorching sun until he should make restitution or pay the fine. The mother of this young man seized a hoe, and, going to her son, threatened to kill anybody who should interfere; and having cut the cords led him away to her home. All Moriantsane could do was to send word to Sekeletu. So the matter ended. The reins of government were hanging loosely. The lawless spirit is in human nature; the slightest toleration of it is the tiny crevice in authority through which an inexhaustible fountain sends its smallest stream; a stream which will wear and widen and deepen until gigantic rebellion breaks up the foundations of government and bears them, helplessly scattered, on its mighty, rageful surface. The history of the wild tribes is a miniature history of the wide world. The law of cause and effect is absolute and universal.

.The diligent Christian finds work in every place. Livingstone was immediately engaged in teaching the people of Sesheke; and such was the respect which he always inspired, such was the honor in which he was held, that there was no trouble in gathering several hundreds of these poor heathen to hear his message from the great Chief of all, the "King of kings." Their temple was by the river; the shade an "outspreading camel-thorn tree." How sweetly suggestive was every bough of this noble tree, while he recalled the probability that one like it furnished the timber of which the Ark of the Covenant was made! No wonder the heart of the missionary was overflowing with confidence in God's mercy for his degraded audience. How could he, either, find it in his own heart to dwell on their sinfulness? Indeed, Livingstone was so full of tenderness and charity, so unwilling to see or reveal the blemishes of others, that he hardly draws the curtain sufficiently on the moral condition of Africa. His own elevated purity turned away from the stagnant corruption about him with silent pity. He only says that there is corruption, that there is *death*, and, crying to the world for help, works on with the energy of devotion, almost of despair, healing and lifting up the people.

The Makololo were singularly wanting in religious ideas, and though quite respectful and curious enough to be attentive, they would put their questions in such absurd confusion of the ridiculous and solemn that the missionary needed to exercise constant watchfulness over his risible faculties. As there were no altars to be overthrown by Christianity, there were no prejudices against it, except such as hearts naturally depraved bring forth, or such as seemed supported by some social regulation or individual habit. Therefore there was a ready assent to the teachings as doctrines; an assent, however, which amounted to very little so far as the actions of the people went. But even among these people there are those who positively resist the truth. Some villagers put all their cocks to death because they crowed the words, "Tlang lo rapeleng," "Come along to prayers." The nearest approach to worship to be found in this region was the habit of paying special attention to the new moon. This was watched for with all eagerness, and its first appearance was hailed with loud acclamations and prayers. Even the attendants of Livingstone were accustomed to invoke the favor of the new moon on them and their master during their journey.

The duties of a faithful Christian teacher, though found most largely in presenting the gospel and seeking the immediate salvation of souls, have yet a range which comprehends all the well-being of man. It is not a reproach if a minister is instrumental in reforming society or government. It is not out of place for him to strike off any yoke of oppression which galls the necks of the people. It is not a mean service which introduces systems and regulations that bring order and peace to the community. Those unobtrusive efforts of Dr. Livingstone, which left their results interwrought with the heathen codes, were among the most difficult and telling of his works. Those examples and conversations, which left their impressions, indefinitely even, on African society, are the unrecorded but imperishable testimonies to his sincerity and real greatness.

The idea of compromise in times of dispute, of mercy to the offender; thoughts of internal improvement and commerce; new methods of reward and punishment; all the variety of matters which a wise and intelligent Christian would think of in such a community, opened a field which this truly great man was gladly disposed to enter, and in which his singular influence will linger through all the opening history of that continent.

The journey up the river from Seshcke was along the same splendid Leeambye which we mentioned in a former chapter. The broad surface, the rapids and wild falls were, of course, the same, only the deep brown hues of winter had yielded to the gorgeous summer. The thick green foliage of the majestic trees was varied and enriched by a wonderful wealth of fruit, while strange, large flowers of peculiar beauty were everywhere like jewels in the verdure. The forests were full of birds. The gentle cooing doves had their nests just over the rushing, roaring torrents. The Ibis, just like those which held old Egyptian breasts in sacred awe, and found their honored graves in stately tombs, was sitting in its wonted isolation on the bare points of some withered, broken, branchless trunk. The singular little "hammering iron" might be seen sitting on the back of the hideous crocodile, or perched inside his cavernous jaws, quietly picking the monster's teeth. The tiny, roguish parrot was flashing about in the sunrays like a living emerald with wings of gold, shocking the ear with a voice that seemed to be deliberate mockery of the eye's delight. The various species of fishing birds and nameless songsters of rare hues were always present, while every now and then a monster alligator came splashing from his sunny perch into the stream, or some unfortunate guana on a projecting bough fell a victim to the ready spear of a native, and dropping into the gliding boat was seized as choice provision for an evening meal. This animal is of the lizard tribe, and grows sometimes to the length of four or five feet. Its strong coat resists blows, and even the force of fire-arms, but it falls helpless if a straw is put in its nostril.

Vast herds of hippopotami were passed, and it was amusing to see the youthful members of the families perched on the broad shoulders of their dams, while the tremendous puffing and snorting rumbled around like miniature thunder. Mr. Cumming once came on the lair of four of these singular creatures, a hazy morning on the banks of the Limpopo. The noise of his horse breaking through the wall of reeds alarmed them, and all four rushed into the shallow stream, and went trotting toward deep water. The hunter, with quick aim, wounded a large cow, the ball striking the skull. The animal commenced plunging furiously round and round in a frenzy of agony; a second ball only increased her misery and fury. Anxious to bring his game nearer the land, Mr. Cumming then threw off his heavier clothing and plunged into the water, and armed only with a long knife rushed upon the beast; seizing her short tail he vainly tried to steer her landward. The tail was a poor rudder; cutting a slit in the strong hide, he found a securer hold, and ultimately brought the huge behemoth to the shore, when it required the full strength of a brace of splendid oxen to land her. She measured, by his account, five full feet across the body. Floating along this stream the interminable roar of the lion forces that animal on our thoughts continually, and not unfrequently his majestic form, passing through the neighboring brush and matted reeds, excites the deepest interest. It is barely possible that the great explorer whom we are following through these wildernesses was hardly the man to rightly estimate this, or any of the ferocious monsters of the land. Livingstone was not a hunter; while not wanting in skill or courage to meet lions or elephants, he had no delight in the field. His mission was with men; his lesson must be one of kindness; he must inculcate a lofty moral courage; necessarily almost, his habits of thought and life taught him indifference to all that was purely animal; he could not appreciate the features in these wild creatures which filled other men with awe and wonder. He, for instance, only thought of the lion as the great dog of the forest; he could discover no majesty in his roar, no special dignity in his bearing. He was quick to perceive whatever was gentle and loving and intelligent, but the sterner, wilder, cruel features did not impress him as they would men generally; and though he may have been correct in his estimate of the lion's courage measured by his lofty standard, it certainly possesses a *sort* of courage which has made all sportsmen think of lion-hunting as, perhaps, the most serious of all the delights of wilderness life. It requires the greatest coolness and skill, when once a lion is wounded and thoroughly at bay; every moment is precious. Mr. Anderson, in his "Wilds of Africa," narrates an incident in which his want of experience was hardly atoned for by his superior courage even. The beast which he pursued had taken refuge, as usual, in a densely thick jungle, where only his horrible growling indicated his locality. The very few feet of reeds completely concealed the lair. Vainly striving to provoke the lion to advance, the hunter at last ventured upon the initiatory proceedings himself by attempting to force his way through the wall, when suddenly he entered a comparatively open space, and met the blazing eyes of the enraged animal fixed upon him. The instant allowed no aim, no use of the knife in his hand; there was only the one awful sight of the raving monster, his crouching, the furious bound, which by some kind providence carried him above and beyond his victim, and the almost bewildered man scrambled away gratefully, in consciousness that his life was hardly his own. This suggests a singular fact recorded of the lion: he is said to manifest confusion and shame when on any account he overleaps his mark or misses his object, and is never known to repeat the assault on such occasions, unless forced to do so in self-protection; frequently he has been seen to pause after such a blunder, and, returning quietly to the spot from which he sprang, step carefully the distance to that where his intended victim stood, then, looking up and around thoughtfully, seem to be absorbed in a calculation. The lion certainly is held in the highest respect by the Makololo people: they greatly prefer to encounter the lances and axes, or guns, even, of men, and, while they are eager to resent the slightest insult of a neighboring tribe with bloody war, they are in mortal dread of invading the dominions of this roaring, prowling individual.

The fevers, which had begun their work some time before, were preying still on the energies of Livingstone; all along the journey from Sesheke he was tortured by the inward fire, and the poor accommodations of his camp made the nights a questionable exchange for even the toil and glaring sun upon the river. There was a consolation, though, in the kindness of his followers and the attentions of the people along the route. Their hospitality was rendered peculiarly refreshing by the modesty with which it was attended. The owner of an ox would gracefully present it to the stranger, remarking, "Here is a little bit of bread for you." Nothing is prettier in kind ness than unconsciousness. A truly generous deed, done so naturally that the dependent one hardly knows it, is benevolence. It is a pity that, with their progress in other matters, men progress so rapidly in appreciation of themselves and the estimate of their own works.

At Nameta very unwelcome news was waiting for Dr. Livingstone. An uncle of Sekeletu, named Mpololo, who maintained a sort of ascendency in the Barotse valley, under a spirit of revenge for some former wrong, had sanctioned a foray of a Makololo party, headed by one Lerimo, into the territory of the *Balonda*. Lerimo had destroyed several Balonda towns, and taken a number of the subjects of an under chief named Masiko prisoners. This invasion of the territory on which Livingstone was about entering, by the tribe with which he was so nearly associated, and which was furnishing his guides and escort, rendered his situation exceedingly unpleasant, particularly as the desolated towns lay along the very route which he must follow. Sekeletu had been careful to guard against any such embarrassments of his guest and his father's friend, by issuing positive orders on the subject, prohibiting all such forays, and Mpololo had transgressed his orders. This, however, did not make the matter better. At Litofe, a few miles higher up, there was news of a fresh foray, which had to be disbanded by sending a messenger in advance of the party. On reaching the town of Sekeletu's mother, where Mpololo was, the missionary required them to place the prisoners who had been taken by Lerimo in his charge to be returned to Masiko, as a proof of his friendship and as an evidence, too, that the whole responsibility of the invasion lay with a petty chief who would be held accountable by his master. By this means this wise and patient man was able to avert probably a cruel war. Mpololo was particularly generous of the property he had in charge, and filled all the orders of Sekeletu for the party with a good grace; so that Livingstone left Naliele in possession of fifteen fine oxen, eight of which were for riding purposes, the others for slaughter or presents as occasion might require. They were at Libonta, the border town of the Makololo, on the 17th of December.

During the delay which was necessary at Libonta the doctor had abundant use for his skill in the healing art; the fever was prevailing both among the inhabitants of the town and his own people. He had very little regard for the native method of treating this disease, which he experienced himself, on one occasion, to be a process of "charming one scientifically, while he is stewed in vapor baths and smoked like a red herring over green twigs." His gentler and surer treatment was soon in great demand and burdened him with a full practice, *gratis* of course. He had also occasion for surgical skill. A party of natives were forced to go after a bold, depredating lion. They must meet their game in closer quarters than the civilized hunter, for the spear and knife or club must do the work of powder and ball. It was an unlucky day for one poor fellow, who was brought home with the bone of his thigh crushed. Even the white man's charms were unequal to this occasion. There is, according to Livingstone, a virus about the teeth of the lion which occasions painful inflammation, and the wound of his teeth "resembles a gunshot wound." It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and if one is so fortunate as to escape with life, the injury follows him all through life in periodical pains about the wounded part.

Before following our hero away from the lovely valley of the Barotse, on his tramp to the sea, we will look just once on the home he nightly improvised along the banks of the lovely Leeambye. It is to be remembered that, while his party are all subjects of Sekeletu, only two are really Makololo. There are representatives of several subject tribes. The little camp presents all the order of larger ones in regions more enlightened, where human foes demand the vigilance. A little gypsy tent marks the quarters of the white man; he is sleeping there between the two trusty Makololo, who have the post of honor, and hold his precious life in sacred trust. About the narrow bed the boxes form a wall. Across the entrance the faithful head-boatman, Moshanana, is lying, his own body given to form the door which violence must pass through to reach his leader. About this tent the rude brush sheds, arranged in horseshoe shape, mark the resting-places of the attendants, separated according to their tribes. Within the circumference of this force the oxen are standing; and sometimes, lurking in the shadows of the trees, there is a stealthy beast of prey; his glassy eyes may be seen shining in the firelight, or his deep growl provokes an oath from his almost as savage neighbor under the shed. When the clear, full moon looked down, the fires were allowed to burn low, and leave to its lonely guard a scene picturesque as could be, for the angels to look on, and God's benediction.

Among his followers Livingstone selected some who were instructed in a few of the simpler mysteries of the white man's culinary system. Others he taught the process of restoring his travel-stained linen to its virgin purity. The ready willingness of these faithful men to do him service helped them greatly, and soon they did their new duty with a skill which might have provoked the envy of cooks and laundry-maids "to the manor born." The experience of Dr. Livingstone sustained his refined instincts and early lessons of neatness, in teaching him to hold fast the distinctions of civilization in all the habits of life as far as could be, even in the heart of the most ignorant and degraded continent. The barbarous people will hardly struggle toward a higher life whose customs are readily abandoned, like the hues of the chameleon, for the demands of a new locality. The affairs of every-day life, like eating and dressing, are the most striking features of civilization in the eyes of the uncivilized, and about these their wonder and respect begin; to change or abandon these is to break the young tendrils of their confidence or admiration, and cancel all claims on their discipleship.

It is worth while for all who think of venturing on a life-work in savage lands to remember that such a man as David Livingstone records his testimony, that "it is questionable whether a descent to barbarous ways ever elevates a man in the eyes of a savage. And is there a question whether Christianity is more a loser than gainer by the coming down of Christians to join in the doubtful avocations and delights of a worldly society?"

The almost singular humanity of Dr. Livingstone, which shines out so beautifully in all his career, comes strikingly into notice in his own journal of events occurring a short distance above Libonta. They had halted and sent some messengers off to the west, charged with the duty of returning some of the captives to Makoma. The scene was one which would have filled the heart of Cumming or Anderson or Harris with sanguinary delight. Herds of splendid animals were feeding on every side. He says he could easily have gotten within fifty yards of them; but he adds: "There I lay, looking at beautiful pokus, leehes, and other antelopes often, till my men, wondering what was the matter, came up and frightened them away. I felt a doubt and the antelopes got the benefit of it." Even when he was driven to use his gun in providing food, this noble man was always studying to find the peculiarly fatal spot where the death-wound might produce the least possible pain.

The progress up the river beyond Libonta was slower and more toilsome, because a division of the party had to follow along on the land with the oxen, and it was a trying path indeed, if path it may be called, which needed to be opened almost every foot in some parts of it by the axe. They were not only leaving the lovely valley, but the empire of the children of Sebituane for the untried Balonda.

It is so natural for the reader to become absorbed in the strange surroundings of an explorer; his novel experiences are so full of interest, that the man himself is hardly appreciated as he should be. It is peculiarly so in tracing the steps of Dr. Livingstone. He moves along so quietly, calling so little attention to himself, that one almost forgets the incalculable toil and suffering of such long and tedious marches through an unknown land. And every interview and transaction with the native chiefs is told so simply, so devoid of all representations of the difficulties and perils which attended it, that one is tempted to forget that it is really the history of a single almost defenceless man dealing with barbarous chiefs in their own wild fortresses. We are particularly struck with the lofty moral courage of Livingstone, when we find him boldly reproving these chiefs, and almost dictating to them their duties. He seemed to have no idea but that right and truth must prevail, and exhibited absolute fearlessness and confidence while conscience clear in his devotion to these. Almost the first act within the Balonda borders was to send quite a severe rebuke to Masiko for allowing the sale of his people into slavery. It is true his message was attended by the return of some captives wrenched from the hand of Lerimo; this only manifests the kindness of his heart and his wisdom, and does not depreciate the real courage of stepping on a strange territory and boldly denouncing a custom which brought its revenue to a savage chief. There is something singularly Christlike in the progress of this great man, as we have followed him, and shall follow him, along the rivers and through the wildernesses of benighted Africa.—His counsel is always peace, his example always kindness, his conduct always calm and his spirit bold.

This Masiko, to whom he sent his messengers from the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye, was not really a Balonda man, though reckoned now with the Balonda chiefs. He was the son of Santuru, the former chief of the Barotse. He had established himself beyond the Makololo authority, and gathered about him such of the Barotse as would share his fortunes. He was included now in the number of tribes which recognize the paramount authority of Matiamoo. This explanation is due to the people generally who bear the name of Balonda; because, while they are more or less cursed by the visits of the Mambari, the popular sentiment denounces the slave trade, and the people were often expressing their envy of the Makololo, their exemption from its sorrows and degradation.

From the confluence the route toward Loanda led away from the main branch along the Black Leeba, which is described as flowing through a region where nature has turned artist and disposed of trees and shrubs and rivulets and vines and flowers in true garden beauty; where even the lowly banks are terraced as regularly as if to please a fastidious human taste. The whole scene is gentler than along the Leeambye. The Balonda arrows have taught their forest subjects caution, their traps and snares have intimidated the birds, and even the fish are fewer, and the crocodile has learned the fear of man. The banks of the Leeba are waiting for the botanist, and offer a rich harvest. Among the trees rejoicing the traveller's eye with their wealth of blossoms was one so like the hawthorn in flowers, fruit and fragrance that the sweetest memories of other times and dearer scenes swept over the heart of the wanderer. Food was not so easily provided now as along the Leeambye. The young men were doubly interested in a buffalo hunt. Dr. Livingstone held this animal in rather higher esteem than the commonly received king of beasts. He could not but be impressed by the rapid, resistless charge of this powerful animal. His Makololo companions, who manifest a solemn hesitancy in disputing the rights of the lion, follow along the buffalo trail carelessly enough. He is a foe whom they understand; one for which they may be prepared. It is rather singular to observe in this great lumbering monster the same cunning endeavors to elude the pursuers which distinguish the fox and the stag. It is true, however, that the buffalo observes the same shifting and turning, often doubling on its track, and frequently concealing itself within a few yards of the starting-point. When, however, it becomes really desperate, and comes dashing with reckless impetuosity upon its assailant, it is the time for either special prowess or special prayers. This is the moment when the native dexterity is exhibited most admirably. Just at the instant when he seems to be a victim, and the beholder almost screams in terror, the young man glides aside and stabs his enemy very much after the fashion in a Spanish bull-fight. Max Vardon, who shared considerably the sporting experiences of Mr. Oswell, mentions witnessing a fight between a buffalo and three full-grown lions. The gentlemen mentioned were pursuing the buffalo, which they had wounded, and were in full sight of it, when they saw the lions spring from their lair and attack him. The spectacle was awful. Fastening their mighty teeth in the flanks and shoulders of the buffalo, the three tremendous lions could be seen exerting all their fearful strength to drag him down, while their angry growls mingled with his agonized and furious bellowing, and his gigantic bounds and struggles where amazing and awful. It is impossible to tell how the singular and unequal contest would have ended but for the trusty rifles of the hunters, who terminated the scene by "bagging a brace of lions and the buffalo in about ten minutes."

When the party had come opposite the village of Manenko, they received messages from her ladyship, who holds the chieftaincy there, requesting a delay until she could come to them; but after several days of useless interchange of messages, while incessant rains were aggravating impatience, Livingstone determined to press on without having seen this lady. The rains and almost continuous fevers were wearing sadly on the naturally vigorous man, and he felt deeply anxious to advance as expeditiously as possible.

At the confluence of the Leeba and the Makondo they found traces of the Mambari merchants. These enterprising men are satisfied to hold their valuable trade with the interior wilds, and feel under no obligation to enlighten their customers concerning the world beyond the rivers which bound their dominions. They represent the white men as dwelling in the sea. These representations of the Mambari explain the almost resolute confidence of the Balonda in the belief that Livingstone was none other than a merman. Indeed, the hair of Livingstone was the greatest curiosity. They could account for the deeper shades of their complexion, because he showed them the effect of the sun and weather in bronzing his own hands and face, while the skin of his breast, unexposed, remained perfectly white. But the hair—they had never seen straight hair. It must be, they reasoned; "he comes out of the sea. The waves have washed his hair straight. He is a merman."

These people are sadly superstitious; in this they are unlike the more southern tribes, who, it will be remembered, manifested hardly anything of the sort. They employ every variety of charms, and everywhere there are evidences of their idol worship.

After the failure to accomplish an interview with Manenko, the party advanced as far as a village over which an aunt of that lady, named Nyamoana, wielded the sceptre. It was rather a new thing under the African sun to be in the power of the women; but Dr. Livingstone deported himself as graciously as though he had been an experienced attendant of the sex. The good lady who did him the honors now was bent on having him turn aside from the Leeba and allow her people to conduct him to her brother, who was the greatest chief in all that part of Balonda. It was no use to urge the desirableness of river transportation. Her head was set, and just in the midst of the controversy she was reinforced by the unexpected arrival of Manenko. The odds were against him, and the great explorer, who had cut his way through forests and carried his point against chiefs, yielded the controversy to two women, and began preparations for an awful march through swamps and floods. As Manenko assumed to direct this expedition, and requires us to follow her majestic leadership for many days, we will take time for her acquaintance. She is described as tall, strapping and twenty. She was most elaborately arrayed in a coating of red ochre; only that and "nothing more," unless the strands of ornaments and medicine charms about her neck may be called clothing. The non-costume, which she prided herself on, was intended to teach her people to despise anything effeminate. Indeed, the whole Balonda people are singularly negligent of clothing; the women particularly seldom wear anything but ornaments, and are seen everywhere in frightful nudity. The men are hardly better arrayed, and seem equally fond of ornaments. The most prevalent insignia of wealth and position consist in the rings which are worn about the ankles. Some chiefs put on so many that they walk with considerable difficulty, and are forced to keep their feet far apart. And those gentlemen who are desirous to appear important are often noticed assuming the difficult gait of their betters. When Livingstone smiled at seeing one of these gentlemen walking as if his limbs were burdened, when really there were only one or two small rings to be seen, one of the people remarked, "That is the way they show off their lordship in these parts."

From the village of Nyamoana, the party were to abandon the canoes and strike out into the forests; and the preparations necessarily occupied some days, particularly as the self-willed Manenko preserved a most despotic indifference to the impatience of her guest, and took her own time as well as her own methods in the matter. It was exceedingly trying to Livingstone, reduced to the meanest diet, and exposed to the most inclement weather, to be arrested by this petticoat government; but the daily specimens of our lady's attainments in the peculiarly feminine art of scolding which came under his notice kept him in subjection, and he could only obey, when she met his rebellion by very quietly and authoritatively putting her hand on his shoulder, and reminding him of the ready submission of his followers, adding: "Now, my little man, just do as they have done." Manenko, however, was really kind, and did all in her power to render the weary and sick explorer comfortable. It was not in her power to yield her will, perhaps; that is a hard thing for men to do, and more than should be expected of her.

With the morning of January 11th the delay ended. The journey lay first across a succession of forests and lawns, where the largest evergreens were exchanged for the richest carpets of green grass. The singular little army marched gallantly along through the driving rain—the queenly Manenko in advance, in her coat of red grease, the picture of independence. And she led the party at a right good pace, and so steadily that they were rejoiced when she would finally allow them to rest. The Makololo, who were as unaccustomed to such leadership as Dr. Livingstone, were full of admiration for this phenomenon in that line, and declared that Manenko was "*a soldier*."

It is the custom in the Balonda country for the men to carry their arms, and wherever our party pitched their tent they were surrounded by numbers of ferocious-looking individuals with short swords and quivers of the wickedest-looking iron-headed arrows. They did not receive the same attentions, however, which had cheered their way through the Makololo tribes, and found none of the ready hospitality which made them almost careless of supplies. The missionary was made to add hunger to the record of hardships. Fever, rain, hunger, day after day, tells a story of painful sacrifice, and the gentleness, the faith and perseverance which could not be overcome, tell of singular greatness and God's upholding. The houses are the ordinary huts, but they are unlike the homes farther south, in being surrounded by strong palisades, as if designed to be fortresses in case of war. War does not spare the enlightened or benighted: it is everywhere. The trees of the forests along this route were of the finest proportions, such as would almost turn the head of a lumberman; but they suggest no ideas of wealth or greater comfort to the rude men who shoot their arrows among their branches or stalk the game in their deep shadows.

The gloomy depths of these forests seem to cast a shadow on the spirits of the dark beings who dwell in them; charms and medicines are found in most unexpected places, and idols are more numerous as the forests deepen. The idols of Balonda take various shapes; are the most uncouth conceivable specimens of art. Some are intended to represent animals and others human heads; but haste or carelessness sometimes satisfies itself by setting up a crooked stick, before which to bow in worship. Even the trees are pressed into this service, and passing along there may be seen offerings of maize or manioc laid on the branches of a stately motuia, while faces of beasts or men are carved in the bark about its trunk.

The prevailing superstition casts its protection over property; theft is seldom heard of; a trifling charm or piece of medicine bark is enough to guard the most precious articles, however exposed, from native hands. Civilization will kill the charm, and inaugurate prisons. Christianity ought to put the charm in the breasts of the people. It carries a medicine which is a specific in cases of covetousness. The love of Christ in the hearts of men ought to be a surer protection to their fellows than a broken twig or scrap of bark.

Before the white man could enter the town of Shinte, he was obliged to endure the delay of a tedious interchange of messages between the female master of proceedings and her lordly uncle. Livingstone was vexed by this delay, because he was only then finding out a very important feature of Balonda civility, indeed we may say of African civility. In the Makololo country he had been preceded by the messengers of Sekeletu, and found the villagers always expecting to receive him; here, however, the case was different, and he had frequently frightened whole communities by his sudden appearance in their midst, besides the inconvenience of missing the supplies which he so much needed. True etiquette requires that a travelling party halt before entering a village, and send forward a messenger, explaining to the chief the character and objects of his visitors. It is then incumbent on the town to extend its hospitalities, and the chief is glad to do the honors of the occasion in his best style. The unwilling allegiance which Dr. Livingstone was called on to render the dilly-dallying Manenko turned out a good school to him, and contributed very much to the facility of his future travels and pleasant intercourse with the tribes.

When the invitation at last came from Shinte the party advanced gladly, and upon a small valley of wonderful beauty it broke upon their eyes, weary of the deep shadows of the wood, like a fairy picture. Gently meandering along the very centre of the valley was a beautiful stream, and a little rivulet came in from the west. There was the town, embowered in the splendid tropical trees whose broad leaves lapping and woven formed a splendid canopy, and everywhere in the arbor-like grove the banana was seen, drooping its tempting fruit just over the heads of the people. You remember the singular Bechuana abhorrence of straight lines: everything, you remember, was crooked; their huts were round, their streets were tortuous. The square houses and straight streets of the town of Shinte were a delightful change. These streets and huts, too, were thronging with strange sights. The remarkable poverty of clothing in use in Balonda has been mentioned, but it must not be understood that this is because of the poverty of the people, or their greater ignorance as compared with their more southern neighbors. It is simply fashion, and you know there is no disputing on that subject: fashion is fashion. There may be a fashion of going undressed or dressed. The former is the Balonda fashion. The skill which confines itself to the adornment of the ankles and head is there displayed in most remarkable manner. Their otherwise pleasant features are distorted by the pieces of reed which they thrust through the septum of the nose. The hair is woven in a great variety of patterns: the more common appearance is that of horns like a buffalo; sometimes there is only a single horn protruding in front. One of the most remarkable styles is almost startling to the uninitiated beholder: the hair is woven into a great number of strands; these are all so arranged as to stand out from the head, and are fastened at their extremities to a hoop of light wood, so that the face appears at a little distance as if set in a painful sarcasm on the nimbus with which the heads of saints are surrounded.

The men are a little more conformed to our ideas of decency, in that they wear aprons of beautifully tanned skins; and their wealth of woolly hair enables them to rival their sable belles in its awful arrangement. Both men and women are eager for all articles of foreign manufacture; particularly are they covetous of the bright clothes which are sometimes exposed to their view, and men or women think themselves splendidly attired if they can get a few feet of such an article to wrap about the neck or body. There is much regard paid to salutations and the forming of friendships. Parties approaching each other are expected to stoop down and take up some sand and rub it on the arms and breast. There are gradations in these salutations, however, as in other matters. Great chiefs, for instance, only pretend to take up the sand, and do not really put any on the arms or breast; whereas one who is very polite, or desires to be considered so, carries a sort of white powder with him, and rubbing that on his arms and breast, exhibits it to the person whom he accosts; then, stooping down, places first one cheek then the other on the ground, the meantime clapping his hands joyfully.

In many respects the people of Balonda won greatly on the appreciation of Livingstone. Their kindness and manliness and politeness were more apparent as he became better acquainted with their customs. His lady captain busied herself now in more womanly duties, and was quite assiduous in providing such food as the doctor could eat, and proved herself no less a gentle friend than a bold escort. Friendships among the Balonda is a matter of great importance, and is sealed with a most solemn ceremony. The parties who have agreed to become particular friends sit down fronting each other; beside each is placed a cup of beer. With a sharp knife slight gashes are then made in the clasped hands, the pit of the stomach, the right cheek and the forehead of each. A blade of grass is then pressed by each into his own wounds, and the blood is washed from the grass in the beer. The parties then exchange the cups, so that each shall drink the other's blood. After this ceremony *they are blood relations.* The friends of each who may be present are expected to share the beer. The most precious gifts are exchanged, and the friends are bound for any emergency, and are pledged to assist each other in every possible manner. We can hardly pass such a ceremony without remembering the blood of Him to whom all Christians pledge themselves as often as they taste the emblematical wine which he called his blood. We are his blood relations bound in sacred obligation.

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH LONDA.

Reception at Shinte's Town—The Introduction—Private Interviews—Etiquette of the Balonda—Love for Mothers—Slavery—Theft—Magic Lantern—Rains—Iron-Works—Flooded Plains—A Charming Home—Death and Desolate Villages—Balonda Ideas of a Future State—What to Preach to Heathen—Troublesome Guide—Burial of the Dead—Mandans—Sioux—Patagonians—Bechuanas—Balonda—Sunday with Quendende—Beautiful Country—The Lotembwa—Katema—Reception—Provisions Presented—Wisdom of Katema—Cattle—Birds in Cages—Birds and Beasts—Birds and Spiders—Human Spiders—Fevers Again—Not much Impression—Heroism of Livingstone—Lake Dilolo—Rivers Run Northward—Mambari Traders—Influence on Border Tribes—Demands of Pay for Passing Through Country—Expected to Fight—An Ox Given—A Man Demanded—Sickness of Livingstone—Mutiny in his Camp—Its Cure—Men Repent—The Quango at Last—Bashange's Tax—Cypriano di Abreu's Kindness—Portuguese Possessions—Sweet Sleep—Angels.

On the morning of January 17th the spacious kotla of Shinte's town presented its grandest appearance. The kotla, we may remark, is an open space commonly reserved in the towns of this part of Africa for purposes of public interest, and renders service as temple, council chamber, or dancing hall, as occasion may demand. The throne of the chief was under the broad leaves of a splendid banyan tree, which seemed almost conscious of its dignity in spreading a canopy over a chieftain's head. Shinte was arrayed in his best. The checked jacket and kilt of baize were aided by a crown of woven beads and a waving bunch of feathers. Just behind the chief were seated a hundred women, and nearly a thousand men were ranged in the broad circumference of the place.

The guests advanced into the kotla escorted by the subject lord of the matron captain of the wilderness march, who approached Shinte first, followed by Manenko's people, who did the national obeisance in style. Dr. Livingstone was seated under the banyan, which furnished a broad shade, facing the chief. Then came the representatives of all the sections of the tribe, who saluted their chief and resumed their places. After these, distinguished men did him reverence, rubbing their breasts and arms with white powder. Then, suddenly, a host of soldiers, bursting from concealment, rushed wildly toward Livingstone and his men, brandishing their swords and shouting like demons; who, having tested the courage of their visitor to their satisfaction, retired.

The audience was now opened by the husband of Manenko, who, in an elaborate speech, declared the history and purposes of the white man, which, however, he considered only lies, and grounded his appeal in his behalf entirely on the generosity of the Balonda and Shinte's habitual kindness. After him the great men all had their talks, interspersed by the songs of the women and encouraged by their applause.

During all this while the explorer sat quietly and surveyed the novel scene, and at the close Shinte arose and retired with conscious dignity, and the multitude dispersed to be lost again in the ordinary affairs of life.

After the public reception, which was really only a display for his entertainment, certainly one in which the visitor was only a spectator, Livingstone was invited frequently to confer with Shinte in private, and received many expressions of his regard and of his sympathy with the purposes of the expedition. But one great blemish spoiled the otherwise pleasant character of this chief—he was manifestly in secret sympathy with the slave dealers. The Mambari are allowed to erect their slave-pens right under his eye, and nightly sorrows of parents bereft of their children under cover of the darkness find no redress at his hands. Dr. Livingstone threw his influence against the wicked trade, but it was only the voice of one man. Yes, it was God's truth, and though scattered only as fine seed, may ultimately spread its blessed protection over those miserable homes, and become a wall of principle against which the covetous importunities of cruel tradesmen in human souls shall beat vainly, as against the breast of Christ.

The Balonda are on their best behavior in this town, and the inexorable laws of society were seen everywhere in the punctilious observances of the people. Social grades existed in most unquestionable authority. The inferior would not presume to omit their obeisance when a superior passes, but fall instantly to one knee and maintain that posture until the great one is gone.

One beautiful trait of the Balonda is their love for their *mothers.* The more southern tribes are singularly indifferent to those who give them birth; these are not so. It was charming in these wild savages, their tender remembrance, even when burdened themselves with years, of "mamma's home." How sad must be the lives of those who nurse this tender fondness, when they are torn so cruelly away by the wicked hand of a trade which merits their devoutest curses! What more plaintive cry can find the ear of God than "O mother!" whispered sobbingly in the deep, degrading prison-house of bondage? What more disastrous blight can rest on the life of man than a mother's prayer for vengeance against him who robs her of her child?

These people are poorly supplied with game, and their national diet of manioc has provoked the anathemas of many an African traveller, for it is found all over the continent. They are industrious, though, and intelligent. But while there are gods many and superstition without measure, the people must be watched, for with their fears the doubtful grace of thieving is quite developed; and while they are specimens of absolute honesty if there are signs of a charm about, or if the blind eyes of some rude deity guards the treasure, they are conscience clear to take all they can find if they can dodge the medicines and the deities.

The magic lantern produced quite an excitement in Shinte's town. The first picture exhibited was that of Abraham offering his son. The picture, large as life and brought out vividly, produced a great effect, and the story filled their untutored minds with wonder and delight; but when at last the dagger was seen moving toward Isaac, the women were wild with fright and dashed away as if for life. Shinte himself was charmed, and was deeply interested in examining the instrument.

The greatest trial to which Dr. Livingstone was subjected in this country was the incessant rain; night after night the poor little tent was beaten steadily by the great drops, and the brief intervals during the days could not remove the dampness. But he was fully convinced of the great fertility of the soil, and its adaptation to the customs and interests of civilized life. It may be that these vast plains and forests are to become the storehouses of the world. There was a time when our western continent was as hopelessly benighted, and offered as small attractions to the old world, as Africa offers now. The times are in God's hand: the future is wide and rich in possibilities.

After spending about ten days with Shinte, the travelling party picked up their possessions and resumed their tramp. Among the industries which were noticed, as the party passed along the lovely valley, were certain native iron works, for which the ore is obtained in a range of splendid hills clothed in verdure which wall the valley on the east. Indeed it is a matter of deep interest that this continent, although so little known, has already revealed such an abundance of iron as merits the serious consideration of the world; and the natives, though untrained to think of manufacture as a means of income or revenue, have still acquired much skill in subjecting this unsightly and unwieldy treasure to their convenience. The Manyeti, it may be remembered, who won the distinction of "pirates of the Leeambye," were skilful artizans in iron; and in Angola, in Eastern Africa generally, indeed over the continent, the ore is found in good qualities and abundant quantities.

The kindness of Shinte now went in advance of the party, as that of Sekeletu had done, and food was found in readiness at every little village. Beyond the Leeba, which was crossed on the 31st of January, the route lay across a plain not less than twenty miles broad, and travelled some days where rain-water alone was standing from six inches to some feet in depth. But though all this region, as indicated on the maps, is wonderfully threaded by streams which contribute to the great river which flows away across the continent, there seem to be no fountains, but these tributaries of the great never-failing Chobe grow up amid the bogs of the vast soaking plains.

Crossing the Lokalueje, the party encountered the old friends so common on the rivers of the Bechuanas and Makololo—the hippopotami—which excited the hope that the plains and woods would soon again possess the attractions of animal life and afford supplies of meat.

At the village of one Soana Molopo, they were a little troubled through the guide who had been sent on from Shinte, who made it his business to excite in every chief's mind the expectation of valuable gifts from the traveller. At the home of a subject of Katema, Livingstone enjoyed a singular surprise: this man Mozinkwa possessed intelligence far in advance of his surroundings, and sharing his happiness was *one wife*, the mother of all his children. Around the house this good lady had quite a crop of cotton; and Mozinkwa's gardens and hedges and court-yard showed that he too could handle useful implements. They had also a garden of splendid potatoes, while some large shade-trees, planted in the middle of their yard, indicated that this fine family sought comfort intelligently; but alas! brightest pictures fade; in a few months death came—death comes to all—death came and the mother and wife whose faithfulness had been the joy of the home was laid away in silence and darkness. We who look in the grave filled with the light of the cross do not know how dark it is for the heathen. After death has once crossed a Balonda threshold, the house has no longer any charms for the inmates, and the invariable custom is to abandon it. This superstitious horror of death causes whole villages and towns to be abandoned at the most unexpected moment; within one week or month the town where a traveller was entertained most hospitably, which was teeming with happy people, he may find desolate, abandoned, dreaded, and avoided even by the path, which has been changed. A question finds the explanation in the death of some chief man. This suggests a feature of Balonda superstition which presents a serious barrier to the gospel. While these people believe in God, and seem to recognize the immortality of the soul, they seem almost incapable of a single idea of heaven. They only think of the dead as lingering about the familiar scenes of earth. They seem painfully conscious of their nearness. They cannot think of another world. Their ignorance holds them in a constant bondage of fear; they think of the departed as vindictive, of their gods as full of vengeance, of their charms as summoning some unknown evil. Indeed in all heathen lands there is a painful ignorance of love, and hardly wonderful either, since only the poor sinful hearts must suggest their ideals or interpret the things which occur. It is this weariness of the dreadful which makes the heathen catch so eagerly at the statement of *God's love*—it is so new, so refreshing. Because he is Love, he is the more readily enthroned in the long dormant affections and faith of the people just coming to the light. It is not the testimony of Dr. Livingstone only, but of all who have labored for the enlightenment and conversion of the heathen, that nothing which can be said arrests the attention so quickly and holds it so strongly as the story of the cross. It is all idle to go about pulling down the idols: we need only set up the crucified One over against them, and they shall fall of themselves, out of the relaxing fears and confidence which have been banished by the goodness and won by the love of the true and gracious.

Intemese, the guide furnished by Shinte, occasioned the party no little delay by his petty stubbornness and strategies, which he practised in order to prolong their stay within the boundaries of his commission as guide, because he found that position a fat place owing to the liberal orders of his master. It was a piece of this strategy which led his charge apart from the proper route toward the town of Katema to that of his father-in-law. This gentleman was named Quendende, a fine old man as it turned out, and one who entertained them over a Sunday with real kindness and pleasure.

He had just returned from a funeral of one of his people when the visitors arrived. Few things in savage life are of more singular interest than the ceremonies of burial. The reader may recall very singular customs of certain Indians, with whose habits most of them are more or less familiar. The Mandans, for instance, take the body of their dead, and having clothed it in his best robes and ornaments, furnish it with many articles which are supposed most desirable, and wrapping the whole carefully in soft wet hides, place the precious burden on a scaffold some feet high. In the course of time the scaffold falls; then the relatives assemble and bury the remains, except the skull; this they place on the ground, where there are perhaps a hundred skulls in a circle, all looking inward. About this place of the skulls the women are often seen, sitting with their work for hours at a time, holding in their laps the skull of a dead child, and not unfrequently they are seen to clasp these skulls in their arms and lie down talking as if to a living child, until they fall asleep.

The Sioux, of whom we hear so much, wrap their dead in skins and lodge in the branches of trees; never forgetting to place a wooden dish near the head, that the friend may quench his thirst in the long journey he is supposed to have begun.

Among the Patagonians the dead are frequently reduced to skeletons before burial, and are washed and arrayed in new clothing once a year. The bodies, while being prepared, are laid on platforms and guarded by the relatives, who, dressed in long robes, strike the ground continually with spears or staves, and keep up a mournful song to drive away the spirits, who they fear are unfriendly to the dead.

The Dahomaus, with all their cruelty and carelessness of human life, always hold an inquest over the dead, because, perhaps, the king reserves it as his privilege to do all the killing. If the inquest finds the man to have died a natural death, his friends are allowed to begin their mourning, during which they may not wash, but may eat and drink to intemperance if they please. When the coffin is ready the body is clothed in the best attire and furnished with a complete outfit for a change when he reaches the spirit land, and the burial takes place.

The Bechuanas, among whom Livingstone spent the earlier years in Africa, begin the funeral service before death has really occurred. As soon as the relatives of a sick man are satisfied that his end is near they throw a mat or skin over him, and draw it together until the poor creature is forced into a crouching posture, with the arms bent, the head bowed and the chin upon the knees. In this agonizing position the last spark of life is allowed to expire. The body is then borne to the cattle-pen, where the grave is waiting, and deposited in a sitting posture, exactly facing the north. The next operation is to pack the finest clay tightly and carefully about the body, until the earth reaches the mouth; then a few pieces of acacia and some roots of grass are placed on the head, so that a few green twigs may be above the ground. The slight mound is then raised, and when completed a few bowlfuls of water are poured over it, while the spectators shout as if applauding. The last scene at the grave is the women pouring out their bitter lamentations.

The Balonda, whose custom suggested this digression, are affected more deeply than many others on such occasions, because of their singular superstitions which hold them in dread of the departed. Their funerals are occasions of great expense and great confusion. Great feasts are spread, and during the ceremonies there is kept up a clamor in which all seem striving for mastery. There are loud, piercing cries; drums are beaten with measured, solemn beats, and if there are guns they are fired. All night long this wild scene continues, and is considered the highest honor possible to be rendered. Indeed, it is more the amount of noise than the perfection of melody which delights the savage. We can hardly dwell on such accounts without deepest sympathy. How sweet are the Christian ideas of death! How sacred and precious are the spots where we laid our loved ones, hoping, with our eyes on the star of Bethlehem, whose gentle beams were falling on the mound! How eagerly we should hasten with the precious truths that may be so helpful and rejoicing to the hearts of heathen! But if Dr. Livingstone allowed his thoughts to wander so long—there is no question whether old Quendende thought him queer—Sunday afforded good time for the ever-faithful and diligent man of God to present the great teachings of the Bible to his friendly host. But it is almost impossible to gain the credence of the Balonda for the ideas of heaven or hell. They invariably meet all advances on the subject by saying in effect: "We do not go up to God as you do; we are put into the ground."

The country was becoming beautiful again; the valleys and hills were clothed with lovely growth, and supported herds of buffaloes, elands, koodoo and various antelopes; and the little villages which were constantly appearing were cheering indications of industry and happiness. Even in Africa it is interesting to observe the gradual improvement in the general appearance of the country as the towns of the great chiefs are approached, just as a corresponding improvement is manifest in the neighborhood of our larger cities.

It was about the middle of February when Livingstone and his followers crossed the Lotembwa and passed on to the town of Katema. They were not assigned a hut, as would have been the case among the Makololo, or a roof, as would have been the case in Shinte's neighborhood, but were led out to the shelter of some large trees, where they might provide their resting-places themselves. But Katema did not forget the claims of the stranger on his hospitality entirely, for after a little time there came a handsome present of food, which was vastly more important than huts or roofs.

On the following day Dr. Livingstone was honored with a public reception, as he had been at Shinte's town. The ceremonies of this reception, too, greatly resembled those of the former. Katema was found to be a good-humored, well-fed looking man, and one who enjoyed a hearty laugh amazingly. He rode into the kotla mounted on the shoulders of an active, muscular young man, who moved along quite easily with his heavy weight of dignity. One striking element of this chieftain's character was his vanity; he could never be done with his self-praise. But he was generous and wise. When Intemese had given his statement, Katema placed sixteen large baskets of meal, half a dozen fowls and a dozen eggs before his guest, and, remarking that he did not wish a stranger to be hungry in his town, said: "Go home and cook and eat; you will then be in a fit state to speak with me at an audience which I will give you to-morrow." But tall, vigorous man as he was, so genial and courteous, he was subject to the same degrading superstitions which were seen in the humbler people of his country.

During the entire interview with Dr. Livingstone, he sat waving a large bunch of gnus' tails between himself and the white man, as a protection against any charms which might be employed against him. This man was really the younger brother, and held his position as chief of the tribe more by his wisdom and kindness than of right. His brother was unkind and foolishly alienated his own people, and prejudiced the subjects of neighboring tribes. Katema gradually took possession of the hearts of the people, and gathered with them great numbers of refugees from other tribes, until he became the greater chief, and boasted of being the equal of Matiamvo himself. He did not exhibit the covetousness which had been so annoying in some other towns, but received quite gracefully the few little things which Livingstone was able to present.

Unlike their southern neighbors, the Balonda are singularly destitute of herds, and though they manifest the highest appreciation of cattle, and possess a land admirably adapted to pasturage, they have not learned to domesticate the few cows they have. Katema owned about thirty head, but could only possess himself of the meat by hunting it as he would a buffalo or an antelope, and was astonished when he was told how he might appropriate the milk.

It is pleasant to think of men so far from the refinements of civilization finding real delight in the charming little melodies of the tiny canary bird. All about in Katema's country these charming little creatures were found in neat little cages, treasured fondly by the dark savages, "because they sing so sweetly." Perhaps it is the gratuitous tutelage of the wonderful choristers of their lovely forest homes which develops this delicate love of gentle music, for the birds are on every bough, twittering and singing as merrily as can be. But there are no ravenous beasts: you know they cannot dwell with birds; there seems to be no sympathy between the voice of song and wild passions, even beyond the habitations of men. We wonder naturally whether the monsters of the wood fly from the sight of innocence and glee—whether sanguinary instincts are inevitably rebuked by music. Bolder cruelty among men has sometimes mightiest resistance in the pure sweet prattle of helplessness. You remember it was a child playing by the brooklet, tossing white pebbles into it, and laughing at its babbling, which broke the crusts of carelessness and crime, and mellowed the heart of one long thoughtless of mercy or justice, and hung upon his eyelids a tear distilled of penitence, which heaven received in redemption of its favors so long despised. But there are meaner shapes of evil which whet their appetites for crime on the sight of weakness and innocence: they are the venomous spiders of society, who scheme, and watch, and wait, and hide; their hate and harm is by strategy and obscurity. Boldness redeems even crime from our contempt, who despise the mean malice which we only dread because we cannot see it. Human spiders weave their webs where human lions would blush to roar. Human nature has its types in lower orders of life, and among creatures of instinct only, as among those of thought. The sunniest bowers where sweetest gladness dwells reveal the beautiful deceits of the cunning foe of weakest life. The lovely groves, redolent with the melodies of the various songsters, wear also the subtile drapery of the spiders, weaving. And the poor traveller must be suddenly recalled from the meditations of the place, must have his thoughts rudely dragged from their free altitude of pleasure, by the quick, light, blood-curdling tramp across his brow, or the sudden, sharp, painful, imperceptible wound on his hand, to frighten the canary which had charmed him, by crying, "A plague on the spider!" The first advances in the groves of Katema which were made by these venomous insects were in the night, and the self-introduction was acutely painful. This spider was found to be light-colored and about half an inch in length. One of the ugliest of the creatures is a black individual, with long hair, about an inch and a quarter long, and three quarters of an inch broad. A large reddish spider is seen as if in great excitement running with wonderful velocity in and out, before and behind, around and over everything. It dwells in a hole, and has an ingeniously contrived door which moves on hinges, and when closed completely covers and obscures the hole. Nearly all the species have beautiful webs, and display great ingenuity in so adjusting them as to entrap the unwary victims of their desire most readily.

The pleasantness, however, and healthfulness of the country were not enough to prevent the return of fever, and before the time for the departure from Katema had arrived, Livingstone was again a sufferer by this enemy, more subtle than the spider and stronger than the lion. The winter time had come, but the thermometer was at 90°, and he could only toss about in his tattered tent. He was tossing so all day on the 19th, but on the morning of the 20th, he and his faithful band had their friendly parting with Katema and his people. Livingstone had not been able to make much impression on this vain chief about the Bible. It is the experience of all missionaries that the results are painfully small when all must be said through one or two careless and lazy interpreters, who themselves care nothing whatever about that which they are saying. But the chief had furnished guides for the way before them, and they might proceed confidently, if rather sadly. The heroism of Dr.

Livingstone was conspicuous now, as always, when there was anything to endure or to dare. A burning fever—having eaten nothing for two days—attended only by savages—he presses away into the wilderness as cheerfully and resolutely as he entered it long before from Cape Town. About six miles northwest from Katema's, they came to Lake Dilolo, the subject of a tradition which occurred to Dr. Livingstone as possibly a faint, lingering hint of the deluge. "It is said that a long time ago a village stood on the spot which is now covered by the lake, and that a female chief, named Monenga, one day came to the village and asked the wife of the chief man for some food, but was refused, and taunted with her helplessness by the woman, whereupon the Monenga began a song in slow time, and uttered her own name—Monenga-w-o-e. As she finished the last note, the village, houses, people, fowls, dogs, everything, sank into the space now called Dilolo."

It only required a few days to carry the party beyond the dominion of Katema. They were about the turning point of the waters, too, and the rivers were now running northward. They were going somewhat west of north, and were getting among people who are much more frequently visited by the Mambari merchants than the more central tribes are. Livingstone found also that the people had a much stronger confidence in the belief of the continued existence of departed spirits than the more southern inhabitants of the continent. The idea of buying and selling, too, began to take the place of giving. Everybody wanted gunpowder or English calico, for the knowledge of money had not reached them, the Mambari using only barter in all their transactions.

On the 27th of February they were on the banks of a beautiful river, which reminded the traveller of his own lovely Clyde in Scotland—the Kasai. The chief in the neighborhood, named Kangenke, had furnished guides quite readily, and the men were quite full of praise of their river. "Though you sail along it for months," said they, "you will turn without seeing the end of it." Now, for the first time in all his long journey, Dr. Livingstone began to be troubled by petty meannesses and resistances and taxes and suggestions of violence. The people of Kangenke practised on his party a trick for which they are notorious. One of them placed his knife where he felt satisfied that one of the party would pick it up, and sure enough a young man did pick it up, supposing that he had found it, and put it in a basket. The rascal who had planned the affair of course knew that it had been picked up, and waiting until the party had divided—a part having crossed the river in their canoes—he came forward, charging that some one of the party had stolen his knife. A search of course found the lost property, and the finding of it afforded a chance to impose a fine before they would allow those still on the side of the river with them to cross. At the village of Katende, also, on the 29th, Livingstone was called on to pay a fine for passing through the country. This demand was stoutly resisted. Indeed, it is sadly apparent that these creatures have felt just enough of the influence of the outside world to make them the most unprincipled thieves and extortioners. The wild animals, too, have fled from this region, and there was no possibility of obtaining food except at the hands of these ungenerous chiefs. Hungry and weary, receiving no hospitality, undiverted by even the welcome dangers of wild beasts, the devoted man was hardly able to appreciate the splendid plains and valleys along which their journey lay.

At the first village of the Chiboque the coolness and courage of Dr. Livingstone was put to a severe trial. The chief of the town, after making very gracious promises, and pretending much sympathy with the enterprise of the expedition, suddenly sent a demand for a slave or an ox as tribute for the privilege of passing through the country. And about midday the chief Njambi, having collected his people, suddenly surrounded the camp of Livingstone to enforce his demand. There is hardly an expression for our admiration of that wonderful man, experiencing in his heart Christlike feelings of pity and love for these wild men; sitting quietly on his camp-stool in front of his tent, parleying with this wild and wicked chief. The surrounding party would frequently aim their guns at him and wave their swords and spears. Sometimes it seemed impossible but that a terrible fight must occur. The noble band of Makololo were true as could be, and carried themselves as men who had rather a fondness for such sport. It will be remembered that these men had been soldiers under the great chief Sebituane, who with his own hand beheaded any man who dared to turn his back in battle. They were trained to courage, and it was Livingstone's full conviction that they would have proven victorious over twice as many Chiboque as now appeared against them, though only twenty-six in number. At last, when nothing else would do, Dr. Livingstone informed the chief that he must decide the question himself, and assume the entire responsibility if there was to be fighting. For himself, he wished to pass over God's ground in peace; but if he was not allowed to do so, he should certainly defend himself and people against any enemy. This cool talk seemed to impress the chief men that the business they had undertaken was to be quite serious, and they began talking more reasonably. As the result of the interview, however, Dr. Livingstone gave an ox, trusting thereby to gain as much in moral influence as he might sacrifice of their much-needed supplies of food. While journeying along the forest paths, drenched with rain and now and then swimming the streams, terrible fevers again set in. Added to the already severe trials that of an almost wandering mind, the guides from place to place were now almost useless, and gave much more trouble by their foolish and outrageous demands of presents than would have resulted from their entire absence. But the bitterest of all, about the 12th of March, not far from the scene of the difficulty with the Chiboque, there appeared a disposition to mutiny in some of his own party, which proceeded so far that the missionary was near sending a few balls through the heads of the troublesome individuals. Every step of the way now was combated for against extortions, threatened war from the tribes, complaints of his followers, and fevers which seemed to feed on the anxieties of the occasion. Perhaps the most terribly trying hour of the whole journey was in the little worn-out tent at the encampment near the village of Ionga-Panza, who had acted with the most unpardonable disregard of truth and manliness. The sufferings of the men since leaving Katema's territory had been so great and so constant, everything had seemed to resist the progress of the party so bitterly, that the followers of Livingstone became thoroughly disheartened, and they began to discuss the wisdom of going back home.

The borders of the Portuguese settlement were almost at hand. The grand object for which the wonderful man had toiled and suffered during nearly two years, in which he had wandered amidst the perils of wilds where no white man had ever ventured, was almost accomplished. The highway for civilization and truth was almost open. And now the thought of abandoning all and going back. It was enough to overcome him in his best and most vigorous days. It could not be, it should not be he was determined, and after using all his powers of persuasion he declared to them that though they returned he should *go on alone.* The great man retired into his little tent and cast his eyes toward God for help. They loved him too strongly, though, those friends of the year of trial. Soon they began to gather about him, vowing that they would die before they would forsake him; they would go with him anywhere; "they had only spoken in the bitterness of their spirits, and feeling that they could do nothing." After this they were themselves again, ready for any toil, for any danger; and were frequently overheard, when threatened by enemies, saying to each other, "That is just what we want; let them begin." They seemed really anxious to reassure their "father," as they called Dr. Livingstone, of their love and courage.

Although they were now so near the borders of the Portuguese settlement, the natives seemed singularly ignorant of white men, and the straight hair of Livingstone was almost as much a curiosity as it had been far back in the interior. The Mambari do nearly all the trading between the whites along the coasts and the more central tribes, so that even where there are found many articles of European manufacture there is the same absolute ignorance of the sort of people who make the wonderful things.

It was the 4th of April when the party reached the banks of the Quango, which bounds the territory of the Bangala, who are the subjects of the Portuguese. On the east side they were still in the country of the Bashange, the last of the border tribes, and were suffering every form of extortion. They were determined to make Livingstone pay for his passage over the river by giving them one of his men to be a slave; while anybody who has followed the life history of the man to this point is assured that he would have died a thousand times, if possible, before he would have complied with such a demand. At length a young officer of the Portuguese militia, Cypriano di Abrue, made his appearance, and by his assistance the whole party were soon beyond the reach of the impositions and difficulties which had made their whole experience with the border tribes one of bitter anxiety and want. No wonder they passed so gladly along through the tall, waving grass, in the footsteps of the generous and friendly half-caste sergeant. And it was a lighter heart which beat in the little tattered tent that night, as it stood in front of Cypriano's house, than had been in it for a long, long time. And oh how thankfully the man of God, now almost ready to fall under the weight of his labor for Christ and souls, turned his eyes back on the great hidden world which he had partly found out and hastened now to make known; and forward to the anxious, waiting brotherhood in Jesus, who would be glad to follow the thread of his journeys through those wildernesses with light and truth!

We will believe that he rested sweetly that night, and that the attending angel guard, which formed the nearer circle around him, looked on lovingly and with respect, and wondered that weak men, for love's sake only, should so endure and toil.

The little village where the weary traveller had spread his storm-beaten tent so joyfully on the evening of the 4th of April was very far from being such a one as our imaginations might the more readily picture, in contrast with the darkness and degradation of barbarism. Angola, you must remember, is only an out-station of enlightenment; but it is in the care of the Portuguese government, and its mongrel population have many of the ideas and customs inseparable from the comfort of those who have been accustomed to the feelings of security and fellowship which legal government and enlightened society inspire. After so many months of anxiety and caution, the pleasure of sleeping under the authority of civilization, though absolutely in the hut of a heathen, was an inexpressibly precious privilege. The small cluster of neat, square houses, with the groups of half-caste Portuguese standing about, the whole nearly hidden in the tall, waving grass which fringes the Quango on the west bank, was the scene of our friend Cypriano's dignity. In even such society, and in so insignificant a suburb of civilization, Dr. Livingstone's condition excited wonder and pity. Wasted by sickness and staggering with fatigue, sun-scorched and ragged, whoever had dreamed of the habits and comforts of white men in their own light-favored and love-checred lands would naturally wonder, and pity him and honor him. Cypriano was an officer in the Portuguese militia, and was in command of the little post on the border. He received his guest with great cordiality, and treated him with most careful respect and kindness during the few days of his sojourn with him. He was possibly a very favorable specimen of the half-caste population which composes so important a portion of Angola society. These people furnish the large proportion of traders who penetrate the "regions beyond." They retain, of course, many of the features of the tribe from which they are partly sprung; the dark shade and the unquestionable wool are marks which decide their negro origin. Their Portuguese fathers, however, secured them the advantage of education, and what advantage may be in the name of Catholic.

The Portuguese policy at Loanda has been very unlike the English on the Cape, and in some respects much wiser and gentler. The English have encouraged an overbearing spirit in their subjects. The Portuguese have recognized the probability that the white trader will be tempted to oppress the natives, and refuse to punish the community or tribe where one of these traders is killed. This naturally makes the whites cautious, and while it has not been enough to confine them at Loanda, has led to the employment of natives and half-castes for trading with remoter tribes.

Dr. Livingstone reached Cassange, the most eastern station of the Portuguese, on the 12th. He was received at the house of Captain Nevis, who not only entertained him very kindly and generously but provided also for his followers. There was a feature of this settlement which impressed Dr. Livingstone that these Portuguese can never be successful colonists. That feature was the entire absence of European women. The gentlemen come with no idea of remaining any longer than may be necessary for the accumulation of some money. They generally have taken native women into the temporary dignity of wives, and unhesitatingly recognize the offspring of these unions as equals, and not uncommonly commit to them the most important trusts.

The village of Cassange is about half way from the Quango, across the splendid valley which is waiting to become a granary for the world. "This valley is perhaps a hundred miles wide; clothed with dark forests, except where the tall grass covers the meadow land along the Quango, which here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way northward." It is the vast reality of which the traveller said the view of the Clyde, from the spot whence Mary Queen of Scots witnessed the battle of Langside, is a miniature. The valley was entered on the 30th of March, by descending a precipitous path from the table land, which stood behind them now in the distance like a wall. The eastern half of the valley is the home of border tribes, who have learned meanness and cruelty from their imperfect acquaintance with white people. The western half is the frontier of the Portuguese, with Cassange for its principal town.

Of course we could not expect that such a station should have anything of architectural beauty. The houses were built of wattle and daub; but they were surrounded by considerable plantations of manioc and maize, and furnished with gardens where many different European vegetables grew splendidly, and both native and imported fruits rewarded the almost careless efforts of the people. The Makololo, too, were delighted to find here that ivory commanded greatly better prices than they had dreamed of in their own country. They had been accustomed to sell two tusks for one gun, so that their surprise and delight were almost amusing when they saw their leader receive for one tusk "two muskets, three small barrels of gunpowder, and English calico and baize enough to clothe the whole party, besides large bunches of beads."

Many of these trading villages are to be found in this broad valley, and the native Portuguese in them generally become rich in a very few years.

Livingstone needed to quiet often-recurring anxieties in the breasts of his Makololo as they drew nearer the coast. Their confidence in him was stronger than their fears, however; and though they were cautioned by some that the white people were cannibals, and by others that Livingstone intended to make slaves of them, they followed him trustingly and lovingly as his children, as they called themselves.

Having been kindly provided with a guide by the commander at Cassange, the party resumed their journey on the 21st of April, and going twenty miles stood at the foot of the Tola Mungongo, which is the western wall of this wonderful valley, and after an hour of climbing were again on a lofty table land, from which they could look back a hundred miles to the borders of Londa. Geologists may find here, if they wish, a problem. They may undertake to tell the world how long ago it was when this broad chasm did not exist, but Tola Mungongo and Masamba Ridge were one. But while the scientists are making their calculations, the world will move on, and history will be growing about these strange, wild cliffs, and nations succeeding each other on table lands and valleys. The journey to Loanda was attended now with only such delays as the kindness of the Portuguese at various settlements induced and the barter with natives for food occasioned. It led them first along a beautiful country, where splendid forests were threaded by a number of beautiful streams and inhabited by "true negroes." Then through the district of Ambaca, where the traces of Jesuit labor linger in the intelligence of the people, and the men themselves live yet in the love of those they sought to elevate. After that came a mountainous region which delighted the highland heart of Livingstone, and brought back to his mind many a view which charms the traveller in his own dear Scotland—a region wildly beautiful and remarkably fertile. As they came nearer to the coast the life was not so vigorous, the scene became sterile.

On the 31st of May the party looked out on the Atlantic from the brow of the hill which overlooks the city of Loanda, where all at once, as the Makololo expressed it, the world said, "I am finished; there is no more of me."

CHAPTER VII.

ANGOLA.

Anxiety—A Single Englishman—Sickness—Mr. Gabriel's Kindness—Settlement of Loanda—Portuguese Failure—Two Things Unfortunate—Makololo at Work—The Ship "a Town"—Livingstone's Relapse—Long Illness—What Might have Been—Slave Trade—Slavery in Africa—Grounds of Livingstone's Opposition—Negligent Cultivation of the Soil—Two Shillings a Month—Fetich Worship—Portuguese Policy—Ivory Trade—Unpaid Labor—Mania for Litigation—"Big Funerals"—The Poison Ordeal—Wild Animals—*The Self-denial*—Looking Eastward—Departure from Loanda—Makololo Boastings—The "True Ancients"—A Remarkable Insect—Ambaca—Church or Jail—Catholic Mistake—Pungo Andongo—On the Road—Difficulties of Ox-Riding—Traders—Beeswax and Elephant Tusks—Liliputian Monster—Descending from "Tola Mungongo"—Cassange—Drunkenness—The Quango Again.

THE city was strange; the sea was unconscious. "Are there friends in the city? Are there tidings on the sea?" The farewell had been spoken two years ago. There had been no counsel, there had been no encouragement. The wilderness had been cheerless and the way had been long. The stoutest heart sometimes wants to lean itself upon another heart; the most vigorous frame may be worn by toil and anxiety. Is it strange that the strong man staggered to the brow of the hill and confessed a sinking heart as he looked down on the city and out on the sea? And is it wonderful that he was glad when he found flowers blooming about the door of the only Englishman in Loanda? Flowers are silent and frail, they are expressive and powerful; they control human passions like love, and smile a welcome sweeter than words may tell. It is a beautiful thing to enter a generous home across beds of flowers. The home of Mr. Gabriel proved itself worthy of the hopes of the sick and destitute man of God and friend of men who sought its door. Dr. Livingstone was received like a brother. But his strength was gone. The brother's care was timely. Like a racer whom no fatigue can master until the goal is won, he had triumphed, but sank down helplessly in his success.

The generous Englishman was glad to attend him in his sickness, and happy in the privilege of surrendering his own bed to the man who had known no better pillow than the ground for so many months. And not only Mr. Gabriel, but many Portuguese gentlemen were eager with their kindnesses. Whoever has not felt the loneliness of such a life can hardly appreciate fully the happiness of such attentions. The friendly Makololo had been kind and zealous in his service, but they were heathen, and the very kindness in which they proved their love only provoked a deeper anxiety, for they were his care; in their dusky forms all the ignorance and ills of Africa were revived before him. It was very pleasant to be cared for by equals, whose faces revived no anxiety. The good nursing of his friend, and the skill of Mr. Cockin, surgeon of an English ship which stood in the harbor, with the presence of the warm-hearted naval officers, were mightier, under God, than the illness, and Dr. Livingstone was soon sufficiently restored and refreshed to be deeply interested in all surrounding objects. Loanda itself, with its lofty cliffs casting their rugged shadows on the sea, whose waves are forever breaking against their sides, and its massive castle frowning from a beetling crag; its old stone mansions and huts of daub and thatch; its motley populace of Portuguese, mulattoes and negroes; its harbor, where ships of all nations display their flags, is a place worthy of the traveller's attention. But, as the capital of Angola, it opens to him a volume, imperfect still and indistinctly written, but carrying him back to the same eventful era in which our own land was snatched out of the sea and made known to the world. About the time Columbus discovered America, Diego Cam was planting the ensign of Portugal on the coast of Angola; and the city—"St. Paul de Loanda"—was founded in 1578. It has been a splendid city. When approached from the sea, its forts and castles, and domes and spires and stone palaces, all white and gleaming in the sunshine—massive memorials of former glory—contradict the thought of benighted wilds. When approached from the inland, the same stately structures burst on the view like works of enchantment. White men lean over the prows of their ships and wonder why so vigorous and decided a messenger of civilization has stood powerless by the sea during three hundred years. The savage gazes down from the heights and wonders what strange power it is that stands by their forests and deals with people in the sea.

The Portuguese have not proven themselves equal to the task of lifting up Africa. Their labor and long-continued sway have been almost fruitless. The dilapidation of Loanda tells the story of all their efforts in Angola. The marks of failure are seen all over the district. The habits and customs of the natives are hardly modified; their superstitions are not dispelled; their degradation is deepened. The white faces only supply a contrast unfriendly to the black. The deserted convents and broken crosses only cast heavy shadows on the barbarism they have not enlightened. The civilization has only tyrannized heathenism, and has not helped it. The curse of degeneracy has followed their unfaithfulness, and settlers themselves need reformation. Two things were unfortunate: the Portuguese Government established the colony covetously, and Roman Catholicism established the mission. The colony could not be a success which sought only wealth. The mission could only fail which encouraged superstition and little more than changed the names of gods. But the forgotten villages and lampless altars must not discourage civilization or daunt Christianity. They do not prove that Africa is irredeemable; they only call our attention to a mistaken policy, and help us toward wisdom. They furnish a field where ignorance has been bruised under the heel of intelligence; where superstition sits helplessly under the seal of Christianity. Angola, with Portuguese stations everywhere, and familiar with the names of priests and saints, cries piteously to the Christian world, as does the heart of Africa.

One of two splendid cathedrals in Loanda is now a workshop, and the traveller saw, with sorrow, oxen feeding within the walls of another. Many miserable huts of wattle and daub have crept in between the stone mansions, and half-naked black men trust to their fetiches under the shadow of the walls where the crucifix hangs, and parade their strange customs by the side of European luxury. Darkness and light dwell together, and about them a half-caste offspring. A strange embodiment of intelligence and ignorance, of Christianity and fetichism, exerts a growing power.

The Makololo attendants of Livingstone had shared the kindness which was so generously bestowed on their master. They had time to indulge their curious amazement, gazing on the houses and churches and out on the sea where the various ships were anchored. And when Livingstone was sufficiently recovered to go with them, they were invited to visit an English man-of-war. The stories of foul play practised so frequently on black men made them a little timid; but they had confidence in their "father," and soon the kind attentions of the generous sailors made them feel perfectly assured. Their confidence was almost reverence when they learned that these men and their ship were here to put down the trade in slaves. And they were delighted when they were permitted to fire off a cannon, and told "that is what we put down the slave trade with." They were amazed at the size of the ship. "It is not a canoe at all," they cried; "it is a town!" They called the deck the "kotla," but the rigging perplexed them, and they were heard to say, "but what sort of town is it that you must climb up into with ropes?" They had at last proven fully the faithfulness of Dr. Livingstone; they had absolutely wandered all through the great ship which they had been taught to dread as the dreaded, cruellest bondage, as more horrible than death; they had been kindly entertained by other white men, and handled without injury their great guns. They gathered about their friend with absolute trust and affection.

The recovery of Livingstone was too speedy to be permanent: a severe relapse confined him again to the bed of his noble host, and a long and wearying illness cut him off from his followers and held him a prisoner in Loanda. But Mr. Gabriel's kindness was unwavering and most assiduous. He not only nursed his guest faithfully, but assumed again the care of the Makololo. These active men won the admiration of those who saw them by the promptness with which they engaged in their self-support, though strangers and visitors. In the absence of other employment, they began a brisk trade in firewood, which they brought in from the neighboring forests on their shoulders. They were then employed to unload a cargo of coal. This furnished them with something to tell when they returned to their own people. It was a wonderful thing to be working hard a "moon and a half" unloading "stones that burn," and quit leaving plenty in the vessel. Indeed, everything in civilized life is wonderful to these sons of the distant wilderness lands. And the effect on the minds of these Makololo of their few months' contact with Europeans, who treated them with special kindness—a kindness secured by their association with the great explorer—suggests the most hopeful results for efforts made in the true spirit of Christ for the enlightenment of Africa. If there had been no slave trade from Loanda; if there had been fair dealing with the natives; if there had been a generous recognition of their manhood at the different posts of the Portuguese authority; if there had been clear Christian instruction by the priests; if there had been no new superstitions engrafted on their ignorance; if the open Bible had been given them instead of the mysterious crucifix and the pictures of saints; if love and honest instruction had been given in the place of cruelty and vigorous mysticism, who will say that Angola would not have been the bright spot on this continent long ago, toward which the world might look with pride, and for which the churches might glorify God? We do not need to charge the Portuguese with bringing about the slave trade beyond the coasts. There is reason to believe that it was a part of African life long before the settlement of Loanda. But it is a pity that the cupidity of nominal Christians was so eager to embrace the opportunity which the degradation of a people presented. It is a shame in Christendom that the miseries discovered in a neglected land could excite commiseration only when they had satiated covetousness. No one thing so engaged the heart of Livingstone as the suppression of the slave trade. We do not need to confess our faith in all the venomous charges which are brought against those who have owned men. We do not need to question whether the actual condition of Africans held in bondage in civilized communities is really better than the condition of those who shrink and shudder or curse and kill in the wild land of their nativity. We do not need to consider the question of the absolute guilt or innocence of slaveholding in the light of the Scriptures, before we offer our hearty sympathies for the noble, life-long efforts of this singularly consecrated man to engage the heart of the world for Africa. And we can pray with him when we find him importuning God out of those wildernesses for the time when his truth may have turned the darkness into light, and when no man shall invade the continent with chains of any other bondage than Christ's constraining love. He found that the slave system existing in various parts of the country presented one of the most perplexing barriers to his work, and found, too, that, whatever might be the contrast between negroes in America and their ancestors in Africa, in Africa the contrast was against slavery. Wherever he found the tribes distinguished by systems of slavery, he found deceptions and cruelties and superstitions innumerable; while in the tribes which denounced slavery, and counted every man a member of the family of the chief, and called themselves "men," he found generosity and kindness and comparative intelligence. As a missionary in Africa he could only lament the slave idea, and, depending on his testimony of facts, how shall we not lament with him that idea, at least so far as it is connected with the internal condition of that unhappy continent? And how shall we not be willing to sacrifice all theories and privileges for the speediest redemption of those wild tribes? Who is there that can withhold his applause and his help when the conversion of Africa demands the closing of every slave mart on its coast, and the moral influence of the world against the systems of bondage that exist in the social structure of its tribes? Livingstone's denunciation of slavery in the abstract was grounded not so much on any theory of justice and injustice, or idle prejudice, as on what he saw to be the evil influence of the slave trade on Africa, and its natural antagonism for African evangelization. He did not denounce the slaveholders and go to Africa, but he went to Africa, and after long observation testified to the world that every slave ship which touched that continent drove it into deeper degradation, and on behalf of its hundred million souls pleaded against them. His heart was encouraged by the presence of an English commissioner for the suppression of this trade in the person of such a man as Mr. Gabriel, and by the presence in the port of English power to prevent it; but it was quite clear that the strictest vigilance and the most sincere purpose had not been successful in effectually preventing its continuance. The cupidity of the traders was too great and their wares too tempting. The one secured them possession of great numbers of the poor creatures, the other found means to dispose of them.

The abundance of this unrewarded labor throughout Angola had probably been the cause of much negligence in the masters of the soil. The appliances of agriculture were almost entirely wanting, though the soil is singularly fertile and offers a wonderful reward for industry. Cotton grows almost as freely as the native grasses, and coffee, though probably imported, is found in many places growing most luxuriantly and yielding abundantly with hardly any attention. Indeed, almost every variety of fruit and vegetable and important article of agriculture is easily reared in the splendid valleys of this district. Yet singularly enough there was found no implement of labor except the peculiar Angola hoe with double handle, which is dragged lazily along across the ground to make a place for the seed, which when once deposited is left to its own vitality and the favor of climate and soil until the harvest. The labor of cultivating the lands falls to the women. The men are not distinguished by as much industry as the women, and work so leisurely at their weaving that they only produce a single web, a few feet in length and twenty inches wide, in a month; receiving only two shillings for their task and material. There are in various places ruins of manufactories, and traces of former works in iron and copper. The natives have become exceedingly fond of barter, in which they exchange with foolish prodigality anything they may get their hands on for such articles as may strike their fancy. Those who are held as slaves manifest a perfect mania for stealing, and are always ready with any amount of lying to conceal their thefts. Their chief food is the manioc; and they are in consequence more effeminate than they would be with a stronger diet. They are, like many of the more inland tribes, dreadfully superstitious, and cherish some strange and cruel customs, which spring from their beliefs. They can hardly be called idolaters in the strict sense of the term, because the worship of idols implies an ultimate appeal to a Supreme Being. They are Fetich worshippers. The difference between them and idolaters is that they do not consider the object which they bow down before as an image of an

Unseen Being, but as itself possessing the power to which they appeal. Perhaps there is no form of heathen belief so degrading and oppressive as this, none which leaves the worshipper more a prey to his own vicious imagination, or affords such opportunities for the abuses of the priests who minister at the strange altars.

Dr. Livingstone found many traces of the early Jesuit teaching, which inspired him with respect for these men, as having really sought to benefit those whom they taught; and in many places they are remembered by the natives kindly, while the priests who succeeded them are only referred to bitterly.

There was nothing seen of the boldness and courage among the natives which frequently excited his admiration for their sable brothers in the distant forests which he had left. The prevailing slavery and military government of the Portuguese have taken away whatever spirit may have distinguished them in former times. The African is generally in great terror of firearms, and a dismantled fort with only a useless cannon fills the regions around with awe and will hold entire communities in subjection.

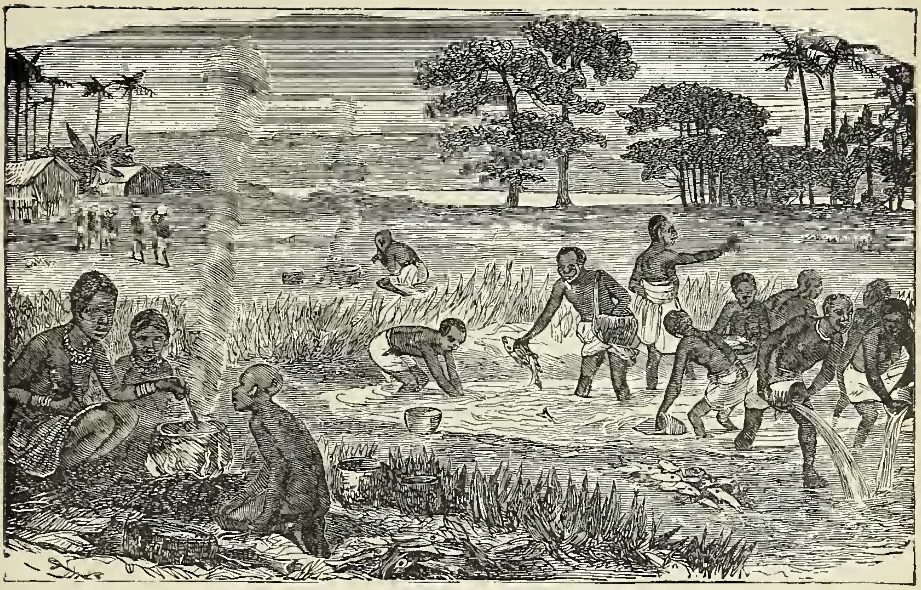
The country is divided with some regularity by the government at Loanda, and there are officials known as commanders occupying these several districts, who, having little else to do, and being poorly paid by their government, have time and temptation to abuse the natives by all sorts of impositions and extortions. These gentlemen generally accumulate large properties and seem to enjoy great serenity in their little tyrannies. These Portuguese authorities manage quite shrewdly to relieve themselves of as much care as possible, and at the same time maintain the real authority over the people, by taking advantage of the gradations into which native society is divided.

"This man, for instance, is still a sova or chief, has his councillors, and maintains the same state as when the country was independent. When any of his people are guilty of theft, he pays down the amount of goods stolen at once, and reimburses himself out of the property of the thief so effectually as to be benefited by the transaction. The people under him are divided into a number of classes. There are his councillors, as the highest, who are generally head men of several villages, and the carriers, the lowest free men. One class above the last obtains the privilege of wearing shoes from the chief by paying for it; another, the soldiers or militia, pay for the privilege of serving, the advantage being that they are not afterward liable to be made carriers. They are also divided into gentlemen, and little gentlemen, and, though quite black, speak of themselves as white men, and of the others, who may not wear shoes, as 'blacks.'"

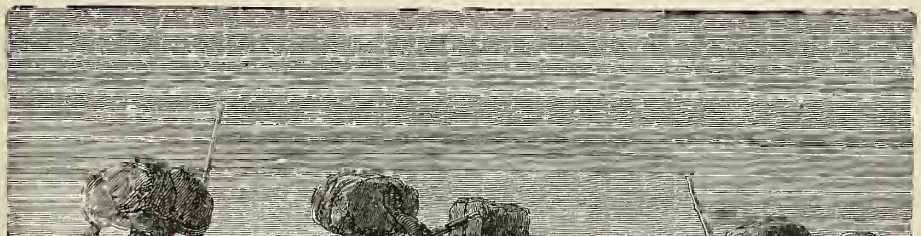
The lordly masters of the region manifest little concern whether their subjects worship a bush, or the sun, or Christ, if only their plantations and orchards yield abundantly, and their pockets growing yearly more plethoric promise leisure and comfort when they go back to their own country.

Next to the trade in slaves, perhaps the most material export from Loanda in the past has been ivory, which is brought from the interior by means of slave carriers in great quantities; and since the serious efforts for the suppression of the former, this latter article is greatly increased in relative value. Slaves, indeed, are very cheap. Dr. Livingstone mentions seeing a boy twelve years old sold for a single fowl, which was the equivalent of only a pound or two of ivory. Almost fabulous numbers of tusks are brought out by the traders yearly. And as there is no wagon way, and all burdens must be conveyed by hand, there are great numbers of men who are employed exclusively in this labor. These carriers were formerly forced into service in any numbers, as the demand might suggest; and even now it is more a service of compulsion than willingness; for the government, while almost forced in self-respect to enact laws which have a show of kindness and justice, really encourages the disregard of those laws by the leniency with which it regards their violation by the different commanders. Unwilling to relinquish its authority in Angola, the Portuguese home government seems equally unwilling to support it by the necessary expense, and prefers to hire officials for it by rich *opportunities* rather than reasonable salaries. It cannot cancel the opportunities without increasing the salaries, so the disregard of all protective ordinances is winked at, and the natives serve for nothing.

It is interesting to observe in the natives of Angola—who,



FISHING SCENE IN ANGOLA.



COMPULSORY SERVICE IN ANGOLA.

indeed, are more of the negro type than many of the tribes—much the same disposition to imitate the more enlightened white people, as we know to be a feature of negro character in our own country, and naturally enough they succeed best in those particulars which are least commendable. The better qualities in people hardly ever impress themselves as forcibly on the minds of the untutored as do others. These Angolese negroes, for instance, have developed a singular fondness for litigation, in which they are reckless of all results if only they may have the comfort of taking an antagonist to court. Livingstone mentions a case which came before the weekly court of the commandant, involving property in a palm tree worth twopence. The judge advised the pursuer to withdraw the case, as the mere expenses of entering it would be much more than the cost of the tree. "Oh, no," said he; "I have a piece of calico with me for the clerk, and money for yourself. It's my right; I will not forego it." The calico itself cost three or four shillings. They rejoice if they can say of an enemy, "I took him before the court."

They have also a great ambition for titles and display, in which the Portuguese, who have as little scruples about color as they have about slavery, indulge them quite freely. It is not uncommon for them to invite these petty chiefs, whom they retain in a seeming authority for their own convenience, to their feasts, and they always appear with a show of importance which is sometimes extremely grotesque.

Funerals here, as in other sections, call forth the greatest excitement and justify all the excesses imaginable. The highest ambition is a grand funeral, and furnishes occasion for more than ordinary forethought. Frequently when one is asked to sell a pig, he replies, "I am keeping it in case of the death of any of my friends." A pig is usually slaughtered and eaten on the last day of the ceremonies, and its head thrown into the nearest stream or river. A native will sometimes appear intoxicated on these occasions, and, if blamed for his intemperance, will reply, "Why! my mother is dead!" as if he thought it a sufficient justification. The expenses of funerals are so heavy that often years elapse before they can defray them. The rites are half festive, half mourning, partaking somewhat of the character of an Irish wake. There is nothing more heart-rending than their death wails. When the natives turn their eyes to the future world, they have a view cheerless enough of their own utter helplessness and hopelessness. They fancy themselves completely in the power of the disembodied spirits, and look upon the prospect of following them as the greatest of misfortunes. Hence they are constantly deprecating the wrath of departed souls, believing that, if they are appeased, there is no other cause of death but witchcraft, which may be averted by charms. The whole of the colored population of Angola are sunk in these gross superstitions, but have the opinion, notwithstanding, that they are wiser in these matters than their white neighbors. Each tribe has a consciousness of following its own best interests in the best way. They are by no means destitute of that self-esteem which is so common in other nations; yet they fear all manner of phantoms, and have half-developed ideas and traditions of something or other, they know not what.

One of the most distressing customs growing out of the superstition of these people is their appeal to the "poison ordeal" in cases of alleged guilt. The draught is prepared by certain priests or pretended diviners at a particular spot on the banks of the river Ina. Its effects differ in proportion to the strength or weakness of the decoction. In a weaker state it remains in the stomach and produces a horrible death; when stronger, it causes violent vomiting, and is not fatal. It is easily understood how the experienced priest who administers it may decide the destiny of a poor victim of the terrible delusion. If the draught causes death it is considered proof positive of guilt, and many a poor wife or despised daughter has fallen a victim by the agency of this appeal to the contempt or unfaithfulness of her friends or husband. It is an awful ordeal for the people, but a fat place for the priest.

Some writers have spoken of Angola as abounding in wild animals, but with very little evidence. It seems generally taken for granted that because there are ferocious monsters in some sections of this continent that they may therefore be assumed to be anywhere and everywhere. There seems to be rather an extraordinary absence of such inhabitants in Angola. Even the few which may be there are so intimidated and spiritless that they take no part in the incidents of the day, and are the victims of traps rather than arms.

Dr. Livingstone thought that he discovered a peculiarly dispiriting effect of the climate on the people themselves, which is hardly in keeping with the idea of multitudes of wild beasts. He mentions that even the bulls are spiritless and serve like oxen for riding. "I never met a ferocious one in the country," says he.

The time at length came when his health was so far renewed that he might resume his travels. Lying in the harbor was an English vessel, and her captain offered him passage homeward. The temptation was very great. More than two years had passed since he parted with his wife, fourteen years since he entered Africa at the Cape. Oh how his heart longed for the old scenes once more! The warm friends in England, the loving wife and children, and at Blantyre, on the Clyde, there were dear cherished ones fading now, and forms growing weaker every day. The murmuring of the sea might be the voices of those dear ones calling him to receive the last blessing. If he turned again into the wilderness, could he endure another journey like the last? Would he pass the hostile border tribes safely? Where would he again look out on the sea? And why should he go? He was now convinced that there could be no highway from Angola into central Africa. Wagons could not possibly follow his footsteps across the mountains and flooded valleys, and through the covetous and unfriendly tribes that had beset his life so resolutely. And where in all that region could he hope to establish a mission? And why simply retrace his steps over so great a distance? Why not yield to the kind solicitations of his generous friend and look on the hills and valleys of his own native land once more, and make glad the hearts of his aged parents, and comfort his patient, faithful wife, and smile on his own children? Surely all history cannot produce an instance of more delicate conscientiousness and nobler benevolence than he undesignedly reveals when he says: "I had brought a party of Sekeletu's people with me, and found the tribes near the Portuguese settlements so very unfriendly that it would be altogether impossible for them to return alone. I therefore resolved to decline the tempting offer and take my Makololo back to their chief." Is it wonderful that such a man should be able to walk up and down among savages? It was the spirit of Christ shining out in everything he did which charmed them and made him a master, while he called them his friends. There was, however, the additional thought and desire that from the Makololo country he might follow the Zambesi to the coast on the east, and possibly find a highway for the gospel to the hidden homes of the millions of poor degraded beings who were passing across the stage of life, who were spending the probation for eternity in helpless ignorance and "passing away in darkness."

Furnished with a number of presents for Sekeletu, including a horse and a complete colonel's uniform, and suits of clothing for all the men why accompanied him to Loanda, and first-rate specimens of the different articles of trade, and two donkeys, which are the more valuable as being proof against the tsetse, which are the bane of the Makololo country, and having received letters of commendation to the Portuguese authorities in eastern Africa, Dr. Livingstone and his followers left St. Paul de Loanda on the 20th of September, 1854, after a little less than four months, nearly all of which had been spent in painful illness. A fresh supply of ammunition and beads, with a good stock of cloth, was a precaution quite in place, and a musket apiece for his men enabled them to present a more formidable display, and bid a more serious defiance if it should be necessary in passing the pugnacious tribes beyond the Quango. The Makololo had accumulated a considerable amount of treasures, which made it necessary to increase the party by the addition of twenty carriers, who were supplied by the Bishop of Angola.

The party had the company of Mr. Gabriel as far as Icollo i Bengo, where they visited a large sugar refinery belonging to Donna Anna da Sousa, a lady owner of vast numbers of slaves, who seemed to be trying to furnish an illustration of how little may be done by a multitude nominally at work.

They passed along some distance near the river Senza. Of this region Livingstone says: "The whole of this part of the country is composed of marly tufa, containing the same kind of shells as those at present alive in the seas. As we advanced eastward and ascended the higher lands, we found eruptive trap, which had tilted up immense masses of mica and sandstone schists. The mica schist almost always dipped toward the interior of the country, forming those mountain ranges of which we have already spoken as giving a highland character to the district of Golungo Alto. The trap has frequently run through the gorges made in the upheaved rocks, and at the points of junction between the igneous and older rocks there are large quantities of strongly magnetic iron ore. The clayey soil formed by the disintegration of the mica schist and trap is the favorite soil for the coffee; and it is on these mountain sides, and others possessing a similar red clay soil, that this plant has propagated itself so widely. The meadow lands adjacent to the Senza and Coanza being underlaid by that marly tufa which abounds toward the coast, and containing the same shells, show that, previous to the elevation of that side of the country, this region possessed some deeply-indented bays."

The men experienced much inconvenience now in travelling, because the hard, dry roads in the earlier part of the journey caused considerable soreness of the feet. But their minds were full of the wonderful things they had seen, and, like great children, they were ever planning narratives to be told when they reached their homes again, and composing songs in honor of their achievements. They would say to their leader: "It is well you came with the Makololo, for no tribe could have done what we have accomplished in coming to the white man's country. We are the true ancients who can tell wonderful things."

Some time was spent in the neighborhood of Golungo Alto, enjoying the hospitality of the commander, M. Canto, who was deeply interested in the improvement of the country. One of the most remarkable little creatures in all Africa came under the observation of Dr. Livingstone in this neighborhood; and because the account is itself full of interest, and because the accuracy of it illustrates a feature in the character of the man, which has contributed very largely to the singular success of his life, we prefer to give it fully in his own language. He says: "Before leaving, I had an opportunity of observing a curious insect which inhabits a tree of the fig family (*Ficus*) upwards of twenty species of which are found here; seven or eight of them cluster round a spot on one of the smaller branches, and there keep up a constant distillation of a clear fluid, which, dropping to the ground, forms a little puddle below. If a vessel is placed under them in the evening, it contains three or four pints of fluid in the morning. The natives say that, if a drop falls into the eyes, it causes inflammation of these organs. To the question, whence is this fluid derived, the people reply that the insects suck it out of the tree, and our own naturalists give the same answer. I have never seen an orifice, and it is scarcely possible that the tree can yield so much. A similar but much smaller homopterous insect, of the family *Cercopidæ*, is known in England as the frog-hopper (*Aphrophora spumaria*), when full grown and furnished with wings, but while still in the pupa state it is called '*Cuckoo-spit*,' from the mass of froth in which it envelops itself. The circulation of sap in plants in our climate, especially of the graminaceæ, is not quick enough to yield much moisture. The African species is five or six times the size of the English. In the case of branches of the fig tree, the point the insects congregate on is soon marked by a number of incipient roots, such as are thrown out when a cutting is inserted in the ground for the purpose of starting another tree. I believe that both the English and African insects belong to the same family, and differ only in size, and that the chief part of the moisture is derived from the atmosphere. I leave it for naturalists to explain how these little creatures distil both by night and day as much water as they please, and are more independent than her majesty's steamships, with their apparatus for condensing steam; for, without coal, their abundant supplies of sea-water are of no avail. I tried the following experiment: Finding a colony of these insects busily distilling on a branch of the *Ricinus communis*, or castor-oil plant, I denuded about 20 inches of the bark on the tree side of the insects, and scraped away the inner bark, so as to destroy all the ascending vessels. I also cut a hole in the side of the branch, reaching to the middle, and then cut out the pith and internal vessels. The distillation was then going on at the rate of one drop each 67 seconds, or about 2 ounces 5½ drachms in 24 hours. Next morning the distillation, so far from being affected by the attempt to stop the supplies, supposing they had come up through the branch from the tree, was increased to a drop every 5 seconds, or 12 drops per minute, making 1 pint (16 ounces) in every 24 hours. I then cut the branch so much that, during the day, it broke; but they still went on at the rate of a drop every 5 seconds, while another colony on a branch of the same tree gave a drop every 17 seconds only, or at the rate of about 10 ounces 4$\frac{4}{5}$ drachms in 24 hours. I finally cut off the branch; but this was too much for their patience, for they immediately decamped, as insects will do from either a dead branch or a dead animal, which Indian hunters soon know, when they sit down on a recently killed bear. The presence of greater moisture in the air increased the power of these distillers: the period of greatest activity was in the morning, when the air and everything else was charged with dew."

A splendid country was tempting them, which could be reached by turning aside only a little to the west; and though deeply interested in the delightful district of M. Canto, the traveller contented himself to give up again the enjoyments of a home for the hard path. The country through which he passed before coming to the far-famed "Rocks of Pungo Andongo" was not new to him, because it was on the route by which he came some months before. Then, however, he had been unable to appreciate its beauties; indeed, unable even to notice the names and locations of points of interest as he passed them. He was then so worn out by fever that he had forgotten the days of the week and the names of his companions. But now he could look away to the lofty mountains with real delight, and the splendid valleys of the numerous little streams, teeming with herds and waving their agricultural wealth so proudly in his view, charmed him. In the midst of a landscape so beautiful it was a disappointment to find only a paltry village hiding itself as if ashamed in a recess of the mountains. The town of Ambaca has the same history which makes nearly all of the towns of Angola gloomy: it is the story of failure—departed glory. There were the ruins of a church, and a jail in good repair, which tells the whole story of the Portuguese efforts in the country. The church system was too benevolent; the Jesuits loved the natives too much. The church did not fill the pockets of the Portuguese settlers or afford a revenue to the government. It sought the people, more than what they had. The church was bad policy. The government could receive more from jails. So the church was allowed to become a ruin; the jail was honored. It was a delusion of spiritual blindness. The jail will be torn down some time or other where churches are allowed to fall. People do not realize the cost of jails. Larger revenues are obtained by strength of authority, by measures of force; it is ignored that the revenue is consumed in creating the force, in sustaining the authority. Rulers have not fully appreciated the greater wisdom of so elevating the people, at any cost, that every man's conscience may become a constable who shall collect the dues of government and protect society. It was pleasing and painful to find in the district of Ambaca some of the traces of the good but mistaken men who had taught the people. It was pleasing to find so many of the natives reading. It was painful to realize that the long and other valuable labors of the Jesuits had left no intelligent ideas of Christ. It was not their policy to commit the word of God to their converts. The crucifixes and pictures withstood too feebly the surrounding ignorance and superstition. The Bible would have been powerful; it would have been the centre of a growing light whether there were priests or none. The failure or refusal of the Catholic Church to employ the open Bible in their missions makes the ultimate failure of them absolutely certain. There is no disposition to deny that much noble benevolence and wonderful zeal has characterized the labors of many of the singularly devoted servants of this church; it is only lamented that they do not adopt a policy which might be more beneficent and more effectual in the conversion of men. The simple fact that the forty thousand inhabitants of the district of Ambaca are improved in intelligence, and remember their teachers with respect, would not satisfy the men who we trust sincerely desired their salvation finally and their emancipation now from the bondage of heathen beliefs. We will hope that a day may come speedily when a wiser rule and truer agencies shall change effectually the songs of the people, and engage them more truly in the service of Christ. Surely it is a sad mockery of the Master's commission to put his name on men whose hearts continue in most degraded reverence of things inanimate. Livingstone was far from reflecting severely on the Catholic Church or her servants, but he could not fail to record a remonstrance, and he could not record with pleasure even the most conspicuous self-sacrifice, followed inevitably by such results. There could only be painful meditations tinging the pleasing influence of nature's charms as the missionary explorer turned away from this singularly favored and unfortunate district—favored in having heard, unfortunate in having forgotten, precious, most vital things.

Crossing the Lucalla, he bent his way towards the paradise of the country. He says: "In all my inquiries about the vegetable products of Angola I had been invariably directed to Pungo Andongo." On reaching the wonderful place he found that the remarkable success of a single man in cultivating his large estate told the whole story of the reputation the district had gained. This man's name was Pires; he was commander of the district. Coming to the country as a servant on a ship, he had by industry made himself the richest man in all Angola. His residence and the fort are under the shadow of a group of "columnar-shaped rocks, each of which is more than three hundred feet high." Of these mighty rocks Dr. Livingstone writes: "They are composed of conglomerate, made up of a great variety of rounded pieces in a matrix of dark red sandstone. They rest on a thick stratum of this last rock, with very few of the pebbles in its substance. On this a fossil palm has been found, and if of the same age as those on the eastern side of the continent, on which similar palms now lie, there may be coal underneath this, as well as under that at Tete. The asserted existence of petroleum springs at Dande, and near Cambambe, would seem to indicate the presence of this useful mineral, though I am not aware of any one having actually seen a seam of coal tilted up to the surface in Angola, as we have at Tete. The gigantic pillars of Pungo Andongo have been formed by a current of the sea coming from the S. S. E.; for, seen from the top, they appear arranged in that direction, and must have withstood the surges of the ocean at a period of our world's history when the relations of land and sea were totally different from what they are now, and long before 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy to see the abodes prepared which man was soon to fill.' The imbedded pieces in the conglomerate are of gneiss, clay shale, mica and sandstone schists, trap, and porphyry, most of which are large enough to give the whole the appearance of being the only remaining vestiges of vast primeval banks of shingle."

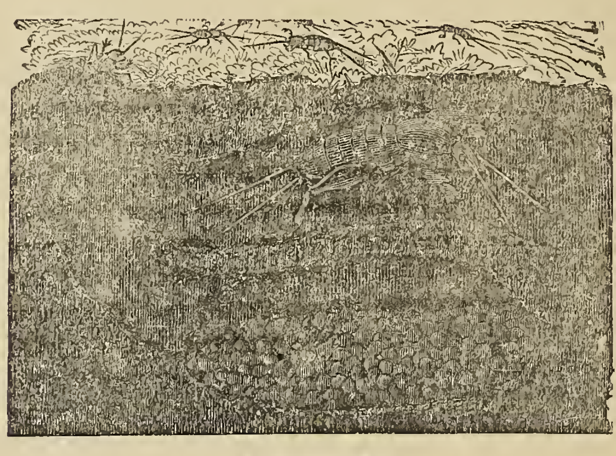
The little village, environed by these huge, immovable sentinels, is entered by narrow pathways, across which there are beautiful little streams flowing, and has the air of quiet and almost conscious security which is only natural in such a fastness.

It was January 1st, 1855, before the party were again on the path. The Makololo marched along proudly enough. All along they passed the villages of the people who had excited their fears when they were approaching the coast, and they let no opportunity pass now which might be improved in reciting their exploits. Their attentions to Dr. Livingstone were more devoted than ever, and the happy confidence and comparative freshness of the entire party enabled them to move on with remarkable facility, though every man carried his own possessions. The method employed by the natives of Africa is something like that by which the Chinese carry such heavy burdens with so much ease. The bundle or basket is fastened to the end of a pole, which is placed on the shoulder. They have yet to learn that the dividing of the burden strictly, according to the fashion of the Celestials, would make their labor lighter still. In the engraving of the rocks of Pungo Andongo, the travelling party is seen winding along by the base of the gigantic pillars, with Dr. Livingstone, mounted on his vigorous ox, in the midst. The Makololo could not become expert riders; and Livingstone himself, indeed, found the method of conveyance, as furnished by the particular animal which had been raised to the dignity of his steed, attended with some inconveniences, in which the frequent most unceremonious precipitations into mud or sand or thorns or streams figured conspicuously.

All along the way there were passing parties of traders and natives, with their heavy loads of merchandise for the market at Loanda. These consisted chiefly of elephants' tusks and beeswax. The great number of these companies afforded ample opportunity for the "true ancients" to tell how they had themselves "entered the ships of the white men."

The absence in this region of those monsters of the forest whose attentions generally furnish incident for the traveller's story leaves us willing to notice creatures more insignificant. It is a question, though, whether a certain tiny individual who crossed Dr. Livingstone's path one day on Tola Mungongo may be despised in any company. This Liliputian monster was none other than a *red ant.* Livingstone may tell his own story. "The first time," says he, "that I encountered this by no means contemptible enemy my attention was taken up in viewing the distant landscape, and I accidentally stepped on one of their nests. Not an instant seemed to elapse before a simultaneous attack was made on various unprotected parts; up the trowsers from below and on my neck and breast above. The bites of these furies were like sparks of fire, and there was no retreat. I jumped about for a second or two, and then in desperation tore off all my clothing and rubbed and picked them off seriatim as quickly as possible. It is really astonishing how such small bodies can contain so large an amount of ill nature. They not only bite, but twist themselves around after the mandibles are inserted to produce laceration and pain more than would be effected by the wound." These savage little wanderers are often seen moving along in vast armies, and look as they cross a path like a brownish-red band two or three inches wide. Such is their voracity, and such multitudes are there, that they will, during a single night, devour the larger part of an ox. They are the plague of rats and reptiles of all descriptions.

Descending the heights of Tola Mungongo on the 15th, and passing rapidly across the lovely valley as far as Cassange, Livingstone met again the kind welcome of the genial and generous Captain Neves, and on the 28th he met the young man Cypriano, who had so kindly come to his assistance on the banks of the Quango, when the Bashange disputed his right to passage. But the young man had become so much a slave of drink that he had hardly means to afford pleasant entertainment. Already the traders were carrying this baneful article to the distant chiefs. It is sad indeed that with the van of civilization this curse of the world must ever find its way, sowing in every new-found land the seeds of a second degradation, deeper, if possible, and more hopeless than that of utter ignorance and superstition. While the anxious laborer thought on this evil and all the ills of Africa, and cast his thoughts back over the strange condition of Angola under Portuguese rule, he stood again by the banks of the Quango, arranging to enter the territory of the Bashange, who had learned only covetousness and treachery from their white neighbors.



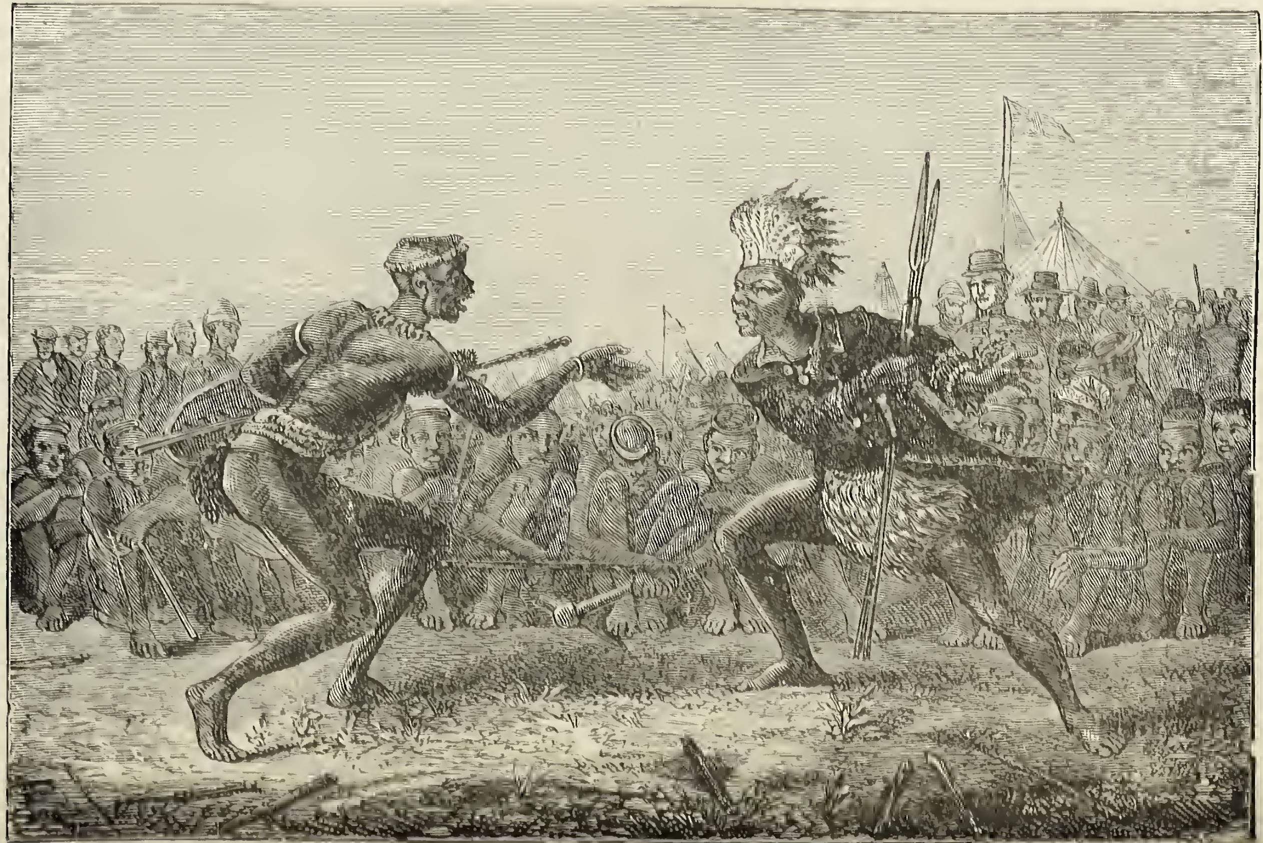
MOLE CRICKET.

CHAPTER VIII.

LONDA OR LINDA.

Lessons of Experience—Sansawe's Demands—His Refusal—A Blow on the Beard—Revenge—Changing the Tune—Dandies and Belles—Lizards and Snakes—Seven Thousand Fowls for Ten Dollars—Many Village Mania—The Seasons—Sister of Matiamoo—An Ox or a Man—Strategy—Trial for Murder—Street Fight—Dish of White Ants—Lovely Bed of Flowers—God in Nature—A Noble Chief—Shinte's Again—The Leeba—Life Once More—Buffalo Hunt—Lihonta Welcome—Thanksgiving Service—A Matrimonial Drawback—Capsized in the Leeambye—Sekeletu in Full Dress—The True Ancients in White—Promising Opening—Preparation for the Journey—Going Eastward—Parting Words of Mamire—The Tribute of Faithfulness.

Experience is a famous teacher; its tuition has much to do with a man's comfort anywhere, particularly in Africa. Dr. Livingstone had been the victim of the border chiefs because he was not absolutely certain that he could be anything else; but he was of a different mind now, because he had learned that a decided independence was not only the safest course, but the kindest, as it would check in the outset the aggressions which no amount of patience could satisfy. Therefore, when he pitched his tent among the Bashange—this time by Sansawe's town—he was in no mood to put up with the covetous impositions of that presumptuous gentleman. The party was hardly settled, however, before he made his appearance, in true Balonda fashion, mounted on his carrier's shoulders, and indulging in any quantity of palaver; winding up, finally, with the expected information, that he would return in the evening to receive his dues. He manifested a little surprise when his supposed victim replied, with rather uncommon boldness, that he need not come unless he brought with him a present of a fowl and some eggs, as a chief should. In the evening he came, in his wonted dignity, and after visiting the camps of some traders, who paid quite extravagantly for his favor, made his respects to Dr. Livingstone and presented "two cocks." But when he received only a few trifling articles, and a serious lecture in the bargain, he was in a very unfriendly humor. The quiet indifference of Livingstone was a hint, however, which the reputation of the Makololo—a number of whom he saw about him, in possession of first-rate muskets—emphasized quite to his satisfaction, and there was no greater trouble than his harmless frown. But a little farther on, after the party had ascended from the valley and were on the table land once more, they met a more resolute individual in the person of the head man of a little village, where they had been detained several weeks by the sickness of Livingstone, who had already fallen a prey to the wasting fevers which had made his life almost a burden in this country a year before; and besides the fevers he was now afflicted with rheumatism. It was hardly possible that he should be anything else than ill, drenched by day in the incessant rains, and sleeping at night on such beds as they were able to rake up of the saturated earth and dripping grass. He had been forced to lie by many days, and was only partially recovered, when the incident referred to occurred. The said "head man" had come to his camp and was bargaining and quarrelling with some of his men, when one of them, not overly burdened with the gentler qualities, administered a *striking* rebuke for some offensive speech. Nothing could atone for the "blow on the beard." The more the party yielded the more he demanded, until Livingstone determined to do no more and departed. They had not gone very far, and were passing through a forest, when a body of men came rushing after them and initiated an affray by knocking down the burdens of the men in the rear. In an instant the Makololo were on their mettle and several shots were fired, and the two parties were taking their places on the sides of the path for more serious work. Hardly able to walk, Livingstone staggered quickly back and encountered the chief. That individual was hardly prepared to welcome the appearance of "a revolver with six barrels gaping into his stomach," and exhibited a singular reversion of feeling instantly, and, trembling in every limb, cried out, "Oh, I have only come to speak with you!" It was hardly necessary for the traveller to insist much on the frightened mob's immediate departure, and our party passed on in safety.



The interminable forests and flooded streams, and the stupid ignorance of the people who were found living in the gloomy recesses of the country, all contributed to the difficulty of their progress, and they had not yet come to the habitat of any interesting specimens of animal life. After crossing the Loajima, the party made a little "detour southward," in order to get off of the path of traders. Hardly anything is more disgusting and provoking than the air of importance of slightly informed people, and in this the petty African chiefs who have had some little intercourse with these traders are perfect masters. The innocent vanities of the generous inhabitants of the more secluded sections were rather entertaining than otherwise. It may be a pleasing bit of information to the large class of our countrymen of the Beau Hickman stamp, that even benighted Africa is well supplied with dandies of as various whims as those who dwell in the clearer light of American civilization. There is, for instance, in the deep forests of Africa, the musical dandy, who, with the daintiest air, thumbs his iron-keyed instrument in matchless hum-drum the night long. Then there is the martial dandy, who, like his American counterpart, delights in the display of soldierly insignia in safe distance from scenes of strife. And there is the effeminate dandy, who is always seen dandling his canary in a cage. And the dandy absolute, "par excellence" in the list; an aimless fop, who delights in the display of himself, with "lucubrated hair and ornaments innumerable." The ladies, too, who rejoice in their snowy poodles, may be pleased to know that their sable sisters, in the sequestered glens beneath an equatorial sun, arrange their strands of beads about their necks with greatest skill, and, esteeming themselves in full dress, are seen to simper artfully while they fondle their charming canine "pets." Civilization cannot claim a monopoly of the ornaments of society. For every young man standing on a corner in self-conscious attitudinizing, there is a fellow, quite as self-conscious and fixed up in his way, standing about the paths and huts of Africa. And for every woman who lavishes caresses and baby talk on kittens and puppies, there is in Africa a maiden or childless matron who dandles creatures like them quite as fondly, with equal prodigality of gibberish quite as sentimental. It is so, on the word of a serious missionary, just as we write it.

The nearest approach to beasts of prey the party found, before reaching the river Moamba, which they crossed on the 7th of May (lat. 9° 38′ S., long. 20° 13′ 34″ E.), were the lizards, mice and serpents, whose peace they occasionally disturbed as they struggled through the grass and vines which lay along the route, and seemed to conspire with the zigzag paths to make the traveller's progress as slow and wearying as possible.

There was one consolation, though, in the delays and toilsome progress: food was cheaper and cheaper the farther they left the borders of the white settlers. For the value of a penny a day four persons could live on the fat of the land. Livingstone mentions a purchase of tobacco which Captain Neves made—three hundred and eighty pounds for two pounds sterling, in Angola. The same tobacco, in central Londa, would suffice to feed seven thousand persons one day, giving each person a *fowl* and *five pounds of meal.* Seven thousand fowls and thirty-five thousand pounds of meal for about ten dollars' worth of tobacco!

One of the most common annoyances they suffered in this journey was the disposition of the people in every trifling village to detain them. This was a modest way of imposing a tax, as, of course, the delay would involve a certain amount of expenditure. But even where the desire was in pure hospitality it was quite as positive and persevering, and was generally pressed effectually, because the furnishing of guides was conditioned on submission. Once Livingstone became thoroughly provoked, and attempted to advance without the guide. It might have been well enough in some sections, but the particular locality in which he chanced to be restored his patience thoroughly, for after striking out in various directions, and every time coming to a dead halt in impassable thickets, he gave it up.

There was no counting the villages. The African has a remarkable eagerness for many villages: there are no large towns. Everybody seems to have only one ambition, and that is to have a village. If only a man may have a few huts he is a chief, in his own eyes at least. There was one thing which made the present tour more unpleasant than those in which he was preceded by messengers of the chiefs, who had formerly been sent to notify the villages of the approach of "the white man." The sight of a white man always infuses a tremor into their dark bosoms, and in every case of the kind they appeared immensely relieved when he had fairly passed without having sprung upon them. In the villages the dogs run away with their tails between their legs, as if they had seen a lion. The women peer from behind the walls till he comes near them, and then hastily dash into the house. When a little child, unconscious of danger, meets you in the street, he sets up a scream at the apparition, and conveys the impression that he is not far from going into fits. Such things are not calculated to make a man feel more at home there than anywhere else; but it is hardly wonderful that it is so. A white man must be a singular apparition indeed to those poor people, and the more terrible because all that they have heard of white people has been of a sort to excite their fears. It has been the constant study of the Mambari to prevent, as far as possible, the inhabitants of this secluded region ever thinking of going themselves to the white people. We remember that the Makololo were constantly receiving warnings in which the white people on the coast figured as very monsters.

After passing lat. 12°, they began to enter the country of animals, but they were very shy, as is generally the case in Londa. It was now about the middle of winter. Of this season Dr. Livingstone says: "The country at this time is covered with yellowish grass quite dry. Some of the bushes and trees are green; others are shedding their leaves, the young buds pushing off the old foliage. Trees, which in the south stand bare during the winter months, have here but a short period of leaflessness. Occasionally, however, a cold north wind comes up even as far as Cabango, and spreads a wintry aspect on all the exposed vegetation. The tender shoots of the evergreen trees on the south side become as if scorched; the leaves of manioc, pumpkins, and other tender plants are killed; while the same kinds, in spots sheltered by forests, continue green through the whole year. All the interior of South Africa has a distinct winter of cold, varying in intensity with the latitudes. In the central parts of the Cape Colony the cold in the winter is often severe, and the ground is covered with snow. At Kuruman snow seldom falls, but the frost is keen. There is frost even as far as the Chobe, and a partial winter in the

Barotse valley, but beyond the Orange river we never have cold and damp combined. Indeed, a shower of rain seldom or never falls during winter, and hence the healthiness of the Bechuana climate. From the Barotse valley northward it is questionable if it ever freezes; but, during the prevalence of the south wind, the thermometer sinks as low as 42°, and conveys the impression of bitter cold." "But," says he, "nothing can exceed the beauty of the change from the wintry appearance to that of spring at Kolobeng. Previous to the commencement of the rains, an easterly wind blows strongly by day but dies away at night. The clouds collect in increasing masses, and relieve in some measure the bright glare of the southern sun. The wind dries up everything, and when at its greatest strength is hot and raises clouds of dust. The general temperature during the day rises above 96°: then showers begin to fall; and if the ground is but once well soaked with a good day's rain, the change produced is marvellous. In a day or two a tinge of green is apparent all over the landscape, and in five or six days the fresh leaves sprouting forth and the young grass shooting up give an appearance of spring which it requires weeks of a colder climate to produce."

One of the pleasantest episodes of this journey, so full of vexatious impositions and shrewd attentions, was the real kindness of a female chief, sister of the late Matiamoo, whose village was next *en route* from the one in which Dr. Livingstone's truly Scottish effort at independence was so flat a failure. She was so ladylike and graceful in her attentions and so liberal, that Livingstone felt the acquaintance almost a compensation for the former incivilities. Real courtesy is not confined to courts and city mansions, nor the peculiar charm of civilization. There is a civility of the soul which is more delicate and helpful than the formalities of most elaborate attentions, and it is a beauty of God's creation that this sweet blossom of his Spirit begems the gloomiest as the brightest places.

But while the honest courtesies of Nya-ka-longa were suggestive of the greater comfort and easier progress which awaited them in the country of old friends, to which they were drawing near, they were destined to meet at least one other serious provocation. At the town of a chief named Kawawa they were met by a very unceremonious demand for "an ox or a man." This was a notoriously uncivil man to all travellers; he had heard of the Chetoques having forced the party to give them an ox as they went toward the coast the previous year, and, encouraged by their success, presumed to attempt a similar levy, unconscious of the change which had come over the spirit of the white man in such matters. The history of this affair, as given by Dr. Livingstone himself, is so graphic and so illustrative of African life that we prefer to allow him to put it in his own way. "To this provoking demand," says he, "I replied that the goods were my property and not his; that I would never have it said that a white man had paid tribute to a black, and that I should cross the Kasai in spite of him. He ordered his people to arm themselves, and when some of my men saw them rushing for their bows, arrows and spears, they became somewhat panic-stricken. I ordered them to move away, and not to fire unless Kawawa's people struck the first blow. I took the lead, and expected them all to follow, as they usually had done, but many of my men remained behind. When I knew this, I jumped off the ox and made a rush to them with the revolver in my hand. Kawawa ran away among his people, and they turned their backs too. I shouted to my men to take up their luggage and march; some did so with alacrity, feeling that they had disobeyed orders by remaining; but one of them refused, and was preparing to fire at Kawawa, until I gave him a punch on the head with the pistol, and made him go too. I felt here, as elsewhere, that subordination must be maintained at all risks. We all moved into the forest, the people of Kawawa standing about a hundred yards off, gazing, but not firing a shot or an arrow. But he was not to be balked of his supposed rights by the unceremonious way in which they left him; for, when they had reached the ford of the Kasai, about ten miles distant, they found that he had sent four of his men with orders to the ferrymen to refuse passage. They were informed that they must deliver up all the articles mentioned, and one of the men besides. This demand for one of the number always nettled every heart. The canoes were taken away before their eyes, and they were supposed to be quite helpless without them, at a river a good hundred yards broad and very deep. Pitsane stood on the bank, gazing with apparent indifference on the stream, and made an accurate observation of where the canoes were hidden among the reeds. The ferrymen casually asked one of my Batoka if they had rivers in his country, and he answered with truth, 'No, we have none.' Kawawa's people then felt sure they could not cross. They thought of swimming when they were gone; but after it was dark, by the unasked loan of one of the hidden canoes, they soon were snug in bivouac on the southern bank of the Kasai. They left some beads as payment for some meal which had been presented by the ferrymen; and, the canoe having been left on their own side of the river, Pitsane and his companions laughed uproariously at the disgust our enemies would feel, and their perplexity as to who had been our paddler across. They were quite sure that Kawawa would imagine that they had been ferried over by his own people, and would be divining to find out who had done the deed. When ready to depart in the morning, Kawawa's people appeared on the opposite heights, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw we were prepared to start away to the south. At last one of them called out, 'Ah! ye are bad;' to which Pitsane and his companions retorted, 'Ah! ye are good, and we thank you for the loan of your canoe.'"

In the town of this chief Livingstone witnessed a specimen of justice, which illustrates one feature of the misery of the people whose whole destinies depend on the will of petty chiefs as distinguished for heartlessness as for ignorance. The chief was judge, jury, and attorney, all in himself. The arraigned was a woman who was accused of having caused the death of another woman. The accuser was telling her story, when the "court," who had paid no attention to the statement, except simply to notice the nature of the charge, suddenly burst forth, "You have killed one of my children, yours are mine, bring them all to me," and the poor woman had to obey and see all of her children pass into slavery. While these tribes manifested a somewhat belligerent spirit to our party, they are generally quite disinclined to settle their personal disputes by force of arms. But now and then individuals among the Balonda are known to clinch. On one occasion, an old woman standing by Dr. Livingstone's camp continued to belabor a good-looking young man for hours with her tongue. Irritated at last, he uttered some words of impatience, when another man sprang at him, exclaiming, "How dare you curse my 'Mama?'" They caught each other, and a sort of pushing, dragging, wrestling match ensued. The old woman who had been the cause of the affray wished us to interfere, and the combatants themselves hoped as much; but we, preferring to remain neutral, allowed them to fight it out. It ended by one falling under the other, both, from their scuffling, being in a state of nudity. They picked up their clothing and ran off in different directions, each threatening to bring his gun and settle the dispute in mortal combat. Only one, however, returned, and the old woman continued her scolding till my men, fairly tired of her tongue, ordered her to be gone. This trifling incident was one of interest to me, for, during the whole period of my residence in the Bechuana country, I never saw unarmed men strike each other. Their disputes are usually conducted with great volubility and noisy swearing, but they generally terminate by both parties bursting into a laugh.

Among the many delicacies with which this wonderful land tempts the epicure is a singular little "white ant," which many of the natives consider good enough for anybody. They are unseen, generally, and only when decided to colonize do they rush out of holes, in streams, and enter on a tour of inspection; when they have discovered a desirable location, they alight and with singular facility "bend up their tails, unhook their wings" (which may be removed from the body without any inconvenience if turned forward), and begin with greater diligence the erection of their homes. When these colonies are ready to start for a new district, they are nothing daunted even by fire, but pass through it with a heroism worthy of more elevated beings. They are caught by the natives (who are quite skilful in brushing them into vessels) and roasted, in which state they are considered better than the choicest things the "white man" can produce.

South of the Kasai they traversed extensive plains covered with beautiful flowers and birds. The flowers were of tiniest dimensions and most exquisite delicacy, and had the appearance in many places of the richest carpet. A wonderful thing about this splendid fabric of nature's weaving was that it displayed the phenomenon of successive bands, perhaps a hundred yards in width, these bands all of different hues. In one the golden hue prevailed, and the flowers varied in shade from "palest lemon to richest orange." Another band was blue; in shade from the lightest tints to the deepest color. One flower on these plains attracted particular attention. Being elevated but slightly by its tiny stalk, this little gem seems to be set in the ground; "its leaves are covered with reddish hairs," out of the tips of which exudes a fluid, clear and glutinous, which glistens in the sunlight like drops of dew or richer pearls. Truly it is wonderful how richly and how skilfully the great Architect and Builder of our terrestrial home has wrought of all things a paradise for us, whose wealth and beauty are confined to no single zone, and are inexhaustible, though we explore the sea or land or rise amid the stars or delve in deepest earth. And it is wonderful how in it all he hath wrought his own image, and by all things teacheth of himself. There are steadfast mountains, which tell of strength; and flowers, of tenderness. There are oceans whose unvarying ebb and flow murmur of eternity. The stars, shining everywhere, suggest his omnipresence. The sun, ruling all the realms, proclaims his authority. And there are encircling heavens which hint of his encircling care, while all things speak of goodness. And, thanks be to God, nature tells all the story, in Africa as in America. It is only left for the special deed of grace to spread its power abroad, correcting the special blindness of man incurred by guilt; then God's likeness shall be seen and his glory stand revealed in all his works.

Livingstone became convinced at this time that the latitude of Lake Dilolo is really the dividing line of the waters; the natives had noticed this and remarked it to him in advance of his own investigations indeed. He had suffered his hundred and twenty-seventh attack of fever on the beautiful plains of Kasai and was so feeble that he could hardly walk, and lamented his inability to examine carefully a region which he considered so exceedingly important. But his sufferings were too great, and the additional anxiety which the vomiting of blood awakened made it exceedingly desirable to advance with as little delay as possible. Making all possible expedition, all his wonderful energy and strength of will need to be in constant exertion against the depressing influence of the dreary flat country with its deep forest gloom. Possessed of that nature which finds congenial companionship in the bold and beautiful mountain scenery, and in the wide ever-heaving and foaming ocean, there was no prison-house conceivable more terrible than such dull and dark monotony. And with the refined tastes of thorough culture he could not submit to the isolation of society so absolutely wanting in the slightest shadow of congeniality, except in the most entire obedience to duty and unreserved consecration of soul and body to others. Such a life is noble and sweetened by the love of Christ, but it is still a life of pain. Self-immolation may be cordial and Christ-like, but it is agonizing.

Leaving the Lake Dilolo by toilsome marches, the party at length entered the friendly village of Katema, on the old route, the 12th of June. He had now been three years away from the Cape. They were no longer troubled by unkind impositions; the people everywhere manifested much sympathy and respect. Katema inspired Dr. Livingstone with real respect for him by the generous and manly bearing which distinguished him in their intercourse. He says: "He desired me to rest myself and eat abundantly, and took care to see that I had the means of doing so. When he visited our encampment, I presented him with a cloak of red baize, ornamented with gold tinsel, which cost thirty shillings, according to the promise I had made in going to Londa; also a cotton robe, both large and small beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. He seemed greatly pleased with the liberality shown, and assured me that the way was mine, and that no one should molest me in it if he could help it. We were informed by Shakatwala that the chief never used any part of a present before making an offer of it to his mother, or the departed spirit to whom he prayed. Katema asked if I could not make a dress for him like the one I wore, so that he might appear as a white man when any stranger visited him. One of the councillors, imagining that he ought to second this by begging, Katema checked him by saying, 'Whatever strangers give, be it little or much, I always receive it with thankfulness, and never trouble them for more.' On departing, he mounted on the shoulders of his spokesman, as the most dignified mode of retiring."

An equally pleasant reception was waiting for him at Shinte's town. And it delighted his heart to observe that the information he was able to give that chief of the uses to which slaves were put in Angola, and the proof he gave of the extortions of the Mambari, seemed to open his eyes to the evil of allowing his subjects carried away into bondage. And parting on good terms with him and his people, he journeyed on to the town of his sister, through whose importunities he had formed the acquaintance of Shinte as he passed up the country. Procuring canoes of this lady, the party launched once more on the noble Leeba, whose charming scenery had never faded from their thoughts in all their wanderings. Everything was life along those banks; all the old familiar game and the more savage beasts made their appearance frequently, but were too cautious to come within the range of the guns. The sight of so many glossy hides and tossing antlers excited a craving for "a good meal of meat." His tooth became so eager for service in that line that Livingstone began to look rather undecidedly on his faithful old ox, "*Sinbad*," which had carried him so many hundred miles. But the Makololo had come to count Sinbad as one of the party, and their gentle protest was allowed to prevail. The faithful creature fell a victim to the tsetse though and ended his days at Naliele in peace.

Though now surrounded by game, the party had passed the confluence of the Leeba and Leeambye before they had a feast of flesh. This was given them by some hunters whom they met. Livingstone had been so long out of the land of game that he had lost his skill and missed everything he shot at. About this time, however, he determined to try and retrieve his reputation with the gun; and having wounded a zebra, he slowly followed along on the track of his men who had given it chase. While thus alone, he suddenly discovered a single buffalo, a huge bull, rushing madly toward him. He saw only one tree on the plain, and that some distance off; there was evidently no escape, and he calmly raised his gun and waited for the monster to come near enough for a fatal shot in the forehead. We have noticed before his opinion of this animal. Nothing is more trying than just such a position awaiting such a charge. But the moment came. The aim was true and the tremendous animal bounded aside and rushing to the brink of the river fell dead. Livingstone felt it to be an occasion for gratitude to God that his life had been preserved.

The arrival at Libonta was indeed a great occasion. This, it will be remembered, is the border town of the Makololo authority. They had never been received before with such demonstrations of joy. Livingstone's description of this scene is full of interest. "The women," says he, "came forth to meet us, making their curious dancing gestures and loud lulliloos. Some carried a mat and stick, in imitation of a spear and shield. Others rushed forward and kissed the hands and cheeks of the different persons of their acquaintance among us, raising such a dust that it was quite a relief to get to the men assembled and sitting with proper African decorum in the kotla. We were looked upon as men risen from the dead, for the most skilful of their diviners had pronounced us to have perished long ago. After many expressions of joy at meeting, I arose, and, thanking them, explained the causes of our long delay, but left the report to be made by their own countrymen. Formerly I had been the chief speaker, now I would leave the task of speaking to them. Pitsane then delivered a speech of upward of an hour in length, giving a highly flattering picture of the whole journey, of the kindness of the white men in general, and of Mr. Gabriel in particular. He concluded by saying that I had done more for them than they expected; that I had not only opened up a path for them to the other white men, but conciliated all the chiefs along the route. The oldest man present rose and answered this speech, and, among other things, alluded to the disgust I felt at the Makololo for engaging in marauding expeditions against Lechulatebe and Sebolamakwaia, of which we had heard from the first persons we met, and which my companions most energetically denounced as 'mashue hela,' entirely bad. He entreated me not to lose heart, but to reprove Sekeletu as my child. Another old man followed with the same entreaties. The following day we observed as our thanksgiving to God for his goodness in bringing us all back in safety to our friends. My men decked themselves out in their best, and I found that, although their goods were finished, they had managed to save suits of European clothing, which, being white, with their red caps, gave them rather a dashing appearance. They tried to walk like the soldiers they had seen in Loanda, and called themselves my 'braves' (batlabani). During the service they all sat with their guns over their shoulders, and excited the unbounded admiration of the women and children."

It was a scene for angels' eyes; that good man pointing those poor heathen away from their own prowess and their charms and himself to God's goodness in returning them safely, after so long a time and such hardships. They heard him gladly, and were lavish of gifts; almost every day oxen were slaughtered. They manifested no concern about gifts for themselves; they were only glad to see the whole party back safely, and were immediately engaged in collecting tusks for a second journey.

The rejoicing of the men, after so long an absence, at being once more in their own country, had some drawbacks in certain changes that time had wrought. Their wives had in many instances grown weary of watching, and found a solace for their grief in the wedded love of other men. The faithful Mashuana was one of the disappointed ones, and he contradicted his philosophic declaration, "Wives are plentiful as grass; I can get another; she may go," by muttering immediately, "If I had that fellow, I would open his ears for him." For some of the poor fellows who had thus lost their only wives, Livingstone interceded with the chief and had them repossessed of their loving spouses; others he comforted with the reminder, that after their loss they still had more wives than he. But that was an unsatisfactory reflection, in view of the fact that "while they were toiling another was devouring their corn."

On the 13th of August, the party left Naliele and were gliding along very quietly when, most unexpectedly, they were reminded of the fact that they were no longer in the lifeless border region. The hippopotamus which struck the boat lifted it quite out of the water and hustled the whole party out most unceremoniously, and looking back, quite indifferently, seemed to ask derisively, "What has happened?"

The river villages had much the appearance of two years before. The entire descent of the Leeambye was a sort of ovation because of the joy of the villagers. There was another grand gathering at Linyanti. And the "braves," "the true ancients, who had seen wonderful things," told their story to their hearts' delight. The facts had lost nothing by the way; facts hardly ever seem to be diminished by repetition. Sekeletu created a decided sensation when he appeared in his colonel's uniform. The presents of strange and wonderful things were received as unquestionable evidences of the truth of the most marvellous accounts which the man could give. But when the braves appeared in their white suits, and sat in the circles with their guns resting on their shoulders like real "braves," it was a signal for the delight of wives and the envy of women generally. The old looked serious, the young looked delighted. Events were pointing toward the grandeur which no tribe could hope to rival. The delight was innocent and commendable.

In looking back on his journey from Linyanti, Livingstone felt that there was indeed a great obstacle to missionary enterprises in the character of the forests, the denseness and rankness of the growth, and in the floods which occasion such virulent fevers. But he believed, nevertheless, that the interior of this country presents much more inviting fields for missionary labor than the western coast, where successful stations have been so long in operation. Though he suffered so greatly himself, I could easily see how the habits of ordinary missionary life would protect a man against such ills in large measure. Comparing the interior with the west coast, he says: "There the fevers are much more virulent and more speedily fatal than here, for from 8° south they almost invariably take the intermittent or least fatal type; and their effect being to enlarge the spleen, a complaint which is best treated by a change of climate, we have the remedy at hand by passing the 20th parallel on our way south. But I am not to be understood as intimating that any of the numerous tribes are anxious for instruction: they are not the inquiring spirits we read of in other countries; they do not desire the gospel, because they know nothing about either it or its benefits; but there is no impediment in the way of instruction. Every head man would be proud of a European visitor or resident in his territory, and there is perfect security for life and property all over the interior country. The great barriers which have kept Africa shut are the unhealthiness of the coast, and the exclusive, illiberal disposition of the border tribes. It has not within the historic period been cut into by deep arms of the sea, and only a small fringe of its population have come into contact with the rest of mankind. Race has much to do in the present circumstances of nations; yet it is probable that the unhealthy coast-climate has reacted on the people, and aided both in perpetuating their own degradation and preventing those more inland from having intercourse with the rest of the world."

May we not hope that the growing interest in this vast degraded continent will overcome such barriers, and establish such communication with the various tribes of the interior as will make the most abundant labors for their conversion not only possible but attractive? It is only just to the missionary, that we remember, in the history of the explorer, that Dr. Livingstone was not spending his life in idle, aimless wanderings, through any love of adventure or devotion only to science, but that he might open a highway to the interior of Africa, in order that he might establish a mission station there on a permanent basis.

In pursuance of the idea which had affected somewhat his action in returning directly from Loanda to Linyanti, he now decided to follow the Zambesi to the eastern coast, and was particularly encouraged to do this, as there was a good prospect of water facilities all the way. In the midst of the preparations for this new journey, Livingstone found abundant employment instructing the people and healing their sick, and seeking to reform their ideas according to the Christian standard as far as could be. But his labor was very discouraging, but still was not entirely without effect. Sometimes he was greatly perplexed, but at last could only remember the darkness and deadness of the unregenerate soul, and remember the heathen gloom. The greatness of the undertaking argued its importance, the discouragements of it called for prayer. There was no excuse for retreat. His hand was on the plough: he would not look back.

"The mother of Sekeletu prepared a bag of ground-nuts, by frying them in cream with a little salt, forming a kind of sandwiches, which constitute a dish which the Makololo consider fit for a king." Sekeletu appointed a man named *Sekwebu* and Kanyati to head the party which should attend him. Mamire, who had married the mother of Sekeletu, called for a parting word. "You are," said he, "going among a people who cannot be trusted because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they have heard before, Jesus will be with you and help you though among enemies, and if he carries you safely and brings you and Ma Robert back again, I shall say he has conferred a great favor on me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit and be visited by other tribes and by white men." This was the most influential man in the tribe, and his interest in the enterprise of Livingstone was certainly encouraging.

He not only gave his blessing and his kind encouragement in words, but added, "And as a man wishes, of course, to appear among his friends after a long absence with something of his own to show, the whole of the ivory in the country is yours, so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish you men to carry it." Such was the confidence and love which filled the breasts of this people for a man who in all the years of his intercourse with them had been uniformly consistent in his own life and devoted to their welfare; a people by no means stupid, or given to hasty confidences, the most formidable tribe in all southern Africa, and the most warlike. As the reward of his faithfulness, Dr. Livingstone was thus adopted by the children of the wilderness, and was allowed to employ their own energies and resources in opening a way for Christianity.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW EXPEDITION.

Sekeletu's Kindness—Explanation of it—Providence in his Work—November 3, 1855—Terrible Storm—Two Hundred Men in Line—The Niagara of Africa—Victoria Falls—Rainbow and Superstition—The Batoka—A Network of Rivers—The Explanation—Traditions—The First White Man—Batoka Chiefs—Batoka Rebels—The Eastern Ridge—Longing for Quiet—Batoka Generosity—A Reception—Livingstone's Courage—Power of the Gospel—Awe of White Men—An Incident—Missionary Influence—Animals—Buffalo Bird—Rhinoceros Bird—Soldier Ants—White Ants—An Elephant Hunt—Elephant's Character—Indian and African Compared—Down the Losito.

It is interesting to observe the readiness with which the Makololo put themselves again at the service of Dr. Livingstone in his efforts to bring the tribes into communication with the white people and open the heart of Africa to the sympathies of the Christian world. The wonderful life-work of this great man, prosecuted so long and faithfully in Africa, presents a pleasing contrast with many of the enterprises of explorers, which have been attended with great expense and the smallest results. With the inconsiderable salary of a missionary, Livingstone had traversed already many of the obscurest wilds, awaking new aspirations in various tribes hitherto unknown, softening the prejudices of different sections, and encouraging a spirit of fraternity among those petty sovereignties which promised to ripen into a system of kindly intercourse that may eventually substitute confidence for distrust and honest trade for plunder and war. And now he sets forth on as long a journey, so abundantly provided for and so well escorted that he appears more like the servant of a king than a lonely toiler, with no commission but his love for God and men, and no backing but a character whose correctness commanded confidence. It was because the heathen honored the man and confided in his love, that they adopted him and his work, and because he found those heathen hearts so warm and liberal, he felt that he could endure all things for their good and immolate himself on the altar of their enlightenment. We honor Livingstone for the purity and strength which could so charm and control those degraded savages, and we are conscious of a deeper interest in the savages who possess hearts so readily charmed by purity and in love with honor. The singular co-operation of the wild tribes with a lonely missionary for the accomplishment of ends which might dignify the noblest civilization, furnishes a commentary on the missionary and on the tribes, unsurpassed in history.

But it ought not to be wonderful that a single Christian man should penetrate even those wilds and summon about him friends eager to help him, for there is a power of kindness mightier than the word of kings, and there is a providence of God mightier than prejudice. We cannot fail to perceive the presence of an influence more beneficent than chance and more sagacious than human wisdom in the events which were gradually converting the life of Livingstone into that of an explorer. And we cannot fail to perceive an influence superior to that of intellect emanating from this divinely appointed man. An edict had gone forth among those tribes mightier than the desire of a hundred missionaries, commanding their favor for those new enterprises, and a law was prevailing in the camps of those voluntary followers more potent than any outward show of authority. The sign of the cross was the unseen banner over Livingstone, the love of his heart was the unseen power of the man: both were new in Africa: both are powerful everywhere. By the favor of God and the power of love he enlisted the most ignorant and degraded men in the highest and holiest service. How real and how abundant their interest was is manifested in the cordiality and perseverance of their attention. A more warm-hearted and resolute body of men was hardly ever seen than assembled on the 3d of November, 1855, at the town of Linyanti, to attend the "friend of Sebituane" on his journey to the sea. Sekeletu himself accompanied him as far as the splendid falls of the Zambesi, and with his own eyes saw that the large company which he had furnished for the expedition were well under way and thoroughly equipped. Before they had reached that point indeed, while still in the valley of the Chobe, before reaching Sesheke, the party encountered one of those terrible storms which distinguish Africa pre-eminently. The storms of Africa even are wilder than in other lands; the clouds are deeper and blacker and more angry-looking; the thunders are hoarser and heavier, and lightnings flash more vividly. That night was made absolutely dreadful; the swift successions of pitchy gloom and glaring brilliancy as of the heavens on fire were bewildering and terrifying; and a pelting rain, increasing the discomforts of the hour, initiated the new enterprise which was to be full of weariness and adventure.

Including the personal attendants of Sekeletu, the party comprised about two hundred men when it left Sesheke. One hundred and fourteen of these had been assigned as the special companions of Dr. Livingstone. Some of the party floated along in canoes, while others marched along the bank with the oxen. They were following the same river which they had *ascended* in the former journey. There is not properly any distinction to be made between the Leeambye and Zambesi. They are names applied to the same stream in different sections of the country. The distinction which has been made by some writers is not sustained by the observations of Dr. Livingstone or other travellers who have reached its banks; both names imply "*the river*," and are applied to this noble stream as a distinction of eminence because it is *the* great river *of the country.*

The grand, indescribable, mysterious scenery was a fitting attendant of the song of the boatmen, which ran,

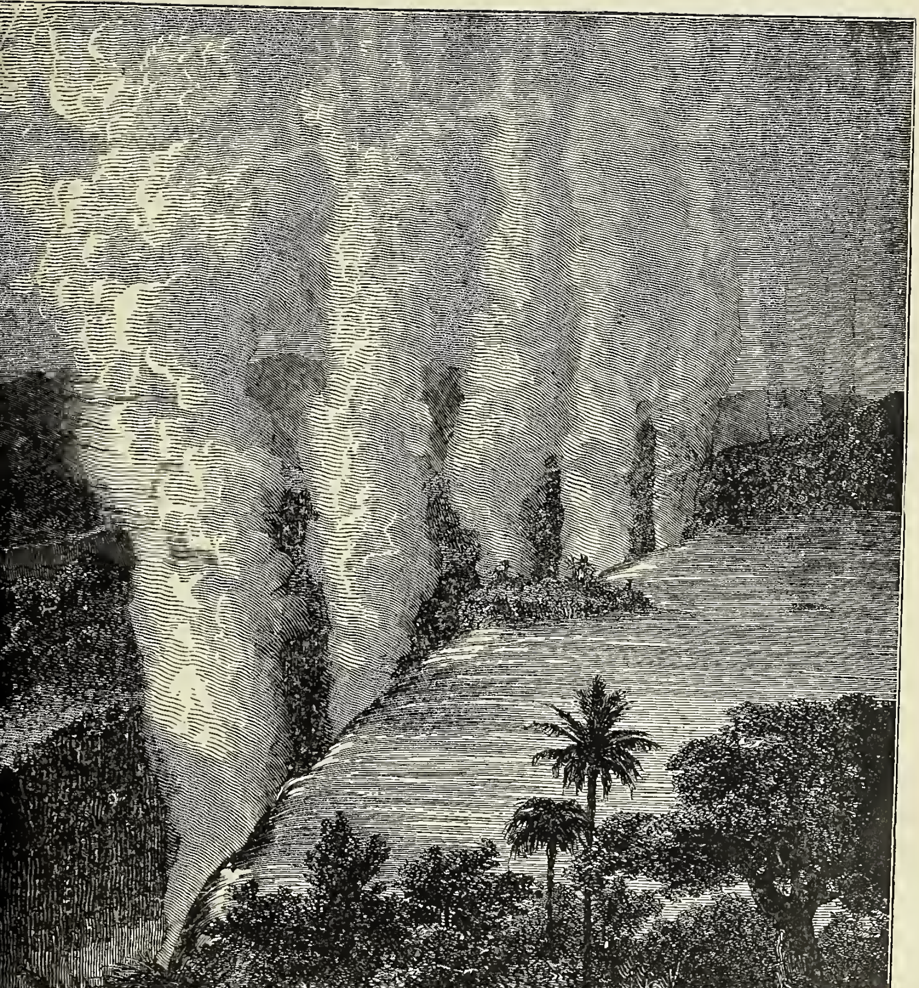
> "The Leeambye! nobody knows
> Whither it comes or whither it goes,"

and accorded well with the fables which were told of mighty monsters which sometimes held the canoes of the natives motionless on the surface; and constituted a splendid introduction to the "grandest scene in all Africa," which was soon to burst on the view of the traveller: for the Niagara of Africa was at hand.

This wonderful spot has always inspired the ignorant inhabitants of the country with awe; they only view it from the distance. Its columns of smoke like mist towering toward the clouds and its roar like angry thunder is all they know of the mystery, where the Leeambye is lost in an awful chasm. They call the wonder Mosioatunya, "smoke sounding." But Livingstone called it Victoria. "After twenty minutes sail from Kalai," he writes, "we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapor appropriately called 'smoke,' rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of color and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean 'far from home,' for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark color of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from any thing witnessed in England. 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 three or four hundred feet in height, which are covered with forests and with red soil appearing among the trees.

"When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe in which we had come that far, and embarked in a smaller 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 the 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 rolls. In coming hither there is danger of being swept by the island in either of the streams which rush along at its sides, and the landing could hardly be effected except in very low water, as was the case at the time of our visit. But even on the island no one could possibly perceive where the vast body of water went. It was only when I had succeeded in creeping with awe to the very verge, and peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, that I saw a stream a thousand yards broad leap down a hundred feet and then become suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. *The entire falls are simply a crack made in hard basaltic rock, from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi*, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. 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 vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two or three hundred feet; 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. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf, but, as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapor, in its ascent, licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom.

"On the left of the island we see 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. A piece of the rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be one hundred feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems in-



VICTORIA FALLS

clined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark brown in color, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discolored by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapor to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel, when burned in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock and slowly breaking up into spray."

Before Sebituane had expelled the Batoka chiefs from the fastnesses of the neighboring rocks and islands, they reverenced this spot as the abode of Deity. Dr. Livingstone noticed among several tribes dwelling along these rivers a decided awe of the rainbow. They associate it with the gods. When seen in the heavens it is spoken of as the "pestle of the gods," and seen resting so quietly and beautifully on this strange cloud of spray, reigning so serenely over the roaring, raging abyss of waters, there is no wonder that it seemed like the throne of Deity.

The Batoka, who were formerly the "lords of the isles," were strangely cruel and tyrannical, and such was the light which his inquiries brought upon their history, that Livingstone was almost willing to honor the warlike propensities of the late chief of the Makololo, in so far at least as they had to do with driving the horrid monsters from their fastnesses in these wild rocks. The beautiful country in which they had their home exerted no more softening influence on those savages than the beautiful throne of their imagined divinity above the "Smoke Sounding" pit. And the children who recognize in some sort the ascendency of the Makololo conquerors of their fathers, though restrained in some degree by a consciousness of comparative weakness, dwell with pleasure on the stories of bloody barbarity which garnish their traditions. The son of the chief, who felt the power of Sebituane's arms, was found residing amidst the ruins of his father's town, with a contemptible hamlet growing up about him, and about his hut were to be seen fifty human skulls hanging from the sharp points of stakes. And he gloried in the possession of these skulls as memorials of his father. Surely there can be no more affecting appeal to the Christian hearts of our favored land, than the picture of a son in mature years, delighting to gaze on the skulls of the victims of his father's fierceness!

Before, however, suffering ourselves led away by the incidents of the journey, it will be profitable and measurably entertaining to take at least a glance back and around on the country which holds the splendid falls, like a central glory, the climax of its wildness and beauty.

There is, or seems to be, a thorough network of rivers, whose courses are so tortuous and whose intersections of each other are so singular that one is considerably puzzled in the effort to keep distinctly in mind and avoid the confusion of confounding them one with another. There is a prevalent characteristic of these channels, too, which suggests the thought of some violent upheaval in a period more or less remote as the explanation of their existence. But the absence of any tradition, however indistinct, which hints of an earthquake is almost conclusive evidence against the reference of the problem to an event so violent, particularly as there are many traditions which hint of momentous incidents in periods manifestly more remote than the existence of the falls or rivers even. "There was found a tradition which resembled the story of Solomon and the harlots." They have also their version of the tower of Babel, whose builders abandoned their work owing to the inconvenience of broken heads by the falling of their scaffolding, and vague things about the builders of the tower having come out of a cave with all the animals which hints of the account of Noah. It is hardly reasonable that an earthquake of such extent and violence as might have produced the wonderful fissures all over the broad expanse threaded by these singular rivers would be entirely unheard of. The observations of Dr. Livingstone pointed more toward the conclusion that this remarkable irrigation is the result of the gradual elevation of the surface in a region formerly occupied by an extensive lake, whose waters probably forced their way along the cracks and deeper fissures made by the upheaval of the earth. The theory is sustained also by the character of the soil and the presence of certain shells identical with those to be seen in lakes in other sections of the continent. The rivers have each a double bed, the simple sharply cut furrow in the calcareous tufa which probably lined the channel of the ancient lake, and another bed of inundation. When these beds of inundation are filled they look like a great system of lakes.

Dr. Livingstone found no indications here of the country's having ever been visited by a white man previously to his own coming, although it has been asserted that the Portuguese had possessed a chain of trading stations across the continent before that time; though there were some evidences that the natives had been in contact with white men. An old head man at the village of Nanulanga remembered that his father had twice visited the homes of the white men when he was a boy, and that many of the people had gone who never returned.

These people are decidedly inferior to the Makololo in all of those characteristics which are pleasing in our eyes. The characters of their chiefs in earlier times had gone far toward forming their minds to cruelty and treachery. They had been accustomed to a premium on those acts which involve the perfection of these arts of barbarism. Their personal appearance, at best more degraded and negro-like, is rendered more repulsive by their singular custom of knocking out the upper front teeth of males and females, a custom which has a very insufficient explanation in their desire "to look like oxen," but which is so prevalent that one who has his teeth is considered *very ugly.*

They dwell in a fertile country and enjoy nearly the same varieties of fruits as the inhabitants of Angola, and are abundantly supplied. Their country also abounds in the wild animals which were so seldom seen by Dr. Livingstone in his northwestern journey after leaving the borders of the Makololo.

While the Batoka were claimed as the subjects of Sekeletu, a large part of the tribe had begun to disregard his authority, and were understood to be in open revolt. Indeed the villages of Kaonga were the last whose people were on friendly terms with their conquerors. These rebels are enjoying the country which was formerly the home of Sebituane, from which the Matebele forced him to seek a more secure fortress amid the swamps of the Chobe and the Leeambye. And it was well worthy of the admiration of the Makololo, who were tireless in their accounts of the vast herds which their fathers possessed when they lived there.

The route now lay more directly eastward than the bed of the river, which makes a detour southward, finding its way around the foot of the ridge which they were gradually ascending. The ascent was so gradual as they advanced that it was observed more by the westward inclination of the streams and the general appearance of elevation than by any remarkable hills or mountains. The traveller was led along the gentle undulations almost insensibly to an altitude of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are none of the marshes along these plains which generate the enervating fevers which have almost swept away the Makololo in the valleys. The whole region is remarkably salubrious as well as beautiful; many of the plains are almost treeless and are covered with short grass. There is a noticeable absence of fountains, and the river Kalomo is the only river in the whole section which never dries up. This flows away southward after the Zambesi.

Though the Batoka of this region claim to be independent, they have been sorely afflicted by the wars of the Makololo, and do not enjoy their splendid country as they might under other circumstances. They are sadly degraded, but were glad to hear of a name which savored of peace and rest. Surely the weariness and misery of the heathen, tossed and torn as they are by the convulsions of their untutored society, and by the evil passions of their hearts, though indeed they may not comprehend their real need and though they may have never heard of Jesus, is a prayer which will move the hand of God. It was, we know, the pitiable spectacle of human sorrow which moved him to compassion and brought his dear Son to be our Saviour, although the Batoka could not understand the full import of the message when Dr. Livingstone spoke to them of him whose word is "peace on earth and good-will to men." It is not wonderful that they seized the idea of peace so eagerly. Their country has been visited by successive scourges during the last half century, and they are now "a nation scattered and peeled." When Sebituane came, the cattle were innumerable, and yet these were the remnants only, left by a chief called Pingola, who came from the northeast. He swept across the whole territory inhabited by his cattle-loving countrymen, devouring oxen, cows, and calves, without retaining a single head. He seems to have been actuated by a simple love of conquest, and is an instance of what has occurred two or three times in every century in this country from time immemorial. A man of more energy or ambition than his fellows rises up and conquers a large territory, but as soon as he dies the power he built is gone, and his reign, having been one of terror, is not perpetuated. This and the want of literature have prevented the establishment of any great empire in the interior of Africa. Pingola effected his conquests by carrying numbers of smith's bellows with him. The arrow-heads were heated before shooting into a town, and when a wound was inflicted on either man or beast great confusion ensued. After Pingola came Sebituane, and after him the Matebele of Mosilikatse; and these successive inroads have reduced the Batoka to a state in which they naturally rejoice at the prospect of deliverance and peace.

They were remarkably generous with their offers of food, and great numbers came out continually to greet the "white man." It could only be painful to a man more anxious to benefit his kind than to witness their follies, to see so many human beings exhibiting even in their salutations their extreme degradation. Few customs of men are more arbitrary than those which relate to the reception of visitors, but of all hardly anything can surpass in absurdity that of this tribe. They throw themselves on the ground, on their backs, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressions of thankfulness and welcome, uttering the words, "kina bomba." And the more Dr. Livingstone attempted to prevent them, the more violently they did him their eccentric reverence. This performance on the part of men totally unclothed was a scene too painfully unmanly for amusement, rather one to provoke the deepest sorrow.

Livingstone gives an account of his entertainment at the first of these border villages, which ought to have a place here in his own language, as it illustrates some of the trials which his own courage had to endure, as well as manners of the country:

"On the 4th we reached their first village. Remaining at a distance of a quarter of a mile, we sent two men to inform them who we were, and that our purposes were peaceful. The head man came and spoke civilly, but, when nearly dark, the people of another village arrived and behaved very differently. They began by trying to spear a young man who had gone for water. Then they approached us, and one came forward howling at the top of his voice in the most hideous manner; his eyes were shot out, his lips covered with foam, and every muscle of his frame quivered. He came near to me, and, having a small battle-axe in his hand, alarmed my men lest he might do violence; but they were afraid to disobey my previous orders, and to follow their own inclination by knocking him on the head. I felt a little alarmed too, but would not show fear before my own people or strangers, and kept a sharp look-out on the little battle-axe. It seemed to me a case of ecstasy or prophetic frenzy, voluntarily produced. I felt it would be a sorry way to leave the world to get my head chopped by a mad savage, though that, perhaps, would be preferable to hydrophobia or delirium tremens. Sekwebu took a spear in his hand as if to pierce a bit of leather, but in reality to plunge it into the man if he offered violence to me. After my courage had been sufficiently tested, I beckoned with the head to the civil head man to remove him, and he did so by drawing him aside. This man pretended not to know what he was doing. I would fain have felt his pulse to ascertain whether the violent trembling were not feigned, but had not much inclination to go near the battle-axe again. There was, however, a flow of perspiration, and the excitement continued fully half an hour, then gradually ceased. This paroxysm is the direct opposite of hypnotism, and it is singular that it has not been tried in Europe as well as clairvoyance. This second batch of visitors took no pains to conceal their contempt for our small party, saying to each other, in a tone of triumph, 'They are quite a godsend!' literally, 'God has apportioned them to us.' 'They are lost among the tribes!' 'They have wandered in order to be destroyed, and what can they do without shields among so many?' Some of them asked if there were no other parties. Sekeletu had ordered my men not to take their shields, as in the case of my first company. We were looked upon as unarmed, and an easy prey."

It is impossible but to admire the deliberate courage of Dr. Livingstone under such circumstances. It was the same singular disregard of danger which suffered him to give away at Linyanti all but five of the guns which he had purchased in Loanda, and undertake a new journey with only five, which enabled him to sit so quietly defiant when he might really have been an easy prey to their barbarity. The policy of travelling comparatively unarmed through the country may have been wise enough, but it was a piece of policy which required more nerve than the average man possesses. It was a great consolation to Dr. Livingstone in thinking of this deeply degraded tribe to recall the blessed results of missionary work among the people of Kuruman, who were quite as depraved and degraded as the Batoka. We should not forget the wonderful power of the gospel, when we question the probabilities of the ultimate conversion and elevation of even the most barbarous people. There is power in that precious word to melt the hardest heart. And there is light enough there to drive away the gloom from the most benighted intellect.

Another incident which occurred in this country illustrates the power of a white face over these people, although they had never before seen such a being.

As Livingstone and his party were approaching a village, about evening, they met a man running to them, bound firmly with cords, entreating to be released. He proved to be a man from a neighboring tribe who had made a home in the village, and had, without any show of excuse, threatened the chief man's life, and he was about paying his own for the privilege of the speech. Livingstone immediately took the case in hand, though an absolute stranger, and, having bound the guilty man to do no violence, released him. There was no complaint on the part of the authorities of the town. His interference seemed to pass as a matter of course. The awe which is inspired in these savages by a white face is to be noticed as quite an offset to the otherwise perilous undertaking of missionary work in Africa.

Both the condition of the people and the character of the country impressed Dr. Livingstone as offering peculiar encouragements for the establishment of a mission in this region. The people, though ignorant and depraved, would turn readily to the sympathies and consolations of Christian laborers and their message. And the country, with its splendid climate and a soil which yields the most desirable articles with lightest labor, is unsurpassed in its offers of plenty and comfort. But he who undertakes the duties of a missionary among such a people must expect to accomplish their enlightenment very gradually, and remember that he will have no special influence simply because of being a "Christian teacher," for these people know nothing of Christianity. They must be made to respect his superior virtue and strength of character, and to think of him as their friend; then they will follow him readily.

Enjoying the abundant hospitality of these poor people and the bracing effects of the beautiful scenery and salubrious climate, Dr. Livingstone had time to notice a number of curious and interesting individuals of the lower order.

It was interesting to observe the sagacity of the herds which were feeding along the plains in the selection of their leader. The leader of a herd is a very important member; the entire body seem to put their lives in the care of the leader. It is the duty of that dignitary to catch the faintest semblance of danger, and all his followers repose implicit confidence in choice of paths he may take for flight, and follow in his or her tracks with reckless impetuosity. Of course it is important that the most wary animal in the herd be selected for the leadership; and the duty not unfrequently devolves on the most timid. No greater calamity can befall a herd than to have a leader killed. The whole mass is immediately thrown into confusion; one attempts to follow another; they invariably lose much precious time, only to scamper away each for itself in utter perplexity and consternation. Providence has kindly furnished some of the larger animals with little winged sentinels, whose duty it is to caution them of approaching danger. It is no uncommon thing to see a huge buffalo dashing along with his little feathered friend, like a guardian spirit, sitting on his withers, or flying gently on just over the object of its care. When the buffalo is quietly feeding, this bird may be seen hopping on the ground picking up food, or sitting on its back ridding it of the insects with which their skins are sometimes infested. The sight of the bird being much more acute than that of the buffalo, it is soon alarmed by the approach of any danger, and, flying up, the buffaloes instantly raise their heads to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of their guardian. They sometimes accompany the buffaloes in their flight on the wing, at other times they sit as above described.

Another African bird, namely, the *Buphaga Africana*, attends the rhinoceros for a similar purpose. It is called "kala" in the language of the Bechuanas. When these people wish to express their dependence upon another, they address him as "my rhinoceros," as if they were the birds. The satellites of a chief go by the same name. This bird cannot be said to depend entirely on the insects on that animal, for its hard, hairless skin is a protection against all except a few spotted ticks; but it seems to be attached to the beast, somewhat as the domestic dog is to man; and while the buffalo is alarmed by the sudden flying up of its sentinel, the rhinoceros, not having keen sight, but an acute ear, is warned by the cry of its associate, the *Buphaga Africana*. The rhinoceros feeds by night, and its sentinel is frequently heard in the morning uttering its well-known call, as it searches for its bulky companion.

But many of the most wonderful objects in the world are the most minute, and the soldier ants which were observed plying their singular industry and carrying on their depredations are certainly inferior only in size to the more notorious monsters of the continent. These pigmean marauders have the true African color, and when on the line of march generally go three abreast. They are probably half an inch in length, and possess wonderful strength and energy for their size. They usually follow a few leaders, who are untrammelled by any burden and furnished with an extraordinary quantity of the peculiar poison in which their special power lies. Like the red ants mentioned as being seen in the western part of the continent, these are generally found advancing in a straight line. "If a handful of earth is thrown on the path at the middle of the regiment, either on its way home or abroad, those behind it are completely at a loss as to their farther progress. Whatever it may be that guides them, they seem only to know that they are not to return, for they come up to the handful of earth but will not cross it, though not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round and regain their path again, but never think of retreating to the nest, or to the place where they have been stealing. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one may make a circuit of a foot round the earth, and soon all follow in that roundabout way. When on their way to attack the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of great perturbation. The black leaders, distinguished from the rest by their greater size, especially in the region of the sting, then seize the white ants one by one and inflict a sting, which seems to inject a portion of fluid similar in effect to chloroform, as it renders them insensible but not dead, and only able to move one or two front legs. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off."

The white ants on which these sable monsters prey, and whose tiny skulls are to be found piled about their barracks, are of more apparent service than their murderers. Upon such tiny laborers the great Author of all had devolved the task of preserving and improving the soil which the indolent human inhabitants do not appreciate. They are appointed to the herculean task of clearing away and burying the vast quantities of decaying vegetable matter which abounds in the vast wildernesses. It is wonderful by what puny agents many of the most colossal works of time are accomplished. The tiny toilers on land and tiny toilers in the sea are rearing monuments to industry and instinct which shame the boastful wisdom and strength of man. These little ants labor too with much system and art. They generally perform their work without coming where they may be seen more than they are obliged to, and it is astonishing how rapidly they work. Dr. Livingstone was accustomed to spread grass in considerable quantities under the mat on which he slept, and frequently these little sawyers would remove the entire supply during a single day and necessitate a new bed for the second night. Indeed, we need only a fuller knowledge of the world we live in, with all its wonderful system of adaptations, that we may praise God more heartily, and adore him more devoutly for his wisdom and goodness, and prefer the keeping of his love.

As the journey extended the country became more and more beautiful and abounding in large game. On the 14th of December, in a lovely valley, they came upon a buffalo, and while attempting to secure him, found themselves suddenly confronted by three elephants, one of which Dr. Livingstone managed to cripple by a first shot. This one they then easily killed. The next day was distinguished by a grand elephant-hunt, in which the devoted followers engaged to "show their father what sort of men he had." Although scenes of the kind were only painful to Livingstone, and possessed of none of the charm which causes the ordinary traveller to revel in stories of slaughter, he has still furnished a thrilling account of this exploit of his men.

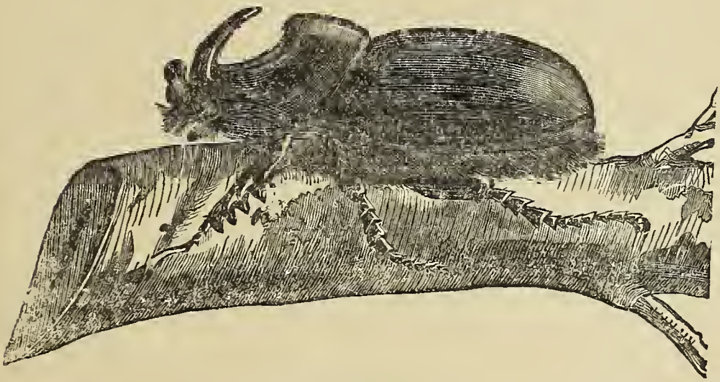
He had retired from the noise of the camp, where the men were cutting up the elephant which he had shot the day before, that he might make an examination of some rocks, when glancing casually across the valley he saw a pair of elephants, a female and her calf, quietly enjoying themselves by the side of a little stream, and beyond them a long line of his men, who were manifestly approaching their unsuspecting victims with no good intentions. The noble creature, totally "unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about his dam, flapping his ears and tossing his trunk incessantly, in elephantine fashion. She kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys do into a key. They call out to attract the animal's attention,

> "'O chief! chief! we have come to kill you.
> O chief! chief! many more will die besides you,' etc.
> 'The gods have said it,' etc., etc.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed toward them. The little one ran forward toward the end of the valley, but, seeing the men there, returned to his dam. She placed herself on the danger side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back to the men, who kept up an incessant shouting, singing, and piping; then looked at her young one and ran after it, sometimes sideways, as if her feelings were divided between her anxiety to protect her offspring and desire to revenge the temerity of her persecutors. The men kept about a hundred yards in her rear, and some that distance from her flanks, and continued thus until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank allowed of their coming up to the edge, and discharging their spears at about twenty yards distance. After the first discharge she appeared with her sides red with blood, and, beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young. The calf soon ran into a neighboring stream and was killed. The dam moved more and more slowly, and, finally, with a shriek of rage, turned and charged furiously upon her pursuers. These charges she continued, wheeling when she found they had eluded her, until she sunk down dead."

No animal within the range of our knowledge more justly receives the attention and the admiration of men than the elephant; none betrays nobler instincts and such remarkable sagacity. They have figured prominently in the history of the world for many hundreds of years. There seems to be no very great difficulty about making them gentle and serviceable when once they have been captured; and when once they acknowledge the authority of a man they become singularly obedient and devoted. We remember that on one occasion an elephant, which had been accustomed to the authority of his master, was seduced from his allegiance and joined his fellows in their wild life of the forest. Quite a long time after his running away, the master was out hunting elephants, and coming upon a herd thought that in the number he recognized his old servant, and immediately advancing to his side and calling him by name was astonished to see the powerful beast turn kindly to him and submit with the easiest grace to his command, suffering him to mount his back as of old and guide him with perfect ease. The African elephant is considered larger than those of India and those of the southern sections. Those, however, on the eastern ridge, where Dr. Livingstone witnessed the exploit of his men, are not generally larger than those of India. They are distinguished, however, more clearly from their Indian cousins by their ears, which are enormous. It is worthy of remark, in this connection, that there is an appreciable diminution in the size and vigor of all animals, including man, in proportion as food is more abundant, and tropical climates are apparently unfavorable to the development of either man or beast.

But Semalembue is waiting for our attentions, and we must turn our backs on the lovely valley with its teeming herds. The way to the residence of that chief lay down the Losito and through the ranges of hills. The residence itself was found at the foot of the range of hills through which the Kafue finds its passage.



STAG BEETLE.

CHAPTER X.

BORDER TRIBES.

The Kafue—Longing for Peace—Negro Worship—Foreign Goods—Barbisa Traders—Five Ranges—Geological Features—Health of Livingstone—The Zambesi again—Elephant-Hunting—Suffering from Heat—The Native Peculiarities—Absence of Deformed Persons—Continued Friendliness—Adventure with an Elephant—Native Suspicions—Doubtful Conduct—Peace and Kindness—Portuguese Enterprise—Situation of Zumbo—Abundance of Game—Wonderful Liberality—Dancing for Corn—Livingstone's Example—Providence in the Council—Mpende's Favor—Slave Trade Abhorred—Across the Zambesi—Sand River—Game Laws—Elevated Huts—Hyena Scourge—Overflow of the Zambesi—Appreciation of Gifts.

SEMALEMBUE'S village guards the narrow gorge through which the Kafue finds its escape from the hills into the Zambesi, in lat. 15° 48′ 19″ S., long. 28° 22′ E. He was not behind any head man in the kindness and readiness of his hospitality. His present of meal and groundnuts was made in the best style of their country, by first expressing his regret that his visitors must sleep hungry, and then surprising them with his generosity. Like all his neighbors he received the words of peace with great delight. The life of anxiety and constant turmoil almost inseparable from the existence of so many little sovereignties all crowded together, is painfully wearying; and rest, *peace* is the magic word which thrills through all the tribes with unequalled power. They all long to "*live in peace.*" The beautiful, fertile and healthful hills and valleys of the Kafue particularly have been contested ground, and this industrious and quiet populace are eager to be left in the enjoyment of their fields and sports. These people do not need to be told of the existence of the Deity, but they catch at his gospel, which promises a time of universal peace on earth, with singular pleasure. It is the same weariness of anxiety, which turns the heart of man universally toward the throne of God, who reveals in Christ his providence and grace. The religion of Jesus, establishing the soul in quietness, and filling the world with love, answers the inaudible prayer of human misery, which ascends to God from every land, in every dialect, expressed in every custom and condition. How beautiful and touching is the ready yielding of heathen prejudice to this heavenly promise! How encouraging it is to see the eye of ignorance and barbarity sparkling with the hope of Christ's glorious reign, even before they know the Sovereign!

The characteristic negro tendency to worship distinguishes the tribes of the Kafue, and the national faith in charms enters into all they do. The universal fear of the white man which distinguishes the tribes remote from European settlements prevailed here also; and although it is the sunny slope of the range constituting the eastern wall of the continent, not even the half-caste had ever penetrated so far. The white man's goods, though, had already found their way, and the followers of Livingstone began to find a market for their ornaments and beads in cotton cloth.

The Babisa traders take the place of the Mambari, who enter the interior from the western coast, and barter various articles for ivory and slaves. Villages almost innumerable, according to African custom, are hid away among the hills, whose shadows offer the security of seclusion to the trembling people. The general conformation and nature of the rocks is strikingly like the western slope; but the wonderful valley of the Quango is wanting, although its absence is fully atoned for by the splendid ranges of cloud-capped mountains, which, in the eyes of the followers of Livingstone, accustomed to no greater altitudes than their marvellous ant-hills, seemed like the pillars of the heavens. There are five of these ranges quite distinct and parallel, and between them beautiful hills covered with trees. "On the tops of these," says Livingstone, "we have beautiful white quartz rocks, and some have a capping of dolomite. On the west of the second range we have great masses of kyanite or disthene, and on the flanks of the third and fourth a great deal of specular iron ore which is magnetic, and rounded pieces of black iron ore, also strongly magnetic, and containing a very large percentage of the metal. The sides of these ranges are generally very precipitous, and there are rivulets between which are not perennial. Many of the hills have been raised by granite, exactly like that of the Kalomo. Dikes of this granite may be seen thrusting up immense masses of mica schist and quartz or sandstone schist, and making the strata fold over them on each side, as clothes hung upon a line.

"When we came to the top of the outer range of the hills we had a glorious view. At a short distance below us we saw the Kafue, wending away over a forest-clad plain to the confluence, and on the other side of the Zambesi, beyond that, lay a long range of dark hills. A line of fleecy clouds appeared lying along the course of that river at their base. The plain below us, at the left of the Kafue, had more large game on it than anywhere else I had seen in Africa. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically."

But this charming scenery had to be paid for by serious toiling and climbing, which called for the forfeit of several of the oxen, one of which was a special beauty which Sekeletu had been anxious to have displayed at the settlement of the white people, as it was ornamented after the most approved fashion of the Makololo, "with more than thirty pieces of its own skin detached and hanging down."

The animals abounding in these hills, however, rendered the party almost independent of oxen, as, being entirely unfamiliar with guns, they moved about in easy range of the balls.

The health of Dr. Livingstone had continued singularly good, owing probably as much to his greater care of himself as to the greater healthfulness of the localities through which he had passed, and he was in the spirit to enjoy all that occurred or was to be seen. He was greatly encouraged in his desire to establish a station, where a mission might grow up which would act as a centre of civilization. There could be nothing to discourage such an enterprise in this magnificent region.

Having declined the smoother route to the northeast for the banks of the Zambesi, Livingstone was anxious now to regain that stream and guided his party a little southward. The country became more and more thickly planted with broad-leaved bushes as they approached the river, and they needed repeatedly to shout to the elephants to stand out of their path.

The huge dwellers in these thickets seemed absolutely indifferent to man. A herd of buffalo came up and so interfered with their progress by their curiosity, that one of them had to be shot to get them out of the way, and a female elephant dashed through the midst of the men, followed by three calves. The waterfowl in great numbers hung leisurely on the air just over them. The abundance of animal life was beyond anything ever seen even in Africa. The Zambesi itself, when it appeared again, was wider and deeper and more rapid than they had left it in the neighborhood of the falls, and unlike it had been seen as the Leeambye, in the great valley it was deeply discolored by the washing down of the soil from the surrounding country. It is worthy of notice that no mention is made of the slightest discoloration of the streams in Africa between the two great ridges which divide the eastern and western coasts from the interior. The first indications of the washings of soil in the rivers, in the western journey, were observed in the Quango. And now they are in the Zambesi east of the ridge.

Passing down the left bank of the river there were quite a number of islands to attract the attention of the travellers. These islands were clothed with verdure and seemed to possess singular fertility. One of these river gems—the island of Mengo—entertains, besides its human population, a herd of buffaloes, which seem to find ample pasturage within its small circumference, and dispute their claim quite valiantly with their human neighbors when occasion requires. This herd might easily swim to the shore if they desired to do so; their residence on the "little foot of soil" seems to be purely a matter of choice.

About this point the river flows between the country of the Batonga on the north and that of Banyai on the south side. On both sides are ranges of hills, and the multitude of buffaloes and elephants furnish unending supplies to the people. "They erect stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which the elephants come, and then use a large spear with a handle nearly as thick as a man's wrist, and four or five feet long. When the animal comes beneath they throw the spear, and if it enters between the ribs above, as the blade is at least twenty inches long by two broad, the motion of the handle, as it is aided by knocking against the trees, makes frightful gashes within, and soon causes death. They kill them also by means of a spear inserted in a beam of wood, which being suspended on the branch of a tree by a cord attached to a latch fastened in the path, and intended to be struck by the animal's foot, leads to the fall of the beam, and, the spear being poisoned, causes death." Hippopotami are taken in same manner.

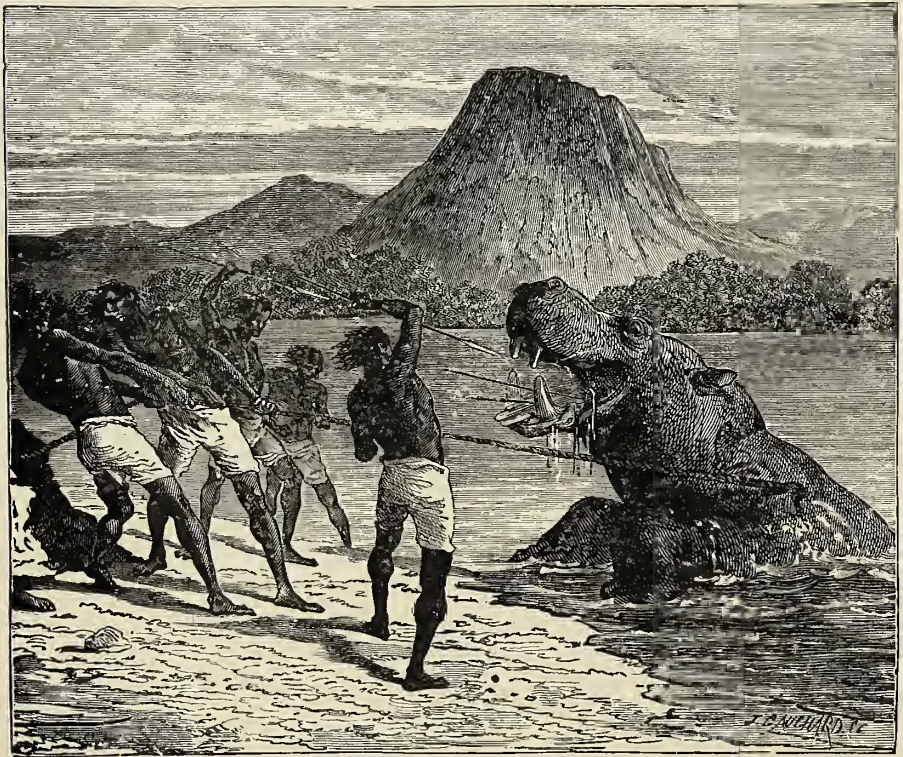
The paths along the bank were only such as had been made by the wild animals; there were no roads. Besides the elephants and buffaloes, which we have mentioned, there were herds of zebras, pallahs and water-bucks; great numbers of wild pigs, koodoos and black antelopes.

The party began to feel the oppression of the sun only after entering these lowlands, though there were rains every day and considerable cloudiness. The sun frequently came out with "scorching intensity." The men had never suffered from the heat while on the hills.

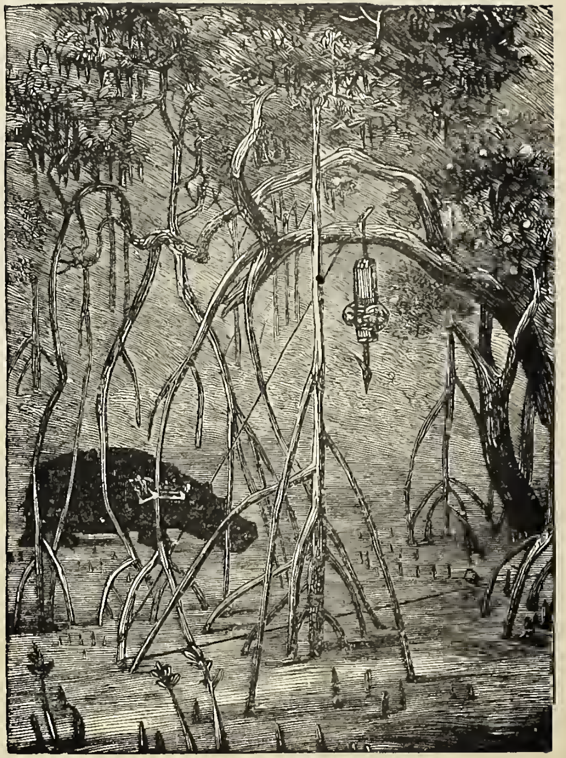
Livingstone considered it worthy of mention that in all his journey across the continent he never met an *albino,* though they were reported by the Portuguese to be quite numerous. "The natives in this section present the same admixture of color, ranging from very dark to light olive, which distinguished those of Londo. They all have the thick lips and flat noses, but instances of the ugly negro physiognomy are rarely to be seen." They have a singular fashion of marking themselves, from the roots of the hair on the forehead to the tip of the nose, by little raised cicatrices about a quarter of an inch in length.

"The women here are in the habit of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice until they can insert a shell. The lip then appears drawn out beyond the perpendicular of the nose, and gives them a most ungainly aspect. Sekwebu remarked, 'These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks;' and, indeed, it does appear as if they had the idea that female beauty of lip had been attained by the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* alone. This custom prevails throughout the country of the Maravi, and no one could see it without confessing that fashion had never led women to a freak more mad."

There is a remarkable absence of deformities. There is a horror of everything which is out of the apparent order of na-



TAKING HIPPOPOTAMUS FROM THE WATER



HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAP

ture in very many of the tribes. To this is probably attributable the fact that Livingstone found no albinos. They are sc disliked that it is not uncommon to put the infants to death. Parents kill their own children who are so unfortunate as to possess a white face. The general absence of deformed persons is partly owing to their destruction in infancy, and partly to the mode of life being a natural one, so far as ventilation and food are concerned. They use but few unwholesome mixtures as condiments, and, though their undress exposes them to the vicissitudes of the temperature, it does not harbor vomites. It was observed that when small-pox and measles visited the country they were most severe on the half-castes who were clothed. In several tribes, a child which is said to "tlola," transgress, is put to death. "Tlolo," or transgression, is ascribed to several curious cases. A child who cut the upper front teeth before the under was always put to death among the Bakaa, and, I believe, also among the Bakwains. In some tribes, a case of twins renders one of them liable to death; and an ox which, while lying in the pen, beats the ground with its tail, is treated in the same way. It is thought to be calling death to visit the tribe. When Livingstone was coming through Londa, his men carried a great number of fowls, of a larger breed than any they had at home. If one crowed before midnight it had been guilty of "tlolo," and was killed. The men often carried them sitting on their guns, and if one began to crow in a forest the owner would give it a beating, by way of teaching it not to be guilty of crowing at unseasonable hours.

The friendliness of the tribes had continued so marked, that Livingstone was cherishing the hope that he would find none of the painful experiences which made the approach to the Angola borders the bitterest part of his former journey. It was, therefore, as surprising as vexatious to find the town of Selole in great excitement, and to be told that he and his party were regarded as enemies, and, to that, Selole had already sent a messenger to the Mburuma to raise that tribe against them. These warlike preparations, however, had grown out of a misunderstanding of the nature of Livingstone's expedition and were easily quelled by the true representations. There had been an Italian in the country, who entered making the best promises, but who, when the occasion allowed, fell upon the islands and took away many of the people and large quantities of ivory. Selole had associated Livingstone with that man, who having been killed some time before, he was represented as having "risen from the dead."

An adventure with an elephant, which occurred just after parting with Selole, throws some light on the singular tenacity with which that animal clings to life, and may serve the would-be-hunters a good turn. They had come in sight of a troop of elephants; it is astonishing how numerous these troops are sometimes; Dr. Barth once counted over ninety in a herd. The men of Livingstone, on the occasion mentioned, set out to secure some meat; as "they drew near," says the account, "the troop began to run; one of them fell into a hole, and before he could extricate himself an opportunity was afforded for all the men to throw their spears. When he rose he was like a huge porcupine, for each of the seventy or eighty men had discharged more than one spear at him. As they had no more, they sent for me to finish him. In order to put him at once out of pain, I went to within twenty yards, there being a bank between us which he could not readily climb. I rested the gun on an ant-hill so as to take steady aim; but, though I fired twelve two-ounce bullets, all I had, into different parts, I could not kill him. As it was becoming dark, I advised my men to let him stand, being sure of finding him dead in the morning; but, though we searched all the next day, and went more than ten miles, we never saw him again. I mention this to young men who may think that they will be able to hunt elephants on foot by adopting the Ceylon practice of killing them by one ball in the brain. I believe that in Africa the practice of standing before an elephant, expecting to kill him with one shot, would be certain death to the hunter; and I would add, for the information of those who may think that because I met with a great abundance of game here they also might find rare sport, that the tsetse exists all along both banks of the Zambesi, and there can be no hunting by means of horses. Hunting on foot in this climate is such excessively hard work, that I feel certain the keenest sportsman would very soon turn away from it in disgust. I myself was rather glad, when furnished with the excuse that I had no longer any balls, to hand over all the hunting to my men, who had no more love for the sport than myself, as they never engaged in it except when forced by hunger."

Though the explanation of Livingstone seemed to be received as true, it did not inspire full confidence, as could be clearly seen in the absence of Mburuma himself, and the care which his people were at to keep always in large bodies and thoroughly armed.

The greatest anxiety which Livingstone had was to pass these people so quietly and peaceably that they would welcome him should he return, as he expected to do. These people of Mburuma were, however, manifestly so treacherous that the greatest caution was needed to avoid a collision with them; and Dr. Livingstone found that the experience he had gained was of considerable value. They were clearly disposed to improve the slightest chance to plunder or destroy the whole party. The trying character of the situation may be seen in the account which Dr. Livingstone himself gives; says he:

"Mburuma sent two men as guides to the Loangwa. These men tried to bring us to a stand, at a distance of about six miles from the village, by the notice, 'Mburuma says you are to sleep under that tree.' On declining to do this, we were told that we must wait at a certain village for a supply of corn. As none appeared in an hour, I proceeded on the march. It is not quite certain that their intentions were hostile, but this seemed to disarrange their plans, and one of them was soon observed running back to Mburuma. They had first of all tried to separate our party by volunteering the loan of a canoe to convey Sekwebu and me, together with our luggage, by way of the river, and, as it was pressed upon us, I thought that this was their design. The next attempt was to detain us in the pass; but, betraying no suspicion, we civilly declined to place ourselves in their power in an unfavorable position. We afterward heard that a party of Babisa traders, who came from the northeast, bringing English goods from Mozambique, had been plundered by this same people."

Although the party reached the confluence of the Loangwa without greater trouble than the manifestly wicked designs of Mburuma's people, Livingstone felt by no means confident that they would pass in safety. He could only obtain the use of two canoes for the purpose of crossing the stream, and it seemed that the Mburuma would at last accomplish his object and get the party divided. He confesses that he felt some turmoil of spirit in the evening at the prospect of having all his efforts for the welfare of this great region and its teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow, who might be said to "know not what they do." It seemed such a pity that the important fact of the existence of the two healthy ridges which he had discovered should not become known in Christendom, for a confirmation would thereby have been given to the idea that Africa is not open to the gospel. But he read that Jesus said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . . . and lo, *I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*" He took this as his word of honor, and then went out to take observations for latitude and longitude, which he estimated, from the ruins of a stone church which he found just at the confluence of the Loangwa with the Zambesi, and found to be: latitude, 15° 37′ 22″ S., longitude, 30° 32′ E.

When the morning came there were numbers of men armed, who stood by while the goods and load after load of the men were being sent across. Livingstone himself was left to the last boat, but, concealing whatever fear he may have felt, he beguiled the time pleasantly exhibiting various articles to his supposed enemies as pleasantly as he could have done to his own Makololo, and, finally, when his time came to enter the boat, he "thanked them for their kindness," and, wishing them peace, passed over unmolested, feeling in his heart exceedingly gratified to God for preserving him and preserving peace, which he longed to bestow on Africa.

The party were now entering the outskirts of Portuguese enterprise, extending from their colony on the east coast. The same indications of a mistaken policy which were so abundant in Angola were to be seen here also, and here, as there, they have been rather the enemies than the helpers of the natives at the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi. The town of Zumbo contains a number of ruins of stone houses. "They all faced the river, and were high enough up the flanks of the hill Mazanzwe to command a pleasant view of the broad Zambesi. These establishments had all been built on one plan—a house on one side of a large court, surrounded by a wall; both houses and walls had been built of soft gray sandstone cemented together with mud. The work had been performed by slaves ignorant of building, for the stones were not often placed so as to cover the seams below. Hence you frequently find the joinings forming one seam from the top to the bottom. Much mortar or clay had been used to cover defects, and now trees of the fig family grow upon the walls and clasp them with their roots. When the clay is moistened, masses of the walls come down by wholesale. Some of the rafters and beams had fallen in, but were entire, and there were some trees in the middle of the houses as large as a man's body. On the opposite or south bank of the Zambesi we saw the remains of a wall on a height which was probably a fort, and the church stood at a central point, formed by the right bank of the Loangwa and the left of the Zambesi.

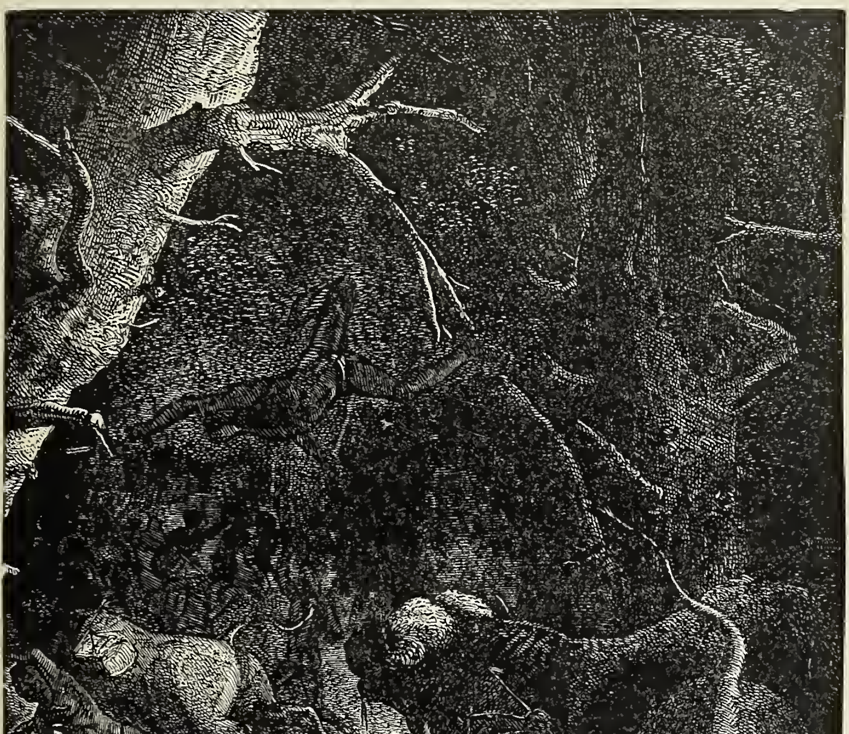
"The situation of Zumbo was admirably well chosen as a site for commerce. Looking backward we see a mass of high, dark mountains, covered with trees; behind us rises the fine high hill Mazanzwe, which stretches away northward along the left bank of the Loangwa; to the southeast lies an open country, with a small round hill in the distance called Tofulo. The merchants, as they sat beneath the verandahs in front of their houses, had a magnificent view of the two rivers at their confluence; of their church at the angle; and of all the gardens which they had on both sides of the rivers."

But here, as in Angola, the churches have exerted but trifling influence; the people have not been turned from their superstitions; and the poorly-paid officials having become merchants from necessity, and allowed their necessity to become avarice, trade nearly altogether in slaves and ivory. Livingstone soon found that he had encountered the annoyance and danger of passing through the midst of people who had been for two years in war with the white settlers. Being on the north side of the river and without means of crossing, he was forced to expose himself on the savage side, while on the south side he would have been under the authority of the Portuguese. He had, however, no disposition to take sides in such a quarrel, and moved along leisurely, although he was cautioned that Npende had determined to allow no white man to pass through his territory.

The animal life along the river continued abundant, and while passing along among the trees, not far from Zumbo, three buffaloes, which had been passed without being observed, discovering their proximity, became alarmed and dashed through the company furiously. The ox on which Livingstone was mounted rushed off at a swift gallop, and when he succeeded in turning him back he saw that one of his men had enjoyed a very unexpected ærial tour. A buffalo had passed so near him that he had thrown down his burden and stabbed him in the side. Thus assaulted the beast turned suddenly upon him and carried him off on his horns, but though he was tossed quite a distance there was no serious injury experienced.

It is pretty certain that there is no other country through which a hundred and fourteen strong, hearty fellows could pass everywhere entertained with such abundance. Sekwebu, the principal man, had foretold the liberality of the tribes along the Zambesi, he having known them many years before; all hands agreed that he had told only the truth. The men took care for themselves, and having had very little trouble by the way, they were light-hearted and free; they generally conducted their peaceable forays by going into the villages and commencing to dance, and, when it is remembered that there were in the party representatives of nearly all the tribes which are in any way under the Makololo authority, it is easily conceivable that the maidens of these villages were deeply interested by the complication of the capers that were cut. It was as natural as could be for them to lavish all their corn on the gay and gallant strangers. These gallant men were considerably in advance of most of those whom they visited, and laughed among themselves about their success. They rejoiced in their well-fed appearance; "look," they would say, "though we have been so long away from home not one of us has become lean."

The rich, beautiful, fresh-looking, healthy country contrasted most charmingly with the sultry, parched, drooping, half-alive region in the south. The almost daily showers imparted a delightful freshness to all things. It was hardly possible for Dr.



SURPRISED BY BUFFALOES

Livingstone to give the anxiety which might have been natural enough to the probable difficulties which he was to confront when he should reach Mpende's village. He did, however, use forethought enough to propitiate such of his prominent subjects as had villages on their path, trusting that they would be disposed to exert some favorable influence, or, if no better, at least might circulate the true nature of his errand in advance of him. But when, on the 23d of January, the sun arose on them surrounded by a large party of Mpende's people, uttering their strange cries and waving their charms, and kindling their mystic fire, they were neither surprised nor frightened. But though Livingstone had no fear that his men, who were rejoicing in the prospect of a fight, would fail to hold the day against the assailants, he preferred to stand looking to the Ruler of hearts, and praying to be spared the necessity of self-defence. He was a noble example of a man standing ready, under all circumstances, to crucify his fondest affection and strongest passion for the accomplishment of an elevated object. His men, though, being trained to marauding and suffering in their wardrobes the effects of a long tramp, looked on the situation as quite a promising affair; a "good hit" by which they trusted to dress up before entering the homes of the white people. Following the custom of Sebituane, who had trained his braves, Livingstone had an ox slaughtered, that they might whet their courage for a fight on a good meal of flesh. But while he was waiting God was working, and Livingstone soon saw the results of his providence. In the midst of his warlike preparations one of the men who had talked with Livingstone by the way entered the council of Mpende with information which changed the mind of that chief. He was in war with the Portuguese, and thought of Livingstone as one of his enemies; but when he heard it intimated that the stranger belonged to "the tribe who love the black man" (they designate the English thus), he was as kind as he had been unfriendly, and expressed his regret that he had been misinformed and so led to annoy "the man *who had a heart* for him." When Dr. Livingstone knew the favorable decision of the council, he sent Sekwebu to speak about the purchase of a canoe, giving as one of his reasons that one of the men being sick he desired to get a canoe in which to carry him and so relieve the others of the burden of carrying him. Before Sekwebu could finish, Mpende remarked, "That white man is truly one of our friends. See how he lets me know his afflictions!" Sekwebu adroitly took advantage of this turn in the conversation, and said, "Ah! if you only knew him as well as we do who have lived with him, you would understand that he highly values your friendship and that of Mburuma, and, as he is a stranger, he trusts in you to direct him." He replied, "Well, he ought to cross to the other side of the river, for this bank is hilly and rough, and the way to Tete is longer on this than on the opposite bank." "But who will take us across, if you do not?" "Truly!" replied Mpende; "I only wish you had come sooner to tell me about him; but he shall cross."

The Zambesi at this point was twelve hundred yards wide, but the passage was made safely, and Livingstone congratulated himself on being on the side less exposed to petty annoyances, and offering at the same time an easier path to the sea.

It was gratifying to Livingstone to find all the people occupying the country cursed by the slave trade of the Portuguese at least conscious of its meanness; they excuse themselves quite after the manner of more enlightened sinners for their engaging in barter which requires the giving of human beings into bondage by putting greater guilt on the tempter. This is the old dodge, which was not quite equal to the emergency of our too yielding mother in Eden, and it cannot deliver even the heathen from our condemnation; yet certainly it can hardly be a pleasing reflection to those who would take the responsibility of encouraging such a trade that their victims, too weak to resist them, are good enough to curse them, and too degraded to be pitied by them, are yet noble enough to despise them. These people speak of the English as *men*, but of the slave-traders they say, "they are not *men*, they are only *things*." The idea is quite prevalent that those who have purchased slaves of them have done them an injury. "All the slaves of Nyungwe," said one, "are our children; the Bozunga (Portuguese) have built the town at our expense."

The presence of traders enabled Livingstone to replenish the wardrobes of his men, which they had been denied attending to for themselves in the village of Mpende, and they were happier.

In latitude 15° 38′ 34″ south, longitude 31° 1′ east, on the 1st of February, they crossed the Zingesi, one of the sand-rivulets which constitute quite a feature of the country. It was in flood at that time and flowed along quite waist-deep. These sand-rivers are the agencies which have probably had much to do in the changes which are manifestly occurring in the face of the country continually. In trying to ford this stream Dr. Livingstone felt thousands of particles of coarse sand beating against his legs. These rivers remove vast quantities of disintegrated rock before it has time enough to form soil, and one diving below the surface may hear thousands of tiny stones knocking against each other continually. And we can readily believe that "this attrition, carried on for hundreds of miles in different rivers, must have an effect greater than if all the pestles and mortars and mills of the world were grinding and wearing away the rocks."

The general order was somewhat interrupted by the "game laws" which protected the animal kingdom. The lands of each chief are very well defined, the boundaries being usually marked by rivulets, great numbers of which flow into the Zambesi from both banks, and if an elephant is wounded on one man's land and dies on that of another, the under half of the carcass is claimed by the lord of the soil; and so stringent is the law, that the hunter cannot begin at once to cut up his own elephant, but must send notice to the lord of the soil on which it lies, and wait until that personage sends one authorized to see a fair partition made. If the hunter should begin to cut up before the agent of the landowner arrives, he is liable to lose both the tusks and all the flesh. The hind leg of a buffalo must also be given to the man on whose land the animal was grazing, and a still larger quantity of the eland, which here and everywhere else in the country is esteemed right royal food.

If these laws had been met here for the first time, Livingstone would probably have considered them a sort of tax on the traveller for passing through another's country, but they are found far in the south. In the interior too there are game laws, though not exactly such as these. The man who first wounds an animal, though he has inflicted but a mere scratch, is considered the killer of it; the second is entitled to a hind quarter and the third to a fore-leg. The chiefs are generally entitled to a share as tribute; in some parts it is the breast, in others the whole of the ribs and one fore-leg. Dr. Livingstone generally respected this law, although exceptions are sometimes made when animals are killed by guns. The knowledge that he who succeeds in reaching the wounded beast first is entitled to a share stimulates the whole party to greater exertions in despatching it. Among his own followers these laws were in some force. One of the men having a knowledge of elephant medicine generally went boldly in advance of the others, and on his decision the choice depended; and he was recognized as having a right to certain parts of the elephant as the tribute to his office.

The huts in this section they found erected on high stages in the midst of gardens. The spotted hyena is the scourge of the country, and his cowardly but savage prowling makes it necessary to sleep out of his reach. The precaution of elevated resting-places serves well against the lions and elephants, who are not scrupulous about disturbing the sweetest repose by their dreadful intrusions. The hyena particularly is dreaded, because he frequently approaches persons lying asleep and makes horrid work with their features. Men are frequently killed and children carried away; for though the voice of a human being fills him with terror, he never unfastens his teeth when once he has a taste of blood if it is possible to drag his victim away. These animals prowl about under cover of the darkness, uttering the most horrid yells. Their filthy gluttony finds a choice repast in the worst forms of putridity. The strength of its jaws is only equalled by its wonderful power of digestion. It will easily crush in its teeth the largest bones of an ox, and digest them without the slightest inconvenience. But the people had plenty, and though under the necessity of building their nests in the air like the birds, were yet quite comfortable and light-hearted. Their gardens are nearly all of them reclaimed from the forests, which abound in gigantic trees. It is probably the peculiarly ravenous habits of their sneaking enemy which explain the fact that many of these large trees contain the bodies of their dead. Among the trees of importance the tamarind is quite conspicuous, on account of the large numbers of them and its valuable fruit. There is another, not unlike it, called the motondo, the wood of which is very highly valued by the Portuguese for building boats.

The Zambesi all along east of the ridge is subject to frequent freshets, occasioned by the rains, which were found to be of almost daily occurrence. Dr. Livingstone suggests that it is probably owing to these freshets that the Portuguese on the coast have failed to discover the periodical overflow of the river, which is discoverable in the great interior valley, where it is not affected by so many tributaries, and where the dry and wet seasons are more marked. And it was his opinion that if the Zambesi was continued southward to the Cape, being allowed to flow through the flat country of the desert, it would be seen to have the same character as the Nile in Egypt.

The generosity of the people continued to lighten the care of travelling. The villagers were quite generous of supplies, and whatever disposition to ask or demand gifts they manifested was clearly attributable to the association with the despicable class of white men who have been among them as traders: the contemptible gifts which these men frequently make, such as a few buttons, or some other equally worthless object, gives rise to the necessity, on the part of the natives, for making demands for articles of some value, which may be in some sort an equivalent for their attentions. The custom of Dr. Livingstone, of making presents of real value, as far as lay in his power, went far toward elevating him in the confidence of the people, and contributed no little to the honor of the English name in their estimation. Those who pursue another course are greatly mistaken in counting on the ignorance of the natives to excuse them. They are aware of the worthlessness of the articles, and receive them with a degree of shame, and ladies may be seen to hand it quickly to the attendants, and, when they retire, laugh until the tears stand in their eyes, saying to those about them, "Is that a white man? then there are niggards among them too. Some of them are born without hearts!" One white trader, having presented an *old gun* to a chief, became a standing joke in the tribe: "The white man who made a present of a gun that was new when his grandfather was sucking his great-grandmother."

CHAPTER XI.

CHICOVA TO TETE.

District of Chicova—Agriculture—Game Laws—Banyai Prayers—Makololo Faith—Insect Life—Birds—Their Songs—Squirrel—Geological Features—Grapes—Plums—Animal Life—Superstition about Lions—The Korwe—A Model Husband—Helpful Facts—Government of the Banyai—Selecting Chiefs—Monina's Opposition—Fight Threatened—Sudden Derangement—Conscience at Work—"A Guilt"—An Ordeal—Woman's Rights—The Son-in-Law—Dignity of Woman—Good Husbands, Bad Hunters—The Rhinoceros—Andersson's Adventure—Terrible Encounter—Rhinoceros Among Beasts—Villages Avoided—Nearing Tete—Livingstone Emaciated—Eight Miles Only—A Retrospect—A Prospect—Noble Picture—Arrival of Messengers—Civilized Breakfast—Reception at Tete—The Source of the Zambesi Unknown—The Value of the Discovery.

ALTHOUGH it was most desirable to follow the river as closely as possible, the continued floods, together with the hostile character of some of the petty chiefs who would be on the line of that route, determined Dr. Livingstone on a more southern path across the district of Chicova. This prevented his making any observations of the Zambesi between the hills west of the Chicova flats and the town of Tete. The section of country through which he passed was not wanting in beauty, and there were some things of special interest, on account of which he was rather gratified by the change of route. The district had been reported to contain silver mines, and the curiosity of one so long buried in the wilds was awake for such evidences of European enterprise. His own investigations did not, however, confirm the report; the natives knew nothing of silver. But the finding of coal and the news of gold-washings relieved the disappointment as to silver.

There were no herds to remind him of the more inland *friends*, for the *tsetse* dwells along the little streams and rivulets which thread the country; the inhabitants are therefore devoted to agricultural pursuits, perhaps as much from necessity as from preference. They are a good-looking, manly set, generous enough to assist and selfish enough to hinder a warm-hearted traveller, as Livingstone could testify out of his own experience.

Among the troublesome features of their government, to a party dependent largely on what they might chance to kill, were their game laws, which differed little from those mentioned as existing in other parts of the continent. The operation of these laws may be illustrated by the fact that, the followers of Livingstone having killed an elephant, they dared not go so far as to cut it up until a messenger had been sent to the man who had charge of the game of the district. The delay occasioned by this formality rendered the meat almost useless before the hungry party could get at it. If they had begun cutting it up without this permission they would have lost the whole. On this occasion certain Banyai hunters chanced to be present, and exhibited a little of their national faith. One of them, witnessing the fight of the strangers with the beast, took out his snuff-box and emptied the contents at the root of a tree as an offering to the spirits for success; and when the animal fell, said to Dr. Livingstone, "I see you are travelling with people who don't know how to pray; I therefore offered the only thing I had in their behalf and the elephant soon fell." They worship departed spirits, and in their reverence and devotion are an example to some whose confidence and affection are claimed by a higher and worthier Being. Their modest respect for their Barimo contrasted strikingly with the confident and careless recognition of the Supreme Giver of All by the men from the interior, who said, "God gave it to us." He said to the old beast, "Go up there; men are come who will kill you."

The inhabitants of this country call themselves Bambari, but they are of the nation whose general name is Banyai. The few towns and villages to which Livingstone came treated him and his men kindly. They are surrounded by gardens which have been reclaimed from the forests and are exceedingly fertile. The abundance of insect life was truly wonderful; almost every plant has its peculiar insect. The rankest poisons, as the kongwhane and euphorbia, are soon devoured. The former has a scarlet insect. Even the fiery birdseye pepper, which will keep off many others from its own seed, is itself devoured by a maggot. There were seen also great numbers of centipedes with light reddish bodies and blue legs, and great myriapedes are seen crawling everywhere. Even in the deepest and quietest parts of the forest there is the distinct hum of insect joy. The tiny honey guides were at hand volunteering their services, but there were no artificial hives as in Londa, or long lines of honey bearers. The wax had not become an article of value as on the west coast. The little toilers store their treasure in the cavities of trees.

The feathered tribes seemed determined to vindicate their characters, and contradict the assertion that "birds of the tropics are wanting in the power of song;" but to Livingstone, though they sang with power, they seemed "singing in a foreign tongue." "One," he says, "brought the chaffinch to my mind, another the robin; two have notes not unlike those of the thrush, while some resemble the lark." The best songs, however, of them all were marked by certain "strange, abrupt notes" unlike anything he had heard before. One utters deliberately, "Peek, pak, pok;" another has a single note like a stroke on a violin string. Then there is the loud cry of francolins, the "pumpuru, pumpuru" of the turtle-doves, and the screaming notes of the mokwa. The birds of Africa, like its people, are unknown and therefore despised. When they have been sung by the poets people will praise their songs, and the poets will sing of them when they have heard the songs. Like our birds, these choristers of the unknown land love the early morning and the evening with its balmy breath, or they are filled with joy when, on a sultry day, a sudden shower has refreshed all nature, and great, cool drops hang like pearls on every bough or leaf, glistening in the rays of the sun, which glance along the clouds with broken power. It is a pleasing thought that God has provided the darkest wildernesses of earth with melodies in praise of his goodness, and it may be that we should consider the presence of God's choir as a prophecy of his coming. It may be that the voice of song which wraps the world like praise is to be the canopy of God's dominion. It may be that the birds of Africa, songful and free, hint of the time when all her sable sons may shout in the wonderful emancipation which shall attend the reign of Christ Jesus the Lord.

The ever-provident squirrel was observed arranging his nest and storing his supplies in the cavities of the trees; more, however, against the long hot seasons than against the winter, as with us. There were great numbers of silicified trees lying about over the ground; in one place there was discovered a piece of palm transformed into oxide of iron, with the pores filled with pure silica. These fossil trees lie upon soft gray sandstone, containing banks of shingle, which forms the underlying rock of the country. The way led across the hills Vungue or Mvungwe, which were found to be composed of various eruptive rocks; at one part we have breccia of altered marl or slate in quartz, and various amygdaloids. The different forms which silica was found to assume were truly remarkable. It appeared in claystone porphyry here, in minute round globules, no larger than turnip-seed, dotted thickly over the matrix; or crystallized round the walls of cavities, once filled with air or other elastic fluid; or it may appear in similar cavities as tufts of yellow asbestos, or as red, yellow, or green crystals, or in laminæ so arranged as to appear like fossil wood. Vungue forms the watershed between those sand rivulets which run to the northeast, and others which flow southward, as the Kapopo, Ue, and Due, which run into the Luia.

The ground in the neighborhood of the Kapopo and the Ue was covered with rounded shingle, which, being hidden by the grass, greatly aggravated the miseries of the pedestrian march. The difficulty was increased, too, by the network of vines which hedged the paths on every side and spread almost impassable snares across it. There were among these vines, however, great numbers bearing wild grapes, some of which were so delicate that they resembled greatly the cultivated varieties; these are eagerly appropriated by the natives, and the Portuguese have found out the value of some of the varieties for making vinegar. Indeed, the invitation seems to be extended quite encouragingly to those interested in grape culture to think of Africa. Another species of fruit which was found to be really "delicious" is known as the mokoronga. Its abundance does not diminish its popularity. The natives speak of it as "all fat," which they mean shall convey the impression of excellence. Though these plums are but little larger than a cherry they are greatly relished by the elephant, and they may be seen standing picking them off patiently by the hour.

The bow and arrow have been ineffectual weapons against the multitudes of animals which make their home in this country. Buffaloes and antelopes were found in abundance; lions and hyenas also are remarkably numerous. Possibly the superstition of the people has something to do with the numbers and audacity of the former, for the people, believing that the souls of their chiefs enter into them, never attempt to kill them; they even believe that a chief may metamorphose himself into a lion, kill any one he chooses, and then return to the human form; therefore, when they see one, they commence clapping their hands, which is the usual mode of salutation here. The consequence is, that lions and hyenas are so abundant that little huts are seen made in the trees, indicating the places where some of the inhabitants have slept when benighted in the fields.

The courage or indifference with which Livingstone's men wandered about in search of honey and birds' nests quite astonished the natives. In these forays it was quite common for them to find the nests of the korwe. This is a very remarkable bird whose nests are found in the cavities of the mopane trees. When the female enters her nest, she submits to a real confinement. The male plasters up the entrance, leaving only a narrow slit by which to feed his mate, and which exactly suits the form of his beak. The female makes a nest of her own feathers, lays her eggs, hatches them, and remains with the young till they are fully fledged. During all this time, which is stated to be two or three months, the male continues to feed her and the young family. The prisoner generally becomes quite fat, and is esteemed a very dainty morsel by the natives, while the poor slave of a husband gets so lean that, on the sudden lowering of the temperature which sometimes happens after a fall of rain, he is benumbed, falls down, and dies. The korwe generally leads her young forth about the time when corn is ripe, and they are fully clothed and fledged for their first appearance on the stage of life. The devotion which the parent birds manifest for each other is very beautiful; but when a disconsolate husband is found feeding another wife at the same nest from which his former partner was taken by voracious men only four or five weeks before, his love becomes strongly like a sarcastic imitation of his human enemies, who are hardly more permanently disconsolate.

The party came to Monina's village (close to the sand-river Tangwe, latitude 16° 13′ 38″ south, longitude 32° 32′ east). This man was very popular among the tribes on account of his liberality. Boroma, Nyampungo, Monina, Jira, Katolosa (Monomotapa), and Susa, all acknowledge the supremacy of one called Nyatewe, who is reported to decide all disputes respecting land. This confederation is exactly similar to what we observed in Londa and other parts of Africa. Katolosa is "the Emperor Monomotapa" of history, but he is a chief of no great power, and acknowledges the supremacy of Nyatewe. The Portuguese formerly honored Monomotapa with a guard to fire off numbers of guns on the occasion of any funeral, and he was also partially subsidized. The only evidence of greatness possessed by his successor is his having about a hundred wives. When he dies a disputed succession and much fighting are expected. In reference to the term Monomotapa, it is to be remembered that Mono, Moene, Mona, Mana, or Morena, mean simply *chief*, and considerable confusion has arisen from naming different people by making a plural of the chief's name. The names Monomoizes, spelled also Monemuiges and Mononmuizes, and Monomotapistas, when applied to these tribes, are exactly the same as if we should call the Scotch the Lord Douglases. Motape was the chief of the Bambiri, a tribe of the Banyai, and is now represented in the person of Katolosa. He was probably a man of greater energy than his successor, yet only an insignificant chief. Monomoizes was formed from Moiza or Muiza, the singular of the word Babisa or Aiza, the proper name of a large tribe to the north. In the transformation of this name the same error has been committed as in the others; and mistakes have occurred in many other names by inattention to the meaning, and predilection for the letter *r*. The river Loangwa, for instance, has been termed Arroangoa, and the Luenya the Ruanha. The Bazizulu, or Mashona, are spoken of as the Morururus.

The government of the Banyai is rather peculiar, being a sort of feudal republicanism. The chief is elected, and they choose the son of the deceased chief's sister in preference to his own offspring. When dissatisfied with one candidate, they even go to a distant tribe for a successor, who is usually of the family of the late chief, a brother, or a sister's son, but never his own son or daughter. When first spoken to on the subject, he answers as if he thought himself unequal to the task and unworthy of the honor; but, having accepted it, all the wives, goods, and children of his predecessor belong to him, and he takes care to keep them in a dependent position. When any one of them becomes tired of this state of vassalage and sets up his own village, it is not unusual for the elected chief to send a number of the young men, who congregate about himself to visit him. If he does not receive them with the usual amount of clapping of hands and humility, they, in obedience to orders, at once burn his village. The children of the chief have fewer privileges than common free men. They may not be sold, but, rather than choose any one of them for a chief at any future time, the free men would prefer to elect one of themselves, who bore only a very distant relationship to the family. These free men are a distinct class who can never be sold; and under them there is a class of slaves whose appearance as well as position is very degraded. Monina had a great number of young men about him from twelve to fifteen years of age. These were all sons of free men, and bands of young men like them in the different districts leave their parents about the age of puberty, and live with such men as Monina for the sake of instruction. When asked the nature of the instruction, one is told "Bonyai," which may be understood as indicating manhood, for it sounds as if we should say, "to teach an American Americanism," or "an Englishman to be English." While here they are kept in subjection to rather stringent regulations. They must salute carefully by clapping their hands on approaching a superior, and when any cooked food is brought the young men may not approach the dish, but an elder divides a portion to each. They remain unmarried until a fresh set of youths is ready to occupy their place under the same instruction. The parents send servants with their sons to cultivate gardens to supply them with food, and also tusks to Monina to purchase clothing for them. When the lads return to the village of their parents, a case is submitted to them for adjudication, and if they speak well on the point the parents are highly gratified.

Monina did not seem as generously inclined as Nyampungo had been, and intimated at the first interview that he was dissatisfied with the excuses given for not presenting something valuable. The demonstrations were decidedly indicative of an attack. Livingstone had reason to believe, however, that the chief was personally more inclined to favor him, and was urged to these demonstrations by his counsellors, who had the hope of frightening the stranger into some payment which they felt certain he was able to make. The war dance, though, left little hope of anything but a fight, and Livingstone's party lay down on their arms, watching silently, and only allowed themselves to sleep when it was certain that a night assault was abandoned. During that night of anxiety an unexpected sorrow fell on the party. Monahin, who had commanded the Batoka of Mokwine, arose in the night, and looking toward the smouldering fires about which the people of Monina had been dancing, was heard to say, "Listen, don't you hear what they are saying; they are going to kill Monahin," and then turning about he walked away into the forests and could not be found. This brings to notice again the peculiar temporary derangement which is quite frequently met with in the tribes of Africa. It seems generally to be the result of some uncommon strain on the mind. Monahin was suspected by these Batoka whom he commanded as being the murderer of Mokwine; they would say, "Mokwine is reported to have been killed by the Makololo, but Monahin is the individual who put forth his hand and slew him." It is worthy of note that while these people have no sort of compunctions about killing in battle, concerning one who kills a man of any standing, in a foray undertaken on his own account, the common people continue ever after to indulge in remarks, which are brought to him in various ways, until the iteration on his conscience produces insanity.

There was hardly the slightest hope of finding the poor fellow in a country so infested with ravenous beasts, but Dr. Livingstone spent three whole days in the search before he could find heart to go on. The affliction, too, seemed to affect the heart of Monina; he aided in every way in his power; he seemed anxious least he might be suspected of having stolen the missing man, and assured Dr. Livingstone most positively, saying, "We never catch or kidnap people here; it is not our custom; it is considered a guilt among all the tribes."

As the party left Monina's village, a witch-doctor, who had been sent for, arrived, and all Monina's wives went forth into the fields that morning fasting. There they would be compelled to drink an infusion of a plant named "goho," which is used as an ordeal. This ceremony is called "muavi," and is performed in this way: When a man suspects that any of his wives has bewitched him, he sends for the witch-doctor, and all the wives go forth into the field, and remain fasting till that person has made an infusion of the plant. They all drink it, each one holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. Those who vomit it are considered innocent, while those whom it purges are pronounced guilty, and put to death by burning. The innocent return to their homes, and slaughter a cock as a thank-offering to their guardian spirits. The practice of ordeal is common among all the negro nations north of the Zambesi. This summary procedure excited Dr. Livingstone's surprise, for his intercourse with the natives here had led him to believe that the women were held in so much estimation that the men would not dare to get rid of them thus. But the explanation he received was this: The slightest imputation makes them eagerly desire the test; they are conscious of being innocent, and have the fullest faith in the muavi detecting the guilty alone; hence they go willingly, and even eagerly, to drink it.

The women are honored with peculiar deference by the tribes in this section; they are appealed to by their husbands to decide important and trivial questions; for example, at the town of Nyakoba, there was a guide appointed to attend Livingstone; he bargained that his services should be rewarded with a *hoe;* the hoe was delivered to him in advance, and he went with delight to show it to his wife, but when he returned informed the Doctor that his wife would not allow him to go. "Well," said Livingstone, "bring back the hoe." "But I want it." "Then go with us." "But my wife won't let me." And when Livingstone said to his men, "Did you ever hear such a fool?" they replied, "Oh, that is the custom in these parts; the wives rule." It may be comforting to some of the humbler lords of creation to reflect on this incident, and it may encourage the strongminded women who are clamorous for promotion to the dignity of masters to know that their dark sisters are in hearty sympathy with them. It may be suggestive also to mention the method by which this supremacy is maintained. And let it not be imagined for a moment that they are so artless as to parade their ambition in the matter, or that they are so unwise as to assert an authority, which may be maintained by gentler means, with force. There, as most commonly in civilized communities, the power lies in the feminine charms, and in the joy or pain of a smile bestowed or withholden. Sekwebu witnessed the scene of the incident mentioned above, and heard the man say to his wife, in the midst of their endearments, "Do you think that I would ever leave you?" and then turning to himself ask, "Do you think I would leave this pretty woman? is she not pretty?" Indeed the potency of beauty is no more confined to our boastful society than is the song of the birds confined to our cultured groves.

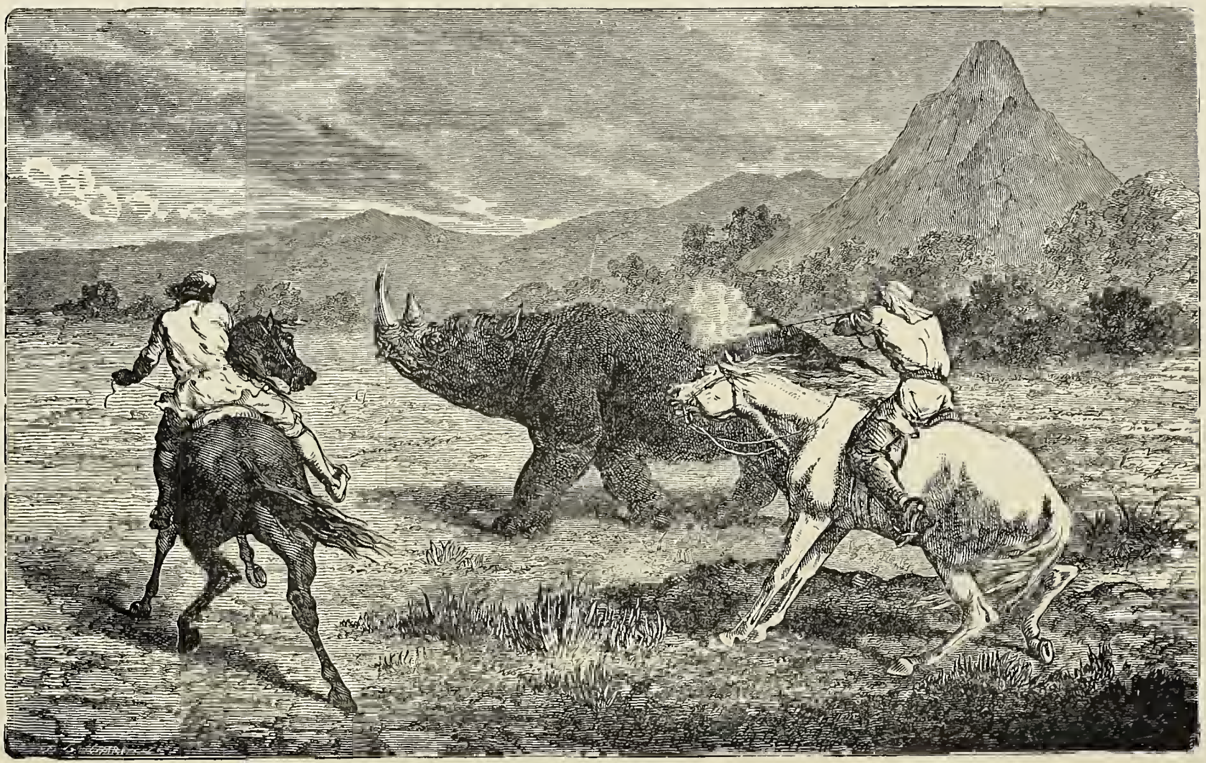
It is not only true that woman exerts a manifest influence among the tribes of the Bauyai, it is also true that the customs of social life recognize her dignity very decidedly. Wives are not obtained by purchase as in most parts of southern Africa. The fortunate groom cannot assume any authority over his new-found bride; he must go to the home of her parents and live there, and the mothers-in-law of Africa are not more careful for the happiness of this class than are those of other nations; the poor fellow has, therefore, sometimes at least, need of very patient love, and if he has spirit enough to resist, he may go alone as he came, or indemnify the family for the loss of his wife and children. The husband, though, does not seem to consider the deference which he pays his wife a hard service, but renders it with manifest pride and pleasure. It is a pitiful excess of selfishness and self-conceit which makes a man count it a degradation to confess his respect for the judgment or pleasure of the woman who commits her life to his keeping and consecrates her love and labor to his happiness; and it is beautiful promise of loftiest possibilities of refinement that, in the midst of so much ignorance and depravity, there should be in Africa ever so little respect for woman.

But these gentle and obedient husbands, though they win our respect by the exhibition of milder and more amiable tempers, are not the equals of the ruder tribes, in the sort of courage which distinguishes men in the face of the ferocious beasts which command the forest paths and the deep jungles of Africa; they could not begin to cope with the interior tribes in the more dangerous sports which involve the slaying of the lion or the rhinoceros. Indeed in all Africa there is no animal which presents a bolder front than this latter. There are several species of the rhinoceros mentioned by different writers; they seem, however, easily included in the two prominent classes distinguished by their colors; the black is the more dangerous both on account of its superior strength and a peculiarly morose disposition. An experienced hunter asserts that he would rather face fifty lions than one of these animals in an exposed situation. The sight of the rhinoceros is imperfect, and this alone furnishes about the only hope of escape which is open to a man who is singled out for his rage. Of enormous bulk and amazing strength, and armed with a horn "sharp as a razor," he is an enemy to be treated with most serious consideration.

Mr. Andersson, whose adventure with a lion has been mentioned, and a rather reckless hunter, came quite suddenly upon one of these monsters which had been wounded, and thinking to make her change her position so as to offer a better opening for his aim, ventured to cast a stone at her. Instantly she rushed upon him with dreadful fury, snorting horribly, and tearing the ground with her feet, while her expanded nostrils seemed smoking with rage; he had no time to note the effect of his hasty shot before he was dashed to the ground, and his gun, cap, powder flask and ball pouch were spinning away through the air with the violence of the blow. The tremendous momentum carried the beast stumbling some distance beyond him, but before he could fully regain his feet she had turned upon him and dashed him to the ground a second time, tearing his thigh open with her sharp horn, and trampled him desperately in the dust. She then seemed to lose him, and as he crawled away to the shelter of a neighboring tree he saw her some distance off tearing the bushes, as if in unappeasable rage.

Not only man, but the most ferocious beasts shrink from an engagement with the rhinoceros; even the lordly elephant manifests unqualified fear in his presence. Sometimes two or more of these terrible creatures are known to engage in awful combats with each other; it is then a scene indeed for the gladiatorial ring; the earth trembles under their tramp, and the horrible snorting and puffing sends a thrill of terror through all the beasts of the forest. The white species was quite extinct along the eastern division of the Zambesi. It falls an easier victim of the hunter, and the native arrows and strategy together would be a serious hindrance to its increase, but since these have been supplemented by the powder and ball of civilized warfare they are fast disappearing, even in the more southern country where they have been most numerous.

After leaving Monina it was important for the travellers to avoid the villages, as the people nearer the Portuguese settlement exhibited the, natural enough, disposition to tax them, while in fact they were poorly able to pay anything. Livingstone's heart was bounding with eager anticipation of a welcome at Tete, which was only a few days' travel in advance of him. He had not suffered so seriously as on the journey to Loanda, but he had endured many hardships. Much of the distance from the falls had been performed on foot; for many days he had walked altogether; he had become so thin that his men could any of them pick him up like a child and carry him across the streams; still he had not lost his spirit, nor had his interest in the well-being of his followers and the condition of the tribes along his route failed in the least. He lay down on the evening of the 2d of March eight miles from Tete, and sent forward the letters of introduction which had been given him by the Portuguese authorities at Loanda to the commandant. It was nearly two years since he parted with the generous Englishman who alone supports the dignity of the name in the western colony. During those two years he had traversed all the intervening wilderness, with only the companionship of the ignorant and superstitious and depraved savages, and he was now dragging the line of his explorations to the eastern coast. And though the town of Tete was several hundred miles from the sea, he felt that his success would be complete when he arrived there, because it was the border town of the Portuguese, and he would from thence be in the care of white men and friends. He was so fatigued that he could not sleep, and his mind naturally wandered back over the long and tedious journey, with its strange and wonderful scenery, its wild associates, and its wealth of singular incidents. There were the lofty pillars of Pungo Andongo towering grandly on the other border like the monuments of old forgotten Titanic heroes. There was the wonderful valley of the Quango, a hundred miles wide, with its walls a thousand feet high. Then came in freshly on his mind the weariness and anxiety of sickness and detentions and petty strifes. The western water-shed next absorbed his thought; the floating along the Leeba and the Leeambye, and the "welcome home" so cordially extended by the Makololo. Then the months of loving labor in the word of Christ, and the eager watching for the slightest evidences of good accomplished. Sometimes he seemed to be wandering again in the strange labyrinth of rivers which flow about through the remarkable fissures of the great interior country so unnaturally. In the midst of these the wild and grand and lovely falls of the Zambesi burst anew on his delighted vision. The splendid hills and lofty ranges, with their beautiful valleys and teeming herds and stories of war and wrong, succeed in turn. Then the gorge of the Kafue. And the Zambesi again, a thousand yards wide. Amid all these scenes, the dark, untaught, uncared-for human inhabitants were seen dragging about the fetters of their superstitions; unconsciously, indeed, but wearily. He seemed to hear their childish laughter ringing out in the midst of wicked sports, or their mournful cries of sorrow on account of the shadow of death. It was no wonder; he had heard them so often. The sigh for peace, for quiet, sweet rest: that was clearer in his thoughts than all else. Then ardent hope was busy establishing mission stations all over the land, and his prayer of faith would almost become thanksgiving as he imagined the redemption of Africa, and seemed to gaze on its lovely valleys and mountain ranges, all clothed with the evidences of a Christian civilization, and seemed to hear the songs of praise floating out of the renewed heart of the continent so many ages lost in darkness and sin; floating along the rivers, until the sea was burdened with words of love and gratitude from Africa to the world, and all its murmurings were changed to shouts of



praise. Oh, how fascinating and how praiseful is the retrospect of years nobly spent in the service of Christ for the help of man! There is nothing grander in human life than the deliberate consecration of intelligence and refinement to the real service of the degraded and indifferent. We cannot find a grander specimen of philanthropy than lies before us in the lonely, weary, perilous but willing isolation of the devoted man who was waiting in pain and hunger for the dawning of the day, and loved the scenes of a life of pain and hunger which crowded about him and spread a canopy of memory over him for a tent.

The stars were on duty still, shining like the camp fires of heaven's protecting army, and the heavy breathing of the dusky company had been undisturbed. It was just two o'clock in the morning when messengers arrived who had been sent forward with welcome and a civilized breakfast from Tete.

No man could more fully appreciate such attentions than Dr. Livingstone. He seemed unconscious of the weight of obligation which his life of self-sacrifice was bringing the world under. He was only laboring in the love of men and zeal for Christ, and he thought of no reward. No man was more sensible to the helpful influences of sympathy; his heart bounded at the words of cheer which were brought him. The presence of persons who could in any sort understand him and sympathize with him was like the communication of new life; his fatigue vanished, and he walked the remaining eight miles freshly and joyfully. There is wonderful power in sympathy; loving words are a medicine for the soul better than all things—the specific for all the anxieties of the mind.

The reception at Tete was as cordial as could be. The commandant—Tito Augusto d'Aranjo Sicard—proved himself a liberal and attentive host. The Portuguese authorities had been informed by the friends of Dr. Livingstone in England of his being on his way across the continent, and his expected arrival in their midst; but as there had been a sort of Caffre war going on for two years, they had lost all hope of his ever reaching their settlements alive. Quite lately, though, Major Sicard's expectations had been awakened by the arrival at Tete of natives who spread the rumor that the "son of God was approaching, and that he was able to take the sun down and put it under his arm!" The major was convinced that the story was founded on the approach of some explorer, whom, he was convinced also, could be no other than the man who had already accomplished the wonderful journey from the Cape to Loanda.

On the day of his arrival in Tete Dr. Livingstone was "visited by all the gentlemen of the village, both white and colored, including the padre." Not one of them had any idea of where the source of the Zambesi lay. They sent for the best-travelled natives, but not one of them knew the river, even as far as Kansala rapids, which may be seen indicated on the map, not more than thirty or forty miles above the confluence of the Kafue, and but little more than half way to the "Victoria Falls." One man, who had been a great traveller in the south-western country, had heard of Livingstone's discovery of Lake Ngami, but he was entirely ignorant that the great river flowing by the town where he lived came from the interior of the continent. Livingstone had the reward of his self-sacrifice in the certainty that he had not been idly employed, but that in those years of wandering he had performed a service which centuries to come would be still conferring its blessings on the world. He had been able to correct the errors of philosophy and prejudice, and bring to waiting Christendom the assurance that in Africa there was a field ready for the sower, and that this broad river, about whose delta civilization had been standing in doubtful inefficiency for centuries, furnished the guiding cord to the heart of the continent.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS.

The Village of Tete—Inhabitants—Gold Washings—Slave Trade, Evil Effects of—Decadence of Portuguese Power—Superstitions of Tete—English Calico—Articles of Export—Gold—Coal—Value of Gold Dust—Appearance of Country—Method of Cultivating the Soil—Agriculture Neglected—Hot Springs—People Favorable to Englishmen—Cause of Portuguese Failure—Leaves Tete—Nyaude's Stockade—The Gorge of Lupata—Senna—The Landeens or Zulus—Misery of Senna—Surrounding Country—The Shire—Kilimane—Livingstone's Object—His Theory of Mission Work—His Hopes for Africa—Arrival of the "Frolic"—Disposition of Ivory—Parts with his Followers—Sekwebu—In the Boats—On Board the Ship—Insanity and Death of Sekwebu—Arrival at Mauritius—Dear Old England—Forbidden Scenes—Public Honors—The Single Desire.

THE delight which Dr. Livingstone experienced in being once more in communication with people who could in some sort appreciate him was fully justified by the persevering kindness of Major Sicard. There was no attention withholden which could contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of the great explorer who had traversed the whole breadth of the continent.

It was the unhealthy season at Kilimane, and the generous host insisted on detaining his guest at least a month, until he might hope to go down to the coast safely; and having secured employment for his followers, he claimed Dr. Livingstone for his personal charge. The village itself possessed no special charms; it stands on a succession of low sandstone ridges on the right bank of the Zambesi, which is here nearly a thousand yards wide (960 yards). Shallow ravines, running parallel with the river, form the streets, the houses being built on the ridges. The whole surface of the streets, except narrow footpaths, were overrun with self-sown indigo, and tons of it might have been collected. In fact, indigo, senna and stramonium, with a species of cassia, form the weeds of the place, which are annually hoed off and burned. A wall of stone and mud surrounds the village, and the native population live in huts outside. The fort and the church, near the river, are the strongholds; the natives having a salutary dread of the guns of the one, and a superstitious fear of the unknown power of the other. The number of white inhabitants is small, and rather select, many of them having been considerately sent out of Portugal "for their country's good." The military element preponderates in society; the convict and "incorrigible" class of soldiers, receiving very little pay, depend in great measure on the produce of the gardens of their black wives; the moral condition of the resulting population may be imagined. Even the officers seldom receive their pay from government; but, being of an enterprising spirit, they contrive to support themselves by marrying the daughters or widows of wealthy merchants, and trade in ivory by means of the slaves of whom they thus become the masters.

In former times, considerable quantities of grain, as wheat, millet and maize, were exported; also coffee, sugar, oil, and indigo, besides gold dust and ivory. The cultivation of grain was carried on by means of slaves, of whom the Portuguese possessed a large number. The gold dust was procured by washing at various points on the north, south and west of Tete. A merchant took all his slaves with him to the washings, carrying as much calico and other goods as he could muster. On arriving at the washing place, he made a present to the chief of the value of about a pound sterling. The slaves were then divided into parties, each headed by a confidential servant, who not only had the supervision of his squad while the washing went on, but bought dust from the inhabitants, and made a weekly return to his master. When several masters united at one spot, it was called a "Bara," and they then erected a temporary church, in which a priest from one of the missions performed mass. Both chiefs and people were favorable to these visits, because the traders purchased grain for the sustenance of the slaves with the goods they had brought. They continued at this labor until the whole of the goods were expended, and by this means about one hundred and thirty pounds of gold were annually produced. Probably more than this was actually obtained, but, as it was an article easily secreted, this alone was submitted to the authorities for taxation. At present the whole amount of gold obtained annually by the Portuguese is from eight to ten pounds only. When the slave trade began, it seemed to many of the merchants a more speedy mode of becoming rich to sell off the slaves than to pursue the slow mode of gold washing and agricultnre, and they continued to export them until they had neither hands to labor nor to fight for them. It was just the story of the goose and the golden egg. The coffee and sugar plantations and gold washings were abandoned, because the labor had been exported to the Brazils. Many of the Portuguese then followed their slaves, and the government was obliged to pass a law to prevent further emigration, which, had it gone on, would have depopulated the Portuguese possessions altogether. As it was, the remaining representatives of Portugal were little better than none, so far as asserting any authority was concerned. The late war, which only terminated a few months before Livingstone arrived from the interior, had demonstrated how unable they were to cope with the tribes about them in case of revolt. Kasika on the north had plundered and burned all the plantations of the wealthy merchants on that side of the river, and Nyaude, who had placed his stockade just below the village, at the confluence of the Luenya, had completely blockaded it during two years, so that they had been compelled to send overland to Kilimane for goods enough to buy food with.

The priests at Tete had no more power than the captains; the church did not amount to any more than the fort. The natives were careful to keep out of the range of the guns from the fort, but acknowledged their authority no further. So they kept out of the church, but cared nothing for the religion. The Portuguese do not seem to have concerned themselves about the religious beliefs of their wild associates. Indeed, they were rather inclined to make capital of the superstitions which they should have sought to overcome. Certainly their metropolis might also be regarded as the metropolis of heathen absurdities. Being made up of the representatives of various tribes, it was also a focus of superstitions. They believe that many evil spirits live in the air, the earth, and the water. These invisible malicious beings are thought to inflict much suffering on the human race; but, as they have a weakness for beer and a craving for food, they may be propitiated from time to time by offerings of meat and drink. The serpent is an object of worship, and hideous little images are hung in the huts of the sick and dying. The uncontaminated Africans believe that Morungo, the Great Spirit who formed all things, lives above the stars; but they never pray to him, and know nothing of their relation to him, or of his interest in them. The spirits of their departed ancestors are all good, according to their ideas, and on special occasions aid them in their enterprises. When a man has his hair cut, he is careful to burn it, or bury it secretly, lest, falling into the hand of one who has an evil eye, or is a witch, it should be used as a charm to afflict him with the headache. They believe, also, that they shall live after the death of the body, but have no distinct ideas of the condition of the departed spirits.

The principal currency of the country was English calico, which was received by the natives in exchange for any and everything which they had for sale. Labor, grain, land, gold, everything has its price in calico, and the cheapness of labor particularly would almost turn the head of one of our employers, whose life is worried almost out of him by the system of strikes which is the order of the day. Two yards of unbleached calico is the price of a day's labor, or sixteen yards will hire a man a month. Provision is equally cheap. In ordinary times two yards of calico will buy twenty-four fowls, and a hundred pounds of flour bring the same price.

The chief articles of export at the time of Dr. Livingstone's visit, in 1856, were ivory and gold dust, and these not in very considerable quantities. The gold seems to have been the temptation which first drew the Portuguese to the Zambesi; but it is questionable whether they ever realized anything like their hopes in the quantities of the precious metal which they obtained. There are, however, quite a number of washings in the country, and it is probable that the world will yet find them very lucrative. Dr. Livingstone had the opportunity of examining the gold dust from different parts to the east and northeast of Tete.

Round toward the westward, the old Portuguese indicate a station which was near to Zumbo on the River Panyame, and called Dambarari, near which much gold was found. Farther west lay the now unknown kingdom of Abutua, which was formerly famous for the metal; and then, round toward the east, are the gold washings of the Mashona, or Bazizulu, and, farther east, that of Manica, where gold is found much more abundantly than in any other part, and which has been supposed by some to be the Ophir of King Solomon. Gold from this quarter was seen as large as grains of wheat, that found in the rivers which run into the coal field being in very minute scales. If one leg of the compass be placed at Tete, and the other extended three and a half degrees, bringing it round from the northeast of Tete by west, and then to the southeast, we nearly touch or include all the known gold-producing country. As the gold on this circumference is found in coarser grains than in the streams running toward the centre, or Tete, Livingstone imagined that the real gold field lies round about the coal field; and, if he was right in the conjecture, then we have coal encircled by a gold field, and abundance of wood, water, and provisions—a combination not often met with in the world.

Dr. Livingstone had noticed some specimens of coal before reaching Tete, but he there found that there were nine different seams known to the Portuguese, all within the circle of gold which we have described. The coal had, of course, received very little attention, and the gold was almost as much neglected. The natives are not so fond of labor or of gold as to go through the tedious process by which the precious dust is obtained, and they only wash a little now and then when they stand in need of calico. They had learned the value of the treasure, though, and were very careful of it; they take it for sale in goose quills, and demand twenty-four yards of calico for a single penful.

In general appearance the country where these treasures abound is highly picturesque; the hills are clothed with stately forests, and the lovely valleys threaded by numerous streams are very fertile, and, according to the standards of the country, are well cultivated. The only farming implement here, however, as in other parts of Africa, is the hoe; the work is done chiefly by the women, too, as elsewhere. After the grain is once in the ground, a single weeding is all that is required. This simple process represents all our subsoil plowing, liming, manuring, and harrowing, for in four months after planting a good crop is ready for the sickle, and has been known to yield a hundred-fold. No irrigation is required, because here there are gentle rains, almost like mist, in winter, which go by the name of "wheat-showers," and are unknown in the interior, where no winter rain ever falls.

The plantations of coffee, which were a source of very considerable revenue previous to the opening of the slave trade, had been abandoned, and hardly a tree could be found. Indigo and senna, which were mentioned as growing in the streets of Tete, are found growing everywhere, but are allowed to decay, crop after crop uncared for.

But we must not fail to mention the existence of a number of hot springs which are to be found in the neighborhood of Tete. Dr. Livingstone visited one called Nyamboronda, situated in the bed of a small stream named *Nyaondo;* the little spring bubbles up just beside the rivulet, and a great quantity of acrid steam was seen rising up from the ground adjacent, about twelve feet square of which was so hot that men could not stand on it with bare feet. There were several little holes from which the water was trickling, but the principal spring was in a hole about a foot in diameter and as much in depth; bubbles were rising constantly; the thermometer being a few seconds in the water the mercury stood steadily at 160°. A frog which tried the experiment of a bath was taken out in a few minutes well cooked. The stones over which the waters of this spring flowed were found to be incrusted with white salt, and the water had a saline taste; about the spring were rocks, syenitic, porphyry, in broad dikes, and gneiss tilted on edge; there were also many specimens of half-formed pumice, with green-stone and lava.

Indeed it was with ever-increasing interest and astonishment that the traveller wandered over this wonderful region so richly endowed and so sadly neglected. He was satisfied from his own experience with the Africans that a wise policy would find the people no obstacle to the opening of the singular treasuries which God had put just near enough to the coast to be easily found by the vanguard of civilization, and far enough toward the heart of the continent to insure the benighted inhabitants the helpful influence of the enlightened strangers who might come after the wealth.

It was evident to him that those whose failure was inscribed everywhere had only failed because they were not true to the obligations which they ought to have recognized; if they did not, the manifestly selfish policy could no more expect the favor of the savages than the blessing of God. He would not judge the Portuguese or the priests unkindly, but he was satisfied that neither captains nor priests could point to a satisfactory experiment in the country around Tete. And the ruins of forts and churches told the same story of the folly of the strangers rather than the hopeless barbarism of the natives.

When at last the time came in which it was thought prudent for Dr. Livingstone to go down to Kilimane, he found the generous commandant as thoughtful for his comfort on the journey as he had been assiduous in the attentions bestowed in his home. There was abundant provision made for a safe and pleasant sail down the noble river, and orders were issued that the traveller should be at no expense for supplies. Full of gratitude to God and men, Livingstone entered the large strongly-built canoe which had been provided for him, and sat down under the pleasant canopy which had been thoughtfully supplied, and was pulled away from Tete on the 22d of April, 1856. He had not forgotten his trusty followers; only sixteen of them attended him to the sea, but he had made arrangements for them at Tete, by which he was confident that they would be comfortable until his return, if indeed God should spare him to continue his work in Africa.

Just below the village, on the right bank of the river, he passed the ruins of the residences of the wealthy merchants, who had been so recently the victims of Kisaka's groundless rage. At the confluence of the Luenya he had a view of Nyaude's fortress, which had proven so formidable in the recent wars. It is only a strong stockade; it seemed, however, to be constructed of living trees, and could hardly be burned. It was strange to see a stockade menacing the whole commerce of the river in a situation where the guns of a vessel would have full play on it, but it is a formidable affair for those who have only muskets. On one occasion, when Nyaude was attacked by Kisaka, they fought for weeks; and though Nyaude was reduced to cutting up his copper anklets for balls, his enemies were not able to enter.

The gorge of Lupata was a point of considerable interest, and Dr. Livingstone spent the night of the 24th on a small island near its entrance that he might ascertain its latitude, which he found to be 16° 34′ 46″ south. At this point the Zambesi converges quite suddenly, and flows through a gorge in a lofty range of hills which crosses it at right angles; on the western side the rock rises abruptly six or seven hundred feet, but on the east the range is sloping and covered with trees. The river in the gorge is about two hundred yards wide, and dashes quite impetuously along its tortuous channel, and sweeps rapidly around the little rocky promontories, Chifura and Kangomba, forming dangerous whirlpools and eddies, and widens again to miles in breadth, embracing many beautiful islands which were once the homes of prosperous planters and yielded vast quantities of grain.

The gorge, as might be expected, has been fixed on by the natives as the abode of peculiarly turbulent deities, who are supposed to preside over the perilous places, for the good or the injury of those who attempt to pass. But whether there are spirits good or bad, certain it is that the narrow pass is occupied by one direful scourge: the tsetse waits there for its victims. Elephants also and buffaloes frequent the spot. The country on either side of the river was in anything but a peaceful state; the southern shore had been ravaged recently by the Caffres, here called Laudeens or Zulus, and Kisaka, who had no love for the Portuguese, was ravaging all the Maganga country on the other side.

On the 27th the party reached Senna, which was found to be in a condition ten times more lamentable than Tete; every building in the village was in absolute ruin. The Laudeens were in the habit of visiting the village periodically and levying fines on the inhabitants, as they considered the Portuguese a conquered tribe, and the half-castes, who in all the Portuguese possessions constitute an important class, seemed to be in league with them.

While Dr. Livingstone was there a party of Kisaka's people were ravaging the fine country on the opposite shore. They came down with the prisoners they had captured, and forthwith the half-castes of Senna went over to buy slaves. Encouraged by this, Kisaka's people came over into Senna fully armed and beating their drums, and were received into the house of a native Portuguese. They had the village at their mercy, yet could have been driven off by half a dozen policemen. The commandant could only look on with bitter sorrow. He had soldiers, it is true, but it was notorious that the native militia of both Senna and Kilimane never think of standing to fight, but invariably run away and leave their officers to be killed.

The miserable state of this neglected post beggars description; the officers were none of them paid by the home government and are forced to engage in trade. The common soldiers had now and then received a little calico. It is lamentable that the door to one of the finest regions of the world should have fallen into the hands of a people who have done nothing more than hold it against the rest of the world for centuries. If instead of military establishments there had been civil ones, and emigrants with their wives and plows and seeds, rather than military convicts with bugles and kettle-drums, eastern Africa might be to-day the rival of any spot on earth in all that makes a pleasant home on earth.

The country around Senna was more interesting than the village; nature was uncontaminated and afforded a pleasing relief for the thoughts. In the village the most gratifying sight of all was the negroes of Senhor Isidore building boats after the European model. These negroes had been instructed in their work by a European master, and had acquired such skill that they could go into the forest and get out the timber, lay the keel, fit in the ribs, and finish up very neat boats which would bring from £20 to £100 apiece. This little show of life was refreshing, in the midst of so much misery and ruin; for certainly slavery and immorality had done their work in Senna. The European name was almost despised. The native wives of the white men were little better than slaves, and their children received none of the honorable regard which is granted them in Angola. Dr. Livingstone saw a son of the former governor of

Tete a slave. In Senna there is neither priest nor school; there are the ruins of churches and convents, but such ruins are a solemn mockery of the ignorance and sin whose blight rests on everything.

It was the 11th of May before Dr. Livingstone continued his journey. Forty miles below Senna he passed the confluence of the Shire, which we shall have occasion to mention hereafter. Below the Shire the hilly surroundings gave place to extensive flats. There was no incident of special importance until Mazaro was reached. At that point the delta begins. The Zambesi had nowhere appeared more splendid, and the temptation was very strong to follow it down to the sea; but Livingstone knew that it had been explored that far up by another in whose statements he had confidence, and he therefore felt that it was better for him to follow the other branch, although it was necessary to leave the boats and canoes. A sudden fever had set in, as if determined to give him a farewell embrace. With throbbing veins and aching temples he toiled on afoot along the banks of the Mutu. The fever continued raging, and the large sailing launch which was put at his service by Senor Asevedo, at Interra, was felt to be truly a godsend. The village of Kilimane was reached on the 20th of May, 1856, and Dr. Livingstone was received most cordially into the home of Colonel Galdino Jose Nunes, "one of the best men in the country."

It had been sixteen years since the missionary first landed at the Cape. He had spent nine of ten years in patient work, teaching and dispensing the gospel of Christ. Then providence had unsettled him and he could find no rest for his foot. Six years he had spent exploring the unknown wilds. He had done the work of an explorer under the inspiration of the gospel. "As far as I am myself concerned," says he, "the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. As I have elsewhere remarked, I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise. I take the latter term in its most extended signification, and include every effort made for the amelioration of our race, the promotion of all those means by which God in his providence is working, and bringing all his dealings with man to a glorious consummation. Each man in his sphere, either knowingly or unwittingly, is performing the will of our Father in heaven. Men of science, searching after hidden truths, which, when discovered, will, like the electric telegraph, bind men more closely together—soldiers battling for the right against tyranny—sailors rescuing the victims of oppression from the grasp of heartless men-stealers—merchants teaching the nations lessons of mutual dependence—and many others, as well as missionaries, all work in the same direction, and all efforts are overruled for one glorious end."

His experience at Kolobeng had taught him that the most permanent results of missionary labor could be realized only by bringing the people into such relations with other nations that a natural business interest would be felt in their improvement. He felt that to encourage Africans to cultivate their soil and gather their treasures for an honest market among Christian nations would most effectually open the way for the gospel. It was his idea to have the missions of Africa enjoy the protection and fostering care of nations which might feel themselves in some sort interested materially in the elevation of the tribes. In the hope of this he had traversed the country from the Cape to Loanda, and from Loanda across to the mouth of the Zambesi, and had brought out assurances of inexhaustible resources, in the fertility of soil, the wealth of timber, an amazing amount of animal life, with birds, fowls, fishes, etc.; the profusion of fruits, iron, coal, gold; and all in the midst of people through whose villages he had passed unharmed; who were weary of their own unsettled condition and eager for the intercourse of the white man. He had suffered severely in body, and had made sacrifice of his fondest affections; but he was rewarded by the hope that his labor would be effectual in engaging the attention of mankind for Africa. 'Tis beautiful to find this noble man, forgetful of his sorrows and toils, recounting so happily the kindnesses he had received. He was a man on whom the smallest attention was not lost. His humility and his independence both forbade his making demands of his fellow-men, and all that they did for him was accounted kindness and received with gratitude. In all his discoveries he did not fail to note the discovery of "a vast number of good people in the world."

And his heart was full of devout thanks to the Gracious One who had watched over him in every position, and influenced hearts of both black and white to regard him with favor.

It must have seemed a long six weeks that he was waiting at Kilimane. But at length the "Frolic" arrived, bringing abundant supplies for him and £150 to pay his passage to England. The eight of his followers who had been allowed to accompany their "father" to the coast were eager to follow him still. The order of Sekeletu to them was that none of them should turn back until they had reached "Ma Robert." The simple resolution of these men, accustomed to absolute obedience, could hardly submit to the difficulty of crossing the sea. They only knew that *wherever* their "father" might lead they were to follow. But Livingstone prevailed on them to go back to Tete, where food was more abundant, and await his return to them. He was constrained, however, to allow the Sekwebu to accompany him. This man had been of great service, and it was hoped that it would be beneficial to him to be brought in contact with thorough civilization. And being a man of remarkable intelligence, it could hardly fail to be of great service to have him return filled with respect and love for the English and aspirations for a nobler life; but how sadly the hopes of the missionary were disappointed shall be seen.

It will be remembered that Sekeletu had committed large quantities of ivory to Dr. Livingstone, and commissioned him to procure a few articles. A man less sincerely interested in the heathen, or less conscientious, might have acted differently. This man was too anxious that no hurtful impressions should be made on the minds of the people—whose salvation he sought, and not their substance—to take the slightest advantage of his position; and although the larger portion of the ivory was a gift to himself, he stored it all at Kilimane, that he might not be thought to have made off with Sekeletu's property, and determined to purchase the articles he had ordered with his own means, if he should return as he expected.

They left Kilimane on the morning of July 12th. The sea was in a rage, and the little boats were tossed like straws on the mighty waves. One moment they were trembling on some lofty crest, then rushing down the slope the next moment, they would seem to strike the very bottom of the sea, while the wild breakers swept over them, making even the stout hearts of old seamen tremble. The experience of the sea was new to Sekwebu, and he looked at his friend and inquired anxiously, "Is this the way you go? is this the way you go?" The smile of Livingstone encouraged him and quieted his fears. At the ship's side the landsmen had to be lifted in as ladies usually are. But once on board they were at home. The hearty English welcome filled the soul of Dr. Livingstone with inexpressible gladness. But he had almost lost command of his native tongue. Sekwebu became a great favorite with all on board. But the poor fellow was perplexed; there was too great a strain on his untutored mind. When he had picked up a little English, he would frequently say to his "father": "Your countrymen are very agreeable; but what a strange country is this—all water together!" Before they reached Mauritius the faithful man became insane and cast himself into the sea, and could never be found afterward. After a delay of two months at Mauritius for the recovery of his health, Livingstone reached the shores of his "dear old England" on the 12th of December.

Who shall follow him and violate with curious gaze the sacredness of the joyful meeting with his wife and children, and tell how fondly he clasped an aged mother in his manly arms, and how she thanked God that her "boy" was back again? And who shall interview the memories which crowded about him as he walked by the banks of the Clyde?

It is our business, though, that all England gave him welcome; that the news of his return was hailed with gratitude by thousands who had followed him with their prayers.

Men of science, statesmen and Christians, cherishing each their different interests, accounted him their friend and helper. The church and government and societies vied with each other in doing him honor. He was concerned only that societies and government and church should love his work and lend it their support.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME.

Meeting on January 5th—Egyptian Hall—Splendid Assembly—Speech of Lord Mayor—Speech of Bishop of London—Speech of Sir Roderick Murchison—Livingstone's Response—Resolutions—Subscription—Travels in England—Public Enthusiasm—Public Meeting in Manchester—Resolutions — Public Meeting at Leeds—Addresses and Resolutions—Generous Rivalry of Cities and Institutions—Presentation of the Freedom of London to Livingstone—Distinguished Personages—Complimentary Addresses—Tremendous Applause—A Beautiful Casket—Imposing Ceremony—Book-Writing—Difficulties—Surprised by the Appearance of a Bogus Book—Explanation—Announcement of Dr. Livingstone's Book—Twentieth Thousand in Six Weeks—Press Comments—Extract from the *London Leader* of that Date—Effects of the Book—Interest in Commercial Prospects of Africa—Interest in Missions—Action of Missionary Societies—Invitations to Oxford and Cambridge—Grand Assembly at Cambridge—The Reception of Livingstone, According to Professor Sedgwick—Reception of War Veterans—Of Chancellors—Of the Queen—None More Hearty than that of Livingstone.

THE presence of Dr. Livingstone in England deepened the interest in the great enterprise which had engaged his heart so fully, and in connection with which he had commanded the respect of the noblest and most intelligent men of the land. The greatest respect was paid him in public and private.

On the 5th of January a large and splendid assembly filled the grand Egyptian Hall in the Mansion House, which had been granted by the Lord Mayor of London for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Dr. Livingstone for the service rendered by him to commerce, science and civilization, by his discoveries in South Africa. The Lord Mayor presided, and conspicuous in the assembly were the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Victoria, various members of Parliament, distinguished travellers and men of science. Dr. Livingstone was received with great enthusiasm. The Lord Mayor opened the meeting with a little speech, in which he "ventured to assert that the most gratifying event connected with his mayoralty was, that the first meeting in the hall was for the purpose of paying a national tribute of admiration and praise to Dr. Livingstone, the great traveller in South Africa. His decided committal of himself and the English people to the great work of African exploration, and the unqualified expressions of sympathy with the great and self-sacrificing man whom they now claimed as their guest," were most heartily indorsed by the cheers and volleys of applause which hailed almost every sentence, and only subsided in respect for the distinguished Bishop of London, who was next introduced. The bishop assured the audience that he accounted it a great privilege to be permitted to meet together in the greatest metropolis of the world, to express thanks to Divine Providence for allowing Dr. Livingstone to be brought back in safety from the perils which he had undergone, and the meeting he trusted would be permitted to hope, that when he was about to return to that country, where his heart was devoted to the service of the Lord, the same providence would continue to protect him. It was, indeed, most gratifying to meet here to express an opinion of what Dr. Livingstone had done. It was most gratifying to find that civilization, the spirit of commercial enterprise, and the missionary cause should go hand in hand: in the person of Dr. Livingstone they had all these three united. There was a lesson for themselves in this great man, which probably those whom he addressed would not be slow to apply: that they ought never to separate common secular pursuits from those that worked the glory of God. "A few years ago it was said that the age of heroism was passed; but the lie had been given to that by the brilliant instances which had recently occurred. And whilst they celebrated those cases at home, it was gratifying to find that in far-distant fields, uncheered by applause, this man whom they met to honor carried on his heroic enterprise, deserving and commanding the praise of his countrymen more than others to whom they had been ready to award it."

Several other distinguished gentlemen addressed the audience, among whom was that generous and devoted friend of Dr. Livingstone, Sir Roderick Murchison, the learned devotee of geographical science and president of the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. Livingstone found great difficulty in responding to these cordial and congratulatory speeches; his tongue had been long accustomed to other dialects; the language of Africa had become more familiar than that of his mother. He could little more than thank the assembly for the honor and sympathy which he received, and promise them the opportunity of reading at their leisure accounts of his wanderings in the benighted land which had excited so much curiosity and enlisted so deep an interest. And among the interesting notices of the meeting, which may be found in the papers of the day, were the following resolutions offered by the Bishop of London and Sir Roderick Murchison, and most enthusiastically carried:

"This meeting, consisting of merchants, bankers and others, citizens of London, hereby present Dr. Livingstone their sincere congratulations on the signal care and protection of Divine Providence vouchsafed to him throughout his prolonged and perilous labors in exploring the interior of south Africa; the meeting cherishes the gratifying assurance that the important discoveries of Dr. Livingstone will tend hereafter to advance the interests of civilization, knowledge, commerce, freedom and religion among the numerous tribes and nations of that vast continent."

The resolution of Sir Roderick Murchison was characteristic of the man whose generosity was the handmaid of his greatness, and whose sense of justice was equal to his learning; he moved:

"This meeting, highly appreciating the intrepidity and perseverance of Dr. Livingstone in his extended and dangerous journeys, deems it incumbent to originate a pecuniary tribute as an expression of their admiration and gratitude for his disinterested and self-denying labors in the cause of science and philanthropy."

The enthusiastic assembly was only too eager for an opportunity of expressing an interest so *material* in such a man and such an enterprise, and their generous contributions underscored their words of love and cheer. With such an introduction, it was not to be expected that a year in England could be a year of rest and retirement for Dr. Livingstone. Various communities desired to honor him, and he could not refuse their invitations, so candid and complimentary, if he had not considered every such occasion a golden opportunity for impressing the tremendous consequences of African exploration and evangelization on the minds of his fellow-countrymen. Thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the true system of evangelization in such a country should not despise the humbler agencies which seek only the narrower aims of the present existence, it was his constant endeavor to awaken and deepen the interest of his countrymen in the commercial offerings of Africa. The diligence and enthusiasm with which he was all the time striving to enlighten the people before whom he appeared concerning the agricultural and mineral resources of the wild continent is explained, not by the deeper interest which he felt in such matters, but the eagerness with which he sought to bridle the mighty energies of human interest into the service of Christian missions. Nor was he unsuccessful; all England became aroused; there were meetings in all quarters, eager to hear at his lips accounts of the wonderful possibilities which lay concealed in the forests which he had so heroically penetrated and passed through from sea to sea. The members of the Chamber of Commerce, Commercial Association and Cotton Supply Association assembled in the Town Hall, at Manchester, and extended him a most hearty reception. He addressed them on the commercial products and prospects of Africa, calling particular attention to the capacity of the continent for growing cotton. The deepest attention, and questions betraying a real interest in the matter, evinced the power of the facts which he stated and the arguments which he educed; and at the end of his address the following motion was put and carried:

"That this meeting desires to express its warmest thanks to Dr. Livingstone for his visit to Manchester; to record their appreciation of the importance of his discoveries; their high sense of his noble exertions for the extension of knowledge, as well as his self-devotion in again seeking to visit those hitherto unexplored countries with a view to their civilization by the aids of Christianity and commerce; that, feeling a deep interest in the self-denying labors of Dr. Livingstone, this meeting earnestly requests her Majesty's government will place at his disposal a steamboat duly appointed and capable of ascending the navigable portion of the Zambesi, with such further accommodation in boats and otherwise as may be deemed sufficient for the exploration of its tributaries, and for obtaining and retaining friendly relations with the natives of that interesting region. And the public bodies now assembled pledge themselves to use their utmost exertions for the promotion of these objects; that this meeting desire to impress on her Majesty's government their earnest desire that the aid of the Portuguese government should be especially requested towards facilitating, in every possible manner, the further researches of Dr. Livingstone in the interior of Africa, and more especially in the districts surrounding the river Zambesi and its tributaries; that a sub-committee of the following gentlemen, being the chairmen of the public bodies here assembled, be empowered and requested to carry out the resolution of this meeting, with power to add to their number: Mr. John Cheetham, M. P., Mr. J. A. Turner, M. P., and Mr. Thomas Basley."

Shortly after the meeting in Manchester, Dr. Livingstone was called on to address an aggregate meeting of the Leeds, Bradford and Halifax Chambers of Commerce, in the Leeds Stock Exchange. The meeting received him with great respect, and added their voice to the resolutions passed at Manchester. The commercial chambers of West Riding came in with their indorsement, and called on the county members, Lord Viscount Goderich and Mr. Edmund Denison, for their influence in support of the explorer. The speech, in which Lord Goderich responded to the call, was as cordial and flattering as could be desired. In the course of it, he said: "When we consider the vast industries in England which are altogether dependent on the regular and extensive supply of cotton, can we doubt that Dr. Livingstone's discoveries are of the greatest political interest to the country? We ought to have the means of drawing our supplies of cotton from various sources; we should be as nearly independent of local circumstances as possible, for these local circumstances might affect, at any day, both the source and extent of the supply." But his lordship would not be understood as advocating the views of Dr. Livingstone and sustaining his enterprise solely on commercial grounds: he entered "most heartily into those higher motives which actuated the hero-missionary in carrying civilization and Christianity into those distant regions."

Such was the interest which, spreading beyond all missionary societies and creed lines, was preparing the English people to adopt as their honored and trusted agent the man who, under all circumstances, avowed his absolute consecration to the conversion of Africa to Christ, which was ripening the request in the heart of the nation that the church would suffer their missionary explorer to become an explorer missionary. Such was the interest which caused a hearty rivalry between city authorities and commercial unions and scientific societies in bestowing on this humble, earnest, consecrated man their highest honors. Various cities presented him the freedom of their corporations The ceremony of this attention in London was peculiarly imposing. "On the 21st of May," says the *Illustrated London News,* "the Court of Common Council presented an unusually gay appearance in consequence of the attendance of a number of ladies to witness the ceremony of presenting Dr. Livingstone the 'freedom of the city,' as a testimonial of his zeal and persevering exertions in the important discoveries which he has made in Africa. Dr. Livingstone was introduced amid great applause by Mr. J. E. Saunders and Alderman Rose, the mover and seconder of the resolution; and, after the declaration of freedom was read, was addressed by Sir John Key, Bart., the Chamberlain, in a highly eulogistic speech, in which were fully detailed the difficulties overcome, and the benefits to science and art achieved by his indomitable zeal. Dr. Livingstone's address in reply was vehemently cheered; and, after receiving the congratulations of the Lord Mayor and the principal members of the corporation, and of the lady mayoress and several ladies, he retired amid great applause."

This testimonial of the city government was presented in a beautifully-ornamented casket, designed and manufactured by the best skill. The box itself was of African oak, with representations of miniature palm trees in frosted silver at each corner. On each of the four sides there was a silver plate. On that in front was engraved the resolution of the court; that at the back represented an African scene, with the doctor exploring a river, and at the ends were science and commerce in bold relief—science surrounded by a globe, compass and telescope; commerce by coal pits, shafts, etc. The lid was surmounted by a group of figures—an European holding the hand of friendship to an African under a palm tree. Such a design, so highly characteristic, executed by the most exquisite skill, was a beautiful expression of the appreciation which was as thoughtful as it was ardent. Such an expression of regard and appreciation on the part of the highest dignitaries might have turned the head of a less earnest man; but Dr. Livingstone was absorbed in the great work to which he felt that God had called him, and to which he had so willingly devoted himself. Among the many engagements which filled his time, not the least important or laborious by far was the preparation of his voluminous account of his sixteen years in South Africa. Those who have never undertaken the making of a book have yet to learn the A B C of sympathy for those who contribute so important a part of our happiness. A volume of seven hundred closely-printed pages, made up largely from memoranda written years before, in the midst of ever-changing scenes—written, too, under the great disadvantage of having grown unused to his native tongue—was itself abundant occupation for a *rest year*. The work seemed to progress very slowly; several times the active man—who could perform noble deeds more rapidly than he could recount them, and could suffer with a better relish than he could complain—was on the point of abandoning the book that he might hasten to the scene of fresh labors and new adventures. It is hardly surprising that he exhibited rather unusual annoyance when, very unexpectedly one fine autumn morning, his eye read the advertisement of the "Travels of David Livingstone in South Africa," by an author unknown to him, who, depending only on newspaper articles and Geographical Society reports, had come before the public with his work, while the real hero of the story was still groaning over the unfinished chapters of his book. The severity of the doctor upon this author and on the publishers as well was fearful; but, like generous men that they were, finding that the traveller himself was preparing an account of his own adventures and discoveries, they threw away their labor and the money they had expended, by suppressing the book entirely, and the public appetite was only whetted by the incident for the real work of Dr. Livingstone, which was announced about the 1st of September, 1857, and an advertisement in the November following mentioned the twentieth thousand just taken from the press. Seldom had the reading public of England manifested a deeper interest in a book; an interest, too, which was seconded by the great demand for the singularly interesting book in other countries. It did not, however, escape the severe criticism which everything human must expect, since there are so many people in the world whose single aptitude is for slaughter, and whose solitary delight consists in viewing the mutilation of productions which they despise because they are incapable of appreciating them. The leading journals of England and America made haste to furnish their readers with very extended reviews, which were made up largely of lengthy quotations concerning the customs of the people and the features of the country which the writer had so vividly depicted. The *London Leader* for November 24th, in the midst of an extended editorial, could not restrain its admiration, and burst forth into a very eloquent tribute. "The author," says the reviewer, "is an Aladdin wandering through his new palace, with its infinite series of chambers, each a treasury. He is a Marco Polo, recounting the marvels of Nigritian Carthy. A Mungo Park, coming suddenly upon unknown lakes and rivers. A Della Valle in the romance of his adventures; and more than a sixteenth century pilgrim in the intrepidity of his enterprises."

Public sentiment ripened rapidly after the publication of the book. The simple, candid and careful account of the tribes, the soil, rivers, animals, trees, plants, climate and minerals, left no room for doubt, and the foremost men of the nation were ready to forward with their means and influence an enterprise which looked to the complete opening up of the wonderful land so suddenly brought to view.

Nor was the Christian community behind the commercial. The London Missionary Society manifested their confidence in the judgment of Livingstone by arranging for mission stations with the Makololo and the Matebele. It was with deep regret, too, that they relinquished from their service the man who was so peculiarly fitted to head such enterprises; but they felt that a more extended field demanded his services. It was not for him to confine his attention to a single tribe or a circumscribed territory. God seemed to have laid it upon him to be the pioneer of his truth throughout the length and breadth of the land. Besides the action of the London Missionary Society, the Free Church of Scotland sent out the Rev. James Stewart to report on the practicability of commencing missionary operations in the newly-explored territory. The great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge sent for him, and in those grand centres of learning and influence he was glad to appear with the avowed "purpose of striving to awaken a deeper interest in Christian missions to the heathen; and he spoke with the authority of the greatest of modern travellers among men, and in the places where a missionary spirit ought to prevail pre-eminently." And it is a noble record of those ancient and honorable institutions, that in their reception of the man and his message they "proved themselves, as ever before, ready to recognize merit, advance science, encourage philanthropy and promote religion." "At Cambridge particularly," says a contemporary, "the scene in the Senate House was worthy of the most graphic painting of pen or pencil. There was a solemn majesty about it which all must have felt. It was an uncommon occasion. Cambridge elevation and culture came suddenly into contact with the mighty questions of African degradation and progress. Extremes had met. Africa was appealing by the mouth of her warm-hearted advocate in one of the greatest centres of civilization and evangelization in the world, for help in her feebleness, light in her darkness, truth wherewith to battle her own error, and redress against her cruel wrongs of centuries."

The period of the doctor's visit to Cambridge was very opportune. The academic body, and especially the chief authorities, were in residence, and among the distinguished men who paid him marked attentions were Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College; Professor Sedgwick, the Astronomer Royal; Professor Selwyn; and Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's College. A few paragraphs of a letter by Professor Sedgwick about that time, for publication, cannot fail to interest every one who reads this book. "In the long period of my academic life," he says, "I have been many times present in our Senate House on occasions of joyful excitement. The few amongst us who remember the early years of this century cannot now forget the thoughts which filled the national heart, if not with fear, at least with sorrow and deep anxiety; for England saw nation after nation falling before the sword of the first Napoleon; till at length she stood alone, with all the great powers of Europe combined against her. But a brighter season followed. Europe regained its freedom from military domination; and England, with her institutions safe and her soil inviolate, seemed to stand on a pinnacle of glory. Again and again have I seen those good, stout-hearted men who, under God, had helped to work out the deliverance of Europe from military servitude, greeted in the Senate House with our loudest acclamations. I have been present at four installation festivals, when we met to do honor to the good men whom by our votes we had placed at the head of the University. All these were occasions of honest and great excitement. The last of them was graced and honored by the presence of our sovereign. To her was due the first homage of the University, and it was given by us not grudgingly, but with a loyalty that carried us almost beyond ourselves, and drew from us the most fervent gratulations that affectionate and grateful subjects are permitted to exhibit in the presence of their sovereign. Nor did we, during that season of loyalty, forget our youthful chancellor, or abate one jot of the honor due him. We greeted him as one placed by our free choice in the highest office of the University; as the consort of our queen; as the father of the future sovereign of England; and as a man well trained in academic learning, to whose wisdom we might look for counsel in any times of difficulty, and to whose eloquence and influence we might look for protection in an hour of danger. All of these were grand occasions; but on none of them," continues the enthusiastic professor, "were the gratulations of the University more honest and true-hearted than those offered to Dr. Livingstone. He stood before them a plain, single-minded, cheerful man, and addressed that learned assembly in unadorned and simple words; telling them simple facts, which, although some present had read his book, had all the power of freshness still. There was nothing of self-glorying. More than once he exclaimed in the midst of his addresses, 'I have made no sacrifice; I have only done my duty.' Providence had guided him; he had only obeyed impulses which he could not have been happy in suppressing. He was cherished and honored as a Christian brother."

It may not be out of place to introduce here one of those addresses which held a senate of scholars in profound attention. It contains for us, as it contained for many in the audience to whom it was spoken, much that we have read; but it may serve to illustrate the man; at least, may be appreciated as a pleasant memento of him, and as connected with an occasion whose influence will be felt many years to come. We will, therefore, dedicate a chapter to this address.

CHAPTER XIV.

LECTURE BEFORE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

[Delivered before the University of Cambridge, in the Senate-House, on Friday, December 4, 1857. Dr. Philpott, Master of St. Catharine's College, Vice-Chancellor, in the chair. The building was crowded to excess with all ranks of the University and their friends. The reception was so enthusiastic that literally there were volley after volley of cheers. The Vice-Chancellor introduced Dr. Livingstone to the meeting, who spoke nearly as follows:]

When I went to Africa about seventeen years ago I resolved to acquire an accurate knowledge of the native tongues; and as I continued, while there, to speak generally in the African languages, the result is that I am not now very fluent in my own; but if you will excuse my imperfections under that head, I will endeavor to give you as clear an idea of Africa as I can. If you look at the map of Africa you will discover the shortness of the coast-line, which is in consequence of the absence of deep indentations of the sea. This is one reason why the interior of Africa has remained so long unknown to the rest of the world. Another reason is the unhealthiness of the coast, which seems to have reacted upon the disposition of the people, for they are very unkindly, and opposed to Europeans passing through their country. In the southern part of Africa lies the great Kalahari desert, not so called as being a mere sandy plain, devoid of vegetation: such a desert I never saw until I got between Suez and Cairo. Kalahari is called a desert because it contains no streams, and water is obtained only from deep wells. The reason why so little rain falls on this extensive plain is, because the winds prevailing over the greater part of the interior country are easterly, with a little southing. The moisture taken up by the atmosphere from the Indian ocean is deposited on the eastern hilly slope; and when the moving mass of air reaches its greatest elevation, it is then on the verge of the great valley, or, as in the case of the Kalahari, the great heated inland plains there meeting with the rarefied air of that hot, dry surface, the ascending heat gives it greater capacity for retaining all its remaining humidity, and few showers can be given to the middle and western lands in consequence of the increased hygrometric power. The people living there, not knowing the physical reasons why they have so little rain, are in the habit of sending to the mountains on the east for rain-makers, in whose power of making rain they have a firm belief. They say the people in these mountains have plenty of rain, and therefore must possess a medicine for making it. This faith in rain-making is a remarkable feature in the people in the country, and they have a good deal to say in favor of it. If you say you do not believe that these medicines have any power upon the clouds, they reply that that is just the way people talk about what they do not understand. They take a bulb, pound it, and administer an infusion of it to a sheep: in a short time the sheep dies in convulsions, and then they ask, Has not the medicine power? I do not think our friends of the homœopathic "persuasion" have much more to say than that. The common argument known to all those tribes is this —"God loves you white men better than us: he made you first, and did not make us pretty like you: he made us afterwards, and does not love us as he loves you. He gave you clothing, and horses and wagons, and guns and powder, and that Book, which you are always talking about. He gave us only two things—cattle and a knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise the things that you have; we only wish that we had them too; we do not despise that Book of yours, although we do not understand it: so you ought not to despise our knowledge of rain-making, although you do not understand it." You cannot convince them that they have no power to make rain. As it is with the homœopathist, so it is with the rain-maker—you might argue your tongue out of joint and would convince neither.

I went into that country for the purpose of teaching the doctrines of our holy religion, and settled with the tribes on the border of the Kalahari desert. These tribes were those of the Bakwains, Bushmen and Bakalahari. Sechele is the chief of the former. On the occasion of the first religious service held, he asked me if he could put some questions on the subject of

Christianity, since such was the custom of their country when any new subject was introduced to their notice. I said, "By all means." He then inquired "If my forefathers knew of a future judgment?" I said, "Yes;" and began to describe the scene of the great white throne, and Him who should sit on it, from whose face the heavens shall flee away, and be no more seen; interrupting, he said, "You startle me, these words make all my bones to shake, I have no more strength in me. You have been talking about a future judgment, and many terrible things of which we know nothing," repeating, "Did your forefathers know of these things?" I again replied in the affirmative. The chief said, "All my forefathers have passed away into darkness, without knowing anything of what was to befall them; how is it that your forefathers, knowing all these things, did not send word to my forefathers sooner?" This was rather a poser; but I explained the geographical difficulties, and said it was only after we had begun to send the knowledge of Christ to Cape Colony and other parts of the country, to which we had access, that we came to them; that it was their duty to receive what Europeans had now obtained the power to offer them; and that the time would come when the whole world would receive the knowledge of Christ, because Christ had promised that all the earth should be covered with a knowledge of himself. The chief pointed to the Kalahari desert, and said, "Will you ever get beyond that with your gospel? We, who are more accustomed to thirst than you are, cannot cross that desert; how can you?" I stated my belief in the promise of Christ; and in a few years afterwards that chief was the man who enabled me to cross that desert; and not only so, but he himself preached the gospel to tribes beyond it.

In some years more rain than usual falls in the desert, and then there is a large crop of water-melons. When this occurred the desert might be crossed: in 1852, a gentleman crossed it, and his oxen existed on the fluid contained in the melons for twenty-two days. In crossing the desert different sorts of country are met with; up to twentieth south latitude there is a comparatively dry and arid country, and you might travel for four days, as I have done, without a single drop of water for the oxen. Water for the travellers themselves was always carried in the wagons, the usual mode of travelling south of the twentieth degree of latitude being by ox-wagon. For four days, upon several occasions, we had not a drop of water for the oxen: but beyond twentieth south latitude, going to the north, we travelled to Loanda, one thousand five hundred miles, without carrying water for a single day. The country in the southern part of Africa is a kind of oblong basin, stretching north and south, bounded on all sides by old schist rocks. The waters of this central basin find an exit through a fissure into the river Zambesi, flowing to the east, the basin itself being covered with a layer of calcareous tufa.

My object in going into the country south of the desert was to instruct the natives in a knowledge of Christianity, but many circumstances prevented my living amongst them more than seven years, amongst which were considerations arising out of the slave system carried on by the Dutch Boers. I resolved to go into the country beyond, and soon found that, for the purposes of commerce, it was necessary to have a path to the sea. I might have gone on instructing the natives in religion, but as civilization and Christianity must go on together, I was obliged to find a path to the sea, in order that I should not sink to the level of the natives. The chief was overjoyed at the suggestion, and furnished me with twenty-seven men, and canoes and provisions, and presents for the tribes through whose country we had to pass. We might have taken a shorter path to the sea than that to the north, and then to the west, by which we went; but along the country by the shorter route there is an insect called the tsetse whose bite is fatal to horses, oxen, and dogs, but not to men or donkeys.—You seem to think there is a connection between the two.—The habitat of that insect is along the shorter route to the sea. The bite of it is fatal to domestic animals, not immediately, but certainly in the course of two or three months; the animal grows leaner and leaner, and gradually dies of emaciation: a horse belonging to Gordon Cumming died of a bite five or six months after it was bitten.

On account of this insect, I resolved to go to the north, and then westwards to the Portuguese settlement of Loanda. Along the course of the river which we passed game was so abundant that there was no difficulty in supplying the wants of my whole party: antelopes were so tame that they might be shot from the canoe. But beyond fourteen degrees of south latitude the natives had guns, and had themselves destroyed the game, so that I and my party had to live on charity. The people, however, in that central region were friendly and hospitable: but they had nothing but vegetable productions; the most abundant was the cassava, which, however nice when made into tapioca pudding, resembles in its more primitive condition nothing so much as a mess of laundress' starch. There was a desire in the various villages through which we passed to have intercourse with us, and kindness and hospitality were shown us; but when we got near the Portuguese settlement of Angola the case was changed, and payment was demanded for everything. But I had nothing to pay with. Now the people had been in the habit of trading with the slavers, and so they said I might give one of my men in payment for what I wanted. When I showed them that I could not do this, they looked upon me as an interloper, and I was sometimes in danger of being murdered.

As we neared the coast, the name of England was recognized, and we got on with ease. Upon one occasion, when I was passing through the parts visited by slave-traders, a chief who wished to show me some kindness offered me a slave-girl; upon explaining that I had a little girl of my own, whom I should not like my own chief to give to a black man, the chief thought I was displeased with the size of the girl and sent me one a head taller. By this and other means I convinced my men of my opposition to the principle of slavery; and when we arrived at Loanda I took them on board a British vessel, where I took a pride in showing them that those countrymen of mine and those guns were there for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade. They were convinced from what they saw of the honesty of Englishmen's intentions; and the hearty reception they met with from the sailors made them say to me, "We see they are your countrymen, for they have hearts like you." On the journey the men had always looked forward to reaching the coast; they had seen Manchester prints, and other articles imported therefrom, and they could not believe they were made by mortal hands. On reaching the sea, they thought they had come to the end of the world. They said, "We marched along with our father, thinking the world was a large plain without limit: but all at once the land said, 'I am finished; there is no more of me;'" and they called themselves the true old men—the true ancients—having gone to the end of the world. On reaching Loanda, they commenced trading in firewood, and also engaged themselves at sixpence a day in unloading coals, brought by a steamer for the supply of the cruiser lying there to watch the slave-vessels. On their return, they told their people "we worked for a whole moon, carrying away the stones that burn." By the time they were ready to go back to their own country, each had secured a large bundle of goods. On the way back, however, fever detained them, and their goods were all gone, leaving them on their return home as poor as when they started.

I had gone towards the coast for the purpose of finding a direct path to the sea, but on going through the country we found forests so dense that the sun had not much influence on the ground, which was covered with yellow mosses, and all the trees with white lichens. Amongst these forests were little streams, each having its source in a bog; in fact, nearly all the rivers in that country commence in bogs. Finding it impossible to travel here in a wheel conveyance, I left my wagon behind, and I believe it is standing in perfect safety where I last saw it at the present moment. The only other means of conveyance we had was ox-back, by no means a comfortable mode of travelling. I therefore came back to discover another route to the coast by means of the river Zambesi.

The same system of inundation that distinguishes the Nile is also effected by this river, and the valley of the Barotse is exceedingly like the valley of the Nile between Cairo and Alexandria. The inundations of the Zambesi, however, cause no muddy sediment like those of the Nile, and, only that there are no snow-mountains, would convey the impression that the inundations were the result of the melting of snow from adjoining hills. The face of the country presents no such features, but elevated plains, so level that rain-water stands for months together upon them. The water does not flow off, but gradually soaks into the soil, and then oozes out in bogs, in which all the rivers take their rise. They have two rainy seasons in the year, and consequently two periods of inundation. The reason why the water remains so clear is this: the country is covered by such a mass of vegetation that the water flows over the grass, etc., without disturbing the soil beneath.

There is a large central district containing a large lake formed by the course of the Zambesi, to explore which would be well worthy of the attention of any individual wishing to distinguish himself.

Having got down amongst the people in the middle of the country, and having made known to my friend, the chief, my desire to have a path for civilization and commerce on the east, he again furnished me with means to pursue my researches eastward; and, to show how disposed the natives were to aid me in my expedition, I had one hundred and fourteen men to accompany me to the east, whilst those who had travelled to the west with me only amounted to twenty-seven. I carried with me thirty tusks of ivory; and, on leaving my wagon to set forth on my journey, two warriors of the country offered a heifer apiece to the man who should slay any one who molested it. Having proceeded about a hundred miles, I found myself short of ammunition, and despatched an emissary back to the chief to procure more percussion caps from a box I had in my wagon. Not understanding the lock, the chief took a hatchet and split the lid open to get what was wanted; and notwithstanding the insecure state in which it remained, I found, on returning two years after, that its contents were precisely as I left them. Such honesty is rare even in civilized Christian England, as I know from experience; for I sent a box of fossils to Dr. Buckland, which, after arriving safely in England, was stolen from some railway, being probably mistaken for plate.

I could not make my friend, the chief, understand that I was poor; I had a quantity of sugar, and while it lasted the chief would favor me with his company to coffee; when it was gone, I told the chief how it was produced from the cane which grew in central Africa, but as they had no means of extracting the saccharine matter he requested me to procure a sugar-mill. When I told him I was poor, the chief then informed me that all the ivory in the country was at my disposal, and he accordingly loaded me with tusks, ten of which, on arriving at the coast, I spent in purchasing clothing for my followers; the rest were left at Quilimane, that the impression should not be produced in the country that they had been stolen in case of my non-return.

Englishmen are very apt to form their opinion of Africans from the elegant figures in tobacconists' shops; I scarcely think such are fair specimens of the African. I think, at the same time, that the African women would be much handsomer than they are if they would only let themselves alone; though unfortunately that is a failing by no means peculiar to African ladies; but they are, by nature, not particularly good-looking, and seem to take all the pains they can to make themselves worse. The people of one tribe knock out all their upper front teeth, and when they laugh are perfectly hideous. Another tribe of the Londa country file all their front teeth to a point, like cats' teeth, and when they grin put one in mind of alligators; many of the women are comely, but spoil their beauty by such unnatural means. Another tribe has a custom of piercing the cartilage of the nose and inserting a bit of reed, which spreads it out, and makes them very disagreeable-looking; others tie their hair, or rather wool, into basket-work, resembling the tonsorial decorations of the ancient Egyptians; others, again, dress their hair with a hoop around it, so as to resemble the gloria round the head of the virgin; rather a different application of the hoop to that of English ladies.

The people of central Africa have religious ideas stronger than those of the Caffres and other southern nations, who talk much of God but pray seldom. They pray to departed relatives, by whom they imagine illnesses are sent to punish them for any neglect on their part. Evidences of the Portuguese Jesuit missionary operations are still extant, and are carefully preserved by the natives; one tribe can all read and write, which is ascribable to the teaching of the Jesuits; their only books are, however, histories of saints, and miracles effected by the parings of saintly toe-nails, and such like nonsense; but, surely, if such an impression has once been produced, it might be hoped that the efforts of Protestant missionaries, who would leave the Bible with these poor people, would not be less abiding.

In a commercial point of view communication with this country is desirable. Angola is wonderfully fertile, producing every kind of tropical plant in rank luxuriance. Passing on to the valley of Quango, the stalk of the grass was as thick as a quill, and towered above my head, although I was mounted on my ox; cotton is produced in great abundance, though merely woven into common cloth; bananas and pine-apples grow in great luxuriance; but the people having no maritime communication, these advantages are almost lost. The country on the other side is not quite so fertile, but in addition to indigo, cotton, and sugar-cane, produces a fibrous substance, which I am assured is stronger than flax.

The Zambesi has not been thought much of as a river by Europeans, not appearing very large at its mouth; but on going up it for seventy miles it is enormous. The first three hundred miles might be navigated without obstacle; then there is a rapid, and near it a coal-field of large extent. The elevated sides of the basin, which form the most important feature of the country, are far different in climate to the country nearer the sea, or even the centre. Here the grass is short, and the Angola goat, which could not live in the centre, had been seen on the east highland by Mr. Moffat.

My desire is to open a path to this district, that civilization, commerce, and Christianity might find their way there. I consider that we made a great mistake when we carried commerce into India in being ashamed of our Christianity; as a matter of common sense and good policy, it is always best to appear in one's true character. In travelling through Africa I might have imitated certain Portuguese, and have passed for a chief; but I never attempted anything of the sort, although endeavoring always to keep to the lessons of cleanliness rigidly instilled by my mother long ago. the consequence was that the natives respected me for that quality, though remaining dirty themselves.

I had a pass from the Portuguese consul, and on arriving at their settlement I was asked what I was. I said, "A missionary, and a doctor, too." They asked, "Are you a doctor of medicine?"—"Yes."—"Are you not a doctor of mathematics, too?"—"No."—"And yet you can take longitudes and latitudes." Then they asked me about my moustache; and I simply said I wore it because men had moustaches to wear and ladies had not. They could not understand either why a sacerdote should have a wife and four children; and many a joke took place upon that subject. I used to say, "Is it not better to have children with than without a wife?" Englishmen of education always command respect without any adventitious aid. A Portuguese governor left for Angola, giving out that he was going to keep a large establishment, and taking with him quantities of crockery, and about five hundred waistcoats; but when he arrived in Africa he made a "deal" of them. Educated Englishmen seldom descend to that sort of thing.

A prospect is now before us of opening Africa for commerce and the gospel. Providence has been preparing the way; for even before I proceeded to the Central basin it had been conquered and rendered safe by a chief named Sebituane, and the language of the Bechuanas made the fashionable tongue, and that was one of the languages into which Mr. Moffat had translated the Scriptures. Sebituane also discovered Lake Ngami some time previous to my explorations in that part. In going back to that country my object is to open up traffic along the banks of the Zambesi, and also to preach the gospel. The natives of central Africa are very desirous of trading, but their only traffic is at present in slaves, of which the poorer people have an unmitigated horror; it is therefore most desirable to encourage the former principle, and thus open a way for the consumption of free productions, and the introduction of Christianity and commerce. By encouraging the native propensity for trade, the advantages that might be derived in a commercial point of view are incalculable; nor should we lose sight of the inestimable blessings it is in our power to bestow upon the unenlightened African by giving him the light of Christianity. Those two pioneers of civilization — Christianity and commerce—should ever be inseparable; and Englishmen should be warned by the fruits of neglecting that principle as exemplified in the result of the management of Indian affairs. By trading with Africa, also, we should at length be independent of slave-labor, and thus discountenance practices so obnoxious to every Englishman.

Though the natives are not absolutely anxious to receive the gospel, they are open to Christian influences. Among the Bechuanas the gospel was well received. These people think it a crime to shed a tear, but I have seen some of them weep at the recollection of their sins when God had opened their hearts to Christianity and repentance. It is true that missionaries have difficulties to encounter; but what great enterprise was ever accomplished without difficulty? It is deplorable to think that one of the noblest of our missionary societies, the Church Missionary Society, is compelled to send to Germany for missionaries, whilst other societies are amply supplied. Let this stain be wiped off.—The sort of men who are wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me;—men of education, standing, enterprise, zeal, and piety. It is a mistake to suppose that *any one*, as long as he is pious, will do for this office. Pioneers in everything should be the ablest and best qualified men, not those of small ability and education. This remark especially applies to the first teachers of Christian truth in regions which may never have before been blest with the name and gospel of Jesus Christ. In the early ages the monasteries were the schools of Europe, and the monks were not ashamed to hold the plough. The missionaries now take the place of those noble men, and we should not hesitate to give up the small luxuries of life in order to carry knowledge and truth to them that are in darkness. I hope that many of those whom I now address will embrace that honorable career. Education has been given us from above for the purpose of bringing to the benighted the knowledge of a Saviour. If you knew the satisfaction of performing such a duty, as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel, in being chosen for so noble, so sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in embracing it.

For my own part, I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office. People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay?—Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?—Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver, and the soul to sink, but let this only be for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk, when we remember the great sacrifice which HE made who left his Father's throne on high to give himself for us:—"Who being the brightness of that Father's glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high."

English people are treated with respect; and the missionary can earn his living by his gun—a course not open to a country curate. I would rather be a poor missionary than a poor curate.

Then there is the pleasant prospect of returning home and seeing the agreeable faces of his countrywomen again. I suppose I present a pretty contrast to you. At Cairo we met a party of young English people, whose faces were quite a contrast to the skinny, withered ones of those who had spent the latter years of their life in a tropical clime; they were the first rosy cheeks I had seen for sixteen years; you can hardly tell how pleasant it is to see the blooming cheeks of young ladies before me, after an absence of sixteen years from such delightful objects of contemplation. There is also the pleasure of the welcome home, and I heartily thank you for the welcome you have given me on the present occasion; but there is also the hope of the welcome words of our Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

I beg to direct your attention to Africa;—I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU!

CHAPTER XV.

AGAIN IN AFRICA.

Results of Efforts at Universities—Universities' Mission—Livingstone Appointed British Consul—Interview with the Queen—Reasons for Accepting the Governmental Appointment—Love for his Mother—Care of her—Government Appropriation—The Farewell Banquet—Distinguished Assembly—Speeches—Sir Roderick Murchison—Livingstone's Address—Arrangements Completed—Members of the Expedition—The Steam Launch—The "Pearl"—The Departure from England—Livingstone's Responsibility—What the Government Expected—Letters by the Way—Arrival at the Mouth of the Zambesi.

THE effort of Dr. Livingstone at the great universities was not only an occasion full of complimentary attentions; it was an occasion which did not pass from the hearts of the noble men with whom he had held loving counsel, and he was rejoiced to witness speedy preparations on the part of Oxford and Cambridge, in which they were joined by the Universities of Durham and Dublin, for establishing a mission in Africa, to be known as the "Universities' Mission to Central Africa."

The time was now drawing nigh when he felt that he could no longer indulge himself in the comforts of home, even though, while there, his heart and hands were full of labors. He had been appointed by her majesty "British Consul to the Portuguese Possessions in South Africa," a position which he was constrained to accept, because it afforded facilities for prosecuting his work of opening Africa to the light of the gospel, which he could not enjoy as the missionary of any board. There was also a demand on him to assume relations which would be more remunerative. His aged mother needed his aid, and his noble heart would not excuse himself from so holy a duty as that of providing for the comfort of his mother, by even the important duties of his distant mission. He loved the Africans, but he did not feel himself called to suffer the light to go out in the home of his mother that he might kindle one on the hearth of his adopted brethren. The little incident, coming we hardly know how to our knowledge, sparkles like a jewel over the heart of the man we have already learned to love not less than we honor him.

Having appointed him as its ambassador, the government also appropriated £5000 for the fitting out of an expedition to explore the Zambesi and the neighboring country, to be headed by Dr. Livingstone. And her Majesty honored the man who had become the central object of the time, with a personal interview. The Royal Geographical Society took a deep interest in the new expedition, and one of the most interesting events of Dr. Livingstone's sojourn in England was the farewell banquet with which the distinguished members of this great society honored him on the 13th of February, 1868. The banquet was presided over by Sir Roderick Murchison, and there were more than three hundred gentlemen, many of them well known and of illustrious rank. Science and art were there to do honor to a noble man. The church and the state came to bid god-speed to the most faithful servant of both. The ambassadors of Denmark, Sweden and Norway were there, and many nobles and ladies filled the galleries, delighted to witness the proceedings and hear the speeches. There were many of these during the evening. The ever-ardent president delivered a characteristic address, in the midst of which, after referring to the service which their honored guest had rendered to those interests which are more conspicuous in human attention, he said: "These are great claims upon the admiration of men of science; but, great as they are, they fall far short of others which attach to the name of the missionary who, by his fidelity to his word, by his conscientious regard for his engagements, won the affection of the natives of Africa by the example which he set before them in his treatment of the poor people who followed him in his arduous researches through that great continent."

The speech of Dr. Livingstone on this occasion is particularly interesting, as giving a complete account of the great traveller's plans. He arose and said:

"When I was in Africa I could not but look forward with joyous anticipation to my arrival in my native land; but when I remember how I have been received, and when I reflect that I am now again returning to the scene of my former labors, I am at a loss how to express in words the feelings of my heart. In former times, while I was performing what I considered to be my duty in Africa, I felt great pleasure in the work; and now, when I perceive that all eyes are directed to my future conduct, I feel as if I were laid under a load of obligation to do better than I have ever done as yet. I expect to find for myself no large fortune in that country, nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country, but I do hope to find through that part of the country which I have already explored, a pathway by means of the river Zambesi which may lead to highlands where Europeans may form a settlement, and where, by opening up communication and establishing commercial intercourse with the natives of Africa, they may slowly, but not the less surely, impart to the people of that country the knowledge and the inestimable blessings of Christianity.

"I am glad to have connected with me in this expedition my gallant friend Captain Bedingfield, who knows not only what African rivers are, but also what are African fevers. With his aid I may be able to discover the principles of the river system of that great continent, and if I find that system to be what I think it is, I propose to establish a depôt upon the Zambesi, and from that station more especially to examine into that river system, which, according to the statements of the natives, if discovered, would afford a pathway to the country beyond, where cotton, indigo, and other raw material might be obtained to any amount.

"I am happy also in being accompanied by men experienced in geology, in botany, in art, and in photography, who will bring back to England reports upon all those points, which I alone have attempted to deal with, and with very little means at my disposal.

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"The success—if I may call it success—which has attended my former efforts to open up the country mainly depended upon my entering into the feelings and the wishes of the people of the interior of Africa. I found that the tribes in the interior of that country were just as anxious to have a part of the seaboard as I was to open a communication with the interior, and I am quite certain of obtaining the co-operation of those tribes in my next expedition. Should I succeed in my endeavor, should we be able to open a communication advantageous to ourselves with the natives of the interior of Africa, it would be our great duty to confer upon them those great benefits of Christianity which have been bestowed upon ourselves. Let us not make the same mistake in Africa that we have made in India, but let us take to that country our Christianity with us.

"I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope for any speedy results from this expedition, but I am sanguine as to its ultimate result. I feel convinced that if we can establish a system of free labor in Africa, it will have a most decided influence upon slavery throughout the world. Success, however, under Providence, depends upon us as Englishmen. I look upon Englishmen as perhaps the most freedom-loving people in the world, and I think that the kindly feeling which has been displayed towards me since my return to my native land has arisen from the belief that my efforts might at some future time tend to put an end to the odious traffic in slaves. England has, unfortunately, been compelled to obtain cotton and other raw material from slave States, and has thus been the mainstay and support of slavery in America. Surely, then, it follows that if we can succeed in obtaining the raw material from other sources than from the slave States of America we should strike a heavy blow at the system of slavery itself.

"I do not wish to arouse expectations in connection with this expedition which may never be realized, but what I want to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge, and then I leave it to be driven home by English energy and English spirit.

"I cannot express to you in adequate language the sense which I entertain of the kindness which I have received since my return to this country, but I can assure you that I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the way you have received me on the eve of my departure from my native land.

"Reference has been made in language most kind to Mrs. Livingstone. Now, it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife, but I can only say that when I left her at the Cape, telling her that I should return in two years, and when it happened that I was absent four years and a half, I supposed that I should appear before her with a damaged character. I was, however, forgiven. My wife will accompany me in this expedition, and I believe will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa, she is able to work, she is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to everything. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel. Allow me now to say just one word in reference to our chairman; let me just tell you that I found a few days back an abstract from an address which he delivered to the Geographical Society in 1852, and which he had the assurance to send to me. In that address my distinguished friend foreshadowed a great portion of those discoveries which I subsequently made, and all I can now say is that I hope he will not do the same thing again."

All things were now ready. Some time before Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, had sent a distinguished member of the bar to Dr. Livingstone, to ask him what he could do for him, and his reply had been: "Open the Portuguese ports of East Africa." Now he began to anticipate the realization of his request. He was about starting to those coasts, protected by English authority and clothed with the dignity of an English official, to search out in the name of England the hidden land. The members of the expedition had been selected by himself. They were Captain Bedingfield, R. N., well known for his exploration of the Congo and other African rivers; Dr. Kirk, M. D., of Edinburgh, as botanist; Mr. R. Thornton, of the School of Mines, as mining geologist; Mr. T. Bains as artist; Mr. Rae as engineer of the launch, and Dr. Livingstone's brother, who was expected to take charge of an establishment proposed to be fixed at the confluence of one of the tributaries of the Zambesi." A beautiful iron steam launch had been constructed by order of the government for the purposes of the expedition—a vessel seventy-five feet long, eight feet broad and three feet deep, in the shape of a large flat-bottomed boat, with both ends alike and covered with awnings —a precious piece of invention and workmanship, which, as we shall find, was better suited to dry land than such a river as the Zambesi.

The farewell passed, and the good steamer "Pearl," with the launch stowed away piecemeal in her capacious hull, and the generous supplies of a liberal government, received her more precious cargo of human beings on the 10th of March. Such men as formed the expedition could be at no loss for occupation, even in the narrow confines of their little floating home. There was opportunity to reflect and converse and familiarize themselves with the plans by which they hoped to serve England and Africa most acceptably. For Dr. Livingstone particularly this was an expedition of vast responsibility. He had awakened the interest which had determined the action of the government, and which had moved a number of organizations to project missions for central Africa. His responsibility imposed heavier labor on him than he had ever performed. He must assist the missionaries who were about leaving England; he could not think of neglecting them; and he must see to it that the authorities which had commissioned him be not disappointed in the results of the enterprise. The explicit instructions of her Majesty's government were that the knowledge already attained of the geography and the mineral and agricultural resources of eastern and central Africa be extended, that the acquaintance of the inhabitants be improved, that they might be taught to apply themselves to the cultivation of their lands with a view to the production of raw material to be exported to England in return for British manufactures; and it was hoped that, by encouraging the natives to occupy themselves in the development of the resources of the country, a considerable advance might be made towards the extinction of the slave trade, as they would not be long in discovering that the former would eventually be a more certain source of profit than the latter. The expedition was sent in accordance with the settled policy of the English government; and the Earl of Clarendon being then at the head of the Foreign Office, the mission was organized under his immediate care. It was an enterprise, however, which embodied the principles of no one party. It possessed the hearts of the people.

From the various points where opportunities were afforded letters were sent back to England, all breathing the same lofty courage and vigorous resolution and humble faith which so fittingly distinguished those truly great spirits which have always led the van of Christian civilization. In due time the ship had passed the Cape and Natal, and drew near to the forests of mangrove, which, coming down to the water's edge, and casting their shadows on the confluence of the Zambesi with the sea, seemed as if conspiring with the usurpers of the soil for its concealment.

CRICKET.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL AT TETE.

Portuguese and the Zambesi—Posterity's Applause—The Explanation of the Outlet—The Kongone—The Bar—The Country—Timidity of Natives—The Fertility of Soil—The Natives' Curiosity—Their Cupidity—The Channel—The Departure of the "Pearl"—The First Work—Mazaro—Excitement—Livingstone's Courage—Mariano's Cruelty—The Zulus—Their Tax—Their Character, Hospitality, etc.—Zulu Lawyer — Shupanga — The Grave Under the Baobab—Reception at Senna—Senhor Ferraro—Arrival at Tete—"We will Sleep To-night."

Notwithstanding the expressions of Portuguese sympathy with the growing interest of the civilized world in African discovery, they have the credit of studiously preventing, as far as they have been able, under pretence of friendliness, all those expeditions which looked toward the elevation of the natives in the grade of manhood, and avowed their antipathy to the trade in slaves. The care which they have been at to obscure the great eastern pathway toward the heart of the continent is too noticeable and reproachful to escape the remark and censure of one even whose charity was almost a fault sometimes. Dr. Livingstone could not suppress or conceal his impatience when he was satisfied that the cupidity of the nominal occupants and possessors of the Zambesi delta had moved them to practise deliberate deception, by means of maps and published papers, concerning the real entrance of the noble river which they had degraded into a highway for their unlawful and inhuman traffic. It is well known that the "Kwakwa," or "River of Quilimane," some sixty miles distant from the mouths of the Zambesi, has long been represented as the principal entrance to that great river; while in fact this "principal entrance" was little more than a natural canal along which slave-boats might pass from the Zambesi to Quilimane, at such times as the overflow of the river rendered it navigable; and only when the enterprise of Livingstone had associated the discovery of the Zambesi with his name, were the "authorities" provoked to confess that the harbor of the Kongone had been for years a place of refuge for their slave-ships from the "persecutions of English cruisers." If we may depend on a statement which confesses such nefarious deceptions and such selfish disregard of the progress of geographical science and the anxieties of all Christendom besides, in order to recover the forfeited glory of discovery, we cannot award them a prize which shall be any glory to them, except as it is glorious to emulate the selfishness and falseness of the arch enemy of human happiness, who labors always to divert the rays of heavenly light from human souls, that a darkened realm, where sin and sorrow struggle helplessly, may recognize his vile dominion and pay him tribute. It is certain that Christian people all over the world, whose hearts are swelling with hope and joy while they trace the advance of African missions, will think of David Livingstone when they pray for their sons and daughters ascending the Zambesi. It is certain that thoughtful men, the world over, will never erect their monuments to the Portuguese when they realize the benefits of African commerce. Whatever knowledge of the real highway may have been carefully treasured at Lisbon, and turned to the account of selfish officials, the Governor of Tete testified, on the 9th of July, 1859, in a letter addressed to a brother official of Portugal, that Dr. Livingstone was the first man who had passed from the sea to Tete over the real outlet of the Zambesi. He claims the glory of first exploring the mouths through which the great river, which has come into such prominence in connection with his travels, pours its waters into the ocean. He reported *four* distinct outlets—the Milambe, which is the most westerly; the Kongone, the Luabo, and the Timbwe (or Muselo). Of these mouths the "report" says: "After the examination of three branches by the able and energetic surveyor, Francis Skead, R. N., the Kongone was found to be the best entrance. The immense amount of sand brought down by the Zambesi has in the course of ages formed a sort of promontory, against which the long swell of the Indian ocean, beating during the prevailing winds, has formed bars, which, acting against the waters of the delta, may have led to their exit sideways. The Kongone is one of the lateral branches, and the safest, inasmuch as the bar has nearly two fathoms on it at low water, and the rise at spring tides is from twelve to fourteen feet. The bar is narrow and the passage nearly straight. Were it buoyed, and a beacon placed on Pearl island, it would always be safe for a steamer. When the wind is from the east or north the bar is smooth; if from the south and southeast, it has a heavy break on it, and is not to be attempted in boats. A strong current, setting to the east when the tide is flowing, and to the west when ebbing, may drag a boat or ship into the breakers. If one is doubtful of his longitude, and runs east, he will soon see the land at Timbwe disappear away to the north; and coming west again, he can easily make out East Luabo from its great size, and Kongone follows seven miles west. The Kongone is five miles east of the Milambe; about seven miles east of the Kongone is the East Luabo, and five miles east still is the Timbwe."

It is remarkable that no Portuguese residences were found within "*eighty miles of any mouth of the Zambesi.*" Whether they were ignorant of them, or, as they now claim, had their settlements so far away as a piece of strategy in the interest of the slave trade, is a question which we need not pause to discuss. We have the testimony of the Livingstone expedition, that the only human beings that were seen, as the "Pearl" was steered into the Kongone, were the dusky natives leaping from their canoes and dashing away through the mangrove thickets, in evident terror of the white man, who, if known to them at all, was only associated with memories of brothers or sisters or children dragged away in chains to harder bondage in unknown lands.

Some of the party on board the "Pearl" were unused to wilderness scenes and the wonderful exuberancy of nature in tropical lands. They seemed to have entered a new world. Everything they saw, every sound that fell upon their ears, had all the freshness of novelty. The trees and the plants were new; the flowers and the fruits, the beasts, the birds, the insects, all were strange and wonderful. The very sky itself seemed new, glowing with colors or sparkling with constellations never seen in northern climes. The arts and industries of other nations had not reclaimed a single square foot of territory about the mouths of this river. The wilderness came down to meet the wilderness. An untamed land and an untamed sea. The roar of wild beasts answered the roar of the wild waves. The murmuring sea responded to the sighing forest.

The first twenty miles along the Kongone they passed between rival jungles of mangrove; and when the mangroves were left behind, on either hand there were vast level plains of rich dark soil, covered with gigantic grasses which concealed the lairs of wild beasts and intimidated even the most expert hunters. Here and there the odd-looking huts of the natives, mounted on "stilts," were seen hid away in bowers of bananas and cocoa palms. The occupants of these little cotes were as industrious as they could be expected to be, and frequently they had about them an abundance of sweet potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cabbages, onions, peas, corn and sugar cane, which would have encouraged the most omnivorous of our species to think of settlement. The wonderful soil of this delta can hardly have been surpassed by even the marvellous fertility of Egypt in the days when her mysterious river patron was most lavish of his blessings. Rice was found to be largely cultivated, but the peculiar adaptation of the soil to the sugar cane was quite apparent, and the members of the expedition were convinced that this region alone, covering an area of eighty miles by about fifty, properly handled, would supply all Europe with sugar.

As they ascended the river and came among the settlements of the people, the steamers were manifestly the strangest spectacles which they had looked on. They gathered in groups along the banks to gaze upon the apparitions. The "Pearl" was in their eyes a floating village, and one old man who came on board wondered if it "was made out of one tree." But either human nature is notably alike there and here, or those humble, ignorant creatures have been apt scholars of their white masters; for great as was their curiosity, it did not exceed their cupidity. They were as full of questions as a Bostonian, but as eager for a trade as a Connecticut peddler. Whenever the ships halted, the light, swift canoes were seen shooting off from the banks, laden with every kind of fruit and food which the land afforded; and as they steamed off again, anxious sellers ran excitedly along the banks holding up fowls and fruits and baskets of rice, meal or potatoes, shouting "Malonda! malonda!" "Things for sale! things for sale!" and those in the canoes followed bravely along, exhibiting marvellous skill in the use of their short, broad-bladed paddles; when they pleased forcing their narrow vessels along the smooth surface almost with the velocity of arrows.

The deep channel of the Zambesi is quite narrow when compared with the width of the river; and not only narrow, but singularly tortuous, winding along among the countless sandbanks, from side to side of the stream, marked only by the slight characteristic ripple when there is a fresh wind, and when all is calm, by a peculiar boiling up of its water from some action below. The fact that man is an expert navigator at the sea does not save him from the shame of confessing himself miserably at sea on such a river. Near the island of Simbo the "Pearl's" draught was found to be too great, and the Livingstone party were under the necessity of parting with their escort. The goods designed for the expedition were placed on one of the beautiful grassy islands about forty miles from the bar, and the few men who had been chosen to share the toils and honors of the devoted missionary explorer, in his new enterprise, took leave of the generous captain of the "Pearl," and also of their friend Skead, and sat down looking after the noble ship as she steamed away toward the sea again. It may be a gloomy picture, that a great ship should enter an unknown harbor, sail along an unknown river forty miles, between forests and jungles, where there were strange birds and beasts and flowers and trees, and people stranger and wilder than all, and anchoring in the middle of the river, place on a tiny, fairy-looking island a few men and stores, and leave them there. But it is just what was done. The enterprise which God had laid upon him was one in which he was of necessity to be peculiarly independent. About all that his friends in England could do, after furnishing his "outfit," was just this: they could put him down on the borders of the unknown land. There can hardly be imagined a more heroic scene than the landing of those few men on that little island, and their quiet, manly leave-taking of the good ship. They may as well be thought of as being left alone in the midst of savages, for the Portuguese settlements were only a burlesque on colonization; their pretensions were so poorly sustained and their influence so corrupting, that it would have been better, on many grounds, if Livingstone had found the natives entirely ignorant of white people.

It was the 18th of June when they were landed on the island. The first thing to be done was to transport the stores of the expedition to Shupanga and Senna. The difficulty and anxiety of this work was greatly increased by the distressingly unsettled state of the country. War was prevailing all around, but they were favored by delightful weather, and were enabled to rest from their initiatory labors on the 13th of August. During these months it was of course necessary for a portion of the party to remain on the island. From their little kingdom, over which they asserted squatter sovereignty, they could easily see the large game of the neighborhood moving about in the forests or coming down to the water's edge; or they could watch the strange manœuvres of thousands of little seed-birds, which, like flocks of other small birds in Africa, are wonderfully expert in the performance of most eccentric "gyrations and evolutions," separating and wheeling into columns again with the most thorough military precision. There were all sorts of living things in sight except human beings. The tedium of long wilderness journeys by land is beguiled by many little perils and difficulties and hunting exploits; but our party felt the unvarying wilderness becoming dully monotonous before they reached Mazaro. The uninhabited expanse on either hand was unquestionably dreary, and the sporting of the water-fowls became very commonplace; even their interest in the enormous monsters, which they might see at any time, became objects of contempt as they became familiar. As far as Mazaro there were found no traces which contradicted the claim of Dr. Livingstone to being the true discoverer of the mouth of the Zambesi. There was no trade whatever below that point. All the merchandise of Senna and Tete was conveyed between that point and a small stream about six miles distant, on men's heads. On that little stream they were reshipped and found their way to Quilimane along the Kwakwa. The scenery was better about Mazaro. The well-wooded Shupanga ridge stretched off to the left, and in front blue hills rise dimly far in the distance. There is at Mazaro the mouth of a little creek, a few yards wide, flowing down with considerable fall into the river, its entrance almost concealed by the tall grass which grows up in its bed, which is the only explanation of a statement to be found in a map published in 1851 by the Portuguese "Minister of Marine and the Colonies," that "at Mazaro the Zambesi is one mile wide and flows to Quilimane." The Zambesi is nowhere nearer to Quilimane than it is at Mazaro.

This little post was in great excitement when Livingstone and party arrived. There had been a serious battle raging between the Portuguese and the people of a half-caste chief named Mariano, a notoriously inhuman man, who has by his rebellion and outrageous barbarities thoroughly incensed the Portuguese. The scene of action was enveloped in a dense fog, which prevented the party from hearing or seeing anything of the battle until they were on the ground. They had already established friendly relations with both parties to this quarrel, and were measurably protected by the charm which attaches to the English name. Dr. Livingstone landed without the least hesitation to salute some of his old friends, and found himself in the sickening smell and confronting the horrible spectacle of mutilated bodies of the slain.

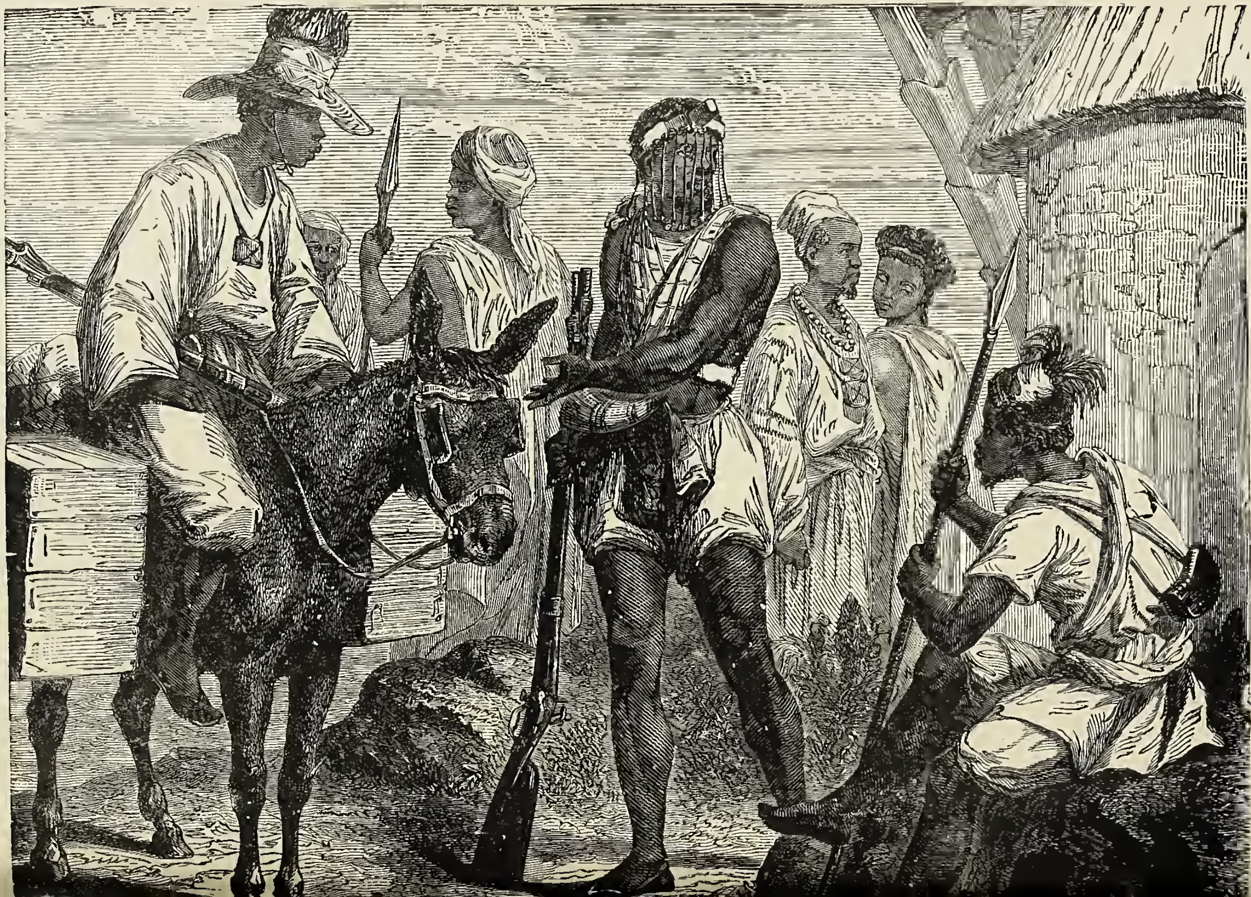
The governor was very ill of fever at the time, and Dr. Livingstone was appealed to to take him across the river to Shupanga; he tried in vain to get somebody to assist him to the boat with the sick man, but no one would volunteer for so dangerous an undertaking, and the generous visitor would not think of leaving another in such danger, so he entered the hut alone, and, with considerable difficulty, at length succeeded in dragging his excellency to the ship.

The Portuguese are even weaker in actual war than they would seem to be if one should make an estimate of their forces in times of peace, from the fact that many of those whom they must depend on for military service are their native slaves, who besides entertaining no special love for their masters have frequently a wholesome regard for their own safety, and are not valiantly averse to securing that blessing in flight. At Mazaro the Portuguese were on double duty; while some stood fighting with great bravery against the enemy, others were as coolly shooting at their own slaves who were retreating to the river.

It may be noticed that Mariano, who was proving so very annoying to the Portuguese, was a *half-caste*, as were most of the chiefs who have most seriously opposed the authority of the colonists. Indeed this class of men are the scourge of the whole country; they are the keenest slave-hunters, and most bloodthirsty warriors, the most atrocious villains generally, who are to be encountered. A gentleman of the highest standing told Dr. Livingstone that it was no uncommon event for his family to be disturbed while at dinner by a slave rushing into the apartment, pursued by one of Mariano's men, spear in hand. But the people who have pretended to colonize in such a community, on the false basis of mixed marriages with barbarous tribes, and encouraging a trade so demoralizing as that which has distinguished the Portuguese enterprises in Africa, can hardly be surprised or complain that they have such a harvest of trouble and failure. The folly of the Portuguese method was abundantly manifested by the eagerness with which the natives extended their most cordial hospitalities to the English expedition, which they very quickly came to understand as representing a very different method and superior design. Even the rebels under Mariano, on finding that Dr. Livingstone and his party were Englishmen, not seeking slaves, but having at heart the real improvement of the country and the elevation of the people, received them with shouts of joy and welcome.

The Maruru, who occupy the country around Mazaro, like the people generally who have had contact with white people only in the Lisbon subjects, have become very distrustful, as well as covetous; they required to be paid for all services, and wanted their pay in *advance;* and the travellers naturally suspected that the favorite canoe-song of the men—the chorus of which was, "Thou art slippery, slippery, truly"—was intended to be a witty explanation of their demands for advance pay.

The white settlers on the west side of the Zambesi were hardly happier than the people of the other bank. The Zulus, or Laudeens, lord it there, and the merchants of Senna are under the necessity of paying dearly for peace or forfeiting everything by war; for never did landlord keep a sharper eye on tenants than these dusky masters of the land keep on the Portuguese colonists who assert a powerless claim to it. Regularly every year they visit Shupanga and Senna in force, prepared to receive or take by force their extortionate tribute. It should not, however, be understood that the Zulus are the meanest people in the world, because they improve the opportunity for securing some return for the accommodation of residence on their shores, which strangers think of value enough to pay for. Even according to the strictest equity, it is questionable whether those who, going from a Christian land, settle among heathen, with such objects and principles as distinguish the emissaries of Portugal, should be better treated. There is, in reality, very much to admire in the Zulu character. They belong to the great Caffre family, and stand complimented in history with the remarkable record, "History does not present another instance in which so much security of life and property has been enjoyed as has been experienced during the whole period of English occupation of Natal by ten thousand colonists in the midst of one hundred thousand Zulus." They are a good-humored, generous and independent people. Unlike many Africans who envy the white skins of the foreigners, these manly individuals are proud of their dark hue, and if asked, "What is the finest complexion?" reply with ready complacency, "Like my own, black, with a little red." They love to number among the excellencies of their king, that "he chooses to be black," "he might have been white, but would not." The hair and features of the Zulus might easily confound them with the negro tribes, but the more careful view detects the "lofty forehead, the prominent nose and high cheek-bones," and a certain dignity of countenance which decide their claims to superior consideration. It is hardly wonderful that such a life as they lead, in the midst of abundance of food, which may be had for the taking it—fruit, grain, and game in abundance—should encourage a carelessness as to the future. And if we add to this the consideration that under the peculiar construction of their government every man's life is in the hands of the king, it is not astonishing that an audience of these people thought an address from the words, "Take no thought for the morrow," entirely superfluous, since they had "never done such a thing, nor ever expected to." They, as in-



deed do all the Caffre tribes, manifest quite surprising intelligence, and frequently display powers of Socratic argument which would astonish some of our knights of the green bag. In illustration of this talent, on one occasion, "some individuals had been detected in eating an ox, and the owner brought them before a council demanding payment for the animal. The defence was that they had not killed the animal, but found it dying of a wound inflicted by another animal. When the defence was ended, an old gentleman of the prosecution began in true lawyer fashion to examine the previous speaker:

"Q. 'Does an ox-tail grow up, or down, or sideways?'

"A. 'Downward.'

"Q. 'Do the horns of an ox grow up, down, or sideways?'

"A. 'Upward.'

"Q. 'If an ox gores another, does he not lower his head and gore upward?'

"A. 'Yes.'

"Q. 'Could he gore downward?

"A. 'No.'

"The wily interrogator then forced the witness to examine the wound which he said was inflicted by an ox, and admit that the beast had been stabbed and not gored."

Another element of character distinguishes them, and one which is, if possible, more remarkable among savages, who are generally serious folks. They are very fond of joking, and quite practical in them sometimes. A resident mentions that a lad in his service once took great pains to tell his fellow-countrymen that the English were bound by etiquette to kneel down and kiss the ground at a certain distance from the house. The natives, born and bred in a system of etiquette equal to that of any court in Europe, unhesitatingly obeyed, while the lad stood by superintending the joke with great delight. It was pleasant to observe, too, that when the trick was at last found out none enjoyed it more than those who had fallen into the snare.

In addition to all their other virtues, they are essentially hospitable, and no one needs to carry supplies who travels through their country, except in localities where they may have been seduced to more selfish customs by intercourse with Portuguese traders. Such a digression in the interest of Zulu reputation will be pardoned, as it is of quite as much importance that we have just impressions of the actors in any of the affairs of real life in colonial regions as it is that we have a simple record of incidents.

A single, one-storied house at Shupanga, occupying the prettiest site on the river, engrossed the attention of the expedition. It is a stone house; there is a splendid sloping lawn in front with a fine mango orchard at its southern end; the lawn extends down to the water's edge, and the Zambesi, widening grandly, flows softly by, and there are little green islands reposing on its sunny, tranquil bosom. If you look northward, beyond the house, there are—there were then—forests of tropical trees, and beyond the forests the massive mountains of Morumbwa, towering amidst white clouds, and farther still distant hills are dimly defined against the blue horizon. The surveying expedition of Captain Owen rested at the "Shupanga house," in 1826, and buried one of their number under a noble baobab tree. The grave of an explorer, far away in a wilderness land, suggested very solemn thoughts to the serious men and the devoted women who stood by it. They may have wondered whether it would be so, but they did not know that the shadow of that baobab tree would yet become a doubly sacred spot to them; they did not know that of their number there should be left companion dust for that which years ago had been laid there with sorrow and left in loneliness.

After a few days, which were improved in wooding up with African ebony and lignum-vitæ, the expedition advanced toward Tete. From Shupanga to Senna they suffered great annoyance from the seeming conspiracy of sand and stupidity—sand in the river and stupidity in the black pilot. This interesting individual was named John Scissors, a serf. Every now and then he ran the "Ma Robert" aground. The inconvenience and delay were atoned for in some measure, for a time, by the ludicrous simplicity of his aggrieved manner as he ventured the very unquestionable assertion, "Oh, this is not the way; it is back yonder!" But even the charm of folly is easily exhausted, and we find it hard to laugh at stupidity which puts us to much trouble, however grotesquely it may express itself, and it is no wonder that the party felt that their dull Scissors was an unmit igated affliction, to say the least of it. Besides this annoyance, they had already found their precious steamer quite defective in many respects. The furnaces were badly constructed, and she moved along so slowly and heavily that the natives with their canoes would pass easily by her, and looked back in wonder and pity on the slow puffing "Asthmatic," as she came to be called.

At Senna they received a most friendly reception. They were, however, under the necessity of landing at Nyamka, a small hamlet of rocks six miles below, and walking up to the village, as the steamer could not go up the channel along which Senna stands. From the hamlet they walked along a narrow winding path in Indian file, through a succession of gardens and patches of thorny acacias. The clouds veiled the sun softly, and the cool morning air seemed peculiarly fitted for the sweet, strange songs which the little birds poured forth in their charming foreign accent. There were many natives passing to and fro—the women with hoes going to their work, but the men all carried spears or bows and arrows, except those who had old Tower muskets. Senna looked no more inviting for the two years of wear and neglect and oppression and war—a dull, dilapidated place, where "one is sure to take fever the second day." But the presence of a single really generous and hospitable man, claiming the miserable village as his native place, measurably redeemed it in the estimation of Englishmen who had been trained to appreciate those nobler qualities which so seldom distinguished the claimants of the country. Senhor H. A. Ferraro's benevolence was unbounded. No stranger, however black, was turned away from his door hungry or weary. He had long been the almoner of the people in time of famine. There was found a bit of history in connection with him which illustrates the Lisbon policy as hardly kinder to its own people than to those whom they are taught to oppress. The father of Senhor Ferraro had been the Portuguese Governor of Senna, and being a man of superior attainments and untarnished honor, acquired by the most unquestionable methods very large possessions in land south of the village. The "home" government, asserting that it would never do for an individual to possess more land than the crown of Portugal, took possession of his estate and cut it up into small tracts and apportioned it to settlers. The son, though very wealthy, held only an insignificant portion of his rightful estate. This gentleman, in common with other prominent Portuguese gentlemen of the town, welcomed the expedition, and all of them freely complimented Dr. Livingstone on his discovery of the true mouth of the noble river so near which they had spent their lives in ignorance of the error which their government had ignorantly or wilfully concealed.

From Senna the expedition ascended as far as Tete without special incident—their object being to reach that spot as speedily as possible—and anchored their craft in front of that frontier village on the 8th of September. The Makololo were full of joy at the return of their "father." They hailed him with expressions of unbounded delight. Five of their head men came on board the steamer and listened in quiet sorrow to the story of poor Sekwebu's death. "Men die in any country," they said, and then told how thirty of their own number had gone with the Baromo since they parted with Dr. Livingstone. Two years had elapsed since that parting. They had waited patiently and confidently for the return of their friend. They had not been provided for by the Portuguese government, as had been promised Dr. Livingstone, and their sufferings would have been even more severe than they were but for the personal kindness of Major Sicard. But the waiting was over now, and they pressed about their tried friend with expressions of love which cheered his heart. They quickly carried his goods to the government house, so heartily tendered by the generous commandant, and left him for the time only when they were sure that they could bestow no additional attention. There was a wealth of trust and affection in their simple "good-night," and the expression, "We will sleep to-night," more than repaid the large-hearted, self-sacrificing friend of the race for all his toil and anxiety in coming back to them.

All Africa, weary and neglected, was longing for repose. It must have been a sweet thought that he was the pioneer of that precious *word* which should give *sweet sleep, rest of spirit,* to the millions of that neglected continent.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE KEBRABASA RAPIDS.

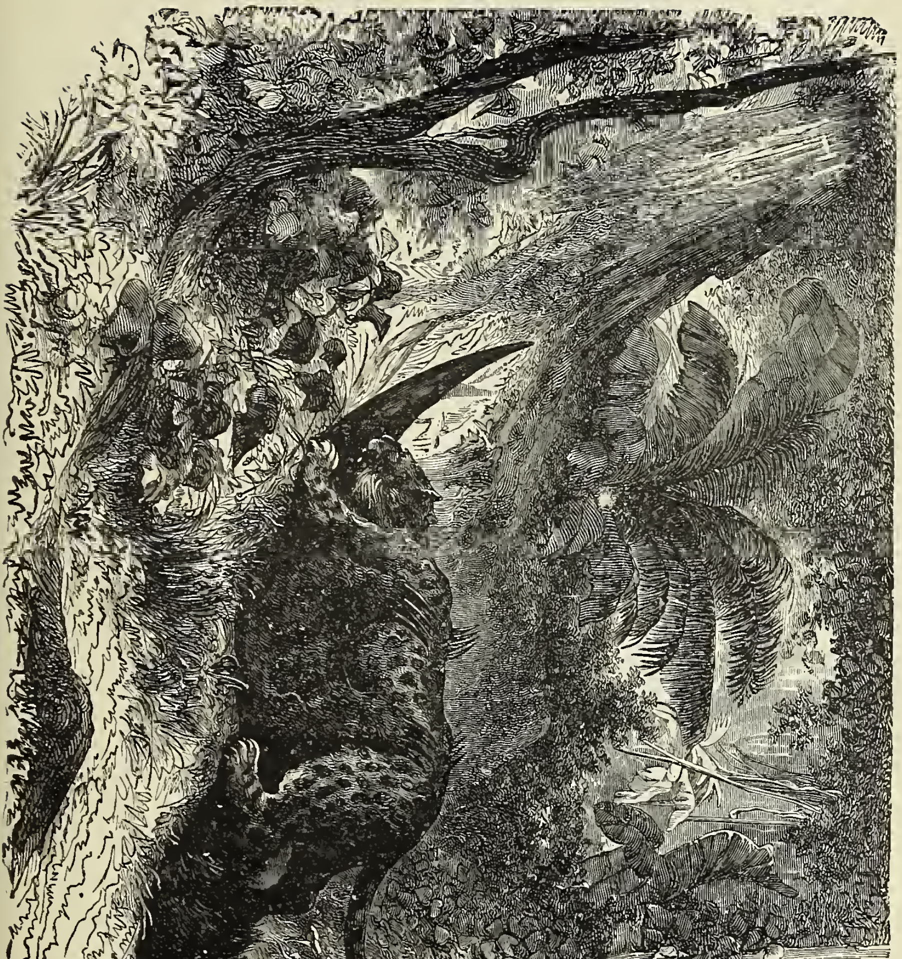
The Journey to the Kebrabasa—Kebrabasa Range—General Appearance—Breadth—Pressure of Water—Portuguese Ignorance—Banyai Impositions—"Dreadful Rough" a Night—Camp Scenes—A Camp Story—The Morning—Climbing Still—Sleep of Exhaustion—Makololo Distrust—Mount Morumbwa—A Perpetual Barrier—Return to Tete—Scenes in Tete—Superstition—The Teaching of Nature—Holiness—Christmas in Africa—The Climax of Absurdities—The Rainy Season—The Portuguese Recourse—A Serious Matter—The Help for Fever—The Shire.

It will be remembered that in descending the Zambesi, in 1856, Dr. Livingstone turned southward in the neighborhood of the hills, and only came to the river again at Tete. He had not, therefore, seen the Kebrabasa rapids, and such were the reports concerning them that he shared fully the curiosity of his companions, and they resolved to take advantage of the peculiarly favorable opportunity of the Zambesi being unusually low to ascertain their character while uncovered by water. As far as Panda-Moqua, about forty miles above Tete, they sailed along quite comfortably, and looked with admiration on the splendidly-wooded hills which greeted the eye on either bank. The rapids, which have derived their name—which signifies "finish, or break the service"—from the difficulty experienced in carrying all articles of trade around them, over land, to Chicova, are in the midst of the lofty Kebrabasa range, which consists chiefly of conical hills covered with scraggy trees. "This range crosses the Zambesi nearly at right angles, and confines it within a narrow, rough, and rocky dell of about a quarter of a mile in breadth, over which large masses of rock are huddled in indescribable confusion. The chief rock is syenite, some portions of which have a beautiful blue tinge like *lapus lazuli* diffused through them; others are gray. Blocks of granite also abound, of a pinkish tinge; and these, with metamorphic rocks, contorted, twisted, and thrown into every conceivable position, afford a picture of dislocation or unconformability which would gladden a geological lecturer's heart; but at high flood this rough channel is all smoothed over, and it then conforms well with the river below it, which is half a mile wide. In the dry season the stream runs at the bottom of a narrow and deep groove, whose sides are polished and fluted by the boiling action of the water in flood, like the rims of ancient Eastern wells by the draw-ropes. The breadth of the groove is often not more than from forty to sixty yards, and it has some sharp turnings, double channels, and little cataracts in it. The masts of the 'Ma Robert,' though some thirty feet high, did not reach the level of the flood-channel above, and the man in the chains sung out, 'No bottom at ten fathoms.' Huge pot-holes, as large as draw-wells, had been worn in the sides, and were so deep that in some instances, when protected from the sun by overhanging boulders, the water in them was quite cool. Some of these holes had been worn right through, and only the side next the rock remained; while the sides of the groove of the flood-channel were polished as smooth as if they had gone through granite-mills. The pressure of the water must be enormous to produce this polish. It had wedged round pebbles into chinks and crannies of the rocks so firmly that, though they looked quite loose, they could not be removed except with a hammer. It is strange that the Portuguese had continued so long in comparative ignorance of an object of so much interest which was so near them. All the information which our friends obtained from these remarkable colonists was that 'three or four detached rocks jutted out into the river at Kebrabasa, which, though dangerous to the cumbersome native canoes, could be easily passed by a steamer; and that if one or two of these obstructions were blasted away by gunpowder there would be no further difficulty.'" But the painful exploration of several miles convinced the party that they must prepare for more serious work than they had anticipated; that, in fact, the mere examination of the rapids was a more considerable task than their removal had been supposed to be. They therefore returned to the boat and went down the river for fresh supplies. When they cast anchor a second time at the foot of the hills, they were prepared for a serious survey of the region. It was late in the afternoon of November 24th. They were independent of the surly tribes who, at even so short a distance, lived along the banks and manifested an impudent contempt for the Portuguese authority. Canoe men never sleep in their canoes at night, but build their fires on the shore, and the suspicions of these dwellers were excited by the uncommon action of the newcomers, and they hailed them with, "Why don't you come on shore like other people?" The Makololo, who felt as independent as their interrogators, replied, "We are held to the bottom with iron; you may see we are not like your Bozunga."

It was no misfortune to be denied the company of these Banyai. On their account as much as anything else Dr. Livingstone had felt it important to avoid the river, as he was approaching Tete, in his former expedition. Their impositions on travellers are frequently rather severe tests of even Christian patience, and our travellers were glad to avoid them. It is pleasant to give a present, but that pleasure the Banyai usually deny to strangers by making it a fine, and demanding it in such a supercilious way that only a sorely-cowed trader could bear it. They often refuse to touch what is offered—throw it down and leave it—sneer at the trader's slaves, and refuse a passage until the tribute is raised to the utmost extent of his means.

The morning came, clear and pleasant, and the party enjoyed for a time quite a delightful shade from the hills on their right; "but before long the path grew frightfully rough, and the hills no longer shielded them from the blazing sun." The assurances of the guide that they were in "the way" seemed like mockery; the thought of a path in connection with the patches of yielding sand and the huge rocks over which they were clambering so painfully was ridiculous; the rocks are dislocated and twisted in every direction; it was "confusion worse confounded;" it may have seemed to them confounded confusion. The first day's march did not exceed four miles! and all hands were thoroughly satisfied with themselves, and willing to stop when the hour to halt arrived.

A few inhabitants, belonging to a small tribe called Badema, had found homes in this singularly inhospitable region, and their industry had converted the few available hollows into miniature corn and cotton fields, and they have the art of growing their "mapisa (holcus sorgum)" on the steep slopes of the mountains. The deep ravines are brought into service as traps for zebras, antelopes and other animals, by stretching strong nets made of baobab bark across their narrow entrances. Being only the remnant of a tribe, they are greatly oppressed by their stronger neighbors, and these industrious people need to call in strategy to aid them in keeping what they have, and they have fallen upon the plan of converting the most hidden cavities of the rocks into stone houses; and having thus eluded the rapacity of their human foes they confide in the bitter bark in which they wrap their treasures to protect them against the fastidious mice and monkeys, who would but for this protection fatten on their extremity. When the travellers entered their domains they had no hesitation in saying very positively that they had nothing, and the scanty store to be found in their homes seemed to confirm their statement. There was no objection made to their sleeping under the trees, and neither men nor beasts disturbed the quiet of their slumbers, though there were as villanous beasts about them as there are anywhere. Just across the river from them, a leopard boldly assailed a company of natives sitting together in the evening and killed one of their number. Such an occurrence in one's immediate neighborhood could but suggest serious thoughts, and naturally seasoned their conversation more or less with the "leopard." They knew very well that this cruel and cunning enemy might be quite near them; and though they were not timid men, those of them at least who were unused to African experiences should not account themselves slandered if we improve the opportunity to guess that they were as deeply interested in *Isaiah* xi. 6 as certain Teutonic travellers when half drowned by an African rain-storm were in *Genesis* ix. 11, 16. While the assaults of wild animals on the men themselves, in whom we are more interested, seem to give us a delight which we are ashamed to confess, as is proven by our loss of interest in a hero who is not half killed now and then, it ought to be considered almost as Christian to be interested in the combats of these ferocious disputants of forest rights with each other. We do not need to carry the reader far from the



very spot where the weary explorers are sleeping to introduce him to the leopard in the full indulgence of his most belligerent ferocity. The narrators of the story were making painful progress along what they facetiously tried to call a road, in the midst of the most luxurious vegetation, when they were startled by a most extraordinary noise proceeding from a little glade on their right. The singular sound resembled the confused grunting of a pig, and the suppressed growling of a tiger, and the worrying noise of a dog, interrupted with loud squeakings, snarlings and sudden roars; besides which they could hear a tearing and struggling, a rustling of the grass and a crackling of the twigs, as though some large animals were rolling and tumbling about in a violent manner. Guns in hand, the excited party crept stealthily along the little glade, until at its termination, amidst an almost impenetrable walling in and arching over of umbrageous vegetation, they saw two large animals struggling and plunging, and tearing each other, and rolling over and over, locked together in deadly combat. The approach of the strangers was unnoticed by the enraged combatants, which seemed oblivious of all else in their fierce conflict. One of these furious animals was soon discovered to be a large leopard; all that they could fix distinctly of the other was a long horn-shaped head, tremendous claws, a huge bushy tail and a coat of shaggy fur. The fury of the contest was dreadful, and they stood riveted in wonder; before long, however, it was apparent that whatever his antagonist was the leopard must prove victorious; and as his huge fangs presently became firmly fixed in the other's throat he succeeded in pinioning him fast to the ground. They saw that this strange combat had been between a leopard and a powerful ant-bear; and even while the witnesses levelled their rifles in cautious consideration of themselves, they were constrained to admire the splendid dignity with which the brute arose above his vanquished foe and looked about him, and they almost grieved to mingle with the triumphant roar which resounded through the forests the harsher and deadlier voices of their trusty rifles.

But not only were stories of ferocious beasts incorporated with star-gazing, geographical discussions, and geological examinations into the camp-fire life of the party in which such varied characters were associated: there were strange stories of strange people: of a strange race of men only three feet high, whom the native narrator "*had seen*" in the interior of the continent; people with horns growing out of their heads, and dwelling in a great town where there was plenty of food; stories stoutly maintained against the scorn of the Makololo, who counted their own manly proportions proof conclusive that the interior produced better men than dwarfs. But all places and times are prolific of men who are either endowed with a singular facility of impersonation or strongly impressed with a supposed identity with the heroes of those fabulous stories which have beguiled the leisure of men for ages; and it may be supposed an honest mistake or an innocent vanity in the poor slave of a Portuguese master to confound himself with the hero of adventures older in the traditions of Africa than the time of Herodotus.

The morning invariably brought realities which chased away the pleasantest dreams, and convinced them if not of the truth certainly of the possibility of the strangest adventures. At one time the whole party were fording a tributary of the Zambesi, holding their guns and baggage above their heads and thoroughly soaked to their arm-pits, doubting whether they could produce a satisfactory argument against the importunities of a hungry crocodile, should one propose to dine on white man, just once. Another time they were climbing an almost scorching rock under the unrelenting sunrays, or watching one of their number crawling along the glossy black rocks toward a sleeping hippopotamus. At length they reached the foot of Chipereziwa, whose perpendicular rocky sides, clothed with many-colored lichens, their Portuguese companions assured them marked the last obstructions to navigation. But they had hardly commenced their backward journey, thinking over what they had seen and more impressed with the difficulty than dignity of Kebrabasa, when two natives, who came to their camp at night, assured them that there was still in front of them a cataract called Morumbwa. Drs. Livingstone and Kirk immediately decided to take with them three of the Makololo and go forward until they settled the question for themselves, and they were ever afterward willing to confess that it was as tough a bit of travel as they ever had in Africa. After some painful marching the Badema guides refused to go further; "the Banyai," they said, "would be angry if they showed white men the country; and there was besides no practicable approach to the spot, neither elephant, nor hippopotamus, nor even a crocodile could reach the cataract." The slopes of the mountains on each side of the river, now not three hundred yards wide, and without the flattish flood-channel and groove, were more than three thousand feet from the sky-line down, and were covered either with dense thornbush or huge black boulders; this deep trough-like shape caused the sun's rays to converge as into a focus, making the surface so hot that the soles of the feet of the Makololo became blistered. Around, and up and down, the party clambered among these heated blocks, at a pace not exceeding a mile an hour; the strain upon the muscles in jumping from crag to boulder, and wriggling round projections, took an enormous deal out of them, and they were often glad to cower in the shadow formed by one rock overhanging and resting on another; the shelter induced the peculiarly strong and overpowering inclination to sleep which too much sun sometimes causes. This sleep is curative of what may be incipient sunstroke; in its first gentle touches it caused the dream to flit over the boiling brain that they had become lunatics and had been sworn in as members of the Alpine Club; and then it became so heavy that it made them feel as if a portion of existence had been cut out from their lives. The sun is excessively hot, and feels sharp in Africa; but, probably from the greater dryness of the atmosphere, we never heard of a single case of sunstroke, so common in India. The Makololo told Dr. Livingstone they "always thought he had a heart, but now they believed he had none," and tried to persuade Dr. Kirk to return, on the ground that it must be evident that, in attempting to go where no living foot could tread, his leader had given unmistakable signs of having gone mad. All their efforts of persuasion, however, were lost upon Dr. Kirk, as he had not yet learned their language, and his leader knowing his companion to be equally anxious with himself to solve the problem of the navigableness of Kebrabasa, was not at pains to enlighten him. At one part a bare mountain spur barred the way, and had to be surmounted by a perilous and circuitous route, along which the crags were so hot that it was scarcely possible for the hand to hold on long enough to ensure safety in the passage; and had the foremost of the party lost his hold he would have hurled all behind him into the river at the foot of the promontory; yet in this wild hot region, as they descended again to the river, they met a fisherman casting his hand-net into the boiling eddies, and he pointed out the cataract of Morumbwa; within an hour they were trying to measure it from an overhanging rock, at a height of about one hundred feet. When you stand facing the cataract, on the north bank, you see that it is situated in a sudden bend of the river, which is flowing in a short curve; the river above it is jammed between two mountains in a channel with perpendicular sides, and less than fifty yards wide; one or two masses of rock jut out, and then there is a sloping fall of perhaps twenty feet in a distance of thirty yards. It would stop all navigation, except during the highest floods; the rocks showed that the water then rises upwards of eighty feet perpendicularly.

Still keeping the position facing the cataract, on its right side rises Mount Morumbwa, from two thousand to three thousand feet high, which gives the name to the spot. On the left of the cataract stands a noticeable mountain which may be called onion-shaped, for it is partly conical, and a large concave flake has peeled off, as granite often does, and left a broad, smooth, convex face as if it were an enormous bulb. These two mountains extend their bases northwards about half a mile, and the river in that distance, still very narrow, is smooth, with a few detached rocks standing out from its bed. They climbed as high up the base of Mount Morumbwa, which touches the cataract, as they required. The rocks were all water-worn and smooth, with huge pot-holes, even at one hundred feet above low water. When, at a later period, they climbed up the northwestern base of this same mountain, the familiar face of the onion-shaped one opposite was at once recognized; one point of view on the talus of Mount Morumbwa was not more than seven or eight hundred yards distant from the other, and they then completed the survey of Kebrabasa from end to end.

They did not attempt to return by the way they came, but scaled the slope of the mountain on the north. It took them three hours' hard labor in cutting their way up through the dense thornbush which covered the ascent. The face of the slope was often about an angle of seventy degrees, yet their guide, Shokumbenla, whose hard, horny soles, resembling those of elephants, showed that he was accustomed to this rough and hot work, carried a pot of water for them nearly all the way up. They slept that night at a well in a tufaceous rock on the north-west of Chipereziwa, and never was sleep more sweet.

From what they had seen and felt they were satisfied that Kebrabasa must always form a barrier to navigation at the ordinary low water of the river; but the rise of the water in this gorge being as much as eighty feet perpendicularly, it was considered probable that a steamer might be taken up at high flood, when all the rapids are smoothed over, to run on the upper Zambesi. The most formidable cataract in it, Morumbwa, having only about twenty feet of fall, in a distance of thirty yards, it was reasonable to suppose that it must entirely disappear when the water stands eighty feet higher. They found current stories which confirmed their impressions of the impossibility of navigation in low water and encouraging their hope of ascending safely in flood time. One story goes that once on a time a Portuguese named Jose Pedra—by the natives called Nyamatimbira—chief, or capitao mor, of Zumbo, a man of large enterprise and small humanity—being anxious to ascertain if Kebrabasa could be navigated, made two slaves fast to a canoe, and launched it from Chicova into Kebrabasa, in order to see if it would come out at the other end. As neither slaves nor canoe ever appeared again, his excellency concluded that Kebrabasa was unnavigable. There is another of a trader who had a large canoe swept away by a sudden rise of the river, and it was found without damage below. But the most satisfactory information was that of a trustworthy old man, who asserted that in flood all Kebrabasa became quite smooth, and he had often seen it so.

Having satisfied themselves, as far as possible at the time, concerning the famous rapids, the party returned to Tete, and, in accordance with the requirements of their commission, gave themselves up to various examinations into the agricultural and mineral resources of the country, and such observations of the customs of the people, and climate, etc., as they had opportunity.

The impressions which Dr. Livingstone had received during his former expedition, as to the policy of the Portuguese and their general influence on the natives, were not materially altered. The religious ideas of these nominal representatives of a Christian civilization were unquestionably anything but helpful to a people already sadly given to superstition. Neither Dr. Livingstone nor any of his associates were inclined to regard with disrespect the rites or ceremonies of any creed, but they were constrained to condemn most unqualifiedly the encouragement of native ignorance and superstition, which they could not help observing in even the worship of those who ought to have felt their responsibility in some degree for the intellectual and moral condition of the degraded creatures among whom they were the recognized representatives of civilization. As an illustration of the order of things which prevailed, it is mentioned, that, during the prevalence of a "drought, in 1858, a neighboring chief got up a performance, with divers ceremonies and incantations, to bring rain, but it would not come. The Goanese padre of Tete, to satisfy his compatriots, appointed a procession and prayers in honor of Saint Antonio for the same purpose. The first attempt did not answer, but on the second occasion, arranged to come off after the new moon appeared, a grand procession in the saint's honor ended in so much rain that the roof of the Residencia gave way; Saint Antonio's image was decorated the following week with a golden coronal worth £22, for sending the long-delayed and much-needed rain. So great was the irreverence manifested on this occasion—the kneeling worshippers laughing and joking between the responses, not even ceasing their grins when uttering, 'Ora pro nobis'—that they could not help believing that if, like the natives, they had faith in rain making, they had faith in nothing else." Indeed, they were convinced that, instead of scattering the darkness which they found hovering over the mind of the African, the native Portuguese had themselves become the victims of that darkness, and were hardly less the slaves of idle fancies than their sable subjects. Even in the most matter-of-fact affairs of life they were dragging the degrading chains of superstition. They would not plant coffee because they believed that he who did so would never be happy afterward. And Dr.

Livingstone was informed that shortly after his departure for Kebrabasa, a little rise having occurred in the river, and the waters becoming turbid, a native Portuguese gentleman came to the commander, and with a grave countenance expressed his fear that "that Englishman was doing something to the river." And while he was at Tete a captain of infantry was sent a prisoner to Mozambique for administering the muave, or ordeal, and for putting suspected persons to death on that evidence alone. It was hardly surprising that under such influences the natives who were in contact with white people seemed, as indeed they were, more ignorant and degraded than those on whom no ray from the civilized world had ever fallen. The amazing fertility of the minds of these doubly unfortunate beings in superstitions was not only an occasion of sorrowful reflections and anxious thought, and not only an almost insurmountable barrier in the way of their conversion; it demanded the most careful vigilance on the part of strangers to their ideas, who desired to avoid giving offence, as certain members of the expedition realized when they found, on one occasion, that they had gravely offended the great crocodile school of medicine by shooting one of those huge reptiles as it lay basking in the sun on a sandbank near the village. Nature alone has dealt kindly with these degraded beings. God made nature; it is the shadowy expression of God. It does not teach distinctly, but it teaches truly; and nowhere is its language more beautiful than in Africa; and it is an inspiration for Christian zeal in the work of giving the tribes of that unhappy land to know, that even in the depths of their ignorance, and under the influence of the most corrupting institutions, and the victims of most deliberate cruelty, there are those among these tribes who are not insensible to the charms of nature. There could hardly have been a more beautiful answer given than that which one of the Bechuanas gave in explanation of the meaning of their word "boilsefaho," "holiness." He said: "When copious showers have descended in the night, and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh, that is holiness." The most charming season, if one may be preferred, is toward the end of summer, when the rains are becoming frequent and vegetation is resuming its warm coat of life, whose varied colors distinguish its singular beauty. At that season the air becomes clear, inviting the most extended gaze, as if all things were proudly eager for display. "The young foliage of several trees, more especially on the highlands, comes out brown, pale red, or pink, like the hues of autumnal leaves in England; and as the leaves increase in size they change to a pleasant fresh light green; bright white, scarlet, pink, and yellow flowers are everywhere; and some few of dark crimson, like those of the kigelia, give warmth of coloring to Nature's garden. Many trees, such as the scarlet erythrina, attract the eye by the beauty of their blossoms. The white, full bloom of the baobab, coming at times before the rains, and the small and delicate flowers of other trees, grouped into rich clusters, deck the forest. Myriads of wild bees are busy from morning till night. Some of the acacias possess a peculiar attraction for one species of beetle; while the palm allures others to congregate on its ample leaves. Insects of all sorts are now in full force; brilliant butterflies flit from flower to flower, and, with the charming little sun-birds, which represent the humming-birds of America and the West Indies, never seem to tire. Multitudes of ants are hard at work hunting for food, or bearing it home in triumph. The winter birds of passage, such as the yellow wagtail and blue drongo shrikes, have all gone, and other kinds have come; the brown kite with his piping like a boatswain's whistle, the spotted cuckoo with a call like 'pula,' and the roller and horn-bill with their loud high notes, are occasionally distinctly heard, though generally this harsher music is half drowned in the volume of sweet sounds poured forth from many a throbbing throat, which makes an African Christmas seem like an English May." No wonder it seemed strange to the Englishmen, who had always hailed its happy eve wrapped in their fleecy robes, or beside the blazing family fire, or amidst the jingling of merry bells and the ringing of merrier laughter, to have the day they loved so much appear dressed so brightly in gayest colors; the singing birds and springing corn and flowering plains were in the place of the mantle of snow the day had always worn when it came with its gifts and joys to them in England. But it was not a new thing for men to think that everything is contrary in

Africa. Herodotus only expressed the climax of its absurdities, in his view, when he wrote of the hidden land, "There wool grows on the heads of men and hair on the backs of sheep." Dr. Kirk divided the year in Africa into three seasons—the cold period, lasting through May, June and July; the hot, prevailing through August, September and October; and the wet, which extends through the remaining months.

"The rainy season of Tete differs a little from that of some of the other intertropical regions; the quantity of rain-fall being considerably less. It begins in November and ends in April. During our first season in that place, only a little over nineteen inches of rain fell. In an average year, and when the crops are good, the fall amounts to about thirty-five inches. On many days it does not rain at all, and rarely is it wet all day; some days have merely a passing shower, preceded and followed by hot sunshine; occasionally an interval of a week, or even a fortnight, passes without a drop of rain, and then the crops suffer from the sun. These partial droughts happen in December and January. The heat appears to increase to a certain point in the different latitudes so as to necessitate a change, by some law similar to that which regulates the intense cold in other countries. The Zambesi is in flood twice in the course of the year; the first flood, a partial one, attains its greatest height about the end of December or beginning of January; the second, and greatest, occurs after the river inundates the interior, in a manner similar to the overflow of the Nile, this rise not taking place at Tete until March. The Portuguese say that the greatest height which the March floods attain is thirty feet at Tete, and this happens only about every fourth year; their observations, however, have never been very accurate on anything but ivory, and they have in this trusted entirely to memory."

The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone never sustained so great a rise. It rises suddenly, and with the first flood dashes along at four knots an hour, but gradually spreads over the surrounding country, and as it extends in breadth resumes its usual velocity. Ordinarily the water of the river is singularly pure, and exhibits not the slightest discoloration, except in the floods.

The former reports of Dr. Livingstone were abundantly confirmed by the members of the expedition, as to the agricultural possibilities of the soil. They had brought some cotton seed with them to Africa, but found that, besides the fact that there was already a superior grade of cotton in the country, there was no hope of inspiring the Portuguese natives with any ideas above block ivory and gold dust.

"Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold;
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! gold! gold! gold!"

Had brought them to this shore.

The authorities at Lisbon, like the authorities everywhere, had watched the tantalizing ignis fatnus of the terra incognita which all tradition pointed to, until their fancies, overmastered by their desires, seemed to be the conclusions of philosophy and the testimony of history, and they hastened to possess the long-lost Ophir in eastern Africa, and, disappointed more by their own folly and idleness than by the resources of the country which they were neglecting, they were attempting to compensate themselves for the disappointment by converting the precions block ivory into gold. But gold is gold, and Portugal found a world full of sympathy for her in the *recourse of her disappointment.* There was no justification of this recourse. Gold was unquestionably plenty. They fell into the snare of those who make haste to be rich, and the weakness and contempt to which their colony was now reduced was only the rebuke of Providence. The gold fields had been forfeited, and their treasures remain secure still to reward a loftier wisdom and truer philanthropy.

Of course the newcomers did not think of enjoying the full benefits of African life, or counting themselves to have a claim on all its treasures of things, new and old, before they had passed through the ordeal which may as well be considered the initiatory ceremony of the continent. One of the members of the expedition has written on this inspiring theme with a master skill. More particularly was he impressed with the singular effects of this rite of the continent on the minds of those who were called on to submit to it. His own eloquent words, pervaded by a depth of feeling which leaves little doubt of the teacher at whose feet he received his impressions, are as follows:

"Cheerfulness vanishes, and the whole mental horizon is overcast with black clouds of gloom and sadness. The liveliest joke cannot provoke even the semblance of a smile. The countenance is grave, the eyes suffused, and the few utterances are made in the piping voice of a wailing infant. An irritable temper is often the first symptom of approaching fever. At such times a man feels very much like a fool, if he does not act like one. Nothing is right, nothing pleases the fever-stricken victim. He is peevish, prone to find fault and to contradict, and think himself insulted, and is exactly what an Irish naval surgeon before a court-martial defined a drunken man to be: 'a man unfit for society.' If a party were all soaked full of malaria at once, the life of the leader of the expedition would be made a burden to him. One might come with lengthened visage, and urge as a good reason for his despair, if further progress were attempted, that 'he had broken the photograph of his wife;' another, 'that his proper position was unjustly withheld because special search was not directed towards "the ten lost tribes."' It is dangerous to rally such a one, for the irate companion may quote Scripture, and point to their habitat 'beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.' When a man begins to feel that everything is meant to his prejudice, he either takes a dose of 'rousers,' or writes to the newspapers, according to the amount of sense with which nature has endowed him."

It is, however, the deliberate testimony of Dr. Livingstone, that there is a reliable preventative against even African fever, to be found in "plenty of interesting work and abundance of wholesome food to eat," a prescription which may not be despised in any country.

"To a man well housed," says he, "and clothed, who enjoys these advantages, the fever at Tete will not prove a more formidable enemy than a common cold; but let one of these be wanting—let him be indolent, or guilty of excesses in eating or drinking, or have poor, scanty fare—and the fever will probably become a more serious matter. It is of a milder type at Tete than at Quilimane or on the low sea-coast; and, as in this part of Africa one is as liable to fever as to colds in England, it would be advisable for strangers always to hasten from the coast to the higher lands, in order that when the seizure does take place, it may be of the mildest type. This having been pointed out by Dr. Kirk, the Portuguese authorities afterwards took the hint, and sent the next detachment of soldiers at once up to Tete. It consisted of eighty men, and in spite of the irregularities committed, most of them being of the class termed 'incorrigibles,' in three years only ten died, and but five of fever."

With the opening of the new year the attention of the expedition was fixed upon the Shire, whose confluence with the Zambesi may be seen about a hundred miles from the sea. The Portuguese heard of their plans for ascending this stream with dismay; it was associated in their minds with all that was difficult and perilous. They could give no information whatever about it, although it was remembered that years before a Portuguese vessel had attempted to ascend it. The explanation of the failure must either be found in, or was concealed by, the fabulous amount of gigantic duck-weed which was reported to have been found on its surface. There were "sub rosa" whisperings which suggested some uncertainty whether the duck-weed story was not invented to conceal the retreat of the Portuguese before the poisoned arrows of the natives. However that may be, the residents of Tete could not have been hired to undertake a mission up the Shire. "Our government," said one commandant to Dr. Livingstone, "has sent orders to assist and protect you; but you go where we dare not follow, and how can we protect you?" Nothing remained to be done in another direction, as they had decided to wait for a stronger boat before attempting to force the Kebrabasa rapids, being satisfied that the "Ma Robert" was unequal to the undertaking. Therefore they set out in January, 1859, on their first trip up the Shire.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHIRE.

Mouth of the Shire—Difficulties Vanish—"Englishman"—Shire Valley—African Swamp—Livingstone's Art—Mount Morambala—Mountain Village—Chikanda—Two Pythons—Pursued by a Buffalo—The Steamer—A Sinking Ship—No Note of Time—The Musician—Hippopotamus Traps—Shire Marshes—Water-fowl—Kites and Vultures—Forest of Palm Trees—Islands of the Shire—An Unhappy Chief—Village of Chibisa—Chibisa—Lake Shirwa—Sympathy of Fools—Discovery of Lake Shirwa—Return to the Ship—Expedition to Lake Nyassa—Manganja Hills—Village of Chilimba—The Manganja People—Agriculture—Cotton—Manufactures—Iron Ore—Native Trade—The Upper Lip Ring—Beer Drinking—Drunken Villages—Love of Home—The Muave Again—Faith—Nyassa Discovered—Return to Tete.

Sailing down the Zambesi amidst scenes which are always strange and wonderful to those whose imaginations have only had the training of northern climes, passing many points which they could not call familiar, though they were not new to them, the expedition turned into the river whose bar of duck-weed or hedge of poisoned arrows had kept the secret of its wealth and wonders so securely against the feebleness and irresolution of the Portuguese, and were pleased to find deeper though narrower water than they had left.

On their right hand, not far from the river, stood the stockade of Mariano, one of those villanous half-caste marauders whose unscrupulous barbarity justified the native saying that "God made the African and God made the white man, but the devil made the half-castes," a conclusion which the most zealous defender of Divine sovereignty, who has had experience with them, does not feel called on to question. The residence of this man may go far toward explaining the suspicion with which the natives under Tingane had regarded all approaches from the Zambesi. Their poisoned arrows were in constant demand in protecting themselves from the slave-yoke which he handled with a cruelty which must have been very exhilarating to his supposed creator. And the knowledge that he represented a system introduced by white men naturally led the tribes to associate every lighter shade than their own dark skins with the evils which they knew attended the dominion of the stockade. It was natural enough, then, for these people to appear in force on the border of their territory to resist the approaches of the "puffing and blowing" monster that the "Old Asthmatic" unquestionably seemed to them to be. They may have thought that the resolute creator had taken in hand to do in person the work which his faithful creature had failed to accomplish, and it was time for them to put forth all their prowess if they would still be free. Dr. Livingstone did not hesitate to go on shore at their villages and explain to these people, whose attitude would have intimidated an ordinary man, the purposes of the expedition. The name of Englishman possessed itself a charm for them, and sustained by the assurance that they desired no slaves, but only to open a way by which their countrymen might come to purchase cotton, ivory, corn, etc., went far toward allaying their apprehensions and winning their friendship. The object, being to promote industry and commerce, seemed quite reasonable, and the notorious proclivity of the race to all sorts of trade and barter aided the argument no little. There was found also a general belief in a Supreme Being and in the continued existence of departed spirits; and there was no difficulty in obtaining their attention to "the Book" which aided so much the designs of friendliness everywhere. Such methods of dealing with them were as strange to these rude men as was the tremendous craft which brought them, and the poisoned arrows became as harmless as the floating duckweed.

The Lower Shire flows through a valley varying in breadth from ten to twenty miles—an exceedingly low and swampy region; just such a country as needs to be seen at all seasons of the year. A tropical swamp, if seen only when scorched and withered by the rays of a sun whose burning brilliancy almost justifies the awe with which it inspires Eastern worshippers, may appear desolate and forsaken, and suggest serious thoughts of the latter day. If in the worse season still, when the ground is drying and the mercury is gradually rising in the glass you carry, then there may seem to be flitting everywhere most dreadful torturers, and the pulse will engage the attention above all possible charms of external nature. But when the frequent rains refresh all things, and cloudy canopies are often spread over trees and flowers, and the sun seems resting from its ire, then the wealth of foliage and flowers and fruits, the melody of birds whose various hues present a museum of colors, and the lifefulness of every creeping, swimming, crawling, climbing, leaping and strolling thing, from ants to elephants, rivals the most wonderful fancies which are wrought into the primitive abode of man. Thus we may appeal to the seasons for the explanation of the difference between the pleasant pictures drawn by Dr. Livingstone and the mournful, wail-like language of Mr. Rowley, who could only see "swamp, swamp, swamp—reeking, festering, rotting, malaria-pregnant swamp." It is very much pleasanter to settle the question between two men by the sun and clouds, than by bringing the "liver" into it. Indeed, one of the special charms by which Dr. Livingstone secured the attention and deepened the interest continually with which the eyes of the world followed him in his wanderings was his capacity to find pleasant things as well as painful ones. He enables us to look on the world as it is. He did not hide the fact that there were ills in Africa. The man would be a "natural" indeed who should dream of ease and luxury with his narrative in hand. But he did not fail to observe the good for which men might dare to confront the ill. If a man must scorch with fever, why should he not see a flower? If he must encounter suspicion and sometimes be in peril of his life, why should he not record the kindness shown him and observe the beauties which no blemishes should conceal, the excellencies of character which divide dominion with what we hate?

The object of Dr. Livingstone, as a man and as a representative of the British government, was not only to explore the river and examine the country; that alone would have been an idle enterprise, and unworthy of his Christian zeal and of the English name. He was commissioned also to engage the friendly regard of the tribes, and cultivate such an acquaintance with them as might facilitate any subsequent enterprises of church or state in their midst. He needed, therefore, to be exceedingly careful that, with so large and varied a company as he carried, nothing should be done which might frustrate his design. The anxious throngs who lined the banks of the river, gazing on the strange "canoe" full of strange people passing by them, were ignorant and degraded according to our standard of intelligence and dignity; but they were the people whose elevation it was the object of the expedition to promote.

The valley is walled on either side by beautiful hills, and for twenty miles those on their right hand were quite near. Then they came to Morambala, "the lofty watch-tower"—a detached mountain only five hundred yards from the river—which rises four thousand feet above the sea. The bold, precipitous front, which cast its morning shadows toward the Shire, cherished a charming vegetation, but repelled all thought of ascent by clumsier creatures than the monkeys which played at hide and seek from top to bottom, calling away attention from the singular-looking horn-bill, whose dreaded death is believed to afflict the whole land with cold, the lumbering rhinoceros, and beautiful racing antelopes, by their queer capers. Surely if men are sprung from monkeys the most clownish is nearest in the line. Their incessant gambolling and chattering attract the attention even of the natives, who, despite new grudges they nearly always owe them on account of their plundered gardens and fields, cannot resist the fascination of their comical eccentricities.

The southern end of the mountain, seen from a distance, has a fine gradual slope, and half way up a small village was peeping out of the foliage. The atmosphere, as some of the party ascended the mountain, was found becoming delightfully pure and bracing, and the people of the village received them kindly. The summit of the mountain was covered with a growth entirely unlike what they had seen in the valley. There were orange, lemon, and some pineapple trees, though the latter had been planted there. But these happy and friendly residents of the summit, about which friendly clouds rested when all the plain was scorched, cherishing the choicest fruits, before the later visits of Livingstone to their homes, had become the victims of Mariano, and had been nearly all carried away from their happy freedom. God knows whether they fell under his cruelties or are dragging out a weary bondage in some far-away land. Yes, God knows, and will not forget their history nor despise their cries.

Looking from Morambala across the tongue of land which lies between the Shire and the Zambesi, there were seen a few clumps of palm and acacia trees, and herds of game which might have tempted Nimrod to pitch his tent there in contentment. Near the northern base there was bubbling up a little boiling fountain ready for eggs or meats, and capable of doing its work thoroughly enough, to the sorrow of such unlucky creatures as chanced to select it for their bath.

Beyond Morambala the Shire comes winding through an extensive marsh. For many miles to the north a broad sea of fresh green grass extends, and is so level that it might be used for taking the meridian altitude of the sun. Ten or fifteen miles north of Morambala stands the dome-shaped mountain Makanga, or Chi-kanda; several others with granitic-looking peaks stretch away to the north, and form the eastern boundary of the valley; another range, but of metamorphic rocks, commencing opposite Senna, bounds the valley on the west. After steaming through a portion of this marsh, they came to a broad belt of palm and other trees, crossing the fine plain on the right bank. Marks of large game were abundant. Elephants had been feeding on the palm nuts, which have a pleasant, fruity taste, and are used as food by man. Two pythons were observed coiled together among the branches of a large tree, and were both shot. The larger of the two, a female, was ten feet long. They are harmless, and said to be good eating. The Makololo having set fire to the grass where they were cutting wood, a solitary buffalo rushed out of the conflagration, and made a furious charge at an active young fellow named Mantlanyane. Never did his fleet limbs serve him better than during the few seconds of his fearful flight before the maddened animal. When he reached the bank, and sprang into the river, the infuriated beast was scarcely six feet behind him. Towards evening, after the day's labor in wood-cutting was over, some of the men went fishing. They followed the common African custom of agitating the water, by giving it a few sharp strokes with the top of the fishing-rod, immediately after throwing in the line, to attract the attention of the fish to the bait. Having caught nothing, the reason assigned was the same as the reader would be likely to give under like circumstances, namely, that "the wind made the fish cold, and they would not bite." Many gardens of maize, pumpkins and tobacco fringed the marshy banks, belonging to natives of the hills, who come down in the dry season, and raise a crop on parts at other times flooded. While the crops are growing, large quantities of fish are caught, chiefly *Clarias capensis* and *Mugil Africanus;* they are dried for sale or for future consumption.

Farther up, they passed a deep stream about thirty yards wide, flowing in from a body of open water several miles broad. Numbers of men were busy at different parts of it, filling their canoes with the lotus root, called *Nyika,* which, when boiled or roasted, resembles our chestnuts, and is extensively used in Africa as food. Out of this lagoon, and by this stream, the chief part of the duckweed of the Shire flows. The lagoon itself is called Nyanja ea Motope (Lake of Mud). It is also named Nyanja Pangono (Little Lake), while the elephant marsh goes by the name of Nyanja Mukulu (Great Lake). It is evident from the shore line still to be observed on the adjacent hills, that in ancient times these were really lakes, and the traditional names thus preserved are only another evidence of the general desiccation which Africa has undergone. No one would believe that beyond these little and great Nyanjas Portuguese geographical knowledge never extended. But the Viscount Sa da Bandeira, in an official letter to the Governor-General of Mozambique, in his patriotic anxiety to prove that Dr. Livingstone did not discover *Lake Nyassa,* quotes as the only information the ancient archives of Lisbon can disclose, that the people of Senna held commercial intercourse with the people on Morambala, and of course, as he avers, must have sailed into the little and great marshes or Nyanjas referred to above. No wonder that assumption exhibiting at once so much falseness and ignorance was rather a strain on the longsuffering of the man who had so patiently overcome the tremendous obstacles of distance and dangers in bringing the hidden regions to the knowledge of the civilized world.

The channel continued quite good, but the little steamer, which they had long before found to be a grand humbug, gave them such an amount of trouble, and consumed such quantities of wood, that their advance was hardly easier than it would have been on the land. It was of infinite service, however, in impressing their neighbors on the banks with the importance of the travellers, and gave great emphasis to what they said. An appearance of strength and independence helps a man wonderfully in Africa, just as it does in America, and one feels under no special obligation to tell the gazing throng, here or there, that the ship which awes them is a leaking ship. If men do not know that it leaks they may not try to sink it.

The people along the river, of whom, in the lower part, Tangane is the paramount chief, were found congregated in countless little villages, just as in other sections; and though at first distant and a little inclined to be belligerent, generally yielded to the arguments which overcame those nearest the Shire. They were not quite as eager for trade when they were first visited as they afterward became, and consequently the party, during the first ascent of the river, were considerably annoyed by the loss of time, for which, however, they censure a people who took "no note" of the commodity, among whom it had no "tongue." It was their misfortune, not the fault of the natives, that they held their notions of expeditious work in the midst of men who recognize no other reason for being in a hurry except the necessity of escaping with life from an enemy. They could not be condemned because they did not know the value of money, and cared too little for the advantages of a market to be eager about selling food. They were willing enough, but did not see why they should make haste. The state of eager competition which in America wears out both mind and body, and makes life bitter, is here happily unknown. The cultivated spots are mere dots compared to the broad fields of rich soil which are never either grazed or tilled. Pity that the plenty in store for all, from our Father's bountiful hands, is not enjoyed by more.

Rice was sold at wonderfully low rates, and when they chanced to come to villages where the people were eager to trade, they could not purchase a tithe of that which was brought to them. This was particularly true of their experience at Mbona (16° 56′ 30″ S.) While anchored at this village, they were serenaded in the evening by a native minstrel, playing his quaint tunes on a species of fiddle with one string, and singing strange, wild, unmusical songs, who told some of the Makololo that he intended to play all night to induce them to give him a present. The nights being cold, the thermometer falling to 47°, with occasional fogs, he was asked if he was not afraid of perishing from cold; but, with the genuine spirit of an Italian organ-grinder, he replied, "Oh, no; I shall spend the night with my white comrades in the big canoe; I have often heard of the white men, but have never seen them till now, and I must sing and play well to them." Such a proposition was dreadful. The situation was serious, as who may not imagine who has been robbed of his needed slumber by the nocturnal knights of the muse who infest all communities. It was an occasion demanding action, and the treasures were opened as eagerly as if to satisfy the covetous demands of an extortionate chief, and the few yards of cloth were considered well spent which were invested in buying the courteous visitor off from his purpose.

A range of hills, commencing opposite Senna, comes to within two or three miles of Mboma village, and then runs in a north-westerly direction; the principal hill is named Malawe; a number of villages stand on its tree-covered sides, and coal is found cropping out in the rocks. The country improved as they ascended, the rich valley becoming less swampy, and adorned with a number of trees.

Both banks were dotted with hippopotamus traps, over every track which these animals have made in going up out of the water to graze. The hippopotamus feeds on grass alone, and, where there is any danger, only at night. Its enormous lips act like a mowing-machine, and form a path of short-cropped grass as it feeds. It is never seen to eat aquatic plants or reeds. The tusks seem weapons of both offence and defence. The hippopotamus trap consists of a beam five or six feet long, armed with a spear-head or hard-wood spike, covered with poison, and suspended to a forked pole by a cord, which, coming down to the path, is held by a catch, to be set free when the beast treads on it. Being wary brutes, they are still very numerous. One got frightened by the ship as she was steaming close to the bank. In its eager hurry to escape it rushed on shore, and ran directly under a trap, when down came the heavy beam on its back, driving the poisoned spear-head a foot deep into its flesh. In its agony it plunged back into the river, to die in a few hours, and afterwards furnished a feast for the natives. The poison on the spear-head does not affect the meat, except the part around the wound, and that is thrown away. In some places the descending beam is weighted with heavy stones, but here the hard, heavy wood is sufficient.

A few miles above Mboma they came to the village of the chief of the country through which they had been passing. Tingane was an elderly man with gray hair, tall and well made. The excited demeanor which was natural on his first acquaintance with white people wore away with his observation of his new friends, until in the later visits he could be recorded among the hospitable and open-hearted men of the continent. Some miles to the right from this village could be seen Mount Clarendon looming up in conspicuous grandeur, and further to the northwest the Milange range, which send forth from their shadows the river Rue, which flows into the Shire just above the village. Only a short distance above the confluence of the Rue came Elephant Marsh, with its fabulous herds of this royal beast. Eight hundred were counted in a single herd. This was truly a wonderful scene, besides the enormous herds of large animals everywhere to be seen.

"The Shire marshes support prodigious numbers of many kinds of water-fowl. An hour at the mast-head unfolded novel views of life in an African marsh. Near the edge, and on the branches of some favorite tree, rest scores of plotuses and cormorants, which stretch their snake-like necks and in mute amazement turn one eye and then another towards the approaching monster. By and by the timid ones begin to fly off, or take 'headers' into the stream; but a few of the bolder, or more composed, remain, only taking the precaution to spread their wings ready for instant flight. The pretty ardetta (*Herodias bubulcus*), of a light yellow color when at rest, but seemingly of a pure white when flying, takes wing, and sweeps across the green grass in large numbers, often showing where buffaloes and elephants are by perching on their backs. Flocks of ducks, of which the kind called 'Soriri' (*Dendrocygna personata*) is most abundant, being night feeders, meditate quietly by the small lagoons, until startled by the noise of the steam machinery.

Pelicans glide over the water catching fish, while the Scopus (*Scopus umbretta*) and large herons peer intently into pools. The large black and white spur-winged goose (a constant marauder of native gardens) springs up, and circles round to find out what the disturbance can be, and then settles down again with a splash. Hundreds of Linongolos (*Anastomus lamelligerus*) rise on the wing from the clumps of reeds, or low trees (the *Eschinomena*, from which pith hats are made), on which they build in colonies, and are speedily high in mid-air. Charming little red and yellow weavers (*Ploceidæ*) remind one of butterflies, as they fly in and out of the tall grass, or hang to the mouths of their pendent nests, chattering briskly to their mates within. Kites and vultures are busy overhead, beating the ground for their repast of carrion; and the solemn-looking, stately-stepping Flamingoes, with a taste for dead fish, or men, stalk slowly along the almost stagnant channels. Groups of men and boys are searching diligently in various places for lotus and other roots. Some are standing in canoes, on the weed-covered ponds, spearing fish, while others are punting over the small intersecting streams to examine their sunken fish-baskets.

"Towards evening, hundreds of pretty little hawks (*Erythropus vespertinus*) are seen flying in a southerly direction, and feeding on dragon-flies and locusts. They come, apparently, from resting on the palm-trees during the heat of the day. Flocks of scissor-bills (*Rhyncops*) are then also on the wing, and in search of food, ploughing the water with their lower mandibles, which are nearly half an inch longer than the upper ones.

"At the northeastern end of the marsh, and about three miles from the river, commences a great forest of palm-trees (*Borassus Æthiopium*). It extends many miles, and at one point comes close to the river. The gray trunks and green tops of this immense mass of trees give a pleasing tone of color to the view. The mountain-range, which rises close behind the palms, is generally of a cheerful green, and has many trees, with patches of a lighter tint among them, as if spots of land had once been cultivated. The sharp angular rocks and dells on its sides have the appearance of a huge crystal broken; and this is so often the case in Africa that one can guess pretty nearly at sight whether a range is of the old crystalline rocks or not. The Borassus, though not an oil-bearing palm, is a useful tree. The fibrous pulp, round the large nuts, is of a sweet, fruity taste, and is eaten by men and elephants. The natives bury the nuts until the kernels begin to sprout; when dug up and broken, the inside resembles coarse potatoes, and is prized in times of scarcity as nutritious food. During several months of the year palm-wine, or *sura*, is obtained in large quantities; when fresh, it is a pleasant drink, somewhat like champagne, and not at all intoxicating; though, after standing a few hours, it becomes highly so. Sticks, a foot long, are driven into notches in the hard outside of the tree—the inside being soft or hollow—to serve as a ladder; the top of the fruit-shoot is cut off, and the sap, pouring out at the fresh wound, is caught in an earthen pot, which is hung at the point. A thin slice is taken off the end, to open the pores and make the juice flow every time the owner ascends to empty the pot. Temporary huts are erected in the forest, and men and boys remain by their respective trees day and night; the nuts, fish, and wine being their sole food. The Portuguese use the palm-wine as yeast, and it makes bread so light that it melts in the mouth like froth.

"Above the palm-trees, a succession of rich, low islands stud the river. Many of them are cultivated and grow maize at all times of the year, for we saw it in different stages of growth; some patches ripe, and others half-grown, or just sprouting out of the ground. The shores are adorned with rows of banana-trees, and the fruit is abundant and cheap. Many of the reedy banks are so intertwined with convolvulus, and other creepers, as to be absolutely impenetrable. They are beautiful to the eye, a smooth wall of living green rising out of the crystal water, and adorned with lovely flowers; but so dense that, if capsized in the water, one could scarcely pass through to land."

The village of Mankokwe, an unhappy, suspicious man, who divides the paramount dignity of the section with Tingane, offered no hospitality, and, sailing by the confluence of the Moanza, the expedition cast anchor opposite the village of Chibisa. This village, on the southern bank of the river, crowns a perpendicular bluff of stratified sand, quite sixty feet high, and covered with verdure. From this elevated spot the view commanded extorted exclamations of delight from the most indifferent. The noble river winding away toward the Zambesi, twining about hundreds of verdant islands, laving gently the grassy banks, and catching the shadows of the splendid trees; the valley, also, covered with its marvellous wealth of forest growth and animal life; and farther away mountain on mountain; then, looking northward, their vision leaped along the summits of the numerous ranges of the highlands.

The chief of the village was a remarkably shrewd man, and the most intelligent chief, by far, in this quarter. A great deal of fighting had fallen to his lot, he said; but it was always others who began; he was invariably in the right, and they alone were to blame. He was, moreover, a firm believer in the divine right of kings. He was an ordinary man, he said, when his father died and left him the chieftainship; but directly he succeeded to the high office he was conscious of power passing into his head and down his back; he felt it enter, and knew that he was a chief, clothed with authority and possessed of wisdom; and people then began to fear and reverence him. He mentioned this as one would a fact of natural history, any doubt being quite out of the question. His people, too, believed in him, for they bathed in the river without the slightest fear of crocodiles, the chief having placed a powerful medicine there which protected them. He sent out two men to invite Dr. Livingstone to drink beer with him; but the steamer was above their comprehension, they could not confront such an apparition, and, shouting the invitation from a distance, they abandoned their canoes and made for the shore with amusing earnestness.

The most conspicuous industry of the place was the manufacture of cotton according to the primitive methods, which have maintained their dominion grandly, while other lands have witnessed an entire revolution in such matters. The men might be seen sitting about busily cleaning, sorting, spinning and weaving. It was then, as always, easy to observe the influence on the people of an intelligent and thoughtful chief: they were more generous and friendly and more readily appreciated the spirit and plans of the white men.

"Leaving the vessel opposite Chibisa's village, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, and a number of the Makololo, started on foot for Lake Shirwa. They travelled in a northerly direction over a mountainous country. The people were far from being well-disposed to them, and some of their guides tried to mislead them, and could not be trusted. Masakasa, a Makololo head man, overheard some remarks which satisfied him that the guide was leading them into trouble. He was quiet till they reached a lonely spot, when he came up to Dr. Livingstone, and said, 'That fellow is bad, he is taking us into mischief; my spear is sharp, and there is no one here, shall I cast him into the long grass?' Had the doctor given the slightest token of assent, or even kept silence, never more would any one have been led by that guide, for in a twinkling he would have been where 'the wicked cease from troubling.' It was afterwards found that in this case there was no treachery at all; but a want of knowledge on their part of the language and of the country. They asked to be led to 'Nyanja Mukulu,' or Great Lake, meaning by this Lake Shirwa; and the guide took them round a terribly rough piece of mountainous country, gradually edging away towards a long marsh, which from the numbers of those animals we had seen there we had called the Elephant Marsh, but which was really the place known to him by the name 'Nyanja Mukulu,' or Great Lake. Nyanja, or Nyanza, means, generally, a marsh, lake, river, or even a mere rivulet.

"The party pushed on at last without guides, or only with crazy ones; for, oddly enough, they were often under great obligations to the madmen of the different villages; one of these honored them, as they slept in the open air, by dancing and singing at their feet the whole night. These poor fellows sympathized with the explorers, probably in the belief that they belonged to their own class; and, uninfluenced by the general opinion of their countrymen, they really pitied, and took kindly to the strangers, and often guided them faithfully from place to place, when no sane man could be hired for love or money.

"The perseverance of the party was finally crowned with success; for on the 18th of April they discovered Lake Shirwa, a considerable body of bitter water, containing leeches, fish, crocodiles and hippopotami. From having probably no outlet, the water is slightly brackish, and it appears to be deep, with islands like hills rising out of it. Their point of view was at the base of Mount Primiti or Mopeu-peu, on its S. S. W. side. Thence the prospect northwards ended in a sea horizon with two small islands in the distance—a larger one, resembling a hill-top and covered with trees, rose more in the foreground. Ranges of hills appeared on the east; and on the west stood Mount Chikala, which seems to be connected with the great mountain mass called Zomba.

"The shore, near which they spent two nights, was covered with reeds and papyrus. Wishing to obtain the latitude by the natural horizon, they waded into the water some distance towards what was reported to be a sand-bank, but were so assaulted by leeches, they were fain to retreat; and a woman told them that in enticing them into the water the men only wanted to kill them. The information gathered was that this lake was nothing in size compared to another in the north, from which it is separated by only a tongue of land. The northern end of Shirwa has not been seen, though it has been passed; the length of the lake may probably be sixty or eighty miles, and about twenty broad. The height above the sea is eighteen hundred feet, and the taste of the water is like a weak solution of Epsom salts. The country around is very beautiful, and clothed with rich vegetation; and the waves, at the time they were there, breaking and foaming over a rock on the southeastern side, added to the beauty of the picture. Exceedingly lofty mountains, perhaps eight thousand feet above the sea-level, stand near the eastern shore. When their lofty steep-sided summits appear, some above, some below the clouds, the scene is grand. This range is called Milanje; on the west stands Mount Zomba, seven thousand feet in height, and some twenty miles long."

Their object being rather to gain the confidence of the people by degrees, than to explore, they considered that they had advanced far enough into the country for one trip; and believing that they could secure their end by a repetition of their visit, as they had done on the Shire, they decided to return to the vessel at Dakanamoio island; but, instead of returning by the way they came, they passed down southwards close by Mount Chiradzuru, among the relatives of Chibisa, and thence down to the Shire.

When they reached the ship, it seemed important, before attempting further explorations, to return to Tete for additional supplies, and it was the 28th of August before they left their craft under the shadow of Chibisa's village and set out in search of the far-famed Lake Nyassa. It may not have been necessary for as many as forty-two men to set forth on such a journey; but the advantage of numbers and guns, in the impressions they convey of strength, and the lessons they suggest of kindness and politeness, more than makes up for the greater trouble and expense of their support. And it was particularly important, on this journey, that there should be a reasonable display of strength, because their path lay across the territory of most unfriendly people, with whom it was of the greatest importance that there be no conflict.

Following the course of a beautifully-flowing stream, in a northeasterly direction across the valley, they passed many gardens where cotton was growing luxuriantly. An hour's march brought them to the foot of the Manganja hills, up which their toilsome road must lead them. The vegetation changed as they ascended; new trees and plants received them; and, as they climbed higher and higher, a wider and more charming landscape stretched away behind them. Looking back from an elevation of a thousand feet, the eye could take in the whole of a charming valley, with its silvery stream flowing in many windings from the shadows of the hills toward the Shire. The Shire itself could be seen for many miles above and below Chibisa's, and the great level country beyond, with its numerous green woods; until the prospect west and northwest ended on the peaks of massive dome-shaped mountains that far away fringe the highlands of the Maravi country. On the first of the terraces of these hills the party found the village of Chitimba, nestling in a woody hollow, and surrounded by the characteristic hedge of poisonous euphorbia, and sat down under some fine trees, as strangers are wont to do, near the entrance of the village. A couple of mats were spread for the white men to sit on; and the head man brought a seguati, or present, of a small goat and a basket of meal. The full value in beads and cotton cloth was handed to him in return. He measured the cloth, doubled it, and then measured that again. The beads were scrutinized; he had never seen beads of that color before, and should like to consult with his comrades before accepting them, and this, after repeated examinations and much anxious talk, he concluded to do. Meal and peas were then brought for sale. A brisk trade sprang up at once, each being eager to obtain as fine things as his neighbor, and all were in good humor. Women and girls began to pound and grind meal, and men and boys chased the screaming fowls over the village, until they ran them down. In a few hours the market was completely glutted with every sort of native food; the prices, however, rarely fell, as they could easily eat what was not sold.

Every now and then, as they pursued their way along these splendid ranges, they passed the native villages occupying the most picturesque situations and commanding splendid views. As among the tribes generally in Africa, the villages of the Manganja are generally the petty kingdoms of some head man, and not unfrequently a man of superior power extends his sway over several of those about him. Mankokwe was the paramount chief of the southern portion of the highlands at the time of Dr. Livingstone's visits; but while the people acknowledged his authority, he rarely collected the tribute due him, being a besotted man, who gave no thought to the affairs of his dominion.

The Manganja are an industrious race; and in addition to working in iron, cotton, and basket-making, they cultivate the soil extensively. All the people of a village turn out to labor in the fields. It is no uncommon thing to see men, women and children hard at work, with the baby lying close by beneath a shady bush. When a new piece of woodland is to be cleared, they proceed exactly as farmers do in America. The trees are cut down with their little axes of soft native iron; trunks and branches are piled up and burnt, and the ashes spread on the soil. The corn is planted among the standing stumps, which are left to rot. If grass land is to be brought under cultivation, as much tall grass as the laborer can conveniently lay hold of is collected together and tied into a knot. He then strikes his hoe round the tufts to sever the roots, and leaving all standing, proceeds until the whole ground assumes the appearance of a field covered with little shocks of corn in harvest. A short time before the rains begin, these grass shocks are collected in small heaps, covered with earth, and burnt, the ashes and burnt soil being used to fertilize the ground. Large crops of the mapira, or Egyptian dura (*Holcus sorghum*) are raised, with millet, beans and groundnuts; also patches of yams, rice, pumpkins, cucumbers, cassava, sweet potatoes, tobacco, and hemp, or bang (*Cannabis sativa*). Maize is grown all the year round. Cotton is cultivated at almost every village. Three varieties of cotton have been found in the country, namely, two foreign and one native. The tonje manga, or foreign cotton, the name showing that it has been introduced, is of excellent quality, and considered at Manchester to be nearly equal to the best New Orleans. It is perennial, but requires replanting once in three years. A considerable amount of this variety is grown in the Upper and Lower Shire valleys. Every family of any importance owns a cotton patch, which, from the entire absence of weeds, seemed to be carefully cultivated. Most were small, none seen on this journey exceeding half an acre; but on the former trip some were observed of more than twice that size.

The tonje cadja, or indigenous cotton, is of shorter staple, and feels in the hand like wool. This kind has to be planted every season, in the highlands; yet, because it makes stronger cloth, many of the people prefer it to the foreign cotton; the third variety is not found here. It was remarked to a number of men near the Shire lakelet, a little farther on towards Nyassa, "You should plant plenty of cotton, and probably the English will come and buy it." "Truly," replied a far-travelled Babisa trader to his fellows, "the country is full of cotton, and if these people come to buy they will enrich us." And it is encouraging to know that the observation of the party inclined them to give much credit to his statement. Though it may seem like an idle flourish, they hardly ever entered a village without finding a number of men cleaning, spinning and weaving. It is first carefully separated from the seed by the fingers, or by an iron roller, on a little block of wood, and rove out into long soft bands without twist. Then it receives its first twist on the spindle, and becomes about the thickness of coarse candlewick; after being taken off and wound into a large ball, it is given the final hard twist, and spun into a firm cop on the spindle again: all the processes being painfully slow.

Iron ore is dug out of the hills, and its manufacture is the staple trade of the southern highlands. Each village has its smelting-house, its charcoal-burners, and blacksmiths. They make good axes, spears, needles, arrow-heads, bracelets and anklets, which, considering the entire absence of machinery, are sold at surprisingly low rates; a hoe over two pounds in weight is exchanged for calico of about the value of fourpence. In villages near Lake Shirwa and elsewhere, the inhabitants enter pretty largely into the manufacture of crockery, or pottery, making by hand all sorts of cooking, water, and grain pots, which they ornament with plumbago found in the hills. Some find employment in weaving neat baskets from split bamboos, and others collect the fibre of the buaze, which grows abundantly on the hills, and make it into fish-nets. These they either use themselves, or exchange with the fishermen on the river or lakes for dried fish and salt. A great deal of native trade is carried on between the villages, by means of barter in tobacco, salt, dried fish, skins and iron.

The Manganja were found to be generally a pleasant people, and happily for some members of the expedition they were able almost to forget color in associating with them. There were peculiarities, however, which in the society of civilized communities would constitute a distinction almost as marked as color itself; fashions control communities more uncompromisingly than natural conditions, if possible, and the fashions which distinguished the Manganja would hardly find a follower even among the most eager hunters of novelty. There were the buffaloes' horns and the rhinoceros horns which were found elsewhere; some also had their wool hanging about their shoulders, while others still appeared shorn entirely, and, true to their natures, there was an illimitable indulgence in bodily ornament; they adorned themselves most extravagantly, wearing rings on their fingers and thumbs, besides throatlets, bracelets, and anklets of brass, copper, or iron. But the most wonderful of ornaments, if such it may be called, is the pelele, or upper-lip ring of the women. The middle of the upper lip of the girls is pierced close to the septum of the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the puncture closing up. After it has healed, the pin is taken out and a larger one is pressed into its place, and so on successively for weeks, and months, and years. The process of increasing the size of the lip goes on till its capacity becomes so great that a ring of two inches diameter can be introduced with ease. All the highland women wear the pelele, and it is common on the Upper and Lower Shire; and everywhere it is accounted a matchless charm. The fair belle of our great cities clings not more fondly to the sparkling jewel on her breast, or the pendants of pearl which adorn her ears, than do these African beauties (?) maintain the excellence of the pelele. They need no better justification of their custom than "it is fashion;" and why should they go further than that? can civilization suggest the modification of a custom which is a matter of established fashion? Will not even the church of to-day admit that the fact of the fashion answers all objections to anything? A bright idea struck Livingstone on observing the younger women constantly twaddling this queer pendant with their tongues, and it is a question whether, if the idea is "to find safe employment for that little member," it may not receive the indorsement of the gentlemen of the land we live in. The frequent mention of beer, among the abundant commodities of the country, may have suggested the suspicion already, that the Manganja would hardly pay a hundred cents on the dollar as temperance candidates for our respect. Dr. Livingstone remarked to his associates that he had not seen so much drunkenness during sixteen years in Africa as he saw among these people. As they crossed, the party sometimes found whole villages revelling in their favorite indulgence, and the drinking, drumming and dancing, with which they insist on hailing the morning, would put the most accomplished priests of Bacchus to the blush. The party entered a village one afternoon where every man had fallen in the action; not one was to be seen, and the only indications of life were the few half-conscious women who were still by the beer-pots under a tree. There, as here, the serpent excites every man to the extravagance of his ruling passion, and they have topers, talkative, boisterous, silly, stupid and pugnacious. One of these pugnacious specimens on one occasion attempting to arrest the party in their journey, subjected himself to a very pointed lesson on politeness by one of the Makololo who had as little conscience about using his spear on a man as on an ox. The beverage on which these poor people were debauching themselves so sadly was found really a pleasant and refreshing article, and one which could hardly be suspected of such dreadful effects to the traveller who only used it moderately.

The people are attached to their homes, and there will rarely be found a roving disposition among them. The Makololo were astonished that even a prominent chief should never have a "fit of travelling come over him: should never have a desire to see other lands and people." They sit within their hedge of euphorbia as securely as within a wall of stone, and often live to very great age; and, to the great horror of the hydropathists, they cannot attribute a single day of their ages to the yielding element; they perform no ablutions; one old man thought he could remember having "washed once in his life, but so long before that he had forgotten how it felt."

Superstition, of course, had its place in the lives of the Manganja. The muave was there, too, the uncompromising judge between men in all their disputes; it was depended on to detect the guilty party, and such was the universal confidence in the correctness of its decisions that innocent complainants did not hesitate a moment in resorting to its mysterious bar. But though they so eagerly appeal to the dreadful poison in defence of their characters, the grave is overshadowed by the darkness and mystery which everywhere saddens so bitterly the wailings of bereaved ignorance. "We live only a few days here," said old Chinsunse, "but we live again after death; we do not know where, or in what condition, or with what companions, for the dead never return to tell us. Sometimes the dead do come back, and appear to us in dreams; but they never speak nor tell us where they have gone, nor how they fare."

The splendid country of Manganja offered none of those adventures with ferocious beasts which some readers are on the look out for in accounts of such expeditions, but the charming landscapes and fertile gardens were objects of greater interest. They were a week in crossing these hills.

The impossibility of carrying their boat by the cataracts, which begin a few miles from Chibisa's village, had compelled them to forego the more distinguished mode of travelling for a time; but they were certainly well pleased with the change which unfolded to them the grand panorama of tropical nature which invited their unwearying gaze.

The cataracts which we have mentioned had been discovered some time before, and distinguished by the honorable name of the generous friend of geographical science, who had also proven himself a true friend of Dr. Livingstone. Murchison's cataracts extend through thirty-five miles of latitude, having in this distance about twelve hundred feet fall. Above the cataracts, as below, the river was found broad and easily navigable, and guided the explorers in their search for the great lake. It is hardly to be expected that even so short a journey could be performed without the discouragements which men ever lavish on new enterprises, and the African was not behind the foremost man on the list in the readiness with which he finds the explanation of every momentous undertaking in the folly of its leader. One of these pests joined himself to the party in the Upper Shire valley, and annoyed them by telling the residents that "all of these men" had *wandered*, "gone mad," and knew not where they were going. There was a more serious discouragement, however, in the assurance which they received at the village of Muana Moesa that the lake had never been heard of there, but that the river stretched on as they saw it the distance of two months, and then came out from between rocks which towered almost to the skies. The Makololo looked blank when they heard this, and said, "Let us go back to the ship; it is of no use trying to find the lake." "We shall go and see those wonderful rocks at any rate," said the doctor. "And when you see them," replied Masakasa, "you will just want to see something else." "But there *is* a lake," rejoined Masakasa, "for all their denying it, for it is down in a book." Masakasa, having unbounded faith in whatever was in a book, went and scolded the natives for telling him an untruth. "There is a lake," said he, "for how could the white men know about it in a book if it did not exist?"

Such uncalled-for attempts at deception might have been as provoking to Dr. Livingstone as they were to his Makololo, but he had thought more about human nature than they, and could more easily understand and more readily pity such exhibitions among people so untaught. It is lamentable that the grandest undertakings must be accomplished over the opposition of the very people who are to be the recipients of its richest benefits. The perversity of human nature invites our compassion; it ought not to provoke our impatience, or weaken our resolutions. Livingstone and his party pressed on and discovered Lake Nyassa, a little before noon on the 16th of September, 1859, about two months before the enterprising Dr. Roscher reached its northern end. The southern extremity of the lake was found to be in 14° 25′ south latitude, and 35° 30′ east longitude. The valley was about twelve miles wide, and ranges of hills extend along both sides of the lake. It was not their policy to continue long at the lake, because they had found that repeated visits did more toward allaying the suspicions of the natives and engaging their confidence. The little time that they were there was long enough to reveal the fact that they had reached one of the great slave-paths from the interior. They met a party headed by Arabs, a villanous-looking set, whose whole demeanor indicated their capacity for those deeds of cruelty which are inseparably connected with this revolting business.

In turning their steps again to their ship, the members of the expedition agreed with Dr. Livingstone that, except the cataracts, there was nothing in the way of free water transportation from the sea to the great lake, and they were earnest in their appeal to the home government for a boat to be launched on the Upper Shire, to ply along that portion of the river and along the lake. They felt confident that a single steamer on the lake would do more than any other single agency in impressing the people favorably, and in checking the slave-trade which had its great crossing places at different points on the river and lake. Filled with the inspiration of these noble aspirations and rejoicing in the hope to their realization, they hastened southward, and rejoined their party at Chibisa's on the 6th of October, after a land journey of forty days.

From Chibisa, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, undertook to cross the country and meet their friends again at Tete. The passage down the stream was full of such mournful interest as belongs to tormenting delays inseparable from a leaking craft and daily conflicts with sandbanks. After a time they entered the Zambesi, and landed at Tete February 2d, 1860. The journey of Dr. Kirk across the country, comparatively short, was accomplished with great difficulty and extreme suffering. It was the season of the year when there is the greatest scarcity of water, and the little to be found by digging in the beds of dry watercourses was so brackish that it increased the thirst which they sought to allay; and when, at long intervals, that chanced to be found which was less brackish, it had already become the resort of large game whose unscrupulous habits of wallowing in the mud left only the choice of a filthy draught for a salt one. The country was level, and large tracts of it were covered with mopane trees, whose small leaves afforded no shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, which burnt off the grass and baked the earth. The heat was so great that the men frequently jumped from the path in the vain hope of cooling their scorched feet. The fat was melted away from the salt pork which was carried by one of the natives, and only the fibre of the meat remained. But even this path was hardly known at Tete before it became the highway along which merciless traders drove their human cattle toward a market.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNEYS OF HONOR.

Regard for Obligations—Busy Preparations—Market Prices at Tete—Singular Measures—Social Turn—Evening Gatherings—Peculiar "Tea-Parties"—Makololo Objections to Leaving Tete—Their Gains and Losses—The Outfit—Journey Begun—Linyanti—Sekeletu—The Mission—Graves—Explanation of Failure—Livingstone's Confidence—Hope Unshaken—Makololo Faithfulness—Attentions—Growing Disaffection—Seaward Again—Tete—The Kongone—The "Pioneer" Arrives—The Rovuma—Return to the Shire—The "University's Mission"—Their Misfortunes—War Prevailing—The Slave-Trade—Lake Nyassa—The Lake Tribes—Shupanga—Death of Mrs. Livingstone.

It has been observed by those who have become at all familiar with the life of Dr. Livingstone that he considered no difficulty or danger an apology for the neglect of any duty. However charitably he may have regarded the shortcomings of others, he held himself by the most unrelenting laws; his inherited maxim was engraved on his heart. He knew that the chief who had three years before confided his ivory and his people to him would depend on his word, and every consideration forced on him the obligation to honor that confidence by the faithful performance of his obligation. There seemed to be no reason why the journey should be longer deferred, and preparations were accordingly begun for a journey of honor from Tete to Linyanti. The "Ma-Robert" was in the last stages of inefficiency; she had become intolerably leaky, and the den of innumerable rats and roaches, and the best that could be done with her was to resign her to their undisputed dominion.

In the midst of the busy preparations for this journey there was very little opportunity for much else, and only such events in Tete life as came conspicuously before them received attention. But a man so deeply interested in the condition of the people, and the influences under which they were living, is naturally interested in the rare specimen of authority which was just then making a little ripple on the surface of the ordinarily dull community. Owing to the desolating wars of former years, the cost of provisions was nearly three times as much as in bygone days; so his excellency determined to reduce prices to their former standard, and proclaimed that in future twenty-four fowls instead of eight were to be sold for two yards of calico, and that the prices of sheep, goats, and oil should be reduced in like proportion. The first native who came to market refused to sell his fowls at government prices, and was at once hauled up before the irate commandant, and, for contumacy to this new re-enactment of old laws, condemned to be marched up and down the street all day, with his cackling merchandise hung round his neck, and then sent to prison to pass the night. Another poor fellow brought a pot of groundnut-oil for sale, and was condemned to drink of it largely for refusing to sell it at the legal rate.

Such measures did very well as an expression of his excellency's animus, but they were impotent so far as any general influence on the market was concerned. The natives simply declined to bring their possessions to the village under the circumstances, and while the country is claimed with a great show of dignity by the Portuguese, the tax collectors, who should venture to invade the back country for the dues of their master, would probably be called on to pay the "*last debt*" before collecting the first one. Besides the funerals and weddings, which are reckoned among the institutions of the place, the "tea-parties" are perhaps as characteristic of the mercantile community. They are of a "social turn," and these evening parties are quite popular with them, and if any man would know of the climate of Tete, the expedition supports us in advising him to select a "tea-party" for his investigations; nowhere may he hope to witness so satisfactorily the strangely debilitating effects. Of such an occasion Dr. Livingstone says:

"In the course of an hour a number of the members become too feeble to sit in their chairs, and slip unconsciously under the table; while others, who have been standing up loudly singing or talking, fall into one another's arms, swearing eternal friendship, but gradually losing control both of tongue and limb. Slaves sit at the door, who, understanding these symptoms, enter and bear their weak and prostrate masters home. We should not hesitate to ascribe these symptoms to inebriety, if intoxication was not described here by the phrase 'he speaks English,' that is, 'he's drunk;' so that any such charge would have the appearance of a *tu quoque*. The shocking prevalence of intemperance and other vices among the Portuguese at Tete made us wonder, not that they had fever, but that they were not all swept off together. Their habits would be fatal in any climate; the natives marvelled even more than we did; our Makololo, for instance, looked on aghast at these convivial parties, and Sininyane described one in a way that might have done the actors good. 'A Portuguese stands up,' said he, 'and cries Viva! that means, I am pleased; another says, Viva! I am pleased too; and then they all shout out Viva! we are all pleased together; they are so glad just to get a little beer.' One night he saw three inebriated officers in the midst of their enjoyment quarrelling about a false report; one jumped on his superior and tried to bite him; and, whilst these two were rolling on the floor, the third caught up a chair and therewith pounded them both. Sininyane, horrified at such conduct, exclaimed, 'What kind of people can these whites be, who treat even their chiefs in this manner?'"

As the preparations for their departure progressed, it was discovered that some of those who had come down from the Makololo country with Dr. Livingstone had become so identified with their temporary home that they were not inclined to return. Many had taken up with slave-women, whom they assisted in hoeing, and in consuming the produce of their gardens. Some fourteen children had been born to them; and in consequence of now having no chief to order them, or to claim their services, they thought they were about as well off as they had been in their own country. They knew and regretted that they could call neither wives nor children their own; the slave-owners claimed the whole; but their natural affections had been so enchained that they clave to the domestic ties. By a law of Portugal the baptized children of slave-women are all free; by the custom of the Zambesi that law is void. When it is referred to, the officers laugh, and say, "These Lisbon-born laws are very stringent, but somehow, possibly from the heat of the climate, here they lose all their force."

It will not be forgotten that these men were only called Makololo; the only real member of that tribe since the death of Sekeletu in the whole party was Kanyanta, on whom the leadership now devolved, the others belonging to other tribes which had been added to the dominion of Sebituane. Many of these men had only added to their own vices those of the Tete slaves with whom they had been in contact; others, by toiling during the first two years in navigating canoes and hunting elephants, had often managed to save a little to take back to their own country, but had to part with it all for food to support the rest in times of hunger, and, latterly, had fallen into the improvident habits of slaves, and spent their surplus earnings in beer and agua ardiente.

Under such circumstances it was quite an undertaking to get so many men in marching trim; but the Makololo, who had worked for the expedition, were paid for their services, and every one who had come down with the doctor from the interior received a present of cloth and ornaments, in order to protect them from the greater cold of their own country, and to show that they had not come in vain. A merchant sent three men along with presents for Sekeletu. Major Sicard also furnished three men to assist the party on their return, and having received the loan of a couple of donkeys completed their preparations, and at 2 P. M. on the 15th of May their party filed away from the little village north of Tete. The journey was varied with incidents inseparable from African life, but being along almost the same route by which we have already followed the leader of the expedition in his former travels, hardly justifies the minute attention of those who are eager for information as extensive as may be of the great continent.

Three months after leaving Tete the party entered Sesheke; great changes had taken place during Dr. Livingstone's absence of four years. The old town was in ruins, and the people had built another higher up the river; the people were all in low spirits; Sekeletu was on the opposite side of the river the victim of a dreadful disease. A severe drought had cut off the crops, and destroyed the pasture of Linyanti, and the people were scattered over the country in search of wild fruits, and the hospitality of those whose groundnuts (*Arachis hypogœa*) had not failed.

Sekeletu's leprosy brought troops of evils in its train. Believing himself bewitched, he had suspected a number of his chief men, and had put some, with their families, to death; others had fled to distant tribes and were living in exile. The chief had shut himself up, and allowed no one to come into his presence but his uncle Mamire. Ponwane, who had been as "head and eyes" to him, had just died; evidence, he thought, of the potent spells of those who hated all who loved the chief. The country was suffering grievously, and Sebituane's grand empire was crumbling to pieces. A large body of young Barotse had revolted and fled to the north, killing a man by the way, in order to put a blood-feud between Masiko, the chief to whom they were going, and Sekeletu. The Batoka under Sinamane and Muemba were independent, and Mashotlane at the falls was setting Sekeletu's authority virtually at defiance. Sebituane's wise policy in treating the conquered tribes on equal terms with his own Makololo, as all children of the chief, and equally eligible to the highest honors, had been abandoned by his son, who married none but Makololo women, and appointed to office none but Makololo men. He had become unpopular among the black tribes, conquered by the spear but more effectually won by the subsequent wise and just government of his father.

The utter overthrow of the Makololo dominion, which was only four years in the future, was strongly foreshadowed in the increasing discontent of the people. Strange rumors were afloat respecting the unseen Sekeletu; his fingers were said to have grown like eagle's claws, and his face so frightfully distorted that no one could recognize him. Some had begun to hint that he might not really be the son of the great Sebituane, the founder of the nation, strong in battle and wise in the affairs of state. "In the days of the Great Lion (Sebituane)," said his only sister, Moriantsiane's widow, whose husband Sekeletu had killed, "we had chiefs and little chiefs and elders to carry on the government, and the great chief, Sebituane, knew them all, and everything they did, and the whole country was wisely ruled; but now Sekeletu knows nothing of what his underlings do, and they care not for him, and the Makololo power is fast passing away."

The native doctors had given the case of Sekeletu up. They could not cure him, and pronounced the disease incurable. An old doctress from the Manyeti tribe had come to see what she could do for him, and on her skill he now hung his last hopes. She allowed no one to see him except his mother and uncle, making entire seclusion from society an essential condition of the much longed-for cure. He sent, notwithstanding, for the doctor, who found him on the following day sitting in a covered wagon, which was enclosed by a high wall of close-set reeds; his face was only slightly disfigured by the thickening of the skin in parts, where the leprosy had passed over it; and the only peculiarity about his hands was the extreme length of his finger-nails, which, however, was nothing very much out of the way, as all the Makololo gentlemen wear them uncommonly long. She was firmly convinced that he had been bewitched. "Moriantsiane," said he, "my aunt's husband, tried the bewitching medicine first on his wife, and she is leprous, and so is her head-servant; then, seeing that it succeeded, he gave me a stronger dose in the cooked flesh of a goat, and I have had the disease ever since. They have lately killed Ponwane, and, as you see, are now killing me." Ponwane had died of fever a short time previously. Sekeletu asked for medicine and medical attendance, but the doctor did not like to take the case out of the hands of the female physician already employed, it being bad policy to appear to undervalue any of the profession; and she, being anxious to go on with her remedies, said, "She had not given him up yet, but would try for another month and if he was not cured by that time she would hand him over to the white doctors." She was, however, induced to resign her place earlier, and the superior skill of her successors soon alleviated the sufferings of the young chief considerably, but it had already become too deeply rooted, and they could only lament in their hearts that the glory which the wise Sebituane had bequeathed to his people should go down under the inefficiency of a chief whose vices had bound him in cords so painful and so fatal.

But incidents of deeper interest even than the illness of Sekeletu and the disaffection of his people had been wrought into the history of Linyanti since Dr. Livingstone was there. It will be remembered they had expressed a desire that a missionary might come and live with them, and had committed themselves to a removal from their deadly swamps to some healthier locality. It had seemed very desirable to establish a mission among these people because of the extent of their dominion, and because at their capital Christian teachers would be in constant intercourse with representatives of numerous tribes. Accordingly, the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices the exploration of their country had been effected, undertook the work of establishing a mission at the town of Linyanti, and appointed Rev. Halloway Helmore, who had been seventeen years a missionary among the Bechuanas, and associated with him Messrs. Mackenzie and Price. These younger men, accompanied by gentle and true-hearted wives, who ventured to hope that they could go where Mrs. Livingstone had gone, left England in June, 1858, and in July landed at the Cape. After many trying experiences, the mission party at last reached the scene of their appointment, in February, 1860. In August, when Dr. Livingstone arrived, there was only the sad story of their effort and a number of graves. They had come on the ground in the most unfavorable season, and from the time of their arrival were the victims of the prevailing fever of the place. The account of their sufferings is a discouraging page in the history of African missions, but we can hardly yield the convictions which have grown on us in following the experience of Dr. Livingstone through the years of his intercourse with the Makololo. The illness and bereavement through which the survivor of the enterprise regarded the people could hardly fail to give a darker shade to their characters. They doubtless suffered some wrongs in addition to the ravages of disease, but we would much rather find the explanation of their sickness in the deadly exhalations of the neighboring swamps than accept the suggestion of poisoning; and with the accounts of Rev. John Mackenzie and the "Travels of Livingstone" both before him, we are convinced that a candid reader would feel confident that the conduct of the people toward Mr. Price, after the death of Mr. Helmore, might have found an explanation in some misunderstanding or mistake which would shield the actors from the charge of so ungenerously plundering a bereaved and suffering guest. Certainly, however strongly the trials and losses of the enterprise may speak against the tribe whose elevation was sought by it, the testimony of Dr. Livingstone to the character, customs and promise of the people in all the broad region which then acknowledged the authority of Sekeletu is unshaken, while his personal experience of their faithfulness and kindness cancels that of his more unfortunate friends. There was no particular reason why the chief who would deal so unjustly by the mission party should so carefully cultivate the friendship of Livingstone. There would have been no trouble in concocting an explanation of their loss had he desired to appropriate the many valuable articles which had been seven or eight years in his care. These were found by Dr. Livingstone just as he left them; they had been guarded most sacredly during four years, and the wagon had stood there since 1853. Naturally enough, while his heart grieved for the noble man who had fallen on the spot, after laying two dear children and a devoted wife under the strange sod, and while he sympathized deeply with those who had shared the suffering, only escaping with their lives, his greatest anxiety was that the interest of the world might not be diminished by the accounts of their misfortunes. And it could hardly be expected that, however much he might lament the faults he knew they had, he should forget the services they had done him, or ignore their expressions of esteem and confidence. When he went over to Linyanti he was escorted by men furnished by Sekeletu, and rode the chief's own horse. When he arrived, the head men, Mosale and Pekonyane, received him cordially, and lamented that they had so little to offer him. Oh, had he only arrived the year previous, when there was abundance of milk and corn and beer!

Very early the next morning the old town-crier, Ma-Pulenyane, of his own accord made a public proclamation, which, in the perfect stillness of the town long before dawn, was striking: "I have dreamed! I have dreamed! I have dreamed! Thou, Mosale, and thou, Pekonyane, my lords, be not faint-hearted, nor let your hearts be sore, but believe all the words of Monare (the doctor), for his heart is white as milk towards the Makololo. I dreamed that he was coming, and that the tribe would live if you prayed to God and gave heed to the word of Monare." Ma-Pulenyane showed Dr. Livingstone the burying-place where poor Helmore and seven others were laid, distinguishing those whom he had put to rest and those for whom Mafale had performed that last office. Nothing whatever marked the spot, and, with the native idea of *hiding* the dead, it was said, "it will soon be all overgrown with bushes, for no one will cultivate there." None but Ma-Pulenyane approached the place: the others stood at a respectful distance; they invariably avoid everything connected with death, and no such thing as taking portions of human bodies to make charms of, as is the custom farther north, has ever been known among the Makololo.

When the wagon was left eight years before, several loose articles, as the medicine-chest, magic lantern, tools, and books, were given by Sekeletu into the charge of his wives. Everything was now found in safety. The wagon was in sufficiently good condition for the doctor to sleep in, though the covering had partly rotted off, and, when the chief was absent at the Barotse, the white ants had destroyed one of the wheels. Sekeletu's wives, Seipone and Mantu, without being asked, cooked abundance of good beef, and baked a large supply of little cakes after the pattern which the Makololo, who went to Loanda, had brought back to them. With gentle reproaches for not bringing "Ma-Robert," or Mrs. Livingstone, they repeated some of the prattle of her children in Sechuana, and said, "Are we never more to know anything of them but their names?"

Sekeletu was well pleased with the various articles brought for him, and inquired if a ship could not bring his sugar-mill and the other goods which had been of necessity left behind at Tete. On hearing that there was a possibility of a powerful steamer ascending as far as Sinamane's, but never above the Grand Victoria falls, he asked, with charming simplicity, if a cannon could not blow away the falls, so as to allow the vessel to come up to Sesheke.

He was also as urgent as ever that the doctor would make his home with him; but he could not offer such inducements as had surrounded the home of his illustrious father. His feeble health and foolish policy had left very little of the man or the chieftain about him. And though he recognized the importance of seeking a home in a more salubrious atmosphere he trembled at the thought of quitting his fastnesses, at a time when the growing disaffection of the subject tribes threatened to leave him so soon with only a remnant of his strength. But it was out of the question for Dr. Livingstone to think of even a protracted visit. The new steamer for which he had petitioned his government was expected to arrive at the Kongone in November, and it was necessary that he should hasten thither. He was still firm in his belief that there could be found no more desirable field for missionary work. There were difficulties, but none which would not be surmounted gradually by wise and active laborers.

The seaward journey occupied about two months, and it was toward the end of November when they reached Tete, and the Zambesi was then so low that they were compelled to wait until December before they could go on to the Kongone, where they arrived on the 4th of January, 1861. The expected vessel was behind time, and there was nothing to be done but to wait as patiently as possible for her arrival. In such a focus of decaying vegetation nothing was to be dreaded so much as inactivity, and they were compelled to seek exercise and amusement in hunting and searching about the fetid swamps. Indeed in all parts of Africa, as elsewhere, an active life has been found the safest. A mind fully occupied and hands full of work are the surest precautions against the subtle enemy which lurks in those vast wildernesses. On the 31st of January, 1861, their new ship, the "Pioneer," arrived from England and anchored outside the bar; but the weather was stormy and she did not venture in till the 4th of February.

Two of her Majesty's cruisers came at the same time, bringing Bishop Mackenzie and the Oxford and Cambridge mission to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa. The mission consisted of six Englishmen and five colored men from the Cape. It was a puzzle to know what to do with so many men. The estimable bishop, anxious to commence his work without delay, wished the "Pioneer" to carry the mission up the Shire as far as Chibisa's, and there leave them. But there were grave objections to this. The "Pioneer" was under orders to explore the Rovuma, as the Portuguese government had refused to open the Zambesi to the ships of other nations, and their officials were very effectually pursuing a system which, by abstracting the labor, was rendering the country of no value either to foreigners or to themselves. She was already two months behind her time, and the rainy season was half over. Then, if the party were taken to Chibisa's, the mission would be left without a medical attendant, in an unhealthy region, at the beginning of the most sickly season of the year, and without means of reaching the healthy highlands or of returning to the sea. In the absence of medical aid, and all knowledge of the treatment of fever, it was feared that there might be a repetition of the sorrowful fate which befell the similar non-medical mission at Linyanti. The bishop at last consented to proceed in the "Lyra" man-of-war to Johanna, and there leave the members of the mission with her Majesty's consul, Mr. Sunley, while he himself should accompany the expedition up the Rovuma, in order to ascertain whether the country around its head-waters, which were reported to flow out of Nyassa, was a suitable place for a settlement.

On the 25th of February the "Pioneer" anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma, which, unlike most African rivers, has a magnificent bay and no bar. The scenery on the lower part of the Rovuma was found superior to that on the Zambesi, for they could easily see the highlands from the sea. Eight miles from the mouth the mangroves are left behind, and a beautiful range of well-wooded hills on each bank begins. On these ridges the tree resembling African blackwood, of finer grain than ebony, grows abundantly and attains a large size. Few people were seen, and those were of Arab breed, and did not appear to be very well off. The current of the Rovuma was now as strong as that of the Zambesi, but the volume of water is very much less. Several of the crossings had barely water enough for the ship, drawing five feet, to pass. Unfortunately, however, they had suffered a detention, and when they had ascended a short distance found the river falling rather rapidly, and they were obliged to give up their proposed exploration for the season. Hastening back to the sea, they returned to the Kongone, and sailed again up the Zambesi to the Shire. They had complained so much of their former vessel that they were unwilling to find a fault with the new one, but their progress was greatly impeded by her draught of water; five feet was found to be too much for the navigation of the upper part of the Shire. But after much difficulty they reached Chibisa's; there was a general feeling of relief when the anchor was cast in the old spot where the "Ma-

Robert" had rested in the former time, and all hands congratulated each other that so far at least there was occasion for gratitude. The history of the "University's Mission," by Rev. Henry Rowly, is hardly more encouraging than the effort at Linyanti. But there ought not to have been felt to be any vindication in need of men who had proven their zeal by most arduous labors and painful sacrifices, and their faithfulness by at last laying their lives on the altar of the cause they had espoused. Nor ought it to be necessary to find a solution of the calamitous termination of it, aside from the absolute difficulty of a noble enterprise. The hearts of Christians ought to be so set on the salvation of the heathen that they will not hesitate to face the most fatal diseases and the most unfriendly receptions in the prosecution of their work. The real explanation of the misfortunes of the devoted members of the Shire mission can hardly be found in the unfriendliness of the natives or the unhealthiness of the country. They settled there at a time when the country was suffering a most distressing series of depredations. The Ajawa, encouraged by the Portuguese, were burning and plundering the upper Manganja country. From the time of their arrival there was no time of quiet. The general unrest and excitement was unfavorable, and they were ultimately driven for safety into the lower country to be the prey of the relentless fevers. As far as possible, Dr. Livingstone encouraged and aided them, but he served the government, whose claims could not be neglected.

As soon therefore as they could perform such services for their friends as seemed most urgent, and had seen them safely on the spot which the good Bishop Mackenzie had selected, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, with Charles Livingstone, started for Lake Nyassa, furnished with a light four-oared gig, a white sailor and a score of attendants. And it may be interesting to the reader, that people readily engaged to carry the boat forty miles for a cubic of cotton cloth a day! When they had passed the last of the cataracts they launched their boat "for good" on the Shire, and passed easily and peacefully on to the lake, and sailed into it on the 2d of September. It was found to be over two hundred miles long and from twenty to sixty wide, a deep sea-like shade resting on its surface. They had never before seen in Africa anything like the dense population which thronged its shores. Their first impression of these lake dwellers was that they were downright lazy; groups could be seen during the day lying fast asleep under the shade of the trees along the shore, apparently taking the world very easily, but a better acquaintance with them revealed the fact that these forenoon sleepers had been at work during the greater part of the night. In the afternoon they begin to bestir themselves; examining and mending their nets, carrying them to the canoes, and coiling in their lines. In the evening they paddle off to the best fishing station, and throughout most of the night the poor fellows are toiling in the water, dragging their nets.

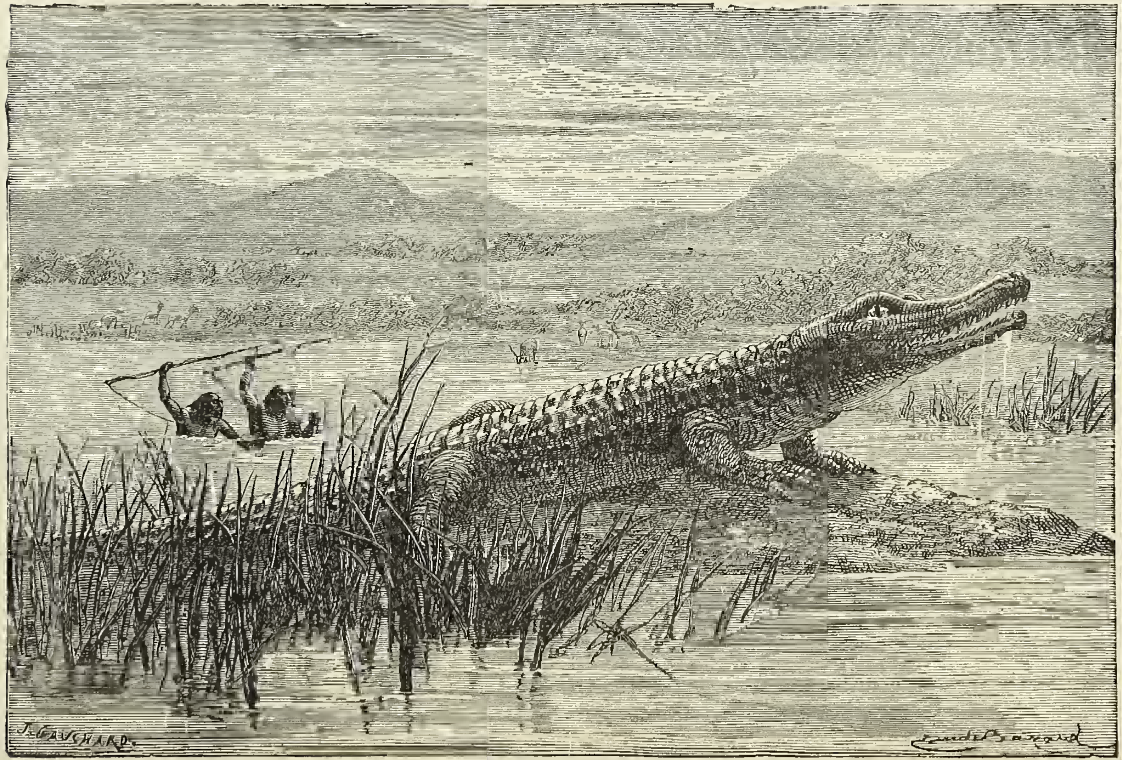
Though there are many crocodiles in the lake, and some of an extraordinary size, the fishermen say that it is a rare thing for any one to be carried off by these reptiles. When crocodiles can easily obtain abundance of fish—their natural food—they seldom attack men; but when unable to see to catch their prey, from the muddiness of the water in floods, they are very dangerous.

In character and general appearance the lake tribes were found to be very much like the tribes among whom they had already travelled. Their scanty clothing was partly of cotton and partly of a sort of cloth woven from bark. The ornamentation of their persons was of course a matter of special pride and delight.

At different points along the shore they found the established slave-crossing places, and only at such places were they at all annoyed. The lake slave-trade was going on at a terrible rate, and the higher they went the more deeply the travellers realized the horrors of a trade which encourages every vice and withers every beauty, and paralyzes every energy of the afflicted land over which it drags its accursed chain.

Having spent nearly two months on the lake, and feeling amply repaid for their toil in the encouragement they had experienced concerning the future of the great continent, they returned to the ship, which they reached on the 8th of November. The bishop came down from Magomero to meet them, and it was a joy indeed to see him in such good spirits.

On returning to Tete, it was ascertained that the Portuguese government had given such instructions to the slaving parties



CROCODILE OF NYASSA.

within their territory as would make it impossible for the expedition to pursue their work at all peacefully, and their attention was again turned to the Rovuma, and they landed at Shupanga, with a view of perfecting such preparation as the exploration of that river might call for. The fever was prevailing considerably at the time, and about the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by this disease; and it was accompanied by obstinate vomiting. Nothing is yet known that can allay this distressing symptom, which of course renders medicine of no avail, as it is instantly rejected. She received whatever medical aid could be rendered from Dr. Kirk, but became unconscious, and her eyes were closed in the sleep of death as the sun set on the evening of the Christian Sabbath, the 27th of April, 1862. A coffin was made during the night, a grave was dug next day under the branches of the great baobab tree, and with sympathizing hearts the little band of his countrymen assisted the bereaved husband in burying his dead. At his request, the Rev. James Stewart, who had come out as the agent of the Free Church of Scotland to view the country before attempting a mission, read the burial service; and the seamen kindly volunteered to mount guard for some nights at the spot where her body rests in hope. Those who are not aware how this brave, good, English wife made a delightful home at Kolobeng, a thousand miles inland from the Cape, and as the daughter of Moffat and a Christian lady exercised most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labors, was called to her rest instead.

The expedition had worked under many disadvantages, and in the face of difficulties which would have discouraged less resolute men. They had been generously treated by their government, but unfortunately their first boat was a burlesque on the name, and the "Pioneer" was unadapted to the waters on which she was to sail. Besides the delays and embarrassments growing out of their equipment, the Portuguese jealousy found expression in many discouragements, and the vigorous revival of the slave-trade more than neutralized their influence on the natives over whom its degrading influence extended.

When they were at last put in possession of the "Lady Nyassa" —the little iron steamer with which they proposed to force their way up the rapids of the Zambesi and the Shire—the season had so far advanced that they could not think of that undertaking until another flood time, which would involve inevitably a delay of several months; and it was decided to attempt again the exploration of the Rovuma, which was reported to flow from Lake Nyassa. They were the more anxious to find out the truth of this report, because such a discovery would put them in communication with the vast fertile regions about the lake and along the Upper Shire, by a path free from the annoyance of Lisbon taxation. Accordingly they set out about the 1st of September, 1862, on a journey which occupied about one month. The results of this expedition were not gratifying, though much more satisfactory than their former effort. They ascended without serious difficulty about one hundred and fifty miles, where they encountered the peculiar obstructions which seem to belong to all African rivers. The river became narrow and rocky, and further navigation was found impossible. Few incidents occurred which would interest the reader.

The valley was about four miles wide and bounded on each side by a range of high hills. During the first week very few people were seen. Their villages were all concealed in the thick jungles on the hill-sides for protection from marauding slave parties. The absence of bird or animal life was remarkable, and the shallow, winding channel, in the midst of absolute stillness, was cheerless indeed. The language of the people differed considerably from that in use on the Zambesi, though it seemed to be of the same family. The customs of the people, as far as ascertained, were not unlike those along the other rivers—the same love of ornament and the follies of fashion. Hunting the senze—an animal about the size of a large cat, but in shape more resembling a pig—was the chief business of men and boys along the reedy banks. In this singular sport they set fire to a mass of reeds, and, armed with sticks, spears, bows and arrows, stand in groups guarding the outlets through which the scared senze may run from the approaching flames. Dark, dense volumes of impenetrable smoke now roll over on the lee side of the islet, and shroud the hunters. At times vast sheets of lurid flames bursting forth, roaring, crackling and exploding, leap wildly far above the tall reeds. Out rush the terrified animals, and amid the smoke are seen the excited hunters dancing about with frantic gesticulations, and hurling stick, spear and arrow at their burned-out victims. Kites hover over the smoke, ready to pounce on the mantis and locusts as they spring from the fire. Small crows and hundreds of swallows are on eager wing, darting into the smoke and out again, seizing fugitive flies. Scores of insects, in their haste to escape from the fire, jump into the river, and the active fish enjoy a rare feast.

Great quantities of excellent honey are collected along the river by bark hives placed for the bees on high trees which line the banks. A few pieces of coal were also picked up. And there was little doubt that, but for the slave-trade, which finds one of its principal outlets eastward through this section, the people would be easily led to higher grades of being. And it was equally evident that they occupied a country which would repay with its offerings all the attention which friendly nations might bestow on its benighted occupants.. But the Rovuma is less promising as an avenue to the interior than the Shire or the Zambesi, and the expedition was constrained to give up the hope of reaching the lake by that route, and returned again to the Zambesi to battle again with the ills they knew.

They ascended the Shire in January, 1863, and passed along amidst the dreadful traces of the recent ravages of Mariano, who was again in the field as "the great Portuguese slave agent." Dead bodies floated past them daily, and in the mornings the paddles had to be cleared of the corpses caught by the floats during the night. For scores of miles the entire population of the valley had been swept away by the inhuman agent of a government called civilized, called Christian. It made the heart ache to see the wide-spread desolation; the river banks, once so populous, all silent; the villages burned down, and an oppressive stillness reigning where formerly crowds of eager sellers appeared with the various products of their industry. Here and there might be seen on the bank a small, dreary, deserted shed, where had sat, day after day, a starving fisherman, until the rising waters drove the fish from their wonted haunts, and left him to die. Tingane had been defeated; his people had been killed, kidnapped, and forced to flee from their villages. There were a few wretched survivors in a village above the Ruo; but the majority of the population was dead. The sight and smell of dead bodies were everywhere. Many persons lay beside the path, where in their weakness they had fallen and expired. Ghastly living forms of boys and girls, with dull, dead eyes, were crouching beside some of the huts. A few more miserable days of their terrible hunger, and they would be with the dead. Words could not convey an adequate idea of the scene of wide-spread desolation which the once pleasant valley of the Shire presented. Instead of smiling villages and crowds of people coming with things for sale, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and when by chance one lighted on a native, his frame bore the impress of hunger, and his countenance the look of a cringing broken-spiritedness. A drought had visited the land after the slave-hunting panic swept over it. Large masses of people had fled down to the Shire, only anxious to get the river between them and their enemies. Most of the food had been left behind; and famine and starvation had cut off so many that the remainder were too few to bury the dead. The corpses seen floating down the river were only a remnant of those that had perished, whom their friends, from weakness, could not bury, nor over-gorged crocodiles devour. It is true that famine caused a great portion of this waste of human life; but the slave-trade was deemed the chief agent in the ruin. The few wretched survivors were overpowered by an apathetic lethargy. They attempted scarcely any cultivation, which, for people so given to agriculture as they are, was very remarkable; they were seen daily devouring the corn-stalks which had sprung up in the old plantations, and which would, if let alone, have yielded corn in a month. They could not be aroused from their lethargy. Famine benumbs all the faculties. The effort was made to induce some to exert themselves to procure food, but failed. They had lost all their former spirit, and with lacklustre eyes, scarcely meeting those of their friends, and in whining tones, replied to every proposition for their benefit—"No, no!" (*"Ai! ai!"*)

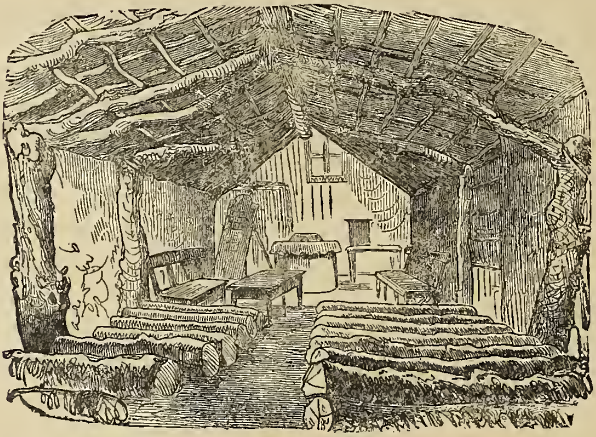
Human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east; and in one hut of the same village no fewer than twenty drums had been collected, probably the ferryman's fees. Many had ended their misery under shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others lay in their huts, with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse with the poor rags round the loins—the skull fallen off the pillow—the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constituted but a small portion of the waste, and left no grounds for hope that a lawful commerce might be established until the slave-trade, which had so long brooded over Africa, should be put down.

In the midst of these shocking scenes the party visited the grave of good Bishop Mackenzie. He had given his heart in sincerity to Africa, and it was sorrowful indeed to know that all the fond and noble hopes which had clustered round him as he left the classic grounds of Cambridge were all buried in a place so wild and so desolate. But on what nobler altar can a man lay down his life? Who shall talk of "waste of precious lives," which are sacrificed in carrying the gospel of Christ to the heathen, since "Christ has died?" Who knows but those who fall soonest, and in the severest trials, shall in the last day be allowed to lead up the hosts of Christ's ransomed ones out of the ends of the earth to the throne of the King?

There was now added, to the difficulties which had existed before, the disadvantage of having to bring all supplies from the Zambesi. It was impossible to purchase food. To accomplish much under such circumstances was impossible; and the only plan which offered anything like success was to pass the rapids and get among the tribes dwelling about the foot of the lake, who had been exempt from the ravages which had made a desert of the valley.

In the midst of preparations for this journey a despatch was received from Earl Russell containing instructions for the withdrawal of the expedition, and there could be but little else attempted during the short time which must elapse before the condition of the river would justify the attempt to take the "Pioneer" down to the sea. The work of the expedition had come to be little better than a struggle with the slave-trade. The breaking up of that evil was the absorbing idea of the members of it. It could hardly have been otherwise. The humanity of Englishmen and Christians could but arise against such barbarities as confronted them in every path they selected. The short journey to the northwest, which extended as far as the village of Chinanga, on the banks of a branch of the Loangwa, only deepened the conviction of the utter hopelessness of all enterprises which might seek the improvement of the people and the utilization of the country until the land should be relieved of the fatal traffic which flourished everywhere by the patronage of Portugal.

It is no wonder that Dr. Livingstone turned again toward the sea with anything but friendly feelings toward a government whose "dog in the manger" spirit had made six precious years, years of pain and comparative disappointment.



MISSION CHAPEL ON THE SHIRE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Zambesi Expedition Unsatisfactory—Zanzibar—Trade from Zanzibar—The Outfit—Rovuma Bay—Kindany—The Makonde—Remarkable Vegetation—Cutting Right Valiantly—Rage for Doctorship—Mohammedan Influence—Lying Guides—Along the Rovuma—Troubles with Followers—Gum-Copal Tree—Extravagant Tattooing—Top of the Fashion—At Nyomano—The Slave-Trade—The Makoa—A Woman Rescued—Horrors of the Trade in Slaves—Currency for Africa—Extracts from Journal—A Deserted Village—A Model Town of Africa.

Nobody was thoroughly satisfied with the Zambesi expedition. It had cost considerable sums of money, much precious time had been consumed, and some very valuable lives had been sacrificed, while comparatively little progress had been made in finding out the country, the anticipations of advantageous commercial relations greatly disappointed, and missionary enthusiasm discouraged. There were however some important discoveries made: the fruitfulness of the soil was confirmed, the mineral resources much more accurately ascertained, and the real enemy of African civilization brought more distinctly into view. There was certainly no want of patient and heroic labor, brave endurance and wise counsel. In none of the records of his noble life have we been more impressed with the real greatness of David Livingstone than in reviewing the journals of the wearying, unsatisfactory years of this expedition. The difficulties with which he contended were only recognized by him when human energy could do no more, and even then he suspended his labors only in obedience to the authority which he represented.

The little time which he allowed himself at home was hardly a season of rest. Besides the preparation of his "Zambesi Expedition" for the press, he felt constrained to do all in his power in those few months to revive the popular interest in the African question, and to arouse popular sentiment against the African slave-trade, which he had been forced to recognize as the most stubborn and powerful enemy of all those schemes of benevolence which were springing up in the hearts of Christians for that unfavored land. The days were full of labor and anxiety, and passed rapidly.

On the 14th of August, 1865, Livingstone left England for the third and last time, under commission as British Consul for Central Africa. He reached Bombay on the 3d of January, 1866, and having received commendatory letters to the sultan of Zanzibar, sailed for that island in the "Thule," a vessel which was sent as a present to the sultan by the Bombay government. Twenty-three days were required for the passage, and on the 28th of January the ship entered the harbor of Zanzibar. Dr. Livingstone was shown all possible respect, and the sultan immediately put one of his own houses at his disposal. Snugly ensconced in this temporary home, he had a little time to look about him, and complete his preparations for the interior.

Zanzibar is the Bagdad, the Ispahan, the Stamboul, if you like, of East Africa. It is the great mart which invites the ivory traders from the African interior. To this market come the gum-copal, the hides, the orchilla, the timber, and the black slaves from Africa. The population of the island hardly exceeds two hundred thousand; about half of this number reside in the city. The higher and middle classes are represented by the Arabs, the Banyans, and the Mohammedan Hindis; below these there are the half-castes and the negro. There are, besides these classes, a number of American and European residents. These are mainly government officials, though a number of independent merchants and agents of great mercantile houses in Europe and America have their homes in the strange surroundings of this strangest of towns. The Arabs of Zanzibar are Arabs, just as they would be anywhere on earth. The Arab never changes; wherever he goes he carries the customs, dress, and characteristic peculiarities which distinguish the exactest representatives of his race in their own countries. Nearly all of those who are seen in Zanzibar are experienced travellers, and their very countenances and carriage tell of strange and perilous adventures and habitual wariness and courage.

The principal traders, however, of Zanzibar seem to be the Banyans. Many of these have accumulated great wealth, and it is in their power to take advantage of the poorer natives who come into their hands with their fruits or ivory, just as the rich may wrong the poor anywhere. The negro is the laboring man of the island, and the half-caste is the rascal.

The particular line of trade which attracts the attention of the European traveller most anxiously is that of the slave markets. It taxes the credulity of the most skeptical to accept the statements of even the most reliable travellers concerning the enormous profits which tempt so powerfully the unscrupulous to this barbarous business. Mr. Stanley, who looked about him with the eyes of an accomplished reporter for one of the most careful journals of our time, has in his book a paragraph which puts the matter most tellingly: "We will suppose," says he, "for the sake of illustrating how trade with the interior is managed, that the Arab conveys by his caravan $5000 worth of goods into the interior. At Unyanyembe the goods are worth $10,000; at Ujiji they are worth $15,000, or have trebled in price. $7.50 will purchase a slave in the markets of Ujiji, which will bring, in Zanzibar, $30. Ordinary men-slaves may be purchased for $6 which would sell for $25 on the coast. We will say he purchases slaves to the full extent of his means. After deducting $1500 for expenses of carriage to Ujiji and back—viz., $3500—he would buy, at $7.50 each, four hundred and sixty-four slaves, on which he would realize $13,920 on an investment of $5000, or nearly $9000 net profit for a single journey from Zanzibar to Ujiji." At the slave market at Zanzibar, Dr. Livingstone found three hundred slaves exposed for sale, the greater part of whom had come from Lake Nyassa and the Shire river. One of the women remembered hearing of his passing up the lake in a boat, but he found none in the company whom he had seen before. The patience of the man whose heart had been so long set for the lifting up of Africa was hardly increased by the scenes which came so frequently before him in these markets. He says that "those of the slaves who were old enough to comprehend their situation seemed greatly ashamed at being hawked about for sale. Their teeth were examined, the cloth which they wore was raised up that their lower limbs might be examined, and a stick was tossed for the slave to bring that he might exhibit his paces. Others were dragged through the crowd by the hand, while the price was incessantly called out. The purchasers of these unhappy beings were mostly northern Arabs and Persians."

But entertaining as the scenes of that strange city must be to an intelligent traveller, Dr. Livingstone walked its streets with heart and mind absorbed with a greater work than that of an ordinary observer, and every moment of time spent in Zanzibar was coveted for the dearer work he had to do in the heart of the great continent whose dark outline was only a few miles away.

Having finally arranged with Koorje, a Banyan, to send a supply of beads, cloth, flour, tea, coffee, and sugar, to Ujiji, on Lake Taganyika, to the care of an Arab living there, called Thani bin Suelim, and having perfected other arrangements for his journey, Livingstone took leave of the generous sultan and other friends on the island. He had secured a *dhow*, one of the coasting vessels of East Africa, for transporting the animals for the expedition; of these there were six camels, three buffaloes and a calf, two mules and four donkeys. His attendants were thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and Wakalani and Chuma, two Wayans, boys who had been liberated from the slavers by the doctor and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, and had spent three years with the mission party at Chibisa. Several others of the men had been with Dr. Livingstone in his former expeditions. Musa, a Johanna man, was a sailor on the "Lady Nyassa Susi," and Amoda had rendered service on the "Pioneer." The Nassick lads were all entire strangers, and had been trained in India.

By the kindness of Lieutenant Garforth, the doctor and his followers were offered passage to the mouth of the Rovuma in the ship "Penguin," and under date of March 19th, 1866, we find the opening entrance in the journal of this expedition, toward which the eyes of the world turned so long and anxiously, in a few words full of the spirit of the great and good man: "We start this morning at 10 A. M. I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them."

On the 22d they reached Rovuma bay, and anchored about two miles from the mouth of the river, in five fathoms water. Two or three days careful inspection of the river and the neighboring lands was enough to reveal the fact that there would be very great difficulty in conveying the animals to the interior by that route, and, following the advice of Lieutenant Garforth and the captain of the dhow, the party turned back to Mikindany bay, which lies twenty-five miles north of Rovuma, and on the evening of the 24th landed all the animals and bade farewell to the noble gentleman who had so kindly assisted them with his ship. Our great traveller was now once more safely on African soil, and the great sea ebbing and flowing heedlessly between him and the sympathies and affection of all who could in any sort appreciate his noble self-sacrifice or comprehend the nature and importance of his undertakings. But he was inured to the dangers, the privations, the loneliness and toils of travel. He was self-reliant, and needed little else than the freedom to look up to give him confidence. He did not underrate the difficulties of African travel, he knew them too well; but it was his theory that "the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God," and he had become accustomed to appreciate severe exertion because it enhanced the charms of repose.

The town of Kindany, as a starting point for a great expedition, was no better than no place; the only advantage it offered was that which would have existed as well had there been no town there. The harbor is described as unsurpassed, if indeed it is equalled, by any on the coast. It is entered by a deep narrow channel, and inside, sheltered by semicircular highlands, is the deep bay, about two miles square, where vessels enjoy uncommon security from the winds which so often fall mercilessly on the small coasting ships of the region. There are a number of houses lying along this bay, small square structures of wattle and daub; but there would be no evidence that the harbor had been in use, or even known before the recent settlement of its present claimants, if a few lingering ruins had not endured the wear of centuries with their hints of an old time. The people who live in the small square houses—the present Kindanians—are the poorest possible specimens of the *genus homo*, "the low-coast Arabs, three-quarters African." They are after a fashion the subjects of Zanzibar; their *jemida* acknowledges the authority of the sultan, and their insignificant customs are presided over by an officer from Zanzibar.

The animals which had been conveyed to the coast in the dhow were considerably knocked up by the voyage, and some time elapsed while they were getting over their wounds and bruises and fatigue. The delay was put in usefully, however, in the manufacture of camels' saddles and repairing those for the mules and buffaloes.

Nature has been more lavish of her favors at Kindany than at other points along the coast. The land is higher, and the soil is almost half coral. "Coral rock underlies the whole place," and the rills in this rock afford good water. A dense tropical vegetation prevails on every hand, and conspicuous in the various wonders of it stands the great baobab. Great numbers of large game are seen about the numerous water-pools, and the nominal traders of the town have so little industry that there is hardly anything to relieve the heathendom look of the region.

After enjoying innumerable promises of service without receiving the slightest assistance, Livingstone set out on his journey, bearing southward in the direction of the Rovuma river, with a Somalie guide, who was to receive twenty dollars for taking him as far as Nyomano, the confluence of the Loendi and Rovuma.

An enemy which the doctor had hoped to escape on this route was in waiting for him, and before he had travelled a dozen miles it was ascertained that the buffaloes and camels had been bitten by the *tsetse*. The progress was painfully slow at best, and it was a matter of serious anxiety to be threatened with so great a disaster as the loss of his animals so early in the journey. Being himself unused to camels, it was necessary to intrust them to the Sepoys almost entirely, and it was soon apparent they were exceedingly careless of the comfort and safety of their charge. Added to this—true to the familiar maxim, that "troubles never come singly"—the road they had to make lay through dense jungles, where the axe must do its work before the camels and buffaloes could possibly advance.

The native occupants of this region are known as Makonde.

Their numbers have been greatly diminished by the slave-trade; only a remnant, comparatively, of them are left. Here and there the traveller emerged suddenly on a little clearing adorned with gardens of sorghum, maize and cassava. The people were much more interested in the strange animals of the unexpected visitors than in the human members of the cavalcade; even the white man himself did not attract such attention as the ungainly camels. The Makonde proved themselves a pleasant people and industrious, ready to turn an honest yard of calico as wood-choppers or carriers. They have been the prey of the Arabs from Zanzibar, just as their neighbors lower down the coast have been the prey of the Portuguese. They have no common government. There is no paramount chief whose authority is recognized. They are all independent, and bear themselves independently enough. Of their personal appearance Livingstone says: "Their foreheads may be called compact, narrow, and rather low; the *alæ nasi* expanded laterally; lips full, not excessively thick; limbs and body well formed, hands and feet small; color dark and light brown; height middle sized and bearing independent." Their language is very unlike that of the half-castes who constitute the population of Kindany, though their intercourse with the Arabs has extended considerable familiarity with Swaheli among the Makonde. The foreign influence has done nothing toward the enlightenment of the natives. There was the ruin of a mosque seen at Kindany; but the Arabs are in the country for gain; they mingle with the natives in the most intimate relations; there is no tradition of their attempting to convert them. The natives might congratulate themselves, however, on the remissness of their visitors in this regard; for if Dr. Livingstone judged rightly, African barbarism would be degraded by the assumption of Arab virtues.

The trade road, which is a path only, was along the wadys, frequently ascending the neighboring heights to take in a village, and down again to another by the dry channel. The soil along the route was remarkably fertile. As they penetrated the country, some of the cassava bushes were seven feet high, and the pleasing sight of really heavy crops of sorghum and maize awaited the surprise and delight of the observer at every clearing. The whole region bore traces of having been open and in a state of cultivation in former times. There is a noticeable scarcity of larger vegetation, and the dense, matted, scrubby crop which resisted their progress so stubbornly that even the native choppers sometimes were almost discouraged, had only sprung up since the slave-trade had done its devastating work. Some of the twining, thorny contestants of the ground, which annoyed Dr. Livingstone most unmercifully, suggested a little reverence for Mr. Darwin's hints about vegetable instinct. One particularly he said "might be likened to the scabbard of a dragoon's sword; but along the middle of the flat side runs a ridge from which springs up every few inches a bunch of inch-long straight, sharp thorns. It hangs straight for a couple of yards; but as if it could not thus give its thorns a fair chance of mischief, it suddenly bends on itself, and all its cruel points are presented at right angles with their former position. It seems bent on mischief, and displays almost malicious deliberation in hanging out its cruel, tangled limbs, which are sure to inflict severe injury on an unwary traveller. Other climbers are found so tough that no hand can break them. One appears at its roots a young tree; but true to the straggling habits of its class, its shoots may be seen fifty or sixty feet off, weaving themselves into the common cordage of the neighborhood.

"Another climber is like the leaf of an aloe, but convoluted as strangely as shavings from the plane of a carpenter. It is dark green in color, and when its bark is taken off it is beautifully striated beneath, lighter and darker green, like the rings of growth on wood; still another is a thin string with a succession of large knobs, and another has its bark pinched up all round at intervals so as to present a great many cutting edges. One sort need scarcely be mentioned, in which all along its length are strong bent hooks, placed in a way that will hold one if it can but grapple with him, for that is very common and not like those mentioned, which the rather seem to be stragglers from the carboniferous period of geologists, when pachydermata wriggled unscathed among tangled masses worse than these."

Dr. Livingstone had employed about ten jolly young Makonde to deal with these prehistoric plants in their own way, for they are accustomed to clearing spaces for gardens, and went at the work with a will, using tomahawks well adapted for the work. They whittled away right manfully, taking an axe when any trees had to be cut. Their pay, arranged beforehand, was to be one yard of calico per day: this was not much, seeing they were still so near the sea-coast. Climbers and young trees melted before them like a cloud before the sun!

They now began to descend the northern slope down to the Rovuma, and a glimpse could occasionally be had of the country; it seemed covered with great masses of dark green forest, but the undulations occasionally looked like hills, and here and there a sterculia had put on yellow foliage in anticipation of the coming winter. More frequently the vision was circumscribed to a few yards till the merry woodcutters made the pleasant scene of a long vista fit for camels to pass: as a whole, the jungle would have made the authors of the natty little hints to travellers smile at their own productions, good enough, perhaps, where one has an open country with trees and hills, by which to take bearings, estimate distances, see that one point is on the same latitude, another on the same longitude with such another, and all to be laid down fair and square with protractor and compass; but popular hints hardly hold good while a man is struggling for existence in the tangled masses of rank vegetation, which, feeding on the steamy, smothering moisture from the Indian ocean, springs into marvellous luxuriance. With such a chance, Livingstone assures us one might as well talk of taking bearings while encased in a hogshead with no window but the bung-hole!

It was easier to find out the people and to record such matters as were nearest him. Very few traces of coal were seen, but the doctor mentions having seen gray sandstone like that which is often found underlying that important article. The villagers generally received him with the usual hospitality, exchanging gifts and kind offices. The head men of these villages needed, of course, to associate some special power with themselves, and, as is commonly the case, assumed the distinction of doctors. They were not so confident, however, in their science, or so wedded to their particular school, as their brethren in near climes, as was evinced by the readiness with which they discarded any possible simples when they had the opportunity of benefiting by the treatment of the white man.

On the 14th of April Livingstone led his party down to the banks of the Rovuma, opposite some red cliffs and near where the "Pioneer" had turned back in 1861. The next day was Sunday, and its rest was very sweet indeed, though the traveller was so far away from the cherished communion of those who with him might rejoice in the worship of the great God and sweet experiences of Jesus' love. Most of his attendants were Mohammedans in name; and while their faith served a poor purpose, so far as their honesty and truthfulness was concerned, it was decided enough to dispute about. It is sometimes the case in other places that the religion which people profess does not amount to anything more than a fighting matter. How Mohammedan zeal may kindle and glow was seen when an old Monyinko head man presented the party with a goat. The animal having been received, its execution was in order. This service was offered by the Sepoys, who were proceeding to cut its throat after the fashion in their country, but the Johannes were of a different sect and their creed called for the cutting of a goat's throat by another pattern than that in use by their co-religionists of India. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and a fierce dispute ensued between these sects as to which was the right sort of Moslem.

Livingstone was now in the line of the route he had projected years before, and free to resume the undertaking which had baffled him then without discouraging him. He was freer than he was then, and untrammelled by counsellors or ships. He might be called on to endure hardships, but he could not be commanded to return. He had not the youth and vigor though which had made his earlier toils lighter than they really were, though they seemed hard enough.

From the point where he reached the Rovuma he led his party westward, along the sides of that ragged table-land which he had formerly seen from the river as flanking both sides. There it appeared a range of hills, shutting in the Rovuma, here only spurs were seen jutting out toward the river, and valleys retiring several miles inland. Sometimes wending their way around these spurs and sometimes toiling over them, axe in hand, the party advanced like men whose minds were made up; there was only one mind to the party: that mind was made up. It was a happy thing for all hands that there was no scarcity of food along the path; particularly was it a happy thing for the Sepoys that rice was plenty, as the supply of that commodity which should have lasted until the expedition reached Nyomano was found to be exhausted on the 13th.

The weariness of the march was greater than it should have been because the Sepoys persisted in overburdening the camels, which they could easily do as Dr. Livingstone was wholly unaccustomed to the animals. The sun too was beating on them with great force, and the men taking their turns with fever.

Arab guides are not better than other guides. It is generally the case that those who guide us for our convenience and their profit seem very unconcerned about how well we are served if our ignorance only abets their impositions. Guides had lied to justify their misguidance before the time of Ben Ali, and if they are not watched they will do it when the wind is playing with leaves above his grave. The particular guide in question now, as it turned out, owed a duty to a certain comely Makonde woman, who resided some distance from the proper path, and like a dutiful husband, though an undutiful guide, vowed that the wrong way was the right one as positively as ever an attorney asserted the worse the better reason until his point was carried. It seems to be no trouble to the Arab guide any more than to an attorney when the point is carried to confess the "sharpness" of the transaction; and Ben Ali guided his employer back when he had comforted his spouse and reassured her of his affection as pleasantly as he had led him aside. The policy of the Arabs is like that of the Portuguese—they strengthen their influence with the natives by coming down to them. They do not elevate the African by it. They only degrade themselves and increase the difficulties to be met by those who aim at the elevation of the people in the scale of manhood.

The people among whom they were passing were very rude. The women particularly seemed to ignore all restraints, and surpassed the men in the indecency of their deportment. The men, like true lovers, engaged with eagerness in cutting a path, and the hope of having a yard or two of cloth to make their wives' dresses imparted marvellous charms to the hard work; it was delightful to hear their merry shouts and witness the almost childish glee with which they marched against the most cruel jungles of thorns and briers. The higher up the river they went the more extravagantly barbarous were the specimens of tattooing and lip-rings which presented themselves. There were very few animals seen, hardly any indeed; none exist scarcely in the country through which they passed except elephants, hippopotami and pigs.

Ascending the Rovuma, they were still in the territory of the Makonde, and retracing in large measure the former route, except that instead of sailing along the river they were walking along the highlands and valleys. Now and then a familiar face was presented to the doctor, and some faces associated rather unpleasantly with the events of his former expedition. The camels and buffaloes were frequently bitten by the tsetse without exhibiting special inconvenience.

At the Nangadi river, a broad stream which rises in a lakelet some eight or ten miles from the Rovuma, begins the territory of the Mabiha. A few miles above this gap the southern highlands fall away, and there are broad marshes known as the Matembwe flats; numerous lakelets are seen glistening in the sunshine here and there; and away from these flats extends the Matembwe country, famous for its beautiful women, and boasting an astonishing supply of elephants and gum-copal. Such a country could hardly fail to attract the Arab traders.

On the 25th of April Dr. Livingstone was at a village called Nachuchu, enjoying the day of rest so welcome to the man who has fulfilled the conditions of life on which the great Judge predicated the consecration of the seventh day. Men only find occasion to complain of one of God's requirements when they isolate it. No one command of God is hard when the others are kept. Nobody will think the Sabbath dull who approaches it prepared for its rest to body and spirit by a faithful employment of the six days, and by a proper appreciation of the relations so clearly set forth in the Bible. Livingstone was greatly disappointed in not being able to communicate with the natives. The Nassick boys, on whom he had depended as understanding their language, failed him utterly, and he could only take such representations of them as Ali gave; he had only the opinions of his class, and men are easily convinced of the impracticability of that which they are unwilling to attempt. It is easier to say that such heathen as these along the Rovuma cannot be taught anything than it is to teach them, therefore the covetous representatives of the Moslem creeds say with eagerness: "They cannot be instructed; they know nothing of God; have no idea of God; it is impossible;" that is the way Ben Ali talked about the Makonde on Sunday at Nachuchu.

While examining a specimen of the gum-copal tree with some of these Makonde, in the vicinity of Nachuchu, there was at least a little evidence picked up which contradicted the Arabs' representations. The people dig in the vicinity of modern trees in the belief that more ancient trees, which dropped their gum before it became an article of commerce, must have stood there. Speaking of this, some of them said: "In digging none may be found on one day, but God (Mungu) may give it to us on the next." This simple remark, made as naturally as any other, revealed certainly more than an idle dream only of God. It breathed much like faith, and not improbably expressed a spirit of submission to God and dependence on his care which Ben Ali had never dreamed of, although a boasting follower of Mohammed.

As may be seen by a glance at the map, Livingstone was only about one hundred miles from the coast at Nachuchu. The villanous vagabonds who had charge of his camels subjected him to the inconvenience of distressingly slow travel. The difficulties had been great enough supposing his attendants the best, but between rascally Sepoys and impenetrable jungles it had been impossible to make more than four miles a day. After leaving Nachuchu the country was more open, and the party advanced without the continual cutting that had been necessary before. Livingstone described the scenery as beautiful. The country was covered with great masses of umbrageous foliage, mostly of a dark green color; the leaves of nearly all the trees have the glossiness of the laurel. The kumbe or gum-copal tree is conspicuous among the trees of these forests, and perhaps possesses for the traveller more interest than any other on account of the important contribution it makes to the commerce of the country. Burton makes more particular mention of this tree than Dr. Livingstone does: he says, "it is by no means a scrubby thorn, as some have supposed; its towering bole has formed canoes sixty feet long, and a single tree has sufficed for the kelson of a brig. The average size, however, is about half that height, with from three to six feet girth near the ground; the bark is smooth; the lower branches are often within the reach of a man's hand, and the tree frequently emerges from a natural ring-fence of dense vegetation; the trunk is of a yellowish whitish tinge, rendering the tree conspicuous amid the dark African jungle growths; it is dotted with exudations of raw gum which is found scattered in bits around its base, and is infested by ants, especially by a long ginger-colored and semi-transparent variety, called by the people maji-m'oto, which means boiling water, from its fiery bite.

The special interest attaching to the tree is on account of its gum, which is probably the only article convertible into the finer varnishes now so extensively in use throughout the civilized world. It is not the gum which is collected from the trees which possesses this peculiar excellence. This is distinguished as raw copal, and is of comparatively little value. The true or ripe copal, properly called sandumsi, is the produce of vast extinct forests. The gum buried at depths beyond atmospheric influence has, like amber and similar gum-resins, been bitumenized in all its purity, the volatile principles being fixed by moisture and by the expulsion of external air. There are many tints and peculiarities known only to those whose interests compel them to search them out. As a rule, the clear and semi-transparent are the best. According to some authorities, the gum when long kept has been observed to change its tinge. There are nearly one million pounds of this valuable substance exported every year from Zanzibar.

Another tree deserving special mention was the malole. The grain of the wood of this tree is particularly fine, and it is sought among all the trees because of its excellence in the qualities of strength and elasticity; nearly all the bows of the country are made of it. The fruit, however, though so very tempting to the eye, forms only a feast for maggots.

Livingstone appreciated very highly the natural beauties of the region. But as he advanced, the unworthy Indian attendants became increasingly worthless. They possessed marvellous voracity, and, besides, a most unnatural capacity, which without any peculiar attainment would have told dreadfully on the stock in store of precious food. Besides their wonderful capacity they were most remarkable dyspeptics; accomplished beyond all conception in the unpardonably wasteful art of ejecting instantaneously what they had eaten, their voracious powers were only equalled by their amazing vomition.

If those Sepoys were specimens of their class, then would we advise all travellers to beware of Sepoys. From the frequency with which Livingstone complained of this batch we are impressed that they should have gone with him for nothing and paid extra board besides. Either the cruelties of these men or the tsetse, or both, were beginning to tell on the camels and the buffaloes. They were rapidly becoming a burden rather than a help. The people, however, when they had food were quite generous. The villages of the Makonde were generally quite cleanly and pleasant looking. These were sometimes found in a state of anxiety on account of the kidnapping proclivities of their neighbors on the south side of the Rovuma, who bear the general name of Mabiha. These people are considerably interested in furnishing slaves for the Ibo market, and not unfrequently, if occasion offers, the women of the Makonde become victims. There is hardly a sadder picture of home life than is presented by a little African village about which a hasty stockade has been thrown, behind which the people go timidly about their duties, in hourly expectation of the enemy who has fixed avaricious eyes on the choicest of their number.

After crossing the N'Konya, a beautiful stream flowing out of the highlands from the north into the Rovuma, the last of the range which flanks the river on that side was seen, and the country which lay before them was a plain, with a few detached granitic peaks shooting up. In this neighborhood there were some very remarkable specimens of personal ornamentation displayed with unconcealed pride. The fashion of the region called for an extravagance of tattooing. The lovely belles who displayed their proportions with shameless freedom were not only adorned, as are other maidens of the land, about their faces and breasts, but their entire persons seem to have been at the command of the artist, and especially elaborate were the designs that graced the humbler parts. The hips displayed uncommon skill, and were surpassed only by the eccentricities which were traced along those posterior convexities which our refined conventionality blushes to denominate—but African belles are not ashamed of their buttocks. One of these beauties called at the doctor's camp at the village of Nyamba, and presented a very acceptable basket of soroko and a fowl, and as a specimen of the native women of the section it may be mentioned that this lady is described as "tall and well made, with fine limbs and feet." Such language, too, from so sober an observer as Dr. Livingstone, viewing people as he did with the eye of a scientist, means more in Africa than it could mean in those nearer climes where the arts of civilization have so greatly facilitated the disguise of all deformities and imperfections; there is no place for shams, no possibility of padding in a land where a lady's attire consists of a few strands of beads, and possibly a few inches of cloth.

After leaving the end of the range, passing westward, the "journal" mentions, among the noticeable natural changes, "first of all, sandstone hardened by fire; then masses of granite, as if in that had been contained the igneous agency of partial metamorphosis; it had also lifted up the sandstone, so as to cause a dip to the east. Then the syenite or granite seemed as if it had been melted, for it was all in striæ, which striæ, as they do elsewhere, run east and west. With the change in geologic structure there was a different vegetation. Instead of the laurel-leaved trees of various kinds, African ebonies, acacias, and mimosæ appeared, the grass is shorter and more sparse, and we can move along without wood-cutting."

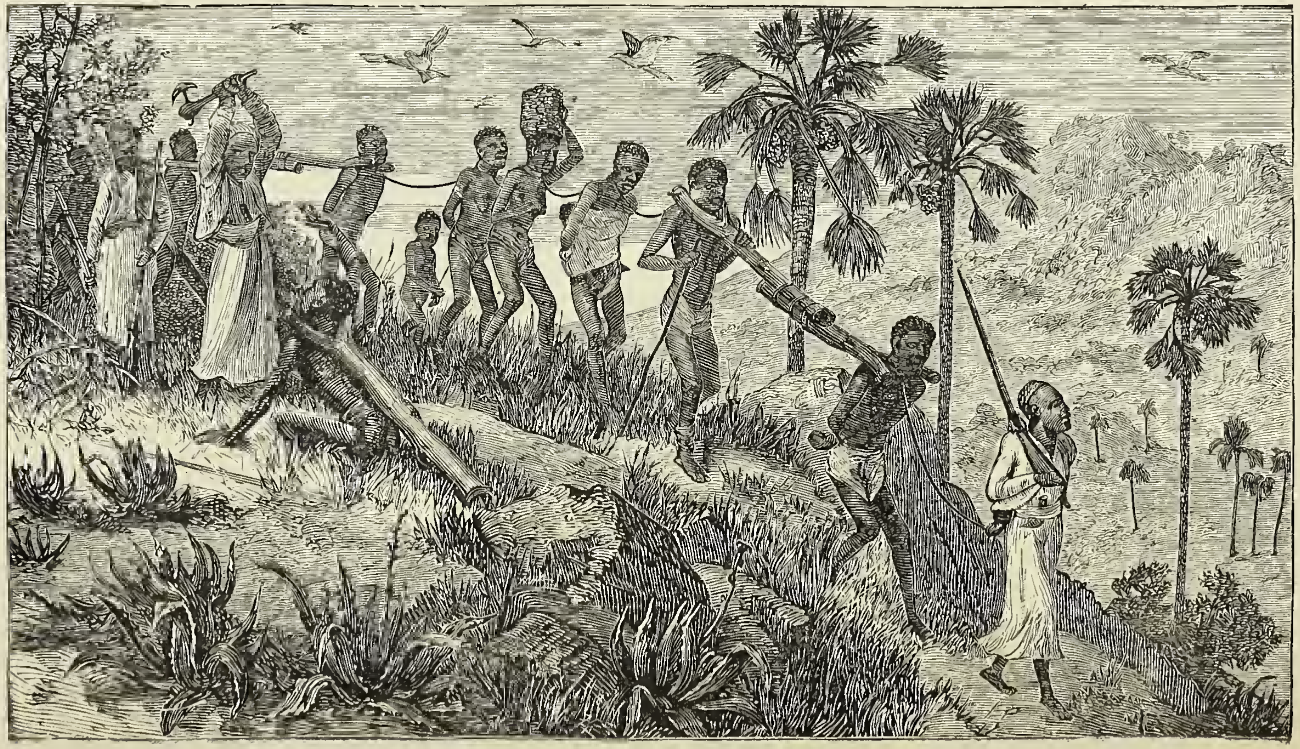
Between the Sepoys and the tsetse the animals were now pretty well used up, and they were about entering a section where a double misfortune had spread distressing desolation among the people. Livingstone determined to leave the Sepoys and the Nassick boys with the animals at Jponde, which stood opposite a gigantic hill on the south side of the river called Nakapuri. He thought it was wiser to depend on those behind no further than was necessary, so he transferred all his goods to carriers and set out, heartily glad to be relieved for a time at least of the provoking incubus of eighteen or twenty lazy fellows who were retarding his work almost insufferably.

One of the plagues to which the country had been subject was an invasion of the Mazitu, whose plundering propensities constitute one of the most serious evils in all the lake region; another was a very distressing drought. As he advanced the embarrassment became greater. The Mazitu had swept the land like a cloud of locusts. They had inspired the whole population with terror. It was almost impossible to get his carriers along, and as the south side of the river promised better fare he at length consented to their entreaties, and they passed over and journeyed on to the Loendi just above its confluence with the Rovuma, and though it retained the name Loendi, it was manifestly the parent stream. Both rivers were rapid, shoal and sandy, with light canoes gliding about on them, in whose dexterous management the natives take great pride.

Nyomano was at last reached. It occupied the very important situation just at the confluence of the two rivers. Matumova, the head man, received Livingstone with great cordiality and respect; he had himself crossed the Loendi and superintended the transportation of the party, and though he had been sadly impoverished, and his people reduced to absolute want, he generously divided his small store with Dr. Livingstone as long as he remained at his village. The guide, Ben Ali, was discharged, and the country around scoured by the men in search of food. Meantime, also, word was sent back to the Sepoys, but his efforts to make something of them were more honorable to himself than effectual. The time passed heavily; very short marches. The journal of his travels for days contains very little besides the annoyances experienced with his trifling escort: they had so abused the camels that they were most of them dead, and none of them any longer fit for service, while they themselves could scarcely be trusted to carry anything of value.

In the Matembwe country he was in the favorite fields of the Arab slave-traders. Everywhere the huts were seen which these traders had built to screen themselves from the sun. Many of the people were found supplied with guns, and the ground was strewn with slave-taming sticks, which gave sorrowful evidence of the multitudes of poor creatures who had fallen down under the cruelties of their masters while on the march to the market at the coast. Livingstone was now indeed penetrating the continent for the special purpose of deciding some great geographical questions as fully as it might be in his power, but his great heart was full of anguish as he contemplated daily the misery which this accursed traffic had brought to the poor untaught beings who had been made its victims.

The temptation which these traders have to offer readily affects the minds of many of the natives who exercise a petty authority over their fellows. Sometimes those who are sold are captives in some village war; sometimes they are accused of a trifling crime as a justification, and they are sometimes simply taken by violence and sold. There is very little difficulty about an Arab with beads or cloth obtaining all the claim he desires to any particular man or woman on whom he may fix his choice, and when once the slave yoke is on the unfortunate creature, he may hardly hope to escape. On the 19th of June, Livingstone mentions passing a woman tied by the neck to a tree dead; at other times men were found stabbed, some who had been shot or struck with the axe. These the natives said were those who had been so unfortunate as to fall down of fatigue; they were no longer able to walk, and must become the victims of the anger of their masters, when it was clear that they could not contribute to their wealth. Livingstone lost no opportunity to urge on the minds of the head men of the villages with whom he came in contact the great and irreparable mischief they were doing themselves by hearkening to the voice of their tempters; warning them that the trade which seemed to enrich them for the time was rapidly depopulating their villages, leaving their gardens desolate and diminishing their strength. These head men seemed to be a little uneasy about it. They recognized the unrighteousness of selling their people even according to their rude ideas of justice and wisdom, but they were up to the old trick of blaming some one else for their faults. Village after village which was passed as the party journeyed along the Rovuma was found deserted. One of these villages had only been deserted a few hours before Livingstone entered it; its inhabitants had moved off in a body towards the Notembue country, where food was more abundant, and a poor little girl was found in one of the huts. She was too weak to travel, and had been left behind, and there is a wealth of tenderness in the



SLAVERS REVENGING THEIR LOSSES.

simple entry which is found in the great traveller's journal—"probably she was an orphan." His own children were far away; their mother had gone on to her rest; he was toiling for the redemption of Africa. Who knows with what depth of feeling the great man, sitting in his lonely hut that night, wrote the sad-sounding sentence about a poor little abandoned African child?—"probably she was an orphan." Surely our hearts ought not to be hard toward these unfortunate people. The children of Africa may not have evinced the same talents, may not indeed possess the same capacities as those about our firesides, but they are children, needing tenderness and love.

The Makoa, who occupy the section along the Rovuma, lived in the southeast in former times, and were distinguished by the tattoo mark, which was in the shape of a half-moon. But since they have lived in the Waiyau country, they have adopted marks more like theirs. They are less scrupulous about their diet than the Makonde. They eat the flesh of all such animals as they esteem clean. They condemn that of the hyena and leopard, or any beast which devours dead men. One of the most prominent of the head men of this tribe, whose name was Chirikaloma, informed Dr. Livingstone that they were the descendants of an ancestor whose name was Mirazi, and that this was properly the surname of the tribe. Near one of these villages Livingstone observed a wand bent down and both ends inserted into the ground: a lot of medicine, usually the bark of trees, is buried beneath it. When sickness is in a village, the men proceed to the spot, wash themselves with the medicine and water, creep through beneath the bough, then bury the medicine and the evil influence together. This is also used to keep off evil spirits, wild beasts, and enemies. The people do not seem as superstitious either as some of the tribes that have come to our notice. In the matter of deformities, for instance, Dr. Livingstone was asking Chirikaloma about their treatment of albinos; he assured the doctor that the Makoa never killed them. The parental tenderness does not relinquish the child because of any blemish, as in some other communities. Livingstone was told of a child in this tribe which was deformed from his birth. He had an abortive toe where his knee should have been; some said to his mother, "Kill him;" but she replied, "How can I kill my son?" He grew up and had many fine sons and daughters, but none deformed like himself.

After leaving the village of Chirikaloma, while passing along in the bright morning, they were loudly accosted by a well-dressed woman who had just had a very heavy slave-taming stick put on her neck; she called in such an authoritative tone to them to witness the flagrant injustice of which she was the victim that all the men stood still and went to hear the case. She was a near relative of Chirikaloma, and was going up the river to her husband, when the old man (at whose house she was now a prisoner) caught her, took her servant away from her, and kept her in the degraded state they saw. The withes with which she was bound were green and sappy. The old man said, in justification, that she was running away from Chirikaloma, and he would be offended with him if he did not secure her.

Livingstone asked the officious old gentleman in a friendly tone what he expected to receive from Chirikaloma, and he said, "Nothing." Several slaver-looking fellows came about, and he felt sure that the woman had been seized in order to sell her to them, so he gave the captor a cloth to pay to Chirikaloma if he were offended, and told him to say that he, feeling ashamed to see one of his relatives in a slave-stick, had released her, and would take her on to her husband.

This woman was evidently a lady among them; her superiority not only consisted in the rank which a wealth of fine beads indicated, but she was manifestly a woman of uncommon spirits. She proved herself well worthy of the kindness she had received. During the few days in which she was with Livingstone's party, her deportment was that of a lady, kind and helpful, but modest and retiring enough to satisfy even the fastidious prudence of the most refined. And she was not ungrateful. She had been rescued from a dreadful fate indeed; a few moments earlier or later she might have reached no friendly, pitying ears with her cries. Yes, there are ears always open to the cry of the oppressed; there are eyes that always bend pityingly on the suffering. Sometimes the Lord allows the yoke to cut deeply into the neck that bears it, but does he ever forget to be gracious? Will he disregard the cry of Ethiopia when she stretches out her hands unto him? and when the time of his deliverance comes, will he not avenge the wrongs which he has witnessed?

The marks of the dreadful trade became more and more frequent as he penetrated the Waiyau country. They had hardly released Akosakone, when they passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying in the path. A group of men stood about a hundred yards off on one side, and another group of women on the other; they said this cruel murder had just been committed by an Arab who passed by, in his anger at losing the price he had paid for her, when he saw that she could walk no farther. The head men of the villages seemed greatly troubled and alarmed when they were told of so many dead bodies of their people, who had been killed by the slavers, and were not blind to the reasoning of Livingstone when he attempted to show them that those who sold these poor creatures to the Arabs were sharers with them in the guilt of these murders. As the party came nearer Mtarika's place, the country became more mountainous, and the land, sloping for a mile down to the south bank of the Rovuma, supports a large population. Some were making new gardens by cutting down trees and piling the branches for burning; others had stored up large quantities of grain and were moving it to a new locality, but they were all so well supplied with calico (Merikano) that they would not look at Dr. Livingstone's; the market was, in fact, glutted by slavers from Quiloa (Kilwa). On asking why people were seen tied to trees to die as we had seen them, they gave the usual answer that the Arabs tie them thus and leave them to perish, because they are vexed, when the slaves can walk no farther, that they have lost their money by them. The path was almost strewed with slave-sticks, and though the people denied it, Livingstone suspected that they made a practice of following slave caravans and cutting off the sticks from those who fall out in the march, and thus stealing them. By selling them again they might get additional quantities of cloth. Some asked for gaudy prints, of which he had none, because he knew that the general taste of the Africans of the interior is for strength rather than show in what they buy.

These people were, however, so well supplied with white calico by the slave-traders that it was found to be a drug in the market; it was impossible to get food for it. Mtarika's old place was reached first. The Rovuma was there about one hundred yards wide. The rest which was indulged in at this point was refreshing, as rest must ever be to honest workers who take it with clear consciences; but it was obtained at a cost which almost turned the edge of it. The accommodations were paid for dearly with the best *table clothes.* The reader has surely come to understand long ago that, in Africa, the only bank notes are pieces of cloth, and the only hard money, beads and the like. When Mr. Stanley entered Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, he carried several *tons of currency,* and then was sometimes in danger of running short. With the uncommon outlay at the resting-place he obtained only one meal a day. The people were Waiyau, as were all the people from there on to the lake. They are as deeply interested in the slave-trade as any people in East Africa, and copy the Arabs in various matters—dress, chewing tobacco, etc. The list of animals had now dwindled down to a poodle-dog, known in the camp as Chitaue, a buffalo calf, and a single donkey. These were nearly as great curiosities in the land as the white man himself. Nothing which Livingstone could find out indicated that the people had ever seen a white man before.

At the new town of Mtarika, which was entered, after a short march, on the 3d of July, they came on an interesting scene. This chief had gathered about him an immense population, and the new town had been laid out quite regularly over an area miles in extent. Mtarika was a "big ugly man," full of caution and curiosity.

It seemed unadvisable to attempt to follow the Rovuma farther. Livingstone had now no doubt about its flowing from Lake Nyassa, which was only about sixty miles away; and to continue on that route he would be subjected to great inconvenience because of the unsalableness of his goods, as the markets in that direction were clearly overstocked already by the Arabs; besides they would be compelled, as he ascertained, to cross several rivers flowing into the Rovuma from the south, and then in passing around the northern end of the lake would be among the Nindi, who are only surpassed in their thieving propensities by the Mozitu, whom they have succeeded as occupants of the land. It was therefore determined to turn southward and push on a good eight days march across a desolate region to the town of Mataka. Accordingly on the morning of the 5th the party passed on to Mtendi, the last chief, until they should reach Mataka. It was a serious undertaking—eight days journey through a wilderness desolated by famine, where no human habitation could be expected to appear, but Livingstone was accustomed to serious undertakings. A page or two from Livingstone's journal, just as the experiences were put down on the evening of each day, cannot fail to interest the reader, and we are glad to have it at hand.

"*July* 7.—We got men from Mtendi to carry loads and show the way. He asked a cloth to ensure his people going to the journey's end and behaving properly; this is the only case of anything like tribute being demanded in this journey. I gave him a cloth worth 5*s.* 6*d.* Upland vegetation prevails; trees are dotted here and there among bushes five feet high, and fine blue and yellow flowers are common. We pass over a succession of ridges and valleys as in Londa; each valley has a running stream or trickling rill; garden willows are in full bloom, and also a species of sage with variegated leaves beneath the flowers.

"*July* 8.—Hard travelling through a depopulated country. The trees are about the size of hop-poles, with abundance of tall grass; the soil is sometimes a little sandy, at other times that reddish, clayey sort which yields native grain so well. The rock seen uppermost is often a ferruginous conglomerate, lying on granite rocks. The gum-copal tree is here a mere bush, and no digging takes place for the gum: it is called mchenga, and yields gum when wounded, as also bark, cloth, aud cordage when stripped. Mountain masses are all around us; we sleep at Linata mountain.

"*July* 9.—The Masuko fruit abounds: the name is the same here as in the Batoka country; there are also rhododendrons of two species, but the flowers white. We slept in a wild spot, near Mount Leziro, with many lions roaring about us; one hoarse fellow serenaded us a long time, but did nothing more. Game is said to be abundant, but we saw none, save an occasional diver springing away from the path. Some streams ran to the northwest to the Lismyando, which flows north for the Rovuma; others to the southeast for the Loendi.

"*July* 10 *and* 11.—Nothing to interest but the same weary trudge: our food so scarce that we can only give a handful or half a pound of grain to each person per day. The Masuko fruit is formed, but not ripe till rains begin; very few birds are seen or heard, though there is both food and water in the many grain-bearing grasses and running streams, which we cross at the junction of every two ridges. A dead body lay in a hut by the wayside; the poor thing had begun to make a garden by the stream, probably in hopes of living long enough (two months or so) on wild fruits to reap a crop of maize.

"*July* 12.—A drizzling mist set in during the night and continued this morning; we set off in the dark, however, leaving our last food for the havildar and Sepoys who had not yet come up. The streams are now of good size. An Arab brandy bottle was lying broken in one village called Msapa. We hurried on as fast as we could to the Luatize, our last stage before getting to Mataka's; this stream is rapid, about forty yards wide, waist deep, with many podostemons on the bottom. The country gets more and more undulating and is covered with masses of green foliage, chiefly Masuko trees, which have large hard leaves. There are hippopotami farther down the river on its way to the Loendi. A little rice which had been kept for me I divided, but some did not taste food.

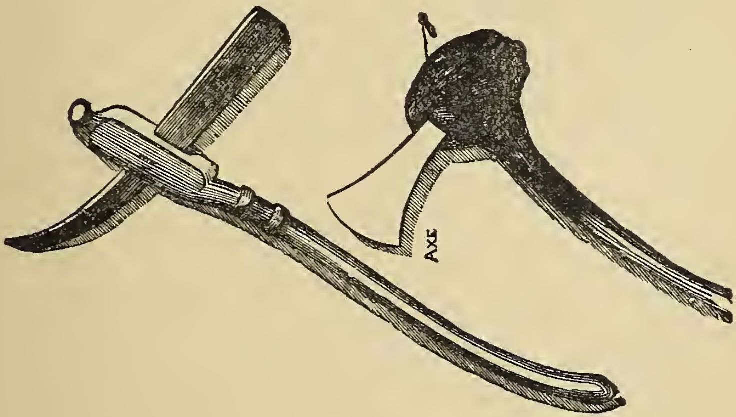
"*July* 13.—A good many stragglers behind, but we push on to get food and send it back to them. The soil all reddish clay, the roads baked hard by the sun, and the feet of many of us are weary and sore: a weary march and long, for it is perpetually up and down now. I counted fifteen running streams in one day: they are at the bottom of the valley which separates the ridges. We got to the brow of a ridge about an hour from Mataka's first gardens, and all were so tired that we remained to sleep; but we first invited volunteers to go on and buy food, and bring it back early next morning: they had to be pressed to do this duty.

"*July* 14.—As our volunteers did not come at 8 A.M., I set off to see the cause, and after an hour of perpetual up and down march, as I descended the steep slope which overlooks the first gardens, I saw my friends start up at the apparition—they were comfortably cooking porridge for themselves! I sent men of

Mataka back with food to the stragglers behind and came into his town."

An Arab, Sef Rupia, or Rubia, head of a large body of slaves on his way to the coast, most kindly came forward and presented the doctor with an ox, a bag of flour and some cooked meat, an extremely welcome offering indeed!

Mataka's town was found to consist of about a thousand houses, and around it clustered many small villages. All about them were mountains, clothed in lovely green. It was a very beautiful spot, and though only recently selected the people of this chief were already entirely at home. It must be understood that towns may spring up in a night almost in a country where all the structures are so simple and temporary; an entire tribe may settle comfortably with almost as much despatch as an army can pitch its tents. The famous chieftain, Mataka, kept his visitor waiting some time on the verandah of his house, but when he made his appearance his good-natured face was wreathed in smiles. He was about sixty, dressed as an Arab, and too good-humored to conceal his enjoyment of a good laugh; and it was not long before he had the weary traveller snugly set up in a square house like his own, where we will allow him a little breathing time.



AXE, etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

APPROACHING NYASSA.

A Guest of Mataka—The Waiyau—Livingstone and the Arabs—The Town of Moembe—Iron Smelting—Causes of Desolation—Waiyau Described—Livingstone's Desires—Slave-Trade: Does it Pay?—Sepoys sent back—Mountains—Springs—Iron—Approaching Nyassa—Livingstone's Review of his Route—The Watershed—Geological Formations—Kindness of the People—*The Single Curse*—An Example of Christians—Inconvenience of being English—Arabs as Settlers—A Doubtful Question Settled—Pota Mimba—Around the Foot of the Lake—No Earthquake Known—Sites of Old Villages—Brooks—The First European Seen—"God Took Him"—Wikatani Finds Relatives—Salt-Making—Eighty-five Slaves in a Pen—Work Honorable.

In our comfortable homes, surrounded by the conveniences and extravagances afforded by culture and wealth, the prospect of two weeks' recreation in an African village where no white man had ever been before, with only a hut of wattle and daub to shield us from the rays of a tropical sun and the prying gaze of curious barbarians, only the rude fare of people who followed the simplest suggestions of nature in their culinary art, and the society of the most untutored heathen, would hardly be called delightful; but after the weariness and anxiety of a long march across a thoroughly desolate country, after having been deprived of every comfort, travelling many days with hardly food enough to sustain life, Dr. Livingstone was fully prepared to appreciate the kindness of Mataka very highly. The chief proved himself a very generous, hospitable man, and received kindly the suggestions of Dr. Livingstone, and seemed to enjoy exceedingly conversation about the customs and improvements of the country of the white man. He had been a very active participant in the slave-trade, and winced sometimes under the arguments of his visitor, which seemed to convict him of great folly and wrong in that matter. His town is not far from the Nyassa country, toward which Livingstone was journeying. The Waiyau have been pretty generally supplied with guns and such other appliances of war as may make them useful allies of the Arab traders. The plan pursued by these traders, with considerable success, is to come into a Waiyau village, show the goods they have brought, are treated liberally by the elders, and told to wait and enjoy themselves, slaves enough to purchase all will be procured: then a foray is made against the Manganja, who have few or no guns. The Waiyau who come against them are abundantly supplied with both by their coast guests. Several of the low-coast Arabs, who differ in nothing from the Waiyau, usually accompany the foray, and do business on their own account: Mataka himself said that he was growing tired of it and desired to settle down in quiet. It was not the policy of Livingstone, as some have supposed, to put himself in antagonism with the traders who were traversing the country; he was only an individual, and bent immediately on the solution of problems connected with the great water-courses of the country, a work bearing, indeed, directly, but only remotely, on the condition of the people of the continent. He was, however, a Christian man, a philanthropist, a missionary at heart, and as far as lay in his power sought to break the power of the evil which he saw extending its mighty coils all over the land. The Arabs always sought to avoid him, apprehending that his mission was to break up their trade. He had no thought of doing that, except so far as it might be diminished by the moral influence he should be able to exert. And on this journey, as on those through the more southern country, the personal power of the man was shown, as much as in anything else, by the readiness with which he impressed his ideas of right on the minds of the people among whom he appeared as an entire stranger.

Livingstone was particularly favorably impressed with the country surrounding Moembe, as Mataka's town was called. Immense tracts of this country lie uninhabited, the scene only of the undisturbed revelry of wild beasts. To the northeast of the town at least fifty miles of splendid land lies neglected—an unanswerable protest against the trade which has carried away its once thrifty population into bondage. This vast tract presents, as Livingstone assures us, unmistakable evidences of having supported in other times a prodigious iron-smelting and grain-growing population. Clay pipes, which had been used on the nozzles of bellows and inserted into the furnaces, were met with everywhere: these were often vitrified. Then the ridges on which maize, beans, cassava, and sorghum had been planted, remained unlevelled, attesting the industry of the former inhabitants. Pieces of broken pots, with their rims ornamented with very good imitations of basket work, attest that the lady potters of old followed here the example given them by their still more ancient mothers. The desolation of this splendid region could not be attributed to those causes which had operated farther south. The ground was fertile, and there were any number of fresh, cool fountains. It is a vast succession of hills and valleys, with numerous running streams. The un-African sound of gushing waters dashing over the rocks was sweet music in his ears, and brought back freshly to his mind the charming scenes of his own far-away land. He mentions counting fifteen running burns of from one to ten yards wide in one day's march of about six hours; being in a hilly or rather mountainous region, they flow rapidly and have plenty of water-power. In July any mere torrent ceases to flow, but these were brawling burns with water too cold (61°) for people to bathe in whose pores were all open by the relaxing regions nearer the coast. This district is very elevated, rising thirty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere is moist, and the sky is generally overcast until ten o'clock in the day.

The Waiyau are described as far from a handsome race, but they are not the prognathous beings one sees on the west coast either. Their heads are of a round shape; compact foreheads, but not particularly receding; the *alæ nasi* are flattened out; lips full, and with the women a small lip-ring just turns them up to give additional thickness. Their style of beauty is exactly that which was in fashion when the stone deities were made in the caves of Elephanta and Kenora near Bombay. A favorite mode of dressing the hair into little knobs, which was in fashion there, is more common in some tribes than in this. The mouths of the women would not be so hideous with a small lip-ring if they did not file their teeth to points; but they seem strong and able for the work which falls to their lot. The men are large, strong-boned fellows, and capable of enduring great fatigue. They undergo a rite which once distinguished the Jews about the age of puberty, and take a new name on the occasion. This was not introduced by the Arabs, whose advent is a recent event, and they speak of the time before they were inundated with European manufactures in exchange for slaves, as quite within their memory.

Besides their healthful and productive locality, they are in possession of cattle in considerable numbers. These, however, are of rather a small breed, black and white in patches, and brown, with humps, but they give milk which is duly prized. The sheep are the large-tailed variety, and generally of a black color. Fowls and pigeons are the only other domestic animals, if we except the wretched village dogs, which the doctor's poodle had immense delight in chasing.

The heart of Dr. Livingstone, always burning with desire to see Africa open to the light of the gospel, could hardly have failed to fix on such a spot: he saw it not only as offering inducements to the great gain-loving world, but as proclaiming great encouragement to those who were waiting for a footing for their missionary enterprises within the heart of the continent. As he looked on the fertile gardens and enjoyed the plenty which surrounded him, he thought of the abandoned mission station at Magomero. He was not blind to the difficulties confronting and besetting the missionary continually. He did not depreciate the losses incurred—losses of money and precious lives as well—in prosecuting the work of saving the heathen; but he saw everywhere he went in that land men hazarding as much and sacrificing as much for the enslavement of the people as the Christian world would need to hazard or sacrifice for their conversion, and he reasoned well and rightly when he entered in his journal—

"It struck me after Sef had numbered up the losses that the Kilwa people sustained by death in their endeavors to enslave people, similar losses on the part of those who go to 'proclaim liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound'—to save and elevate, need not be made so very much of as they sometimes are."

Livingstone was very far from having lost his interest in the missionary work. He had, indeed, been led away from the more legitimate duties of a Christian teacher, but as an explorer he was animated by the same desire to glorify God and do good to men which had animated him when he left his native land in the first love of his consecration. And to the last he seemed always animated by the desire to solve the mysteries of the land only that he might the more successfully carry out his great scheme of establishing a strong central mission in the heart of the country, whence the influences of Christianity might more readily penetrate the whole land.

So much trouble had been experienced with the Sepoys that Livingstone was at last obliged to decide against attempting to carry them farther. They had sought by every means to produce disaffection among his followers and even to excite the natives against him. So having arranged for them to return to the coast with a respectable trade, he parted company with them at Moembe, leaving them a few days in the care of Mataka.

On the 28th of July Mataka came with a good lot of flour and men to guide the party to the lake; he had before presented an ox, and his guests were thus prepared to set out in good spirits. There are two roads from his town to the lake—one to Losewa, which is west of this, and opposite Kotakota; the other, to Makatu, is farther south: the first is five days through deserted country chiefly; but the other, seven, among people and plenty of provisions all the way. Mataka told Livingstone that he would not send him to Losewa, as that place had been recently burned, but by the more southern ronte, which, though a little longer road, was safer and better. The whole country was a mass of mountains, and on leaving Moembe the party ascended considerably, and toward evening of the first day's march the barometer showed the greatest altitude about thirty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea. Everywhere in these mountains there were villages; generally these villages boasted about one hundred houses. Numerous springs—about which unmistakable indications of iron appeared—afforded abundance of water. Beautiful green grass was waving everywhere, and flowers of various bright hues.

The temperature on these mountains was much lower than some may dream of in such a latitude; on the 29th of July, about the summit of the range, it was in the morning 55° only.

The trees were rather small and became scantier as they descended toward the lake, but the ferns, rhododendrons and a foliage tree greatly resembling silver fir were frequently seen.

Every day they came near slave parties, but the Arabs always avoided the Englishman. The country though was becoming more familiar-looking as they came nearer the Nyassa, and Livingstone welcomed the appearance of the familiar grasses and the singing birds which now began to add their charms to their camping grounds.

Under date of the 8th of August, a little more than four months from the time of his entering the country, in his journal we read: "We came to the lake at the confluence of the Misinje, and felt grateful to that Hand which had protected us thus far on our journey. It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected again to see." Glancing over the district across which we have followed the traveller back to the lake on whose waters we remember that he launched his little boats some years ago, it will certainly be profitable for us to have his own language about its geological features; concerning these he says: "The plateaux on each side of the Rovuma are masses of gray sandstone, capped with masses of ferruginous conglomerate; apparently an aqueous deposit. When we ascend the Rovuma about sixty miles, a great many pieces and blocks of silicified wood appear on the surface of the soil at the bottom of the slope up the plateaux. This in Africa is a sure indication of the presence of coal beneath, but it was not observed cropping out; the plateaux are cut up in various directions by wadys well supplied with grass and trees on deep and somewhat sandy soil; but at the confluence of the Loendi highlands they appear in the far distance. In the sands of the Loendi pieces of coal are quite common.

"Before reaching the confluence of the Rovuma and Loendi, or say about ninety miles from the sea, the plateau is succeeded by a more level country, having detached granitic masses shooting up some five or seven hundred feet. The sandstone of the plateau has at first been hardened, then quite metamorphosed into a chocolate-colored schist. As at Chilolo hill, we have igneous rocks, apparently trap, capped with masses of beautiful white dolomite. We still ascend in altitude as we go westwards, and come upon long tracts of gneiss with hornblende. The gneiss is often striated, all the striæ looking one way—sometimes north and south, and at other times east and west. These rocks look as if a stratified rock had been nearly melted, and the strata fused together by the heat. From these striated rocks have shot up great rounded masses of granite or syenite, whose smooth sides and crowns contain scarcely any trees, and are probably from three to four thousand feet above the sea. The elevated plains among these mountain masses show great patches of ferruginous conglomerate, which, when broken, look like yellow hæmatite with madrepore holes in it: this has made the soil of a red color.

"On the watershed we have still the rounded granitic hills jutting above the plains (if such they may be called), which are all ups and downs, and furrowed with innumerable running rills, the sources of the Rovuma and Loendi. The highest rock observed with mica schist was at an altitude of three thousand four hundred and forty feet. The same uneven country prevails as we proceed from the watershed about forty miles down to the lake, and a great deal of quartz in small fragments renders travelling very difficult. Near the lake, and along its eastern shore, we have mica schist and gneiss foliated, with a great deal of hornblende; but the most remarkable feature of it is that the rocks are all tilted on edge, or slightly inclined to the lake. The active agent in effecting this is not visible. It looks as if a sudden rent had been made, so as to form the lake, and tilt all these rocks nearly over. On the east side of the lower part of the lake we have two ranges of mountains, evidently granitic: the nearer one covered with small trees and lower than the other; the other jagged and bare, or of the granitic forms. But in all this country no fossil-yielding rock was visible except the gray sandstone referred to at the beginning of this note. The rocks are chiefly the old crystalline forms."

The soil of the district is good, and water generally abundant. Neither had he suffered particularly in health. If he had been escorted by his Makololo the whole journey would have been a joyous march. The people of Makonde, Makoa and Waiyau had all been generous and kind; the chiefs had readily rendered him all needed assistance, and seemed to appreciate the lessons of nobler manhood he had sought to impress on them. Over all the district one particular curse had settled and was resting with most blighting influence. The people were rude barbarians, of course, but were teachable and kind. But no established creed or dominant superstition occupied the ground to withstand the ingress of Christianity; no popular prejudices stood armed guarding the coast against the purer customs of civilization. Only the slave-trade, encouraged by foreigners, watched with jealous eye every approach of the purer light and ennobling influences of a Christian civilization to the villages and homes of the unfortunate people on whose ignorance it paid them to impose, and whose deepest degradation was the surest source of their unholy gains. Relieved of this one evil and the whole region over which he had passed might be esteemed as a goodly land, where Christian laborers might live peacefully and healthfully. And as for the difficulty of access and the transportation of supplies—Arabs are not discouraged by these difficulties from pressing their trade, which is only for gain, and surely it is worth as much to the Christian world to accomplish the redemption of these poor people. The journey to the lake had been enlivened by very little of incident. Very few animals had been seen, except such harmless ones as excited not even a passing notice. But the feat was performed: the old purpose of Livingstone to settle the question about the country between the mouth of the Rovuma and the Lake Nyassa; and he was once more enjoying the roar of its waves and luxurious baths in its delightful waters, and rejoicing in its exhilarating atmosphere. The head man of the village, Mokalaose, was a real Manganja, and he and all his people exhibited greater darkness of color consequent on being in a warmer, moist climate. He was very friendly and presented millet porridge, cassava and hippopotamus meat, and asked if Livingstone liked milk, as he had some of Mataka's cattle. His people brought a lake fish, called sanjika, the best that is caught, for sale. Livingstone purchased fifty of these for a fathom of calico, and thought that they had very much the taste of herrings.

The reader may remember that in his Zambesi expedition when ascending this lake Livingstone obtained knowledge of an Arab settlement on the western shore of the lake, the chief man of which was named Jumbe. He now desired to secure a passage across the lake, and knowing Jumbe to be in possession of several dhows, despatched messengers to him bearing the letter of Seyed Majid—received at Zanzibar—while he busied himself with his journal and observations.

All of his attempts, however, to secure transportation failed, and he was under the necessity of making the circuit of the southern end of the lake. And naturally enough he felt for once that it was rather inconvenient to have the Arabs, even the slaves, hold the English name in such dread. The fear which the English opposition had inspired these traders with caused them to run away from Livingstone on all occasions. This not only deprived him of the relief which even the face of an Arab might sometimes have contributed, but greatly increased the difficulty of sending letters to the coast. Jumbe has made himself particularly notorious in connection with the slave-trade, and Livingstone apprehended Mokalaose's fears of the Waiyau would make him welcome Jumbe at his town, and then the Arab would some day have an opportunity of scattering his people as he has done those at Kotakota. He has made Losewa too hot for himself. When the people there were carried off by Mataka's people, Jumbe seized their stores of grain, and now has no post to which he can go there. The Loangwa Arabs give an awful account of Jumbe's murders and selling the people, but one cannot take it all in; at the mildest it must have been bad. This is all they ever do; they cannot form a state or independent kingdom: slavery and the slave-trade are insuperable obstacles to any permanence inland; slaves can escape so easily; all therefore that the Arabs do is to collect as much money as they can by hook and by crook, and then leave the country.

And kind Mokalaose's troubles are not all in apprehension of the Arabs; he boasted a large family, numerous wives and appendages, and how could he escape trouble? He loved to pour these afflictions into the ear of the sympathizing white man; among these he was particularly distressed about one of his wives who had taken French leave of him. It was no use to criticise the too-many-wives custom of these chiefs: they invariably fell back into the stronghold of African logic on that question, which is summed up in a few words: "Who would cook for strangers if I had but one?" This was a poser, especially seeing the antagonist was a *guest* himself. Mokalaose was quite a gentleman in his way, and was proud to display his hospitality after a fashion more familiar in our country than some others. One day he invited Dr. Livingstone into his house and presented some beer; "I drank a little," says the doctor, "but seeing me desist from taking more, he asked me if I wished a servant girl to '*pota mimba;*' not knowing what was meant, I offered the girl the calabash of beer and told her to drink, but this was not the intention. He asked if I did not wish more, and then took the vessel, and as he drank the girl performed the operation on himself. Placing herself in front, she put both hands round his waist below the short ribs, and pressing gradually drew them round his belly in front. He took several prolonged draughts, and at each she repeated the operation as if to make the liquor go equally over the stomach." It is possible that some of the lordly topers of this land may feel greatly disturbed that it should have been left for an African head man to discover this very original method of increasing his capacity—or possibly no such need is felt by our topers.

Many matters are mentioned in Dr. Livingstone's journal from this point around the extremity of the lake, which would be of no special interest woven into a narrative of travel, but which should not be omitted in justice to the man who was toiling more in the interest of positive knowledge than for the entertainment of himself or others; and it seems well that we give the reader such extracts from his journal here as may be most serviceable to us in forming a distinct idea of the region, which is really one of real importance.

"*September* 5.—Our march is along the shore to Ngombo promontory, which approaches so near to Senga or Tsenga opposite, as to narrow the lake to some sixteen or eighteen miles. It is a low sandy point, the edge fringed on the northwest and part of the south with a belt of papyrus and reeds; the central parts wooded. Part of the south side has high sandy dunes, blown up by the south wind, which strikes it at right angles there. One was blowing as we marched along the southern side eastward, and was very tiresome. We reached Panthunda's village by a brook called Lilole. Another we crossed before coming to it is named Libesa: these brooks form the favorite spawning-grounds of the sanjika and mpasa, two of the best fishes of the lake. The sanjika is very like our herring in shape and taste and size; the mpasa larger every way: both live on green herbage formed at the bottom of the lake and rivers.

"*September* 7.—Chirumba's village being on the south side of a long lagoon, we preferred sleeping on the mainland, though they offered their cranky canoes to ferry us over. This lagoon is called Pansangwa.

"*September* 8.—In coming along the southern side of Ngombo promontory we look eastwards, but when we leave it we turn southwards, having a double range of lofty mountains on our left. These are granitic in form, the nearer range being generally the lowest, and covered with scraggy trees; the second, or more easterly, is some six thousand feet above the sea, bare and rugged, with jagged peaks shooting high into the air. This is probably the newest range. The oldest people have felt no earthquake, but some say that they have heard of such things from their elders.

"We passed very many sites of old villages, which are easily known by the tree euphorbia planted round an umbelliferous one, and the sacred fig. One species here throws out strong buttresses in the manner of some mangroves instead of sending down twiners which take root, as is usually the case with the tropical fig. These, with millstones—stones for holding the pots in cooking—and upraised clay benches, which have been turned into brick by fire in the destruction of the huts, show what were once the 'pleasant haunts of men.'

"*September* 10.—In marching southwards we came close to the range (the lake lies immediately on the other side of it), but we could not note the bays which it forms; we crossed two mountain torrents from sixty to eighty yards broad, and now only ankle-deep. In flood these bring down enormous trees, which are much battered and bruised among the rocks in their course; they spread over the plain, too, and would render travelling here in the rains impracticable. After spending the night at a very civil head man's chefu, we crossed the Lotende, another of these torrents: each very lofty mass in the range seemed to give rise to one. Nothing of interest occurred as we trudged along. A very poor head man, Pamawawa, presented a roll of salt instead of food: this was grateful to us, as we have been without that luxury some time.

"*September* 13.—We crossed a strong brook called Nkore. My object in mentioning the brooks which were flowing at this time, and near the end of the dry season, is to give an idea of the sources of supply of evaporation. The men enumerate the following, north of the Misinje. Those which are greater are marked thus +, and the lesser ones —.

1. Misinje + has canoes.
2. Loangwa —
3. Lesefa —
4. Lelula —
5. Nchamanje —
6. Musumba +
7. Fubwe +
8. Chia —
9. Kisanga +
10. Bweka —
11. Chifumero + has canoes.
12. Loangwa —
13. Mkoho —
14. Mangwelo — at N. end of lake.

"Including the above there are twenty or twenty-four perennial brooks and torrents which give a good supply of water in the dry season; in the wet season they are supplemented by a number of burns, which, though flowing now, have their mouths blocked up with bars of sand, and yield nothing except by percolation; the lake rises at least four feet perpendicularly in the wet season, and has enough during the year from these perennial brooks to supply the Shire's continual flow."

[It will be remembered that the beautiful river Shire carries off the waters of Lake Nyassa and joins the Zambesi near Mount Morambala, about ninety miles from the sea. It is by this water-way that Livingstone always hoped to find an easy access to Central Africa. We will not forget the obstacles which forced him to seek another path. He could not suppress his sorrow when he looked away toward the region watered by that river and thought on the disappointments experienced there. Many hopes had been wrecked there. It was an inexpressible feeling of loneliness came over him when he thought on the grave of her whose death had changed all his prospects—far away down on the right bank of the river under the shadow of the great baobab tree; and the bitter regret with which he recalled the easy death of the noble Bishop Mackenzie, and the abandonment of the mission enterprise. It does seem sad that he should have been called away just when his arduous toils were on the eve of their best fruits; how gladly would he welcome if he was alive now the news that arrangements are definitely made for planting strong and permanent missions along the Shire!]

"*September* 15.—We were now a short distance south of the lake, and might have gone west to Mosauka's (called by some Pasauka's) to cross the Shire there, but I thought that my visit to Mukate's, a Waiyau chief still farther south, might do good. He, Mponda, and Kabinga, are the only three chiefs who still carry on raids against the Manganja at the instigation of the coast Arabs, and they are now sending periodical marauding parties to the Maravi (here named Malola) to supply the Kilwa slave-traders. We marched three hours southwards, then up the hills of the range which flanks all the lower part of the lake. The altitude of the town is about eight hundred feet above the lake. The population near the chief is large, and all the heights as far as the eye can reach are crowned with villages. The second range lies a few miles off, and is covered with trees as well as the first; the nearest high mass is Mangoche. The people live amidst plenty. All the chiefs visited by the Arabs have good substantial square houses built for their accommodation. Mukate never saw a European before, and everything about us is an immense curiosity to him and to his people. We had long visits from him. He tries to extract a laugh out of every remark. He is darker than the generality of Waiyau, with a full beard trained on the chin—as all the people hereabouts have—Arab fashion. The courts of his women cover a large space, our house being on one side of them. I tried to go out that way, but wandered, so the ladies sent a servant to conduct me out in the direction I wished to go, and we found egress by passing through some huts with two doors in them.

"*September* 17.—We marched down from Mukate's and to about the middle of the Lakelet Pamalombe. Mukate had no people with canoes near the usual crossing place, and he sent a messenger to see that we were fairly served. Here we got the Manganja head men to confess that an earthquake had happened; all the others we have inquired of have denied it; why, I cannot conceive. The old men said that they had felt earthquakes twice, once near sunset and the next time at night—they shook everything, and were accompanied with noise, and all the fowls cackled; there was no effect on the lake observed. They profess ignorance of any tradition of the water having stood higher. Their traditions say that they came originally from the west, or west-northwest, which they call 'Maravi;' and that their forefathers taught them to make nets and kill fish. They have no trace of any teaching by a higher instructor; no carvings or writings on the rocks; and they never heard of a book until we came among them. Their forefathers never told them that after or at death they went to God, but they had heard it said of such a one who died, 'God took him.'"

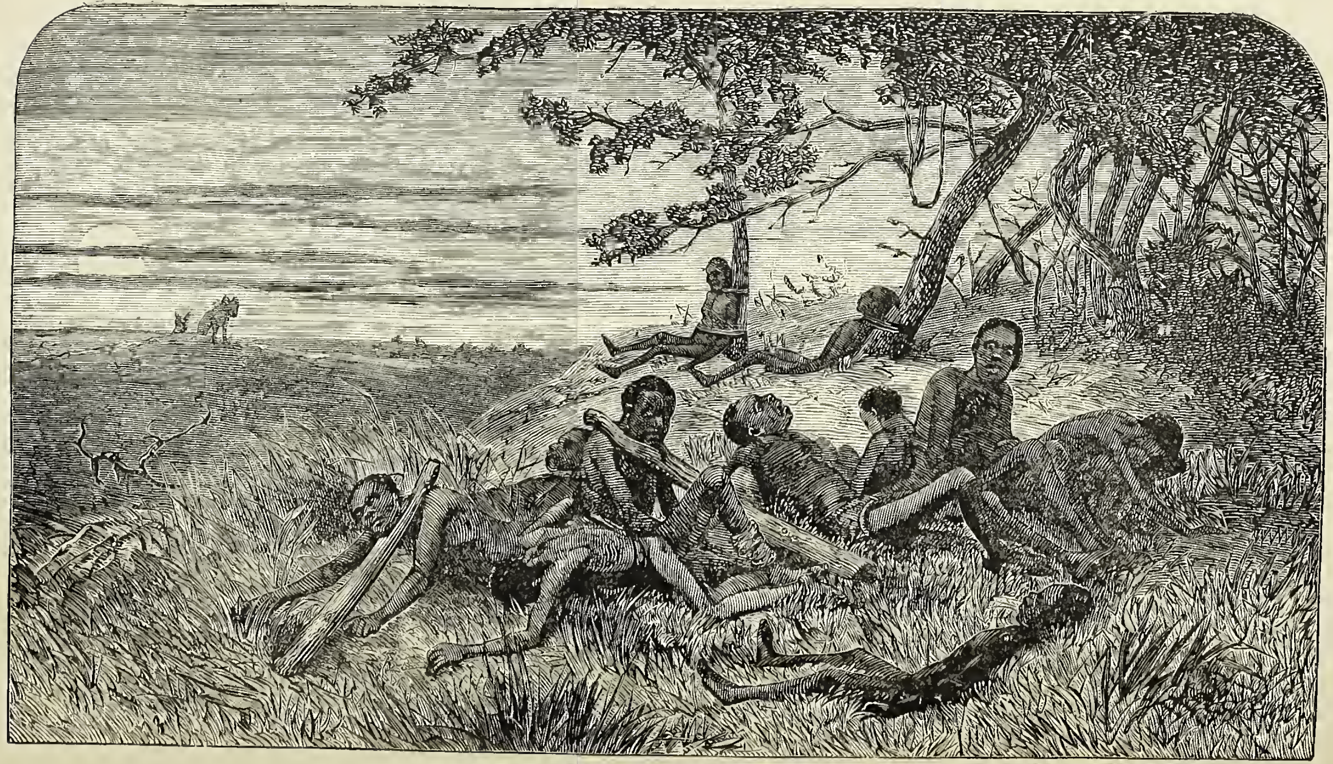
From the village of Mukate Livingstone was provided with a number of canoes in which he and his company passed up to the point of junction between the Lakelet Pamalombe and Lake Nyassa; but the people were very timid, and he was under the necessity of going on to Mponda's, which lies just south of Nyassa.

In coming from the coast to the lake Livingstone had considerable trouble in conversing with the natives. All along that route the Waiyau language prevails—a language confessedly hard to master. It was a great relief among the tribes about this lake to observe a striking similarity of the language to that in use along the Zambesi and the Shire. They were again surrounded by those ferocious beasts which are so intimately associated with African travel in the mind of almost every reader. The first day of their stay at Mponda's town a woman was carried off by a lion, and almost entirely eaten before being discovered. The fatigues of travel were affecting very seriously the dispositions of his followers; they were becoming more and more dissatisfied, and harassing the doctor sadly enough. Before reaching Mponda's village he had lost one of the company whom he esteemed very highly. Wikatani had been a favorite with Bishop Mackenzie; he had been liberated from bondage into which his friends had sold him; he found some relatives in the neighborhood. Concerning the incident Dr. Livingstone wrote about that time as follows:

"He met with a brother, and found that he had two brothers and one or two sisters living down at the western shore of Lake Pamelombe under Kabinga. He thought that his relatives would not again sell him. I had asked him if he wished to remain, and he at once said 'Yes,' so I did not attempt to dissuade him: his excessive levity will perhaps be cooled by marriage. I think he may do good by telling some of what he has seen and heard. I asked him if he would obey an order from his chief to hunt the Manganja, and he said, 'No.' I hope he won't. In the event of any mission coming into the country of Mataka, he will go there. I gave him paper to write to you, and, commending him to the chiefs, bade the poor boy farewell. I was sorry to part with him, but the Arabs tell the Waiyau chiefs that our object in liberating slaves is to make them our own and turn them to our religion. I had declared to them, through Wikatani as interpreter, that they never became our slaves, and were at liberty to go back to their relatives if they liked; and now it was impossible to object to Wikatani going without stultifying my own statements."

Before reaching Mponda's Dr. Livingstone mentions having seen several hundred people making salt on a plain impregnated with it. They elixate the soil and filter it through a bunch of grass in a hole in the bottom of the pot until all is evaporated. Speaking of the country Livingstone says:

"We held along the plain till we came to Mponda's, a large village, with a stream running past. The plain at the village is very fertile, and has many large trees on it. The cattle of Mponda are like fatted Madagascar beasts, and the hump seems as if it would weigh one hundred pounds. The size of body is



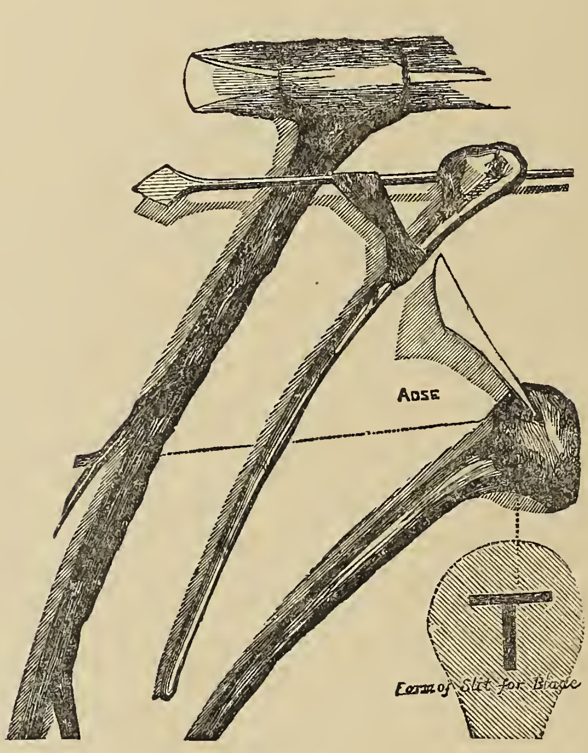
LEFT TO THEIR FATE.

so enormous that their legs, as remarked by our men, seemed very small. Mponda is a blustering sort of person, but immensely interested in everything European. He says that he would like to go with me. 'Would not care though he were away ten years.' I say that he may die in the journey. 'He will die here as well as there, but he will see all the wonderful doings of our country.' He knew me, having come to the boat, to take a look *incognito* when we were here formerly."

In this town Livingstone found an Arab slave-party, and went to look at the slaves; seeing this, Mponda was alarmed lest he should proceed to violence in his town, but he said to him that he went to look only. Eighty-five slaves were in a pen formed of dura stalks (*Holcus sorghum*). The majority were boys of about eight or ten years of age; others were grown men and women. Nearly all were in the taming-stick; a few of the younger ones were in thongs, the thong passing round the neck of each. Several pots were on the fires cooking dura and beans. A crowd went with him, expecting a scene, but Livingstone sat down, and asked a few questions about the journey, in front. The slave-party consisted of five or six half-caste coast Arabs, who said that they came from Zanzibar; but the crowd made such a noise that nothing could be heard. Livingstone asked if they had any objections to his looking at the slaves; the owners pointed out the different slaves, and said that after feeding them, and accounting for the losses in the way to the coast, they made little by the trip. "I suspect," says the doctor, "that the gain is made by those who ship them to the ports of Arabia, for at Zanzibar most of the younger slaves we saw went at about seven dollars a head. I said to them it was a bad business altogether. They presented fowls to me in the evening."

The next day the chief begged so hard that the doctor would stay another day and give medicine to a sick child that he consented. He promised plenty of food, and, as an earnest of his sincerity, sent an immense pot of beer in the evening. The child had been benefited by the medicine, and in his gratitude the poor man gave more than could be taken.

One very pleasant feature of this country was the interest which all classes took in agricultural work. It did not seem to be held to be a servile work as in many other parts of the country. While the slaves do the greater part of the work, the highest classes consider it very honorable to be so employed. The Manganja once had great quantities of first-class cattle, but the Waiyau had taken possession of them.


ADSE
Form of Slit for Blade

ADZE, etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

ABOUT NYASSA.

Geological Notes—The Marenga—Livingstone Preaching—Small-Pox—Inveterate Thieves—Kirk's Range—Love Token—Black-haired Sheep—Earthquakes—A Toper Chief—A Royal Escort—Whooping-Cough—The Hottest Month—Methods of Fertilization—No Animals—Bows and Arrows—Lip-Ring—A Prophetic Cow—Iron Works—Village of Smiths—Alarm of Mazitu—Native Furnaces—Livingstone's Patience—A Disagreeable Head Man—Level Country—Portuguese Travellers—A Herd of Buffaloes—Industry—Wild Figs—A Formidable Stockade—Trying News—A Steady Faith.

On the 21st of September, 1866, Livingstone marched towards the west, crossing Cape Maclear. They crossed hills about seven hundred feet above Nyassa; these were covered with trees and quite desolate—*no* inhabitants to be seen. They encamped near the Sikoche. Here the rocks were hardened sandstone, resting on mica-schist, which had an efflorescence of alum on it; above this was dolomite; the hills were often capped with it and oak-spar, giving a snowy appearance. After seven hours of hard travel they arrived at a village where they spent the Sabbath by the Usangasi, and near a remarkable mountain, Namasi. This tribe, or rather the Machinga, now supersede the Manganja. He speaks of a marked difference in the villages of the latter and the Waiyau, who have handsome straw and reed fences around their huts, making their villages look much neater. They next stopped at a village of Marenga, quite a large one, at the bottom of the lake on the eastern side. Finding the chief quite ill and having a loathsome disease it was impossible for him to come to Livingstone. Many of the people had gone to the coast as traders, and returning with arms and ammunition helped the Waiyau in their forays on the Manganja, and finally set themselves up as an independent tribe. They cultivate largely, and have cattle, but do not milk them. The sponges here, which are formed by the vegetation, "which is not healthy and falls and rots and then forms thick loam of a blackish nature, is in masses two or three feet, rests on a bed of pure river sand. In the dry season this loam is cracked, and frequently in as much as three inches in width and very deep. The whole surface is now fallen down and rests on the sand, but when the rain comes the first supply is nearly all absorbed in the sand. The black loam forms soft slush and floats on the sand. The narrow opening prevents it from moving off in a land-slip, but an oozing spring rises at that spot. All the pools in the lower portion of this spring-course are filled by the first rains; which happen south of the equator when the sun goes vertically over any spot. The second or greater rains happen in his course north again, when all the bogs or river-courses being wet, the supply runs off and forms the inundation; this was certainly the case as observed on the Zambesi and Shire, and taking the different times for the sun's passage north of the equator it explains the inundation of the *Nile.*"

The people at the town of Marenga, on Lake Nyassa, gathered around Livingstone in great numbers to gaze at him. He took the opportunity to point them to the Lamb of God and speak of their souls, to which they replied, "Our fathers have never told us aught about the soul; we thought the whole man rotted and came to nothing;" but they listened quite attentively, especially when he told them that our Father loved them and heard their prayers. He found this village afflicted with small-pox, a disease which was quite extraordinary in Africa, and his skill was greatly sought by the sufferers.

On the 26th of September Livingstone was met by an Arab who told Musa that the whole country was filled with Mazitu; that forty Arabs and their followers had been killed by them at Kasungu and he alone escaped. Musa and all the Johanna men now declared they would go no farther. Livingstone carried him to Marenga and asked him about the Mazitu. He explained by saying the "Arabs and ammunition were brought into the country annually, and the Manganja resisted Jumbe and would allow no more to come—because they were the sufferers."

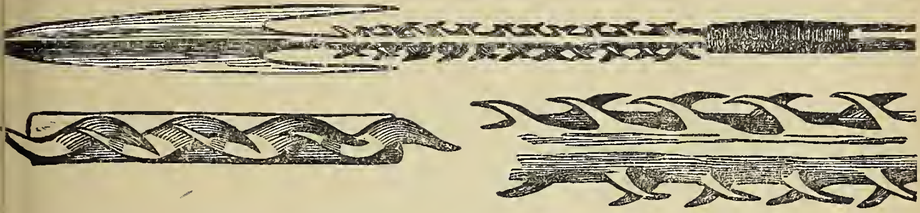
When Livingstone started on his journey the Johanna men walked off, leaving the goods on the ground; he was not sorry, however, as they were such inveterate thieves, they could not be trusted. The stealing too was not from effect of hunger; when there was plenty they stole more. Musa shared the dainties stolen by his men; he would reply when Livingstone would speak to him about it, "Me tell them every day no man steal doctor's things." At one time one man stole fifteen pounds of fine powder, another seven, another left six tablecloths out of twenty-four, another called out to a man to bring a fish and he would buy it with beads. Musa knew it *all* and connived at it, but terror drove him away at last.

They arrived at Kimsusa's, below Mount Mulundini of Kirk's range (named after Dr. Kirk, who with Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Charles Livingstone discovered Lake Nyassa). The chief being absent, was sent for. Another Arab passed with a similar tale of Mazitu, and stating his slaves were all taken. It is considered more respectable to be robbed by Mazitu than by Manganja, who are considered nobodies. On the 30th of this month, being Sabbath, it was spent here, and Kimsusa's entertainment was cordiality and *beer*, but the latter was not accepted by the doctor.

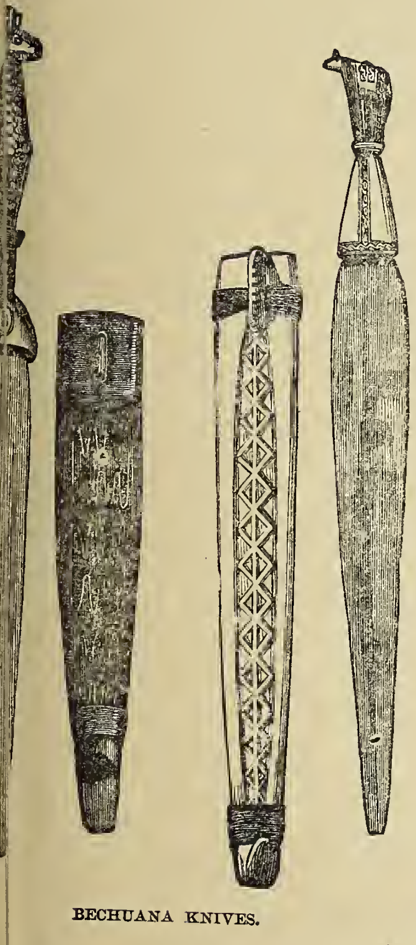
"The chief came quickly, and," says Livingstone, "seemed glad to see his old friend; sent off at once and had a huge ram brought, which had either killed or seriously injured a man. The animal came tied to a pole to keep him off the man who held it, while a lot more carried him. He was prodigiously fat. This is a true African way of showing love—plenty of food. Besides the ram, the chief brought a huge basket of 'pombe,' the native beer, and another of 'usima,' or porridge, and a pot of cooked meat." They had so much, however, that it was impossible to carry what was given. The sheep are of the black-haired kind; their tails grow very large. A ram given by a Waiyau chief previously had a tail which weighed eleven pounds; but for the journey doubtless an additional two or three pounds would have been on it. Kimsusa said that earthquakes were felt where Mpanda now lives, but none where he is. He seemed changed, especially seemed more rational about the Deity, and said it was owing to the advice received from the doctor that his village was larger and not from selling his people. On the 2d and 3d the chief carried him off to a dense thicket and under lofty trees, to a shady spot as the one in which business is transacted; but he drank beer incessantly, in consequence of which he became extremely loquacious. Livingstone reproved him for his loquacity, and said that morning was the time if business was to be done, proposing to send some of his men to the Babisa country and he would pay them there where they could purchase ivory, and when they brought it back he could buy clothing without selling his people. The chief refused, saying that his people could not be trusted, and that he would buy ivory from the Arabs or Babisa, who would conduct his business honestly. Finally the chief consented to give the doctor carriers to go to the Marabi, but wished to be paid first. Livingstone consented to this, but he (the chief) could not prevail on any one to go. There was a Mobisa man in an adjoining village who was going to his own country, and as the chief thought his men would run at the first appearance of danger it was decided to go with the Mobisa. Dr. Livingstone found him so very ignorant, not knowing even the chief town of his country or any of the rivers, that he would not have him as a guide.

Kimsusa came the next day early with a large basket of beer and found our friends ready to start, but not relishing this much, he declared he would force his men to go or he and his wives would go as carriers—begged them to remain. October 6th finds our friends about seven miles north, at a village opposite the Pass Tapiri, and on a rivulet, Godedza. Kimsusa behaved like a king, and his wives carried the loads strapped; one carried beer, another meal. As soon as they got there, cooking commenced. They make a preparation of meal called "toku," which the doctor liked very much, and they seeing he liked it made a calabashful in the evening; he thinks he would have gotten fat if he could have taken the beer, but it required a strong digestion; a little flesh is necessary to relieve the acidity it caused, but this is kept very carefully and dried on a stage before a fire to prevent putridity.

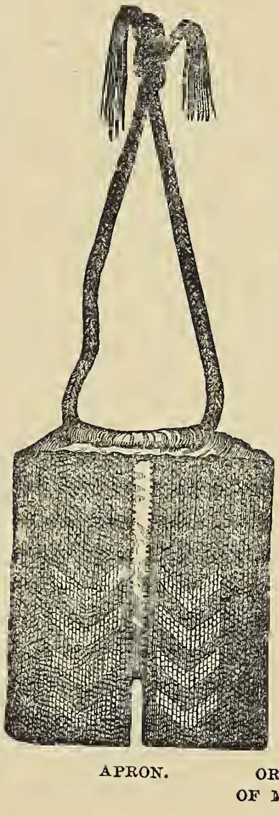
Livingstone spoke of having heard whooping-cough in this village; as this disease has not before been reported an African one, it is worth notice. He found the Waiyau visitors quite impudent, forcing themselves into his hut uninvited, demanded gun or game medicine, according to a practice the Arabs had instituted to drive a trade. As Livingstone neared the Pass Tapiri, Kimsusa and his men determined to go.



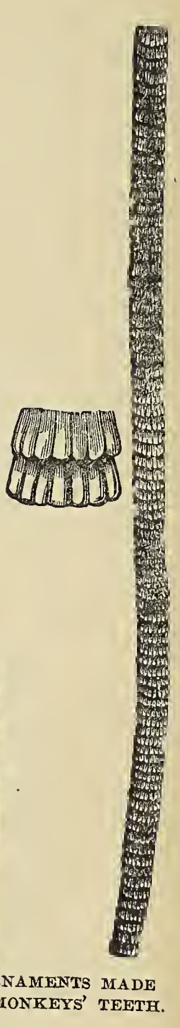
KNIFE AND ASSAGAI HEADS.



BECHUANA KNIVES.



APRON.



ORNAMENTS MADE OF MONKEYS' TEETH.

On the 8th of October they got to the first village, and here the wives were paid for carrying his things; the chief offering beer and toku, and the latter was accepted by the doctor. They sang and clapped their hands until one o'clock in the morning. October 9th found them four thousand feet above the sea. This is the hottest month, but the air is clear and pleasant. The country is very fine, lying in long slopes, with mountains rising all around, from two to three thousand feet above this upland. They are mostly jagged and rough (not rounded like those near to Mataka's): the long slopes are nearly denuded of trees, and the patches of cultivation are so large and often squarish in form that but little imagination is requisite to transform the whole into the cultivated fields of England; but no hedgerows exist. The trees are in clumps on the tops of the ridges, or at the villages, or at the places of sepulture. Just now the young leaves are out, but are not yet green. In some lights they look brown, but with transmitted light, or when one is near them, crimson prevails. A yellowish-green is met sometimes in the young leaves, and brown, pink, and orange-red. The soil is rich, but the grass is only excessively rank in spots; in general it is short. A kind of trenching of the ground is resorted to; they hoe deep, and draw it well to themselves: this exposes the other earth to the hoe. The soil is burned too: the grass and weeds are placed in flat heaps, and soil placed over them: the burning is slow, and most of the products of combustion are retained to fatten the field; in this way the people raise large crops. Men and women and children engage in field labor, but at present many of the men are engaged in spinning buaze and cotton. The former is made into a coarse sacking-looking stuff, immensely strong, which seems to be worn by the women alone; the men are clad in uncomfortable goatskins. No wild animals seem to be in the country, and indeed the population is so large they would have very unsettled times of it. At every turning they meet people, or see their villages; all armed with bows and arrows. The bows are unusually long: Livingstone measured one made of bamboo and found that along the bowstring it measured six feet four inches. Many carry large knives of fine iron; and indeed the metal is abundant. Young men and women wear the hair long; a mass of small ringlets comes down and rests on the shoulders, giving them the appearance of the ancient Egyptians. One side is often cultivated, and the mass hangs jauntily on that side; some few have a solid cap of it. Not many women wear the lip-ring: the example of the Waiyau has prevailed so far; but some of the young women have raised lines crossing each other on the arms, which must have cost great pain: they have also small cuts, covering in some cases the whole body.

October 11th was a cold morning: thermometer 59° in hut; doctor stated 69°. The huts were well built, top plastered; not a ray of light is admitted, and the only way for it to get in is through the door. This shows the winter is cold. They made a westerly march to a village of Kulu, who entertained them liberally; the chief gave them a goat and started with them when they left, but after going about two miles slipped off and ran away. Some are naturally mean, some are noble: the mean cannot help showing their nature, nor can the noble. Livingstone says he always requested a head man of a village to go with him, because they gave a good report of them, and no one wishes to countenance people other than respectable, and it costs little. He speaks here of coming to mountains having perpendicular sides; these have villages at the bottom as storehouses for grain, with large granaries on the top containing food in case of war. A large cow is kept there, which is supposed to be capable of knowing and letting the owners know when war is coming.

Livingstone speaks of a village on the western side of a mountain called Phunze (the *h* being an aspirate only). Many villages are planted round its base, but in front, that is, westwards, they have plains, and there the villages are as numerous: mostly they are within half a mile of each other, and few are a mile from other hamlets. Each village has a clump of trees around it. this is partly for shade and partly for privacy from motives of decency. The heat of the sun causes the effluvia to exhale quickly, so they are seldom offensive. The rest of the country, where not cultivated, is covered with grass, the seed-stalks about knee-deep. It is gently undulating, lying in low waves, stretching northeast and southwest. The space between each wave is usually occupied by a boggy spot or watercourse, which in some cases is filled with pools with trickling rills between. All the people are engaged at present in making mounds six or eight feet square, and from two to three feet high. The sods in places not before hoed are separated from the soil beneath and collected into flattened heaps, the grass undermost; when dried, fire is applied and slow combustion goes on, most of the products of the burning being retained in the ground; much of the soil is incinerated. The final preparation is effected by the men digging up the subsoil round the mound, passing each hoeful into the left hand, where it pulverizes, and is then thrown on to the heap. It is thus virgin soil on the top of the ashes and burned ground of the original heap, very clear of weeds. At present many mounds have beans and maize about four inches high. Holes, a foot in diameter and a few inches deep, are made irregularly over the surface of the mound, and about eight or ten grains put into each: these are watered by hand and calabash, and kept growing till the rains set in, when a very early crop is secured.

After leaving Phunze they crossed a rivulet which emptied into Lake Nyassa—undulation tends northward. Some hills were in view, but were mere mounds by the side of the mountains just left behind. This locality is over three thousand feet above the sea and the air is delightful; but as they passed many spots covered with a plant which grows in *marshy* places, probably it would not be pleasant as a place of residence. The fact of even maize being planted on mounds where the ground is naturally quite dry tells us the climate must be very humid.

Kauma told Livingstone of some of his people, who had lately come from Babisa, purchasing ivory: they would give him information about the path. He took a fancy to one of the boys' blankets, offering a native cloth, much larger, in exchange, and even a sheep to boot, but the owner being unwilling to part with his covering, Kauma refused to send for the travellers on account of the boy not wishing to deal with him. This chieftain says his people are partly Kanthunda and partly Chipeta; the first are mountaineers and the latter are dwellers on the plain. The population of his village is large and ceremonious; in speaking of them, Livingstone says, "When we meet any one he turns aside and sits down. We have to ask who are the principal chiefs in the direction which we wish to take, and decide accordingly. Zomba was mentioned as a chief on a range of hills on our west: beyond him lies Undi m'senga. I had to take this route, as my people have a very vivid idea of the danger of going northwards towards the Mazitu."

One day's travel from Zomba, and west-southwest, is the part where the Portuguese formerly went for gold. They did not come there, however, as it would have been entirely useless. The country is too full of people to allow wild animals elbow-room: even the smaller ones are hunted by nets and dogs. The doctor rested at Pachoma; whose head man offered a goat and beer, but he declined and went on to Molomba. Here Kauma's carriers turned because a woman died that morning as they left the village; they asserted if she had died before they started, not a man would have started. The head man of Molomba was poor but liberal, gave a goat and cooked for Livingstone; another head man from a neighboring village also called on their friends here, brought beer and a fowl. He went on to Mironga with them; they saw Mount Nyala in the distance, "like a sugar loaf shot up in the air." This place being only one and a half hours off, they went on to Chipanga; this is the proper name of what on the Zambesi is corrupted into *Shupanga*. The head man here, a miserable hemp-consuming leper, fled from them (hemp-dange is smoked in Central Africa).

They came to a smithy, and watched the founder at work drawing off slag from the bottom of his furnace. He broke through the hardened slag by striking it with an iron instrument inserted in the end of a pole, when the material flowed out of the small hole left for the purpose in the bottom of the furnace. The ore (probably the black oxide) was like sand, and was put in at the top of the furnace, mixed with charcoal. Only one bellows was at work, formed out of goatskin, and the blast was very poor. Many of these furnaces, or their remains, are met with on knolls; those at work have a peculiarly small hut built over them.

On the eastern edge of a valley lying north and south, with the Diampwe stream flowing along it, and the Dzala nyama range on the western side, are two villages screened by fine specimens of the *ficus Indica*. One of these is owned by the head man Theresa, and there they spent the night after travelling only a few miles. It was found necessary to make very short marches, for the sun was powerful, and the soil baked hard, very trying on the feet: there was no want of water, however, as they came to supplies every mile or two.

The people seemed very poor, having few or no beads; the only ornaments being lines and cuttings on the skin. They trust more to buaze than cotton. But two cotton patches were noticed. The women were decidedly plain; but monopolize all the buaze cloth. Theresa was excessively liberal, and having informed them that Zomba lived some distance up the range and was not the principal man in these parts, to avoid climbing the hills, the party turned away to the north, in the direction of the paramount chief, Chisumpi, whom they found to be only traditionally great.

In passing along they came to a village embowered in trees. The head man, a fine specimen of Kanthunda, tall, well-made, fine forehead and Assyrian nose, proposed to them to stay all night, but they declined, and after a long, hot journey they reached Chitokola's village, a pleasant one on the east side of Adiampwe valley. Many elephants and other animals feed in the valley, and the Bechuana hopo was seen again after many years. The hopo, you remember, is a funnel-shaped fence which encloses a considerable tract of country; a "drive" is organized and animals of all descriptions are urged on until they become jammed together in the neck of the hopo, where they are speared to death, or else destroyed in a number of pitfalls placed there for the purpose. In this neighborhood the Nyumbo plant was noticed, bearing a pea-shaped or rather papilionaceous flower with a fine scent. It grows quite wild and its flowers are yellow. Chaola is the poison used by the Maravi for their arrows; it is said to cause mortification.

It is so cold in this climate that the huts are built with a coating of plaster, put on the outside of the roof before the grass thatch is applied. Chitikola was absent from Paritala, when they arrived, to settle a *milando*, a full day's journey off. These milandos are petty lawsuits, generally caused by the women. This was caused by a person taking a few ears of

Indian corn from another. The chief administered muave (the ordeal poison), the person vomited: was therefore innocent. On the 21st he returned foot-sore and tired and at once presented some beer. This continual reference to food is natural, as it is an important point in the intercourse of travellers with the native tribes in Africa. Before the chief arrived they got nothing; the queen even begged a little meat for her sick child, who was recovering from an attack of small-pox. There being no shops they had to sit still without food. The next day they received a goat cooked whole and plenty of porridge.

Chitikola guided them on the 22d to a village called Mashumba, the head man of which was the only chief who asked anything except medicine. He usually gave two yards of unbleached calico. They had to go in the direction of the villages which were on friendly terms with the guides, and sometimes they went but a short distance, as they studied to make the days as short as possible. Chitoku, the head man of the last village, took them to a village of smiths—four furnaces and one smithy being at work. When they had crossed the Chiniambo, they found the country near the hills covered with gum-copal trees, the bark-cloth tree, and rhododendrons.

Mpanda led them a short cut to Chimuna's. On this route they came into a herd of about fifteen elephants, and a number of trees laid down by them: these animals chew woody roots and branches as thick as the handle of a spade. Many buffaloes and a herd of elands were seen; a herd of baama or hartebeest stood at two hundred paces, and one was shot.

"While all were rejoicing over the meat," says the doctor, "we got news, from the inhabitants of a large village in full flight, that the Mazitu were out on a foray. While roasting and eating meat I went forward with Mpanda to get men from Chimuna to carry the rest, but was soon recalled. Another crowd were also in full retreat; the people were running straight to the Zalanyama range regardless of their feet, making a path for themselves through the forest; they had escaped from the Mazitu that morning; 'they saw them!' Mpanda's people wished to leave and go to look after their own village, but we persuaded them, on pain of a *milando*, to take us to the nearest village, that was at the bottom of Zalanyama proper, and we took the spoor of the fugitives. The hard grass with stalks nearly as thick as quills must have hurt their feet sorely, but what of that in comparison with dear life! We meant to take our stand on the hill and defend our property in case of the Mazitu coming near; and we should, in the event of being successful, be a defence to the fugitives who crowded up its rocky sides, but next morning we heard that the enemy had gone to the south. Had we gone forward, as we intended, to search for men to carry the meat, we should have met the marauders, for the men of the second party of villagers had remained behind guarding their village till the Mazitu arrived, and they told us what a near escape I had had from walking into their power."

"Approaching Chimuna's town," he continues, "our path was through a forest, and saw a number of ant-hills—each the size of the end of a one-story cottage—covered with men on guard watching for the Mazitu. A long line of villagers were just arriving from the south, and we could see the smoke arising from the settlements; none but men, the women and chief were on the mountain called Pambe. These villagers gave us a good hut, and sent at once to the mountain for their chief. He came in the evening and begged us to remain, but we told him each chief wished the same thing, and if we listened to all we would never get on, and the rains were near; at length, however, we decided to remain. The next day all the people came down from Pambe and crowded to see the strangers." Curiosity must have been the special allotment of this people in the distribution of original graces. But they were industrious, and industry covers almost as many sins as charity, although it is a homespun cloak.

Their furnaces are rather bottle-shaped, and about seven feet high by three broad. One old patriarch had heard of books and umbrellas, but had never seen either. The oldest inhabitant had never travelled far from the spot in which he was born; yet he had a good knowledge of soils and agriculture, hut building, basket making, pottery, and the manufacture of bark-cloth and skins for clothing; also making of nets, trap and cordage. Chimuna was hospitable, and quite grateful when a blister was applied by Livingstone for his rheumatic pains; asked the latter to fire a gun that the Mazitu might hear and know that armed men were here. They all say they are afraid of firearms; for this reason Livingstone believed they were not Zulus at all, though they adopted some of their ways.

In going on to the village of Mapuio's several large villages were passed, each surrounded by hedges of euphobia, and had large shade trees. When they arrived, Mapuio sent a calabash of fresh-made beer, gave them a hut, and promised to cook for them in the evening. They had to employ five or six carriers, and they generally rule the length of the day. Those from Chimuna's village growled at the calico paid them, but a few beads pleased them perfectly, and they parted good friends.

At this point Livingstone speaks of loving to please them, as it is not likely he "will ever see them again, and it is right to consider their desires. Is that not what is meant by 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor'?" In cases of *milando* they rely on their most distant friends and relatives, and are seldom disappointed,. though time at certain seasons—at present, for instance—is precious. Delicate features are here seen, and small hands and feet. Ornaments are scarce; the men have large slits in the lobe of the ear; the women indulge in this painful luxury more than the men, probably for this reason.

They spent October 28th with Mapuio, and the next day—Monday—went westward to Makosa's village through an ill-peopled country. The morning was lovely, the whole country bathed in bright sunlight, and not a breath of air disturbed the smoke as it slowly curled up from the heaps of burning weeds, which the native agriculturist wisely destroys. The people generally were busy hoeing in the cool of the day. One old man in a village where they rested had trained the little hair he had left into a tail, which, well plastered with fat, he had bent on itself and laid flat on his crown; another was carefully paring a stick for stirring the porridge, and others were enjoying the cool shade of the wild fig trees which are always planted at villages. It is a sacred tree all over Africa and India, and the tender roots which drop down towards the ground are used as medicine—a universal remedy. Can it be a tradition of its being like the tree of life, which Archbishop Whately conjectures may have been used in Paradise to render man immortal? One kind of fig tree is often seen hacked all over to get the sap, which is used as bird-lime; bark-cloth is made of it too.

The first rain—a thunder shower—fell in the afternoon; it was effectual, in one sense: it deprived a friend of the chance of getting the five carriers who were in their gardens planting seed. He got three and was compelled to remain over. They journeyed westward the next day, and a little towards south through a country full of trees; here they saw wild hogs in a group, though *marks* of elephants, buffaloes and other animals were abundant.

November 1st, 1866, they arrived at Chigumokire; the next morning proceeded to Kangene. This village was situated in a mass of mountains, and to reach this they had to go a little farther south than desired. Their appearance caused much alarm, and they were requested to wait until our spokesman explained the unusual phenomena of the white man. Kangene was very disagreeable to Livingstone, and as he had to employ five carriers off him he was in this chief's power. He told the doctor that a brother of his had been killed by the Mazitu and he thought that probably they belonged to them. He told some untruths and then began to beg powder. He represented the country to be quite impassable from want of food; the Mazitu had stripped it; the people were living off wild fruits. They were detained here, on account of the illness of Simon, for four days. The head man agreed to let them have five men, but demanded such enormous wages that on the 7th they took seven loads forward, leaving two men with the rest; slept there and returned for the remainder on the 8th. Kangene was disagreeable to the last. He asked where they had gone, and, having described the turning point as near the hill Chimbimbe, he complimented them on going so far, and then sent an offer of three men; but Livingstone preferred not to have those who would have been spies unless he could give five and take on all the loads.

The country over which they travel at present is level and elevated, but there are mountains all about, which would appear quite mountainous if on a map. The Leue or Leuia is said by the people to flow into the Loangwa. The Chigumokire coming from the north in front, eastward of Irongwe (the same mountains on which Kangene skulks out of sight of Mazitu), flows into the Leue, and north of that is the Mando, a little stream flowing into the Bua. The rivulets on the west flow in deep defiles, and the elevation on which they travel makes it certain that no water can come from the lower lands on the west. It seems that the Portuguese in travelling to Casembe did not inquire of the people where the streams they crossed went, for they are often wrongly put, and indicate the direction only in which they appeared to be flowing at their crossing places. The natives have a good idea generally of the rivers into which the streams flow, though they are very deficient in information as to the condition of the people that live on their banks. Some of the Portuguese questions must have been asked through slaves, who would show no hesitation in answering. Maxinga, or Machinga, means "mountains" only; once or twice it is put down Saxa de Maxinga, or Machinga, or Mcanga, which, translated from the native tongue, means "rocks of mountains, or mountains of rocks."

November 10th found Livingstone at the "Village of Smiths;" here he readily got five men to go back after his loads. The sound of the hammer is constant from dawn till sunset. A herd of buffaloes came near the village and Livingstone went out and shot one, thus getting meat for his party and the villagers. During the night a lion came and gave a loud growl, and finding he could not get the meat went off; the people kept up a shouting for hours afterward in order to keep him away by the human voice. They had nets loaned them to protect their provisions from any kind of intruders. They might have gone on, but Livingstone had a galled heel and could not travel. Here he speaks of *wild figs*, which are *nice* when quite ripe.

The people at Kalumbi, on the Mando, once boasted a formidable stockade of wild fig and euphobia surrounding their village; but though it withstood the assaults of men, even repelling the warlike Mazitu, it fell before elephants and buffaloes, which made an attack during the absence of the villagers. There are many of the larger wild animals in this region, and it was not uncommon to see the poor huts of the natives broken in and even entirely destroyed by elephants; and there are sad stories of lions breaking into these frail tenements and waging cruel war on their occupants. Often the first intimation a family has of the danger is the crashing of the monster through the thatch roof, and their only hope is in the spear, and terrific scenes sometimes ensue.

While at this village there came news by which a more timid heart than Dr. Livingstone's might have been greatly disturbed; he was told that the Mazitu—the scourge of the whole country—were at the village toward which they were about journeying. But Livingstone was a courageous man, and besides being long accustomed to the perils of African wanderings, he had an unwavering faith in God. He remained in the village amid the busy preparations of the natives who expected the enemy to break upon them very soon, but it is good to observe how his dependence on God arose far grander than his courage. It is good to see a strong man leaning on the care of God like a little child.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MONTH OF WANT.

Days of Anxiety—Manganja Blood—Manganja and Waiyau—Artizans—Native Agriculture—Beautiful Scenery—Iron Trade—An Elephant Hunter—Difficulties — Carriers — Livingstone's Love for Nature — Memories—No Food—A Splendid Valley of Lilies—Stockades—Sunday at Zeore—Rain-Making—The Slave Idea in East Africa—Hedges of Bamboo—Bark Cloth—Huts for the Spirits of the Dead—Contrasts in Character—Forests and Rains—Beautiful Animals—The Zebra very Beautiful — The Loangwa—Bad for Worse—The Babisa—A Miserable Set—Sorrows Multiplied—A Mopane Forest—Nyarmazi —Trading with a Woman—Loss of Goats—Experience with a Guide—The Hills Again—Bee Hunters—Want, Want, Want! — Noble Utterances—"Always Hungry"—Elephant Hunting—*Sword Hunting*—Desolate Land—No Bread—Hunger—Escape from a Cobra—The Loss of the Dog—Mushrooms—All *the Medicine Lost*—The Worst of All—Livingstone's Gentleness—"Real Biting Hunger"—Beads as Currency—The Chambese at Last.

The two days in the little village of Kalumbe were full of anxiety. The women, who are the prizes always envied with most covetous eyes by the Mazitu, had been sent away, and the men moved about among their rude furnaces and forges with a watchfulness which expressed the seriousness of the occasion more emphatically than anything they might have said. The Manganja blood was clearly seen in the industry with which they handled the implements of their rude art. The civilities of this race were always appreciated as truly refreshing after being annoyed by the impudence and impositions of the Waiyau, who it could be clearly seen felt themselves the dominant race in the country. One of the most interesting privileges of the traveller is the opportunity for observing the differences which distinguish the tribes, all alike as they may be in their general conditions of ignorance and degradation. And there was rarely noticed a more decided difference in those so intimately associated than distinguished these two races. As a rule, the Manganja are extremely clever in all the savage arts and manufactures. Their looms turn out a strong serviceable cotton cloth ; their iron weapons and implements show a taste for design which is not reached by the neighboring tribes, and in all matters that relate to husbandry they excel: but in dash and courage they are deficient. The Waiyau, on the contrary, have round apple-shaped heads, as distinguished from the long well-shaped heads of the poor Manganja; they are jocular and merry, given to travelling, and bold in war—these are qualities which serve them well as they are driven from pillar to post through slave wars and internal dissension, but they have not the brains of the Manganja, nor the talent to make their mark in any direction where brains are wanted.

The skill of the artizans even among this clever race seemed to diminish, however, as the distance from the lake increased. They have very little knowledge of anything beyond their own limited possessions, and have pursued their avocations in the face of difficulties which can hardly be estimated by those unfamiliar with the thoroughly commotional character of a community comprising as many sovereignties as there are villages, and possessing no higher law than the capricious jealousy or covetousness of the hearts of men in the rudest barbarism. But besides their working in iron and the agricultural duties, the people of this region are much given to hunting with nets, and though there was nothing on the gigantic scale of the famous hopo of the Bakwains, there was certainly abundant opportunity for the employment of all their skill and courage. Indeed the country was literally overrun with the monsters of the forest, and we can hardly credit the accounts of the indifferent impudence with which they stalk about the abodes of men.

Two days passed and the Mazitu not making their appearance Livingstone led his party on towards *Kanyenje*. The scenery is described as being very lovely—as most of the mountain scenery of the country is. Over the ruggedness a beautiful carpet of green hung gracefully as could be, and lofty trees standing proudly on summits and in gorges regulated the configuration of the range with wave-like symmetry. These large trees were more numerous than they were nearer Lake Nyassa. Frequently along this route, following as they did the highlands, the party crossed the little streams which had sources in the neighborhood flowing in the direction of the lake.

The country continued strewn with the evidences of the ancient iron works. Speaking of these, the doctor says: "The iron trade must have been carried on for an immense time in the country, for one cannot go a quarter of a mile without meeting pieces of slag and broken pots, calcined pipes, and fragments of the furnaces, which are converted by the fire into brick. It is curious that the large stone sledge-hammers now in use are not called by the name stone-hammers, but by a distinct word, 'kama:' nyundo is one made of iron." Though they are greatly inferior to the Manganja in the lake region in their pottery, the people claim to have come originally from Nyassa, and they also declare that they received the knowledge of iron-smelting from *Chisumpi* (God).

At Kanyenje he received the usual attentions; and it was exceedingly gratifying to find that this town had escaped the ravages of the Mazitu during the last year. The chief readily furnished some food, and though not entirely free from some of the more disagreeable traits of men of his sort, was reasonably polite. Among the men who figured most conspicuously about his court was an old gentleman who displayed on his arm twenty-seven rings of elephants' skin, which marked him as the great hunter of the town. And when it is remembered that these trophies had all been won by the spear alone, we should not be astonished that they are worn with great pride.

But although there was abundance of large game reported on all sides the party passed on with no special adventure. Indeed the journey was already becoming one full of anxiety and hardship to Livingstone. They were advancing slowly toward the north, and his stock of goods had been sadly diminished through the dishonesty of the men who had already so faithlessly deserted him. And besides the embarrassment of these losses he was under the necessity of having carriers for the small store which he still possessed. These embarrassments, added to the devastations of the Mazitu, made it exceedingly difficult to procure food on any terms. The inconvenience of being so dependent on carriers was perhaps more annoying than it would have been among the tribes farther south, because the chiefs are less absolute and feel more the importance of courting their people. It was not unfrequently the case that some trifling whim on the part of the people made it impossible to secure transportation, and in such cases the only thing to be done was to post a guard about the packs and go on until men could be engaged to bring them up. This had been the case at Kanyenje. The head man, Kanyindula, came on the morning of the doctor's departure from his village with three carriers, but they demanded payment in advance for their services. This was one of the tricks which a traveller is not long finding out, and Livingstone knew too well that he would be only the poorer by accepting them on those terms, and decided to go on to a little village at the "fountain eye" of the Bua, whence he sent men back for the loads.

But the entrance in his journal of that date shows that he found abundant use for even the hours which might have hung very heavily on the hands of an ordinary man. His ardent love for nature always came to his relief, breaking the power of the innumerable annoyances of his lonely and toilsome marches. His eye loved to wander over the splendid mountains, and his habit of careful observation converted every scene into a study. In this neighborhood he noticed considerable quantities of quartz rock, and fragments of titaniferous iron ore, with hæmatite changed by heat and magnetic ore; and he thought it worthy of mention that the little rivulets about the resting place flowed some of them northward toward the upper part of Nyassa, and others southward, making a contribution to the Loangwa and finding their way to the sea with the majestic Zambesi. A few lines of his written at this time exhibit the spirit of the man, and gives us a glimpse of the country which will help us to realize more fully his surroundings.

"We left Bua fountain—latitude 13° 40′ south—and made a short march to Mokatoba, a stockaded village, where the people refused to admit us till the head man came. They have a little food here, and sold us some. We have been on rather short commons for some time, and this made our detention agreeable. We rose a little in altitude after leaving this morning; then, though in the same valley, made a little descent towards the north-northwest. High winds came driving over the eastern range, which is called Mchinje, and bring large masses of clouds, which are the rain-givers. They seem to come from the southeast. The scenery of the valley is lovely and rich in the extreme. All the foliage is fresh-washed and clean; young herbage is bursting through the ground; the air is deliciously cool, and the birds are singing joyfully: one, called Mzie, is a good songster, with a loud, melodious voice."

The charms of nature multiplied about him as he advanced; at every village, however, there was the unwelcome news of "no food." The ravages of the Mazitu met them again. The inhabitants had generally resorted to the custom of surrounding their homes by stockades, and in their extremity, like true mountaineers, as they were, would fly to their rocky fastnesses and from the safe cliffs wage a most effectual war on their assailants with huge stones—the artillery of mountain clans in all ages—which they knew well how to hurl down along the familiar paths. Crossing the Sandili, it was found that the route lay along the slope which inclines to the Loangwa, and very soon the mountains were towering behind, and a comparatively level country stretched away toward the north, covered with a sylvan foliage which might easily deceive the most practised eye if viewed only from a distance. The seeming forests of stately trees on nearer approach dwindled into mere hop-poles. Vast districts were found to be kept clothed with a growth of these poles, but the mystery was easily solved when it was noticed that the whole domain was swarming with charcoal burners.

On the 24th of November Livingstone entered Zeore's village, on the banks of a stream of insignificant appearance, called Lokuzhwa, flowing away toward the Loangwa through a splendid valley distinguished by its rich, dark red loam, above which innumerable lilies of the amaryllis kind had woven their pure white blossoms into a snowy carpet. The people of the village called themselves Echewa, and, though a tribe of the Manganja, were distinguished by a different marking from the Atumboka, who dwelt more among the hills.

The formidable appearance of the stockade had secured this village from the assaults of the Mazitu, who came only and looked on it and departed; and as the people had food to sell, Dr. Livingstone decided to remain there over Sunday. Of this people he says: "The men have the hair dressed as if a number of the hairs of elephants' tails were stuck around the head: the women wear a small lip-ring, and a straw or piece of stick in the lower lip, which dangles down about level with the lower edge of the chin: their clothing in front is very scanty. The men know nothing of distant places, the Manganja being a very stay-at-home people. The stockades are crowded with huts, and the children have but small room to play in the narrow spaces between."

The service of Sunday, which Dr. Livingstone never neglected, attracted the attention of the natives, and interested them considerably. Rain was greatly needed, and as they had the impression that he was praying for it, they were probably watching for the effects. It must seem very strange to persons who though heathen are still so fixed in their peculiar beliefs, that others should account all their cherished creed a silly fiction. The head man of this village was intelligent, however, and seemed to appreciate the instruction he received. He was not enough interested in his visitor to be at very much pains for his convenience.

Speaking of him the doctor says: "Zeore's people would not carry without prepayment, so we left our extra loads as usual and went on, sending men back for them: these, however, did not come till the 27th, and then two of my men got fever. I groan in spirit, and do not know how to make our gear into nine loads only. It is the knowledge that we shall be detained some two or three months during the heavy rains that makes me cleave to it as means of support."

But he did not suffer his troubles to interfere with his observation of the customs and country, as we see in the following extracts: "Advantage has been taken by the people of spots where the Lokuzhwa goes round three parts of a circle to erect their stockaded villages. This is the case here, and the water, being stagnant, engenders disease. The country abounds in a fine light blue flowering perennial pea, which the people make use of as a relish. At present the blossoms only are collected and boiled. On inquiring the name, *chilobe,* the men asked me if we had none in our country. On replying in the negative, they looked with pity on us: 'What a wretched country not to have chilobe!' It is on the highlands above; we never saw it elsewhere. Another species of pea (*chilobe weza*), with reddish flowers, is eaten in the same way; but it has spread but little in comparison. It is worth remarking that porridge of maize or sorghum is never offered without some pulse, beans, or bean leaves, or flowers; they seem to feel the need of it, or of pulse, which is richer in flesh-formers than the porridge.

"Last night a loud clapping of hands by the men was followed by several half-suppressed screams by a woman. They were quite *eldritch*, as if she could not get them out. Then succeeded a lot of utterances as if she were in ecstasy, to which a man responded, 'Moio, moio.' The utterances, so far as I could catch, were in five-syllable snatches—abrupt and labored. I wonder if this 'bubbling or boiling over' has been preserved as the form in which the true prophets of old gave forth their 'burdens?' One sentence, frequently repeated towards the close of the effusion, was '*linyama uta*,' 'flesh of the bow,' showing that the Pythoness loved venison killed by the bow. The people applauded and attended, hoping that rain would follow her efforts. And next day she was duly honored by drumming and dancing."

Here, as in so many of the villages, Livingstone found the idea of property in man and slave-trading. This belief in the right to sell a man, while it seems very widely extended, the doctor assures us, is found, except in the Arabs, only in two families of the people in the eastern part of Africa. The Zulus, as we know, and the Bechuanas, abhor slavery. The Waiyau and the Manganja only welcome the emissaries of Zanzibar markets with their degrading yokes.

He was now nearing the Loangwa, and it would be refreshing to see again, though so far up, the river which flowed away through the familiar scenes of the Zambesi and on into the great ocean. It would be like the opening of a window on the loneliness of a long imprisonment. One of the most beautiful things in the character of Livingstone was the fondness with which he cherished the sweet memories of scenes endeared by the associations of other days, and the readiness with which his mind yielded to the guidance of the simplest incidents and most ordinary objects, which led him in imagination among them even when enduring severest hardships and burdened with most onerous duties. He was not wandering in the wilds of Africa, as some had unkindly hinted, because he did not appreciate the endearments of home; no man ever loved the refinements of civilization more than he; and this was not a small part of his singular power with the untutored inhabitants of those wilds.

The villages along his route as he approached the Loangwa were generally surrounded by hedges of bamboo, and the signs of industry were cheering. Besides the noise of forges and furnaces, there was heard everywhere the tap-tap-tapping, which reminded the travellers of the peculiar and ingenious cloth-making which engages so many quick hands. This cloth is manufactured of bark. The bark on being removed from the tree is steeped in water or in a black muddy hole till the outer of the two inner barks can be separated, then commences the tapping with the mallet, by which the fibres are separated and softened and prepared for their rustic looms. Sometimes there were seen beautiful indications of tenderer feelings and loftier thoughts than some may dream of as existing so far away from the confines of the light of boasted civilization. The ideas of God were vague indeed, and there were only the suggestions of the untaught souls about the existence of man beyond the grave, but in these villages there were often seen beautiful little huts, two feet high only, which bereaved parents and friends had made with great care, where they loved to place their daily offerings to the loved ones who had gone into the mysterious gloom. It was sad to think that they had no clearer ideas of the future, but it was a welcome thing to see even such evidences of the recognition of human immortality, and it was pleasing to observe such tender mindfulness of the dead. But there are painful contrasts in human nature, and in these very villages where parents and relatives were so thoughtful of their own dead, there was no friendly hand to stretch across the line of consanguinity and succor the desolate orphan; if a mother died, no one cared for the helpless child she might leave. Livingstone passed one of these poor little uncared-for ones crying piteously for its mother, who could not come back out of death, and all the passing women did was to say carelessly, "She is coming." His own tender care came too late, and the little crying one passed away. Surely the Christian world cannot withhold from the millions of Africa that blessed truth which, like the heart of Christ, ignores the lines of interest and community, and makes of all men one family in the Lord!

We cannot tell how the inspiring hope of Africa's redemption strengthened the heart and hand of the great man who, in all his devotion to science, was still obeying the loftier anxieties which first moved him to lay himself on God's altar an offering for the heathen. More and more he needed to be sustained; no aspiration could more than match the painfulness of the daily life he was leading. The hills were clothed with forests of dwarf trees, whose spreading boughs accumulated the heavy drops of the rains which were beginning to fall very frequently, and seemed to take delight in shaking their dripping leaves just when the travellers passed, as if conspiring with the clouds to drench them most unpityingly. This region, like other parts of the land, receives its favors from above at regular intervals, and there are long periods when the sun holds undisputed sway; and though the heat is not so intolerable as in the barren regions, and the atmosphere is purer than in the rank marshes of the lower lands along the great rivers, the ground becomes dry and hard, and all about its surface are deep cracks which, in the rainy season, are soon filled, and their lingering traces hidden by beautiful grasses and flowers. Now and then the monotony of the scrub forests was relieved by the appearance of statelier trees; the majestic mopane sometimes appeared, and beautiful birds, and odd little insects, and various animals—elands, zebras, gnus, kamas, pallahe, buffaloes, and reed-bucks. These are among the choice game of the country, and the doctor was fortunate, although he was no longer skilful as a hunter, in securing considerable supplies. Perhaps no animal in Africa is at once so much admired for its beauty and at the same time so highly valued for its flesh as the singularly wild and fantastic zebra; his beautiful stripes flashing in the sun, and his marvellous gracefulness as he dashes about the flowers or through the forests, fill the beholder with admiration, and there is no finer sport than dashing into the midst of the splendid herds of them which move about almost anywhere.

After innumerable annoyances from guides and trouble with carriers and days of struggling along the most unpath-like-paths, Livingstone at last reached the Loangwa and halted at the stronghold of Maranda. But wearying as the march had been, there was nothing refreshing to be seen or heard there, only the desolate, neglected appearance of the fields, and stories of the ravages of the national banditti who were the terror of all the region through which he had passed. And being unable to obtain food of any sort for any consideration, the party decided on crossing the river immediately. They were now in 12° 45′ S.—about three hundred miles above the confluence of the Loangwa with the Zambesi, with which we became familiar in earlier portions of this work. Though so far away from its mouth, the river was from seventy to a hundred yards wide and quite deep. It flows down from the mountains on the north out of the Chitale country. The sandy bottom which distinguishes so many African rivers and the great sand-banks were features to be expected, and the alluvial banks with great forest trees along them were familiar scenes. There, too, were the various animals whose presence intensify the wildness of the land.

The experiences had been trying enough in Manganja country, but a more painful pilgrimage was before him.

The party, which had been reduced, first by the return of the worthless Sepoys and afterwards by the desertion of Musa and his Johanna men, had recently been reinforced by two Waiyau and another man who had been employed as keeper of four goats, which were very highly valued by Dr. Livingstone for their milk. After crossing the Loangwa the doctor headed his party more directly north toward the foot of Lake Tanganyika. The route lay first across a vast extent of low flat country—a country where nature had been very lavish of her wealth, but sadly cursed by human degradation. The Babisa who occupied the land under various local names, while dependents of the great paramount chieftain on the north, as is generally the case in the remote dependencies of African chieftains, gave little thought to his authority, and imitated the Mazitu in all the idle plundering habits which distinguish those tribes who make trading their principal business. It required only a few days in their midst to show Dr. Livingstone that he could expect very little civility at their hands. Their business was in slaves and ivory, and there was a poor welcome for the traveller who wanted neither. It was almost impossible to purchase food of any sort, and frequently even a hut was refused. The hardships must have been severe which were almost unendurable to the man who had already experienced patiently so much want and exposure, and who was braced by higher aspirations and deeper convictions of duty than had ever impelled an explorer before. The great difficulty of procuring guides greatly aggravated the other miseries of the march. It was trying indeed to be compelled to strike across the pathless forests, wet and hungry, with almost certainty that the to-morrow would bring nothing better than to-day. It was fortunate—indeed it was more than fortunate, it was providential—that this inhospitable land was alive everywhere with splendid game, and from these herds the entire store of food was supplied. Day after day there was the same wearying haggling of the natives about every trifling matter and the same agonizing gnawings of hunger. But there were charms in the forest scenery which sometimes cheered the great man's soul as he passed along with his little band of followers. Sometimes the great mopane trees prevailed: their immense size, the regular distances at which they stood, and the absence from their stately trunks of lower branches, while their splendid foliage wove a canopy far above through which the golden sunshine was filtered down on the lovely wild flowers, and the wings of birds and glossy coats of zebras and antelopes, formed a grand arcade for God to smile on. These beauties and the grandeur were not lost on Livingstone.

Charming as had been the choral melodies which sometimes broke on his ear along the Zambesi, there were many new notes to be distinguished here, and there could be little doubt that the region was richer in ornithological life than any he had seen.

On December the 20th Livingstone reached the village of Casembe, but not the great chief who figures elsewhere in his story. This man was the master of a miserable hamlet consisting of only a few huts. The appearance was enough to dash all the hopes which had been cherished of finding food. Nothing could be had; "no grain, not even herbs." "After a short march from here," says he, "we came to the Nyamazi, a considerable rivulet coming from the north to fall into the Loangwa. It has the same character, of steep alluvial banks, as Pamazi, and about the same width, but much shallower; loin deep, though somewhat swollen; from fifty to sixty yards wide. We saw some low hills, of coarse sandstone, and on crossing these we could see, by looking back, that for many days we had been travelling over a perfectly level valley, clothed with a mantle of forest. The barometers had shown no difference of level from about one thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. We began our descent into this great valley when we left the source of the Bua; and now these low hills, called Ngale or Ngaloa, though only one hundred feet or so above the level we had left, showed that we had come to the shore of an ancient lake, which probably was let off when the rent of Kebra-basa on the Zambesi was made, for we found immense banks of well-rounded shingle above—or, rather, they may be called mounds of shingle—all of hard silicious schist with a few pieces of fossil-wood among them. The gullies reveal a stratum of this well-rounded shingle, lying on a soft greenish sandstone, which again lies on the coarse sandstone first observed. This formation is identical with that observed formerly below the Victoria Falls. We have the mountains still on our north and northwest (the so-called mountains of Bisa, or Babisa), and from them the Nyamazi flows, while Pamazi comes round the end, or what appears to be the end, of the higher portion."

But hunger, the hard master, drove them on toward the village of one Kavimba, who had successfully resisted the Mazitu. There he was destined to disappointment as usual. Kavimba gave only a small return-present for the offering which was made him, and would sell nothing except for most exorbitant prices. All day the 24th of December they remained trying to get some grain. But, besides the ordinary difficulties of dealing with these professional traders, in this particular place the women were rather in authority, and the Kavimba very readily turned over the matter of bargaining to his spouse. She went about her business after the fashion of a fish-woman. There was no end to her swearing and cursing, nor could any amount of patience draw from her anything like a reasonable return for the articles she desired.

The next day was *Christmas*, but instead of a Christmas dinner the day was made painfully memorable by the loss of the four goats which Livingstone had kept so carefully in his long march. It was a sad loss indeed; with no bread, only such coarse food as could be picked up here and there, it was bad to be robbed of the last article which gave him any sort of satisfaction. "The loss," he said, "affected me more than any one could imagine." But every day brought so many ills that there was hardly time for more than a thought about each. From the town of Kavimba a man had volunteered his services as guide: only the next day he asked for the cloth which he was to receive that he might wear it, as his bark cloth was a miserable covering; no sooner had he received it than he watched his chance and bolted on the first opportunity.

Being thus left to their own judgment they pressed on, following as nearly as possible the track of a travelling party of Babisa, and the afternoon of the 27th of December reached the hills on the north, where the Nyamazi rises; and after passing up the bed of a rivulet for some time began the ascent, of which he says: "At the bottom and in the rivulet the shingle stratum was sometimes fifty feet thick, then as we ascended we met mica schist tilted on edge, then gray gneiss, and last an igneous trap among quartz rocks, with a great deal of bright mica and talc in them. On resting near the top of the first ascent two honey hunters came to us. They were using the honey-guide as an aid; the bird came to us as they arrived, waited quietly during the half-hour they smoked and chatted, and then went on with them."

This extraordinary bird flies from tree to tree in front of the hunter, chirruping loudly, and will not be content till it arrives at the spot where the bees' nest is; it then waits quietly till the honey is taken, and feeds on the broken morsels of comb which fall to its share.

Near sunset the party encamped by water on the cool height and made their shelter for the night. A few extracts from the last journal will serve better to convey the true picture of the weary, laborious life which the great man was leading than any version of it we could give, and will also serve better to reveal the real spirit of the man.

"The next day," he writes, "three men, going to hunt bees, came to us as we were starting and assured us that Moerwa's was near. The first party had told us the same thing, and so often have we gone long distances as '*pafupi* (near),' when in reality they were '*patari* (far),' that we begin to think *pafupi* means 'I wish you to go there,' and *patari* the reverse. In this case *near* meant an hour and three-quarters from our sleeping-place to Moerwa's!

"When we look back from the height to which we have ascended we see a great plain clothed with dark green forest except at the line of yellowish grass, where probably the Loangwa flows. On the east and southeast this plain is bounded at the extreme range of our vision by a wall of dim blue mountains forty or fifty miles off.

"Moerwa came to visit me in my hut, a rather stupid man, though he has a well-shaped and well-developed forehead, and tried the usual little arts of getting us to buy all we need here though the prices are exorbitant. 'No people in front; great hunger there.' 'We must buy food here and carry it to support us.' On asking the names of the next head man he would not inform me, till I told him to try and speak like a man; he then told us that the first Lobemba chief was Motuna, and the next Chafunga. We have nothing, as we saw no animals in our way hither, and hunger is ill to bear. By giving Moerwa a good large cloth he was induced to cook a mess of maere or millet and elephant's stomach; it was so good to get a full meal that I could have given him another cloth, and the more so as it was accompanied by a message that he would cook more next day and in larger quantity. On inquiring next evening he said 'the man had told lies,' he had cooked nothing more: he was prone to lie himself, and was a rather bad specimen of a chief.

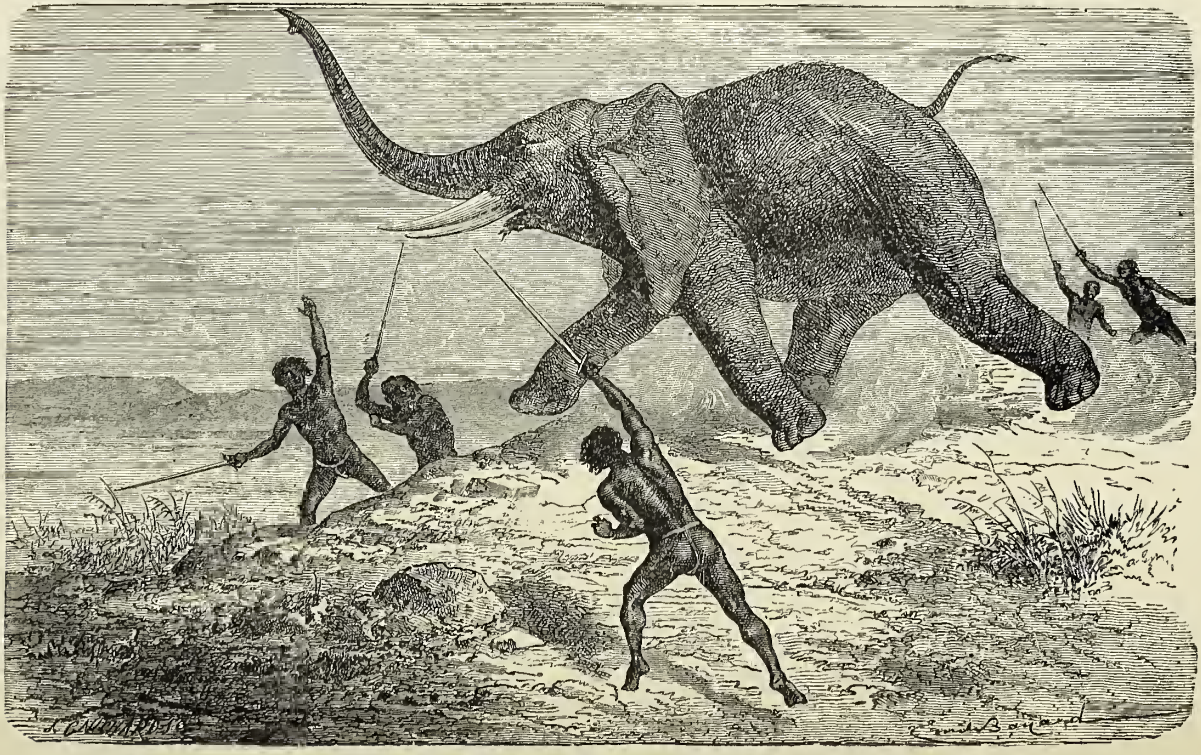
"While resting en route for Chitemba's, who it was reported had successfully resisted the Mazitu, Moerwa, with all his force of men, women, and dogs, came up, on his way to hunt elephants. The men were furnished with big spears, and their dogs are used to engage the animal's attention while they spear it; the women cook the meat and make huts, and a smith goes with them to mend any spear that may be broken."

Continuing their journey over level plateaux on which the roads are wisely placed, they hardly realized that they were travelling in a mountainous region. It was all covered with dense forest, which in many cases is pollarded, from being cut for bark cloth or for hunting purposes. Masuko fruit abounds. From the cisalpinæ and gum-copal trees bark cloth is made.

They now came to large masses of hæmatite, which was often ferruginous: there was conglomerate too, many quartz pebbles being intermixed. "It seems," says Livingstone, "as if when the lakes existed in the lower lands the higher levels gave forth great quantities of water from chalybeate fountains, which deposited this iron ore." Gray granite or quartz with talc in it was discovered under the hæmatite.

Of this region the doctor writes: "The forest resounds with singing birds, intent on nidification. Francolins abound, but are wild. 'Whip-poor-wills,' and another bird, which has a more labored treble note and voice—'Oh, oh, oh!' Gay flowers blush unseen, but the people have a good idea of what is eatable and what not. I looked at a woman's basket of leaves which she had collected for supper, and it contained eight or ten kinds, with mushrooms and orchidaceous flowers. We have a succession of showers to-day, from northeast and east-northeast. We are uncertain when we shall come to a village, as the Babisa will not tell us where they are situated. In the evening we encamped beside a little rill, and made our shelters, but we had so little to eat that I dreamed the night long of dinners I had eaten, and might have been eating."

Nothing could be more beautiful than the beautiful words which follow this mention of the bitter want which was wearing away the life of this singularly good man—"I shall make this beautiful land known, which is an essential part of the process by which it will become the 'pleasant haunts of men.'" It was Christ-like truly to be thus able to find sweet consolation in the hope of others' happiness. We are prepared for the words which come to us in his journal on December 31st: "We end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better, more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass and prosper me! Let all the sins of 1866 be blotted out for Jesus' sake!" How the great, humble, pure, tender, loving and trusting soul shines out in such words! Not unlike it is the journal on January 1st, 1867: "May he who is full of grace and truth impress his character on mine; grace, eagerness to show favor, truth, truthfulness, sincerity, honor, for his mercy's sake!"



SWORD HUNTING.

Being obliged to remain on account of a threatened *set-in* rain, the doctor bought a senze (*aulocaudatus swindernianus*), a rat-looking animal; he was glad to get anything in the shape of meat.

The next day was no better, and the few lines he wrote tell a sad story: "It is a *set-in* rain. The boiling-point thermometer shows an altitude of three thousand five hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea. Barometer, three thousand nine hundred and eighty-three feet ditto. We get a little maere here, and prefer it to being drenched and our goods spoiled. We have neither sugar nor salt, so there are no soluble goods; but cloth and gunpowder get damaged easily. It is hard fare and scanty; I feel always hungry, and am constantly dreaming of better food when I should be sleeping. Savory viands of former times come vividly up before the imagination, even in my waking hours; this is rather odd as I am not a dreamer; indeed I scarcely ever dream but when I am going to be ill or actually so."

They were now on the northwestern brim of the great Loangwa valley. The rainy season, which had fully set in, is the harvest time for the expert hunters of the country. The ground soon becomes exceedingly boggy, and the elephant, taken at the disadvantage of sinking fifteen to eighteen inches in soft mud every step they take, falls an easy prey to his skilful assailant. This great giant of the forest is always easily confused, as we know, by the packs of yelping dogs. The hunters of this valley are doubly secure when they add this confusion to the embarrassment of bad footing. They watch their time and run up behind the elephant and with a single blow of a sharp axe hamstring him. In other parts of the country the method of hunting these huge monsters is more perilous, and more skilful than with spear, axe or gun. The sword figures as the chosen weapon. The hunters surround the animal, and eluding all his assaults, while near enough to torment him greatly with their sharp and glittering blades, with matchless dexterity succeed in dealing the disabling and fatal blows. Mr. Baker, who witnessed much of this sword hunting, declares that nothing can excel the wonderful skill of these men.

But half starved and full of pain, his whole heart set on the accomplishment of a great work, Livingstone thought little of the sports which have been the principal charm of African exploration to most of those who have left us the record of their journeys.

It was the 6th of January before he could continue his journey. As he advanced the land was more than ever desolate; no people except at wide intervals, and even the animals began to disappear. That day also a serious misfortune occurred; the chronometers got injured by being dropped by the boy who carried them. No food was to be had; yet the country was beautiful. The valley had the appearance of beautiful parks; but they were all full of water, and the greatest caution was needed continually to avoid falling into the deep waterholes made by the feet of elephants or buffaloes.

His own language will tell us most touchingly the story of those days: "In the ooze generally the water comes half-way up the shoe, and we go plash, plash, plash, in the lawn-like glade. There are no people here now in these lovely wild valleys; but to-day we came to mounds made of old for planting grain, and slag from iron furnaces. The guide was rather offended because he did not get meat and meal, though he is accustomed to leaves at home, and we had none to give except by wanting ourselves: he found a mess without much labor in the forest. My stock of meal came to an end to-day, but Simon gave me some of his. It is not the unpleasantness of eating unpalatable food that teases one, but we are never satisfied; I could brace myself to dispose of a very unsavory mess, and think no more about it; but this maere engenders a craving which plagues day and night incessantly.

"We crossed the Muasi, flowing strongly to the east to the Loangwa river, on the morning of the 10th, and in the afternoon an excessively heavy thunder-storm wetted us all to the skin before any shelter could be made. Two of our men wandered, and other two remained behind lost, as our track was washed out by the rains. The country is a succession of enormous waves, all covered with jungle, and no traces of paths; we were in a hollow, and our firing was not heard till this morning, when we ascended a height and were answered. I am thankful that no one was lost, for a man might wander a long time before reaching a village. Simon gave me a little more of his meal this morning, and went without himself: I took my belt up three holes to relieve hunger. We got some wretched wild fruit like that called 'jambos' in India, and at midday reached the village of Chafunga. Famine here too, but some men had killed an elephant and came to sell the dried meat: it was high, and so were their prices; but we are obliged to give our best to escape from this craving hunger."

Sitting down one morning near a tree Dr. Livingstone's head was just one yard off a good-sized cobra, coiled up in the sprouts at its root, but it was benumbed with cold: a very pretty little puff-adder lay in the path, also benumbed; it is seldom that any harm is done by these reptiles in Africa, although it is different in India. They bought up all the food to be had, but it did not suffice for the marches they expected to make before getting to the Zambesi, where food was said to be abundant, and they were therefore again obliged to travel on Sunday. "But although," says the doctor, "we had prayers before starting, I always feel that I am not doing right: it lessens the sense of obligation in the minds of my companions; but I have no choice." They went along a rivulet till it ended in a small lake, Mapampa or Chimbwe, about five miles long, and one and a half broad, of which we find this note:

"We had to cross the Chimbwe at its eastern end, where it is fully a mile wide. The guide refused to show another and narrower ford up the stream, which emptied into it from the east; and I, being the first to cross, neglected to give orders about the poor little dog, Chitane. The water was waist deep, the bottom soft peaty stuff with deep holes in it, and the northern side infested by leeches. The boys were, like myself, all too much engaged with preserving their balance to think of the spirited little beast, and he must have swam till he sunk. He was so useful in keeping all the country curs off our huts; none dare to approach and steal, and he never stole himself. He shared the staring of the people with his master; then in the march he took charge of the whole party, running to the front, and again to the rear, to see that all was right. He was becoming yellowish-red in color; and, poor thing, perished in what the boys all call Chitane's water."

During the delays caused by the severe rains the doctor worked out the longitude of the mountain station said to be Mpini, but he thought it better to name it Chitane's, as he could not get the name from his maundering guide, who probably did not know it. Lat. 11°9′ 2″ S.; long. 32° 1′ 30″ E.

Altitude above sea (barometer)	5353 feet.
Altitude above sea (boiling point)	5385 feet.
Diff.	32 feet.

Destitution continued; there was nothing but famine and famine prices, the people living on mushrooms and leaves. Of these mushrooms it is interesting to know that there are a number of sorts, out of which the people choose five or six, rejecting the others. One species becomes as large as the crown of a man's hat; it is pure white, with a blush of brown in the middle of the crown, and is very good roasted; it is named Motenta; another, Mofeta; 3d, Bosefwe; 4th, Nakabausa; 5th, Chisimbe, lobulated, green outside, and pink and fleshy inside.

About this time an incident occurred which was received by Dr. Livingstone as perhaps the greatest misfortune he had ever experienced. His own version of it is as follows:

"A guide refused, so we marched without one. The two Waiyau, who joined us at Kande's village, now deserted. They had been very faithful all the way, and took our part in every case. Knowing the language well, they were extremely useful, and no one thought that they would desert, for they were free men—their masters had been killed by the Mazitu—and this circumstance, and their uniform good conduct, made us trust them more than we should have done any others who had been slaves. But they left us in the forest, and heavy rain came on, which obliterated every vestige of their footsteps. To make the loss the more galling, they took what we could least spare—the medicine-box, which they would only throw away as soon as they came to examine their booty. One of these deserters exchanged his load that morning with a boy called Baraka, who had charge of the medicine-box, because he was so careful. This was done because with the medicine-chest were packed five large cloths and all Baraka's clothing and beads, of which he was very careful. The Waiyau also offered to carry this burden a stage to help Baraka, while he gave his own load, in which there was no cloth, in exchange. The forest was so dense and high there was no chance of getting a glimpse of the fugitives, who took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Zambesi, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie."

He was prepared for losses and all manner of discouragements; but such a loss as this cast a shadow over his ordinarily buoyant soul. And yet he did not murmur. "Everything of this kind," says he, "happens by the permission of one who watches over us with most tender care; and this may turn out for the best, by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious charm-dreading people farther north. I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and other heathen."

All their efforts to find the Waiyau were in vain. We cannot appreciate the feelings of one so far away from friends, so entirely dependent on himself, under God, in an hour of such misfortune. Yet he found it in his heart to make many excuses for the men who had robbed him so seriously. The loss must be endured.

The want of food and continuous rains greatly hindered them, but they were now drawing near the Zambesi; the streams which they crossed were all flowing northwest toward that great river, and all the reports were, that beyond it, in the immediate territory of the paramount chief, there was plenty of food. This hope renewed their flagging energies. Livingstone was not thinking of nice dishes, but real, biting hunger was torturing him. This was partly relieved at Moaba, on the banks of the Movushi. But the cloth—which was their main dependence as currency—was of little value here, as indeed it was in all the upland country, where the bark cloth is so abundant. But fortunately there was a demand for beads, and fortunately, too, they had some of these. It may be interesting for the reader to know something about this important item of currency all through Africa.

"With a few exceptions they are all manufactured in Venice. The greatest care must be exercised, or the traveller—ignorant of the prevailing fashion in the country he is about to explore —finds himself with an accumulation of beads of no more value than tokens would be if tendered in this country for coin of the realm. The Waiyau prefer exceedingly small beads, the size of mustard seed, and of various colors, but they must be opaque: amongst them dull white chalk varieties, called 'Catchokolo,' are valuable, besides black and pink, named, respectively, 'Bububu' and 'Sekundereche' = the 'dregs of Pombe.' One red bead, of various sizes, which has a white centre, is always valuable in every part of Africa. It is called 'Samisami' by the Suahele, 'Chitakaraka' by the Waiyau, 'Mangazi' = 'blood' by the Nyassa, and was found popular even amongst the Manyuema, under the name of 'Masokantussi' = 'bird's eyes.' Whilst speaking of this distant tribe, it is interesting to observe that one peculiar long bead, recognized as common in the Manyuema land, is only sent to the west coast of Africa, and *never* to the east. On Chuma pointing to it as a sort found at the extreme limit explored by Livingstone, it was at once seen that he must have touched that part of Africa which begins to be within the reach of the traders in the Portuguese settlements. 'Machua Kanga' = 'guinea fowl's eyes,' is another popular variety; and the 'Moiompio' = 'new heart,' a large pale blue bead, is a favorite amongst the Wabisa; but by far the most valuable of all is a small white oblong bead, which, when strung, looks like the joints of the cane root, from which it takes its name, 'Salani' = 'cane.' Susi says that one pound weight of these beads would buy a tusk of ivory, at the south end of Tanganyika, so big that a strong man could not carry it more than two hours."

At last the banks of the Zambesi were reached, and the weary, hungry party took lodging in a temporary deserted village. This was January 26th. They were detained the 27th by rains; that day Dr. Livingstone wrote in his journal:

"In changing my dress this morning I was frightened at my own emaciation."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FROM LAKE TO LAKE.

Chitapanga's Stockade — An Offering Required—Audience with the Chief—Ceremony of Introduction—Chitapanga as he was—Some Trouble—Lying Interpreters—Arab Traders—Letters Sent Home—Quits Chitapanga's—The Chief's Parting Oath—Appearance of Country—Troublesome Customs—Suspicion of the Chiefs—A Familiar Trick—Eagerness for Trade—Moamba at Home—Chief and Judge—The Moemba—The Hopo—Bows and Arrows—*Illness*—Kasonso's Reception—Assaulted by Ants—Cotton—Lake Liemba—Palm Oil — The Balungu — Severe Illness—Arabs—Chitimba's Village—A Long Delay—Nsama—The Baulungu—Industries—Cupping—Charms—Dull Life—Slave-Trade—Little Things—A Large Spider—At Hara—Reception at Nsama's—A Bride in Style — "Tipo Tipo"—"Kumba Kumba"—*Itawa*—Desertion—Slavery Question—Different Motives—Arabs on the March—Arab Traders—A Fantastic Party—Potency of Sneers in Africa—Delays—Lake Moero at Last.

On the 31st of January our traveller led his party across the Lopiri, the rivulet which waters the stockade of Chitapanga. This was quite a formidable-looking structure. Besides a triple stockade, the village is defended by a deep, broad ditch, and hedge of thorny shrub.

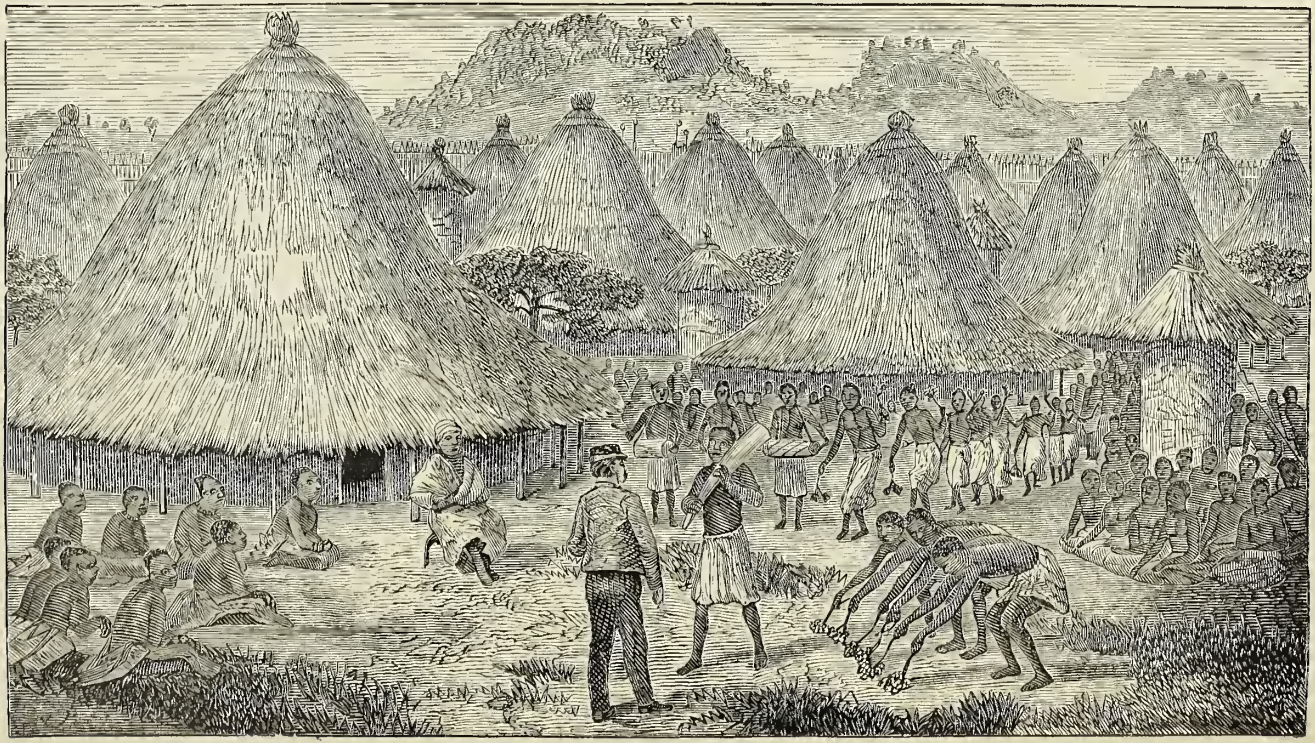
The messengers from the great chief soon approached to inquire if the traveller desired an audience, and instructing him that their custom required every one to take something in his hand the first time he came before so great a man as Chitapanga. Being tired from marching, Livingstone deferred his visit to the chief until evening. At 5 P.M. he sent notice of his coming. Passing through the inner stockade and then on to an enormous hut, he entered the presence of the chief. His Majesty was seated on the three-legged stool, which is one of the peculiar institutions of the country. Near him were three drummers, beating furiously, and ten or more men with odd-looking rattles in their hands, with which they kept time to the drums, while seated and standing all about in the background were hundreds of eager subjects who gazed with deepest interest on the reception.

A noticeable feature of the ceremony was the regular approaching and receding of the rattlers, who seemed to give to their chief some special reverence by advancing before him and holding their toy-looking instruments quite near the ground, while they kept up still with the drummers.

Chitapanga was a strongly-built burly-looking fellow, with a jolly, laughing face. Livingstone was seated on a huge tusk, and the talk began. He found little difficulty in interesting the chief in those things which he had to tell, and was treated with a respect and cordiality which impressed him very favorably with him. When they had got a little acquainted, the chief walked with his visitor toward a group of cows and with a generous air pointed out one and said, "That is yours."

Various circumstances conspired to protract the stay of Livingstone twenty days at this village. Though quite favorably impressed with Chitapanga, the necessity of holding all his interviews through others gave rise to serious annoyances. He was particularly troubled and vexed, after killing the cow which had been given him, by the chief's demanding a blanket for it. This was more annoying because he had none except such as belonged to the men who were with him. This demand was pressed, however, and it at length turned out that one of the Nassick lads, who had acted as interpreter at their interviews, had not stated the conversation correctly. The chief had given the cow, expecting a blanket, but the boy had said to Livingstone, "he says you may give him any little thing you please." This presumptuous interference of interpreters is one of the most serious annoyances of travelling in any country; particularly is it so in Africa: not only Dr. Livingstone but many travellers there have been greatly troubled by it.

At this village Livingstone met a small party of black Arab slave-traders from Bagamoio, on the coast near Zanzibar, by whom he was able to send a packet of letters, which reached England safely and greatly relieved the public mind concerning the great traveller, who had been reported dead by Musa after he had so heartlessly deserted him near Nyassa. These Arab traders had come into the country by a much nearer route: a route too which was full of villages and people who have plenty of goats. By these men Dr. Livingstone ordered another supply



CHITAPANGWA RECEIVING DR. LIVINGSTONE.

of cloth and beads and a small quantity of coffee and sugar, candles, preserved meats, etc., with some medicines, to be sent to Ujiji."

Little else occurred during the stay with Chitapanga worthy of special mention. The frequent returns of illness were nothing uncommon now. It was sad indeed to be so great a sufferer, and deprived of the relief which he could have found in his medicine box. We cannot imagine a more painful experience than the consciousness of failing health in a far away heathen land without a single remedy at hand.

At length, after repeated misunderstandings and compromises with Chitapanga, all growing out of the unpardonable interference of the boys, who presumed to interpret the conversation according to their ideas of what it was best should be said, Dr. Livingstone prepared to leave on the 20th of February, 1867. He says:

"*February* 20, 1867.—I told the chief before starting that my heart was sore because he was not sending me away so cordially as I liked. He at once ordered men to start with us, and gave me a brass knife with ivory sheath, which he had long worn as a memorial. He explained that we ought to go north as, if we made easting, we should ultimately be obliged to turn west, and all our cloth would be expended ere we reached the Lake Tanganyika; he took a piece of clay off the ground and rubbed it on his tongue as an oath that what he said was true, and came along with us to see that all was right; and so we parted."

His route lay still almost due north through the countries of the Babema and the Balungu. The whole country, he says, can be no better described than as one vast forest. "Rocks abound of the same domolite kind as on the ridge farther south, between the Loangwa and Zambesi, covered, like them, with lichens, orchids, euphorbias, and upland vegetation, hard-leaved acacias, rhododendrons, masukos. The gum-copal tree, when perforated by a grub, exudes from branches no thicker than one's arm, masses of soft, gluey-looking gum, brownish yellow, and light gray, as much as would fill a soup-plate. It seems to yield this gum only in the rainy season, and now all the trees are full of sap and gum."

This march was inaugurated in unmistakable fashion. The night of February 20th was overcast with black clouds, and heavy thunder rolled about them and drenching rain beat through the huts and flooded the roads. Here, as elsewhere in Africa, there are customs which greatly hinder and annoy the traveller. The people are suspicious and ignorant, and it is necessary, particularly when one is almost entirely unprotected, as Dr. Livingstone now was, to be exceedingly careful. The delays attending the formal civilities which every petty chief either demands shall be shown him or desires to show the stranger are pleasant enough in their way, but are exceedingly vexatious when a man is sick and weary and anxiously pressing for a certain place. It was almost impossible to impress on the chiefs that no selfish purposes were to be subserved by the journey through their country. This was really the great difficulty: they generally held to the conviction that a man who had been at the trouble of penetrating their country must expect some great gains, and, naturally enough, thought they ought to be benefited also by his presence. It is indeed "almost too ridiculous to believe," but so it was. When Livingstone assured the "great chief," Chitapanga, that the public benefit only was sought by his journey, that distinguished gentleman, with the most knowing laugh, pulled down the underlid of the right eye, after the most approved gesture of our school-boys when they say, "Do you see anything green?" It was just so with his neighbors. Moamba, whose village was on the left bank of the Merenge, had the same difficulty. He was generous and good-humored; was, like Chitapanga, very much interested in the books and instruments that were shown him, and quite curious about the worship of the Englishman, but could hardly be reconciled to his declining to buy ivory or slaves. "He was very anxious," says Livingstone, "to know why we were going to Tanganyika; for what we came; what we should buy there; and if I had any relations there. He then showed me some fine large tusks, eight feet six in length. 'What do you wish to buy, if not slaves or ivory?' I replied, that the only thing I had seen worth buying was a fine fat chief like him, as a specimen, and a woman feeding him, as he had, with beer. He was tickled at this; and said that when we reached our country I must put fine clothes on him."

The chiefs in this section were found to be much respected by their subjects, though they do not enforce their obedience as positively perhaps as would accord with our ideas of government. Livingstone witnessed a specimen of litigation in which the parties argued their case before Moamba. His Majesty occupied the post of honor with great gravity. One old man argued his case an hour, and was heard with great patience. After they had ended their speeches, the chief delivered his decision in five minutes. There were features of this proceeding which would doubtless disturb the solemnity of an American tribunal. For instance, when our attorney would say, "may it please your honor," the Babema orator turns his back on the judge and stretching himself on the ground claps his hands loudly. This was indeed a common mode of salutation, reminding the reader perhaps of that noticed among the Batoka. The Mobemba displayed much more independence than the more southern tribes. They all go equipped with their bows and arrows and are decidedly warlike. And the trophies from the Mazitu which are frequently seen hanging about their villages indicate very clearly that those bold depredators do not find such easy work as in other regions.

They are industrious too, and are well supplied with the comforts of African life. Much tobacco was noticed growing about the villages, and great quantities of splendid copper wire is manufactured. All sorts of animals abound in their country, but they were exceedingly wild, as they are generally where bows and arrows are in common use. Here too, besides this effectual weapon, the hopo wages war on the game, and everything is taught the fear of man.

After parting with Moamba, Livingstone continued his northward journey, and ascended the Losauswa ridge, which is probably the watershed between the streams flowing southward to the Zambesi and those flowing north towards Tanganyika; and, without special incident, crossed a country watered by various rivers and dotted with stockaded villages, where numerous herds of goats were carefully attended by boys, and the usual gardens and patches were to be seen everywhere, almost lost in the prevailing forest. His health was sadly affected by the toil and unrelished diet. On the 12th of March he reached the village of Chiwe, among the Balungu. Speaking of his condition, he says: "I have been ill of fever ever since we left Moamba's; every step I take jars in the chest, and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first, and had to hold in my pace not to leave the people altogether. I have a constant singing in the ears, and can scarcely hear the loud tick of the chronometers. The appetite is good, but we have no proper food, chiefly maere meal or beans, or mapemba or ground-nuts, rarely a fowl."

This village, like them all, was surrounded by a strong stockade, and on the banks of a stream. The chiefs were generally anxious that he should come into their villages and occupy a hut; but this was found exceedingly unpleasant; within the stockade the people seemed to think the stranger on their ground, and considered themselves at liberty to be rather over-familiar; they would crowd about the door of his hut and it was absolutely impossible to have a moment of quiet or privacy. Besides this impudence, these huts were frequently the abode of certain detestable creatures who never vacate for a visitor, but seize the occasion of his presence for a regular carnival. Livingstone had a natural weakness against being eaten by bugs, and generally insisted on erecting his own hut or pitching his tent on "God's ground" outside. There he was considered as entirely independent, and escaped the prying eyes of the people and the midnight depredations of the bugs.

Among the prominent peculiarities by which the Balungu are distinguished were three or four little knobs on the temples, with which they sought to improve on nature, while the lobes of their ears are distended by a piece of wood ornamented with beads, and bands of beads were stretched across the forehead and hold up the hair. Livingstone did not pause long to enjoy the hospitality or study the distinctions of these tribes; he was sick, and pressed on for the village of Kasonso and the Lake Liemba. It was evident that he was on the watershed, but the streams seemed to be running every way, and the natives were utterly ignorant of the geography of the country. In other times, when the blood was bounding freely through his veins, he would have been charmed by the beauty of the numerous valleys which he crossed in rapid succession, with their innumerable streams, where splendid trees were waving their boughs above the elegant green sward; but he was parched with fever and could only drag himself along. It is worth remembering, however, that he noticed that nearly all the valleys he crossed inclined to the Lofu, which receives their tributaries for the lake.

On the 20th of March he entered the village of Kasonso, situated in a lovely valley at the confluence of two streams. This chief received him very cordially, and stood a long while shaking his hand. Kasonso gave him a grand reception, but another experience which made perhaps a more lasting reception awaited him in the hut where he sought repose. The reader has not forgotten the *ants* which assaulted the doctor in Angola: he may imagine the consternation when about midnight he was aroused by the unconscionable ravages of their counterparts here in the town of Kasonso. The sufferer, who ought to be competent to tell the story, declares it impossible to describe the attack. He wakened covered with them; his hair was full of them; one by one they cut into the flesh, and the more they were disturbed the more vicious became their biting; he fled from the hut, but in vain: they were everywhere, they had him from head to foot, and were resolved on taking their own time.

Near the lake there was found large cotton-bushes of the South American kind. The people were clothed in skins of goats and wild animals, but the patterns were more scant, if possible, than in other sections; the kilts of the women were especially diminutive. At least one object of his desire was now about attained: "On the morning of the 1st of April," says he, "we went along a low ridge of hills at its lowest part, and soon after passing the summit the blue water loomed through the trees. I was detained, but soon heard the boys firing their muskets on reaching the edge of the ridge, which allowed an undisturbed view."

At last he had reached the southeastern end of Liemba, or Tanganyika. They had still to descend two thousand feet before reaching the level of the lake. It seemed to be about eighteen or twenty miles broad, and we could see about thirty miles up to the north. Four considerable rivers flow into the space before us. The nearly perpendicular ridge of about two thousand feet extends with breaks all around, and there, embosomed in tree-covered rocks, reposes the lake peacefully in the huge cup-shaped cavity.

"I never saw," continues the great traveller, who had looked on so many lovely scenes, "anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and causes the waves to assume a bluish tinge. Several rocky islands rise in the eastern end, which are inhabited by fishermen, who capture abundance of fine large fish, of which they enumerate about twenty-four species. In the north it seems to narrow into a gateway, but the people are miserably deficient in geographical knowledge, and can tell us nothing about it. They suspect us, and we cannot get information, or indeed much of anything else. I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively weak—cannot walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head, but the Highest will lead me farther." And after being two weeks by it he writes again: "This lake still appears as one of surpassing loveliness. Its peacefulness is remarkable, though at times it is said to be lashed up by storms. It lies in a deep basin whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green: down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not two miles from the perpendicular."

Sick as he was he could not be satisfied with only the general knowledge, as we see by the following, extracted also from his "Last Journal:" "Latitude of the spot we touched at first, 2d April, 1867—Lat. 8° 46′ 54″ S., long. 31′ 57″; but I only worked out (and my head is out of order) one set of observations. Height above level of the sea over two thousand eight hundred feet, by boiling-point thermometers and barometer."

It may be noticed that the figures of Dr. Livingstone differ with those of Speke, who made this lake eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The doctor explained to Mr. Stanley that he was satisfied that Speke wrote eighteen hundred only by mistake through the habit of putting A. D. 1800. He made his examination, knowing Speke's observation, and found the real height above the sea to be, as he puts it, two thousand eight hundred feet.

The little village at which he first touched the lake was surrounded by real west coast palm-oil trees, requiring two men to carry a bunch of ripe fruit. Notwithstanding great weakness, the unyielding man spent the time as diligently as possible examining the region. The people called themselves Balungu, but they had not the bold independent bearing of those of that name among whom Livingstone had so lately passed. And their numbers had been sadly reduced by the Mazitu, who are constantly carrying off their women and children. They seem themselves, too, to have caught the slaving spirit, and to have come to admire their destroyers. That is surely the deepest degradation, the most absolute and irredeemable slavery, out of which a man gazes with admiration on the power which oppresses him, and wears with pride the chain which binds him. God save a fallen people from the grace of a contentment which dispenses with hope; from a submission which kisses the yoke, while it forgets the galling. "As a people," says Livingstone, "they are all excessively polite. The clapping of hands on meeting is something excessive, and then the string of salutations that accompany it would please the most fastidious Frenchman. It implies real politeness, for in marching with them they always remove branches out of the path, and indicate stones or stumps in it carefully to a stranger, yet we cannot prevail on them to lend carriers to examine the lake, or to sell goats, of which, however, they have very few, and all on one island."

It is mentioned that weeds were observed floating northwards on the lake. Mention is also made of various rivers, flowing northeast and northwest, entering the southern part of the lake. The Lonzua, the Kowe, the Kapala, the Luaze, and the Kalambwe, flow into it near the east end, and the Lovu, or Lofubu, or Lofu, from the southwest. The doctor reasoned that there must be an exit somewhere for such volumes of water.

We need not follow the curious traveller up and down the steep mountain sides as he wandered about the shores of the lake; his journal for these days supplies little more than the names of the villages which he passed.

He did not attempt to explore this region very extensively at this time, knowing that he would, if spared to reach Ujiji, be again on its shores, and indeed on its beautiful surface. He was suffering very severely all the time; twice he was seized with most distressing fits of insensibility, in which he was entirely helpless. On one of these occasions he says: "I found myself floundering outside my hut and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright I let them go, and fell back heavily on my head on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness; some hours elapsed before I could recognize where I was."

On the 20th of May, 1867, we find him at Chitimba's village, about thirty miles southwest from the southeastern shore of the lake, with his heart set on reaching Lake Moero. He had come to this village particularly because it was at present the head-quarters of a large party of Arabs, who he had heard were in a dispute with the powerful chief ruling the wide expanse of country which must be crossed between the Lakes Liemba and Moero. The news of this difficulty had weighed considerably to check his advances down the Liemba, for it would certainly have been exceedingly unsafe for him to have attempted a passage through the territory of Nsama under the circumstances. The rumor was, that Nsama's son was killing all the Arabs he could find, in revenge for some wrong that had been done to his father's people by them.

The Arabs were found occupying an important portion of the stockaded village, and when Dr. Livingstone arrived he was politely shown to a large shed where they were in the habit of meeting. The principal man of the party was Hamees Wodim Tagh. He was accompanied by Sydebin Allebin Mansure. They were connected with one of the most influential native mercantile houses in Zanzibar.

When the doctor had explained whence he had come he showed the letter which had been furnished him by the sultan at Zanzibar. He was treated with great kindness. Hamees presented a goat and a quantity of flour, and such other commodities as he possessed, but it was next to impossible to get at the truth about the difficulty. There were various versions of the matter, but one thing was certain: there had been a disturbance at the village of Nsama, between the people of that chief and the Arabs, and several on each side had been killed, and all was now confusion. Nsama had fled from his village, leaving the Arabs in possession, and they had been plundering and burning all the surrounding villages, while Chitimba had sent for the party quartered here to come to him. An hour or two after Livingstone and his party arrived at the village a body of men arrived from Kasonso, with the intention of proceeding into the country of Nsama, if possible to take that chief prisoner on the charge that he "had broken the public law by attacking people who brought merchandise into the country," a remark which hints of something that seems like international law among these barbarous tribes.

It was clear that there could be nothing else but a long delay now. Four weary months he lay here waiting on the tedious negotiations between these two parties, which was a most remarkable succession of delays, almost every day seeming to promise an immediate settlement. But the great difficulty was the want of faith in Nsama, who it was believed talked peaceably only to gain time and get advantage of his adversaries. He had been the Napoleon of the country, and had held his neighbor chieftains in fear. They now seemed glad to take advantage of his overthrow, or discomfiture, to ravage his borders, and the Arabs too were not over anxious to give up immediately such good picking as his land afforded. So it is not improbable that while Nsama's warlike propensities were in the way of peace, the plundering propensities of his enemies aided in keeping up the disturbance. Meantime Dr. Livingstone was satisfied that it was decidedly best for him to wait, rather than either give up seeing Lake Mocro, or run such serious risk as it must have been to attempt to go there under the circumstances.

The village of Chitimba is one of a number of prominent villages, whose chiefs divide the dominion of the district known among the Arabs as Urungu, this being the name given to the region surrounding Lake Liemba, or the foot of Lake Tanganyika. The whole region is mountainous, and many exceedingly tortuous rivers water its beautiful valley, most of them finding their way ultimately into the lake. The calculations of Dr. Livingstone fixed the village in long. 30° 19′ E., lat. 8° 57′ 55″ S. Of the people the doctor says:

"The Baulungu men are in general tall and well formed; they use bows over six feet in length, and but little bent. The facial angle is as good in most cases as in Europeans, and they have certainly as little of the 'lark-heel' as the whites. One or two of the under front teeth are generally knocked out in women, and also in men.

"Close observation of them makes me believe them to be extremely polite. The mode of salutation among relatives is to place the hands round each other's chests kneeling; they then clap their hands close to the ground. Some more abject individuals kiss the soil before a chief; the generality kneel only, with the fore-arms close to the ground, and the head bowed down to them, saying, 'O Ajadla chiusa, Mari a bwino.' The Usanga say, 'Ajc senga.' The clapping of hands to superiors, and even equals, is in some villages a perpetually recurring sound. Aged persons are usually saluted. How this extreme deference to each other could have arisen, I cannot conceive; it does not seem to be fear of each other that elicits it. Even the chiefs inspire no fear, and those cruel old platitudes about governing savages by fear seem unknown, yet governed they certainly are, and upon the whole very well.

"The owners of huts lend them willingly to strangers, and have a great deal of toil in consequence; they have to clean them after the visitors have withdrawn; then, in addition to this, to clean themselves, all soiled by the dust left by the lodgers; their bodies and clothes have to be cleansed afterwards; they add food too in all cases of acquaintanceship, and then we have to remember the labor of preparing that food. My remaining here enables me to observe that both men and women are in almost constant employment. The men are making mats, or weaving, or spinning; no one could witness their assiduity in their little affairs and conclude that they were a lazy people. The only idle time I observe here is in the mornings about seven o'clock, when all come and sit to catch the first rays of the sun as he comes over our clump of trees, but even that time is often taken as an opportunity for stringing beads.

"The people seem to have no family names. A man takes the name of his mother, or should his father die he may assume that. Marriage is forbidden to the first, second, and third degrees: they call first and second cousins brothers and sisters."

Among the customs which approach nearest the arts of civilized life the doctor mentions the *cupping* of the temples for sore eyes. Having no such appliances as we consider almost essential, and untaught as they are in the philosophical principles underlying it, these rude people have been aided by their remarkable ingenuity in devising the practical counterpart of our more elegant cups. In their process "a goat's horn is used with a small hole in the pointed end; the base is applied to the part from which the blood is to be drawn, and the operator, with a small piece of chewed India-rubber in his mouth, exhausts the air, and at the proper moment plasters the hole up with his tongue. When the cupping horn is removed, some cuts are made with a small knife and it is again applied." It may seem a rough appliance, as indeed it is, but it serves the purpose and is in great repute all through the country. Like everything else in the country, however, this has its attending superstition; a mother who thus extracts the blood from her child may be seen immediately sprinkling those precious drops, as a charm, over the roof of her hut. Charms were in universal use, over doors and gateways, everywhere that they could be thought of.

But, although Livingstone was a man who could find something of interest in almost everything and everybody, the time hung very heavily on his hands. He lost no opportunity to seek information about the surrounding country from Arabs and natives, but they could give but little satisfaction; they were too ignorant to even notice more than forced itself on their observation by the difficulties or convenience of travelling.

The intercourse of the Arabs, who were themselves blacks, was that of equals with the natives; they bought and sold and married, came and went, formed alliances or made wars, just like the heathen they were with. But they were respected because they brought goods and carried guns. And so far it was a thing to be glad of, that Livingstone had their protection under the circumstances; and they were in constant intercourse with Zanzibar, and furnished the means of sending out letters; but they were no society for Dr. Livingstone.

The country, though beautiful, presented few features of sufficient interest to engage one so long a time. In connection with the tediousness of this delay, the doctor says:

"There is nothing interesting in a heathen town. All are busy in preparing food or clothing, mats or baskets, whilst the women are cleaning or grinding their corn, which involves much hard labor. They first dry this in the sun, then put it into a mortar, and afterwards with a flat basket clean off the husks and the dust, and grind it between two stones; the next thing is to bring wood and water to cook it. Now and then a little relief was afforded by some occurrence a little out of the ordinary. The weather was quite cool part of the while, although the hot season, which comes earlier than in the more southern country by some months, was beginning in May, and the people frequently set fire to their frail huts by the careless use of that dangerous agent. On one occasion the chief was aroused and threatened to burn his own house and all his property because the people stole from it, but he did not proceed so far: it was probably a way of letting the Arab dependents know that he was aroused."

The leading feature of the place was the slave-trading, as it is wherever these Arabs have penetrated. Of this trade, as existing here, the doctor says:

"Slaves are sold here in the same open way that the business is carried on in Zanzibar slave-market. A man goes about calling out the price he wants for the slave, who walks behind him; if a woman, she is taken into a hut to be examined in a state of nudity.

"Slavery is a great evil wherever I have seen it. A poor old woman and child are among the captives. The boy, about three years old, seems a mother's pet. His feet are sore from walking in the sun. He was offered for two fathoms, and his mother for one fathom; he understood it all, and cried bitterly, clinging to his mother. She had, of course, no power to help him; they were separated at Karungu afterwards."

"The above," writes the editor of the "Last Journals," who was familiar with the country, "is an episode of every-day occurrence in the wake of the slave-dealer. 'Two fathoms,' mentioned as the price of the boy's life—the more valuable of the two—means four yards of unbleached calico, which is a universal article of barter throughout the greater part of Africa: the mother was bought for two yards. The reader must not think that there are no lower prices; in the famines which succeed the slave-dealer's raids, boys and girls are at times to be purchased by the dealer for a few handfuls of maize."

The large animals, which have become familiar objects to the reader who has followed us along the track of this wonderful traveller, abounded in the region. But among the more insignificant creatures some curiosities are mentioned. Indeed it is one of the pleasant things of our experience, in examining carefully the vast amount of material which has at one time and another been given to the world by Dr. Livingstone, that we are led into the obscurities of unconspicuous nature, the little things, which we might pass over had we a guide less thoughtful and intelligent. It is in the tiny existences of earth that the finest touches of Divine wisdom are displayed. Out of inexhaustible resources the Infinite Creator, who sets our sky with worlds like jewels, affords to fill also the hidden places with works of marvellous beauty and interest. Livingstone honored God by an unwearying curiosity: the birds and flowers, the earth and rocks, all had attraction for him. But the special objects mentioned here may hardly seem to justify enthusiasm; however, commonplace as they may seem, his notes serve to illustrate one important and honorable feature of the character of this great man—the carefulness of his observations.

"A large spider makes a nest inside the huts. It consists of a piece of pure white paper, an inch and a half broad, stuck flat on the wall; under this some forty or fifty eggs are placed, and then a quarter of an inch of thinner paper is put round it, apparently to fasten the first firmly. When making the paper the spider moves itself over the surface in wavy lines; she then sits on it with her eight legs spread over all for three weeks continuously, catching and eating any insects, as cockroaches, that come near her nest. After three weeks she leaves it to hunt for food, but always returns at night: the natives do not molest it.

"A small ant masters the common fly by seizing a wing or leg, and holding on till the fly is tired out; at first the fly can move about on the wing without inconvenience, but it is at last obliged to succumb to an enemy very much smaller than itself.

"A species of Touraco, new to me, has a broad yellow mask on the upper part of the bill and forehead; the topknot is purple, the wings the same as in other species, but the red is roseate. The yellow of the mask plates is conspicuous at a distance."

At last, after so long a time, and more lying and plundering on both sides than we could recount in a volume, affairs were brought to something like a settlement between Nsama and Hamees, and Nsama promised to seal the covenant of peace by giving one of his daughters to Hamees as a wife! The way was now cleared of the great obstacle, and Livingstone with his little band set out across the country in company with the Arabs.

The country is described as quite beautiful. Crossing the Urangu and the Lofu, which, the reader will remember, had been crossed nearer their sources before reaching the lake, they ascended the ridge which forms the water-shed between Lake Liemba and the Mocro. Descending this ridge they were in Itawa, the dominion of Nsama. This chief was of a different family from those of Urangu. Kasonso, Chitimba, and Urongwe, were all Urangai, and equal in rank; Nsama was of the Babemba family.

The party marched first to Hara, a district of Itawa, whose stockaded village had been destroyed by the Arabs during the "late unpleasantness" of which we have told you.

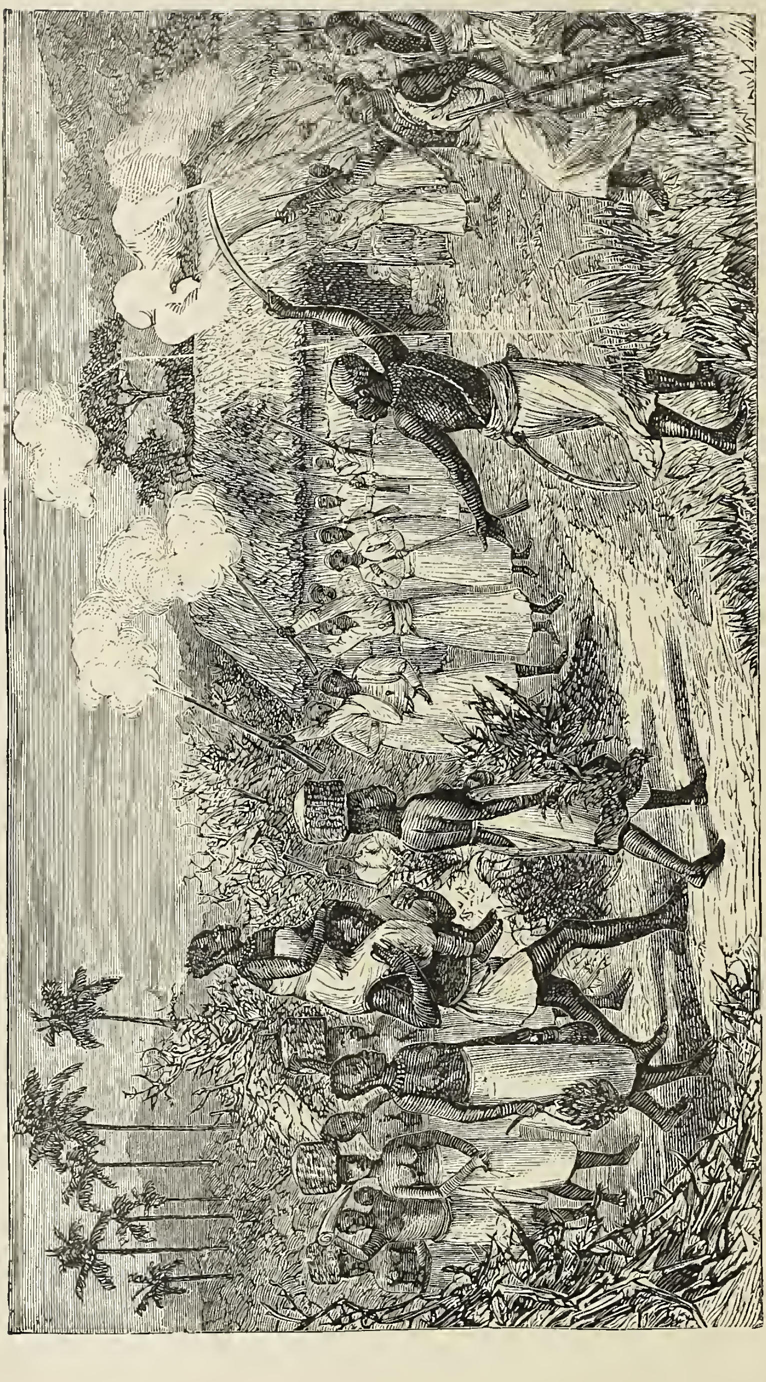
They were here on the 5th of September, 1867. "Obedient to the customs of the country," says the doctor, "we waited at Hara to see if Nsama wished us any nearer to himself. He is very much afraid of the Arabs, and well he may be, for he was until lately supposed to be invincible. He fell before twenty muskets, and this has caused a panic throughout the country."

It was distressing indeed to see so fine a district almost abandoned by its occupants. The strife had been short, and only a "little quarrel," as we, who are acquainted with *civilized* war, would think; but the people had fled; and there were no reapers for the fields which waved their harvests, like the banner of divine benevolence, which kindly cheers the sorrows that men bring on themselves by their animosities in Africa and America alike. The abundance of food was amazing: "three hundred men, living at free quarters, made no impression on it."

Nsama had erected a new stockade close by the old one, which had been burned by Hamidi bin Mohamad, and there he sat in state to receive the visitor. When he received Dr. Livingstone's messenger, he returned an invitation to him to come and see him, but to bring no guns. Accordingly the doctor went on to his stockade, attended by a large crowd of people. "Before we came to the inner stockade," says he, "they felt my clothes to see that no firearms were concealed about my person. When we reached Nsama, we found a very old man, with a good head and face and a large abdomen, showing that he was addicted to pombe: his people have to carry him. I gave him a cloth, and asked for guides to Moero, which he readily granted, and asked leave to feel my clothes and hair. I advised him to try and live at peace, but his people were all so much beyond the control of himself and head men, that at last, after scolding them, he told me that he would send for me by night, and then we could converse, but this seems to have gone out of his head. He sent me a goat, flour, and pombe, and next day we returned to Hara."

Although Nsama seemed quite pleasant, and, besides manifesting considerable respect for the guns which he had learned had largely the advantage over his bows and arrows, had made such positive terms with Hamees, there were no little grounds of suspicion that he might after all be only seeking to encourage a confidence on the part of the Arabs, which might enable him to gain some sudden advantage of them; he had not kept his word to Hamees, either about promised ivory or the wife, and Hamees was not trustful at best. It was beginning to be doubtful whether the hope of going on peaceably might not turn out a false hope. And Hamees was arranging to go back to Chitimba to protect his people and property there, when, much to the gratification of all hands, on the 14th of September, the promised daughter of Nsama made her appearance, in splendid style, the most approved fashion of this country, "riding pickapack on a man's shoulders;" and the doctor goes on to assure us that this bride to be was, according to the standard of the realm in which she dwelt, a nice, modest, good-looking young woman, her hair rubbed all over with *nkola*, a red pigment, made from the camwood, and much used as an ornament. She was accompanied by about a dozen young and old female attendants, each carrying a small basket with some provisions, as cassava, ground-nuts, &c. The Arabs were all dressed in their finery, and the slaves, in fantastic dresses, flourished swords, fired guns, and yelled. When she was brought to Hamees' hut she descended, and with her maids went into the hut. She and her attendants had all small, neat features. The doctor had been sitting with Hamees, and now rose up and went away. As the doctor passed him, he spoke thus to himself: "Hamees Wadim Tagh! see to what you have brought yourself!!"

In this connection we may add that Nsama's people are reported to have small well-chiselled features, and many are really handsome, and have nothing of the west coast negro about them, but they file their teeth to sharp points, and greatly disfigure their mouths. The only difference between them and Europeans is the color. Many of the men have very finely-formed heads, and so have the women; and the fashion of wearing the hair sets off their foreheads to advantage. The forehead is shaved off to the crown, the space narrowing as it goes up; then the back hair is arranged into knobs of about ten rows. They are quite intelligent and evince considerable quickness of perception, and it was not difficult to understand the position which they had gained among the tribes, when tolerably familiar with their characters. They are rather apt students of human nature, and particularly quick to detect the peculiarities of a man; this was illustrated by their habit of naming those with whom they came in contact in accordance with the character displayed: for instance, they called Hamid bin Mohamad "Tipo Tipo," which means "gather together of wealth," he being the chief actor in the spoiling of the country; and another who will figure hereafter as conspicuous in the slaving business was called "Kumba Kumba," a collector of people. But intelligent and brave as they might be, they had become thoroughly afraid of guns.



ARRIVAL OF HAMEES' BRIDE

It was exceedingly trying on many accounts to be obliged to keep the company of the Arabs, but particularly on account of the very dilatory movements of their party; but there was nothing else to be done. Nsama could not be depended on, and the little party of Dr. Livingstone, small as it had become, was less and less to be trusted. Another of his men had abandoned him on the borders of Itawa, the very scamp who had been the cause of his misfortune in being robbed of his medicine-box. He felt almost alone, and could not fail to appreciate the providence which had raised him up an escort of the very men whose trade was most contrary to his views. Possibly the kindness which was shown him by these dealers in slaves was intended, by the great Ruler of all, to correct any growing bitterness against the slave-owner, while he might detest slave-owning. It is, we know, one of the most lamentable weaknesses of human nature, that we cannot recognize, as we should, the different educations of men, or make allowance fully for the differences of judgment. We are, perhaps, more forward than we should be, to make our opinions of right the absolute touch-stone of human virtue. It is thus that we become the persecutors of men when we should be the advocates of doctrine. It is not to be desired that a man should surrender his ideas of right, because of other good he may find in those who differ with him on some great question; but it is well if he comes to distinguish between honest difference of opinion and personal meanness, and learns to respect a man though he may hate a sentiment. The question of human slavery has been prominent among the vital issues of centuries. In our own country it has been a very serious one. It is to be lamented that the antagonists in the great controversy have been so frequently unable to rise above personal bitterness in the discussion. It ought not to be expected of any man to abandon his convictions of right or privilege at the bar of his neighbor's judgment; before a common Creator and Judge let every man stand or fall.

The *fact* of property in man is now a thing of the past in our country, and the most zealous supporters of the policy which has cancelled it, the most ardent advocates of human equality, ought to reflect whether they do not violate their own almost deified code when they visit still with their anathemas those who decline to confess themselves sinners above others because they owned slaves. God grant that Americans may speedily outgrow all remaining taint of tyranny which shows itself in hating a man because of his creed, and stand before the world in fact, as they do in name, a brotherhood on the matchless basis of unfettered conscience, the keystone of the structure which shelters them.

When at last the way was open, whatever may have been his moralizing, Dr. Livingstone was full of joy. He set out attended by the whole party of Arabs—they with hearts set on the ivory and slaves in which they saw their longed-for wealth and self-indulgence; he to find the solution, if possible, of the problem which had engaged mankind for so many centuries, to settle, if possible, questions of vast importance to the continent, to mark out a path for civilization, to set up the standard of Christ in the centre of that most needing land. How strangely the motives of these men contrasted! What was the difference? Can color or education explain it? Was there not a deeper difference than can be found in complexion, or made by teachings? Can it be explained except by the religion of Jesus?

The long line went winding away from the village of Nsama, first northward, crossing several ridges and valleys, fording the Chisera and the Kamosenga rivers, to the village of Karungu, where they arrived on the 30th. The journey had been attended with only the usual incidents of walking and waiting, giving and receiving presents with the people. The people all along were the subjects of Nsama, though obeying local chiefs; they had been kind and generous. The scenery varied; there had been splendid mountain views, lovely glens, and broad plains, birds, and vast herds of the animals which belong to the land. The terror of guns, which the people had conceived from the experience of Nsama, was the principal inconvenience; this, in some instances, made intercourse with the chiefs almost impossible. An extract, in the traveller's own language, will illustrate, more perfectly than we can explain, the annoyances of the journey:

"Karungu was very much afraid of us; he kept every one out of his stockade at first, but during the time the Arabs sent forward to try and conciliate other chiefs he gradually became more friendly. He had little ivory to sell, and of those who had, Mtete or Mtema seemed inclined to treat the messengers roughly. Men were also sent to Nsama, asking him to try and induce Mtema and Chikongo to be friendly and sell ivory and provisions, but he replied that these chiefs were not men under him, and if they thought themselves strong enough to contend against guns he had nothing to say to them. Other chiefs threatened to run away as soon as they saw the Arabs approaching. These were assured that we meant to pass through the country alone, and if they gave us guides to show us how, we should avoid the villages altogether, and proceed to the countries where ivory was to be bought; however, the panic was too great, no one would agree to our overtures, and at last when we did proceed a chief on the river Choma fulfilled his threat and left us three empty villages. There were no people to sell, though the granaries were crammed, and it was impossible to prevent the slaves from stealing.

"When Chikongo heard Tipo Tipo's message about buying ivory, he said: 'And when did Tipo Tipo place ivory in my country that he comes seeking it?' Yet he sent a tusk and said, 'That is all I have, and he is not to come here.'" "Their hostile actions," writes the doctor, "are caused principally by fear. 'If Nsama could not stand before the Malongwana or traders, how can we face them?' I wished to go on to Moero, but all declare that our ten guns would put all the villages to flight: they are terror-struck. First rains of this season on the 5th."

Nearly the whole of October was lost here, while the Arabs were trying to drive their trades with the chiefs of the neighborhood. There was very little to encourage them to continue their journey to the Lake Moero, as all the chiefs seemed determined to sell nothing. And it seemed not improbable that Dr. Livingstone would, after all his waiting, be left to continue his journey alone. And under ordinary circumstances there is not much uncertainty whether he would not have gone on much more rapidly. These Arab traders were themselves quite as much a curiosity as the natives; they seemed tremendously religious in their way. They consulted the Koran for everything, and depend on all sorts of conjuring. Their wedding and funeral occasions were just such as might be seen in any of the villages, except that the Koran figured in them. They were greatly perplexed by the joy which their fellow-traveller had in the death of Jesus. They knew of Jesus, but said he had foretold Mohammed, that he did not die himself, but another died in his place. It was certainly to be lamented that the name of religion should find its foremost representatives in the heart of Africa in such men. Yet so it was. Livingstone was the first white man who traversed these secluded regions.

The inevitable Koran finally decided that the party should move on westward. Accordingly they set out along the broken country which divides Itawa from Lopere. On the 28th they crossed the Choma at the village Chifupa, and noticed that it flowed southwest to join the Chisera, and with that into the Kalongosi, one of the tributaries, as will be seen, of Lake Moero. On this march Livingstone noticed two ugly images in huts built for them; they represented in a poor way the people of the country, and were used in rain-making, and in the ceremonies of curing the sick. This, he remarks, was the nearest approach to idol worship which he had found in the country. It is a matter of interest that idols are so few in eastern Africa. They are worshipped more commonly in the west. But we feel assured that the reader will not feel that too much time is spent by the way if we present him with a few pages just as they come from the hand of the man while in the midst of these far-off scenes:

"We are still going westward," he writes, "and in an open valley remarkable for the numbers of a small euphorbia, which we smashed at every step. Crossed a small but strong rivulet, the Lipande, going southwest to Moero; then, an hour afterwards, crossed it again, now twenty yards wide and knee-deep. After descending from the tree-covered hill which divides Lipande from Luao, we crossed the latter to sleep on its western bank. The hills are granite now, and a range on our left, from seven hundred to fifteen hundred feet high, goes on all the way to Moero.

"These valleys along which we travel are beautiful. Green is the prevailing color; but the clumps of trees assume a great variety of forms, and often remind one of English park scenery. The long line of slaves and carriers, brought up by their Arab employers, adds life to the scene; they are in three bodies, and number four hundred and fifty in all. Each party has a guide with a flag, and when that is planted, all that company stops till it is lifted, and a drum is beaten, and a kudu's horn sounded. One party is headed by about a dozen leaders, dressed with fantastic head-gear of feathers and beads, red cloth on the bodies, and skins cut into strips and twisted: they take their places in line, the drum beats, the horn sounds harshly, and all fall in. These sounds seem to awaken a sort of *esprit de corps* in those who have once been slaves. My attendants now jumped up, and would scarcely allow me time to dress when they heard the sounds of their childhood, and all day they were among the foremost. One said to me 'that his feet were rotten with marching,' and this though told that they were not called on to race along like slaves.

"The Africans cannot stand sneers. When any mishap occurs in the march (as when a branch tilts a load off a man's shoulder) all who see it set up a yell of derision; if anything is accidentally spilled, or if one is tired and sits down, the same yell greets him, and all are excited thereby to exert themselves. They hasten on with their loads, and hurry with the sheds they build; the masters only bring up the rear, helping any one who may be sick. The distances travelled were quite as much as the masters or we could bear. Had frequent halts been made—as, for instance, a half or a quarter of an hour at the end of every hour or two—but little distress would have been felt; but five hours at a stretch is more than man can bear in a hot climate. The female slaves held on bravely; nearly all carried loads on their heads: the head, or lady of the party, who is also the wife of the Arab, was the only exception. She had a fine white shawl, with ornaments of gold and silver on her head. These ladies had a jaunty walk, and never gave in on the longest march; many pounds' weight of fine copper leglets above the ankles seemed only to help the sway of their walk; as soon as they arrive at the sleeping-place they begin to cook, and in this art they show a good deal of expertness, making savory dishes for their masters out of wild fruits and other not very likely materials.

"The splendid ranges of hills retire as we advance; the soil is very rich. At two villages the people did not want us, so we went on and encamped near a third, Kabwakwa, where a son of Mohamad bin Saleh, with a number of Wanyamwesi, lives. The chief of this part is Muabo, but we did not see him: the people brought plenty of food for us to buy. The youth's father is at Casembe's. The country-people were very much given to falsehood—every place inquired for was near—ivory abundant—provisions of all sorts cheap and plenty. Our head men trusted to these statements of this young man rather, and he led them to desist going farther. Rua country was a month distant, he said, and but little ivory there. It is but three days off (we saw it after three days). 'No ivory at Casembe's or here in Buire, or Kabuire.' He was right as to Casembe. Letters, however, came from Hamees, with news of a depressing nature. Chitimba is dead, and so is Mambwe."

The news of Chitimba's death, and that his people were fighting for the chieftainship, and other matters in an unsettled state there, was anything but pleasant to the Arabs; the principal results of their trading were stored there; the effect of the news was to decide Tipo Tipo to return and join Hamees. He decided to remain in Buire only ten or twenty days, send out people to buy what ivory they could, and retire.

Dr. Livingstone parted with Tipo Tipo on the 7th November, in company with a party of his men who were to visit Casembe for ivory. They passed along a lovely valley formed by the Kakoma range and another in the distance to the northwest. This valley was thickly studded over with villages, the common distance from one to another not being more than one hundred or two hundred yards. All of these villages were surrounded, like those of Londa or Lunda, by shade trees.

On the 8th they came to Lake Moero, nestling quietly between two ranges of mountains, and slept in a fisherman's hut.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MONTH WITH CASEMBE.

Moero—Bound for Casembe—Kalongosi—Abundance of Fish—Dr. Lacerda—The Balonda—Enter Casembe's Village—Graciously Received—Mohamad bin Saleh—Notes from Journal—Zofu, King's Fool—"Casembe," General—His Character—Customs—Land Claims—Hand-Shaking—Letter to Lord Clarendon—Descriptive Résumé—Sickness—Leaves Casembe—Bound for Ujiji—Mohamad bin Saleh his Companion—Hunger—Illness—Last Day of 1867—A Touching Record.

LEAVING the special observation of Moero for the present, Livingstone reascended the eastern flanking ridge and turned southward towards the town of Casembe. There were only nine persons in the party; yet the people of the villages seemed to fear them, and frequently closed their gates as they approached. Almost daily, as they advanced southward, they met parties of salt traders, and learned that quite a trade is carried on from the salt springs and mud about the lake to Lunda, and elsewhere. These salt traders in their salutations brought to mind a custom which will not be new—the rubbing earth on the arms. The route lay across numberless streams and rivulets; and about half way they crossed the Kalongosi, or, as the Arabs and Portuguese pronounce it, Karungwesi, about sixty yards wide, and flowing fast over stones. It is deep enough, even now when the rainy season is not commenced, to require canoes. It is said to rise in Kumbi, or Afar, a country to the southeast of our ford. Fish in great numbers are caught when ascending to spawn: they are secured by weirs, nets, hooks. Large strong baskets are placed in the rapids, and filled with stones: when the water rises, these baskets are standing-places for the fishermen to angle or throw their nets. Having crossed the Kalongosi they were now in Lunda, or Londa.

It was noticed that the Kalongosi went north till it met a large meadow on the shores of Moero, and, turning westwards, it entered there. The fishermen gave the names of thirty-nine species of fish in the lake; they said that they never cease ascending the Kalongosi, though at times they are more abundant than at others: they are as follows:

Monde; Motá; Lasa; Kasibe; Molobe; Lopembė; Motoya; Chipansa; Mpifu; Manda; Mpala; Moombo; Mfeu; Mende; Seuse; Kadia nkololo; Etiaka; Nkomo; Lifisha; Sambamkaka; Ntondo; Sampa; Bongwe; Mabanga; Kise; Kuanya; Nkosu; Pale; Mosungu; Litembwa; Mechebere; Koninchia; Sipa; Lomembe; Molenga; Mironge; Nfindo; Pende.

But the point, perhaps, of most interest in this march, was the Chungu, whose broad deep waters were found choked up with trees and aquatic plants. Here the distinguished Dr. Lacerda died; he had penetrated as far as Casembe in his effort to establish a route from the Portuguese possessions on the east to Angola.

Dr. Livingstone was now not exactly on familiar ground, but perhaps not very many days travel from the old path along which he led his Makololo many years before. The people of Casembe are Balonda, with whom we became familiar in the earlier part of the book.

Profiting by the benevolent suggestion of a guide, who had been picked up at Kifurwa, Dr. Livingstone sent a present to apprise Casembe of his approach, and waited by the Chungu until the chief might send one of his counsellors to conduct them to his town.

They entered on the 21st, and met there one Mohamad bin Saleh, who has had his residence in the country during the reign of four of the Casembes. He was a fine portly black Arab with pure white beard, and by his long residence had gained considerable influence among the Balonda as also at Tanganyika. This man received the doctor most graciously, and tendered him a hut where he might abide while his own was being erected.

There the doctor made some notes, which the reader will be pleased to have in his own language:

"An Arab trader, Mohamad Bogarib, who arrived seven days before us with an immense number of slaves, presented a meal of vermicelli, oil, and honey, also cassava meal cooked so as to resemble a sweetmeat (I had not tasted honey or sugar since we left Lake Nyassa, in September, 1866): they had coffee too.

"Neither goats, sheep, nor cattle thrive *here*, so the people are confined to fowls and fish. Cassava is very extensively cultivated: indeed, so generally is this plant grown, that it is impossible to know which is town and which is country: every hut has a plantation around it, in which is grown cassava, Holcus sorghum, maize, beans, nuts.

"Mohamad gives the same account of the River Luapula and Lake Bemba that Jumbe did, but he adds, that the Chambeze, where we crossed it, *is* the Luapula before it enters Bemba or Bangweolo: on coming out of that lake it turns round and comes away to the north, as Luapula, and, without touching the Mofwe, goes into Moero; then, emerging thence at the northwest end it becomes Lualaba, goes into Rua, forms a lake there, and afterwards goes into another lake beyond Tanganyika.

"The Lakelet Mofwe fills during the rains and spreads westward, much beyond its banks. Elephants wandering in its mud flats when covered are annually killed in numbers: if it were connected with the Lake Moero the flood would run off.

"Many of Casembe's people appear with the ears cropped and hands lopped off: the present chief has been often guilty of this barbarity. One man has just come to us without ears or hands: he tries to excite our pity, making a chirruping noise, by striking his cheeks with the stumps of his hands.

"A dwarf also, one Zofu, with backbone broken, comes about us: he talks with an air of authority, and is present at all public occurrences: the people seem to bear with him. He is a stranger from a tribe in the north, and works in his garden very briskly: his height is three feet nine inches."

Casembe is rather a title than the name of an individual: it signifies general, and the queer-looking hard-hearted individual who wore that honor at the time of Dr. Livingstone's visit did very little credit to the predecessors, among whom may be classed the splendid-looking chief whose portrait we are able to lay before the reader. His people seemed to have caught something of his harsh temper; the doctor records that they were the most savage set that he had seen; without the least justification they would strike each other most angrily.

Mohamad bin Saleh had a low opinion of his lordship and had only been waiting for Livingstone, whom he had heard was approaching, in order that they might go on together, as early as convenient for the doctor, to Ujiji.

One quite interesting fact in connection with this district, which came to the knowledge of Dr. Livingstone, is recorded with characteristic minuteness, as follows:

"An old man named Perembe is the owner of the land on which Casembe has built. They always keep up the traditional ownership. Munongo is a brother of Perembe, and he owns the country east of the Kalongosi: if any one wished to cultivate land he would apply to these aboriginal chiefs for it.

"Old Perembe is a sensible man: Mohamad thinks him one hundred and fifty years old. He is always on the side of liberality and fairness; he says that the first Casembe was attracted to Mofwe by the abundance of fish in it. He has the idea of all men being derived from a single pair."

Here is another squib which throws light on the customs:

"Set-in rains. A number of fine young girls who live in Casembe's compound came and shook hands in their way, which is to cross the right over to your left, and clasp them; then give a few claps with both hands, and repeat the crossed clasp: they want to tell their children that they have seen me."

But happily for the world, while sitting down in the town of Casembe, Dr. Livingstone drew up a paper addressed to Lord Clarendon, which not only furnishes a most valuable résumé of the country along which we have followed him, but embraces most interesting recital of incidents at Casembe's court, and notice of Lake Moero. This letter did not reach Lord Clarendon; but finds the light when the friends are both dead, and we give it in full, at the risk of repetition.

"TOWN OF CASEMBE, 10*th December*, 1867.
Lat. 9° 37′ 13″ South; long. 28° East.

"THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CLARENDON:

"MY LORD:—The first opportunity I had of sending a letter to the coast occurred in February last, when I was at a village called Molemba (lat. 10° 14′ S.; long. 31° 46′ E.), in the country named Lobemba. Lobisa, Lobemba, Ulungu and Itawa-Lunda are the names by which the districts of an elevated region between the parallels 11° and 8° south, and meridians 28°–33° long. east, are known. The altitude of this upland is from four thousand to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is generally covered with forest, well watered by numerous rivulets, and comparatively cold. The soil is very rich, and yields abundantly wherever cultivated. This is the watershed between the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, and several rivers which flow towards the north. Of the latter, the most remarkable is the Chambeze, for it assists in the formation of three lakes, and changes its name three times in the five or six hundred miles of its course.

"On leaving Lobemba we entered Ulungu, and, as we proceeded northwards, perceived by the barometers and the courses of numerous rivulets, that a decided slope lay in that direction. A friendly old Ulungu chief, named Kasonso, on hearing that I wished to visit Lake Liemba, which lies in his country, gave his son with a large escort to guide me thither; and on the 2d April last we reached the brim of the deep cup-like cavity in which the lake reposes. The descent is two thousand feet, and still the surface of the water is upwards of two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The sides of the hollow are very steep, and sometimes the rocks run the whole two thousand feet sheer down to the water. Nowhere is there three miles of level land from the foot of the cliffs to the shore, but top, sides, and bottom are covered with well-grown wood and grass, except where the bare rocks protrude. The scenery is extremely beautiful. The 'Aeasy,' a stream of fifteen yards broad and thigh-deep, came down alongside our precipitous path, and formed cascades by leaping three hundred feet at a time. These, with the bright red of the clay schists among the greenwood-trees, made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder. Antelopes, buffaloes, and elephants abound on the steep slopes; and hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the water. Gnus are here unknown, and these animals may live to old age if not beguiled into pitfalls. The elephants sometimes eat the crops of the natives, and flap their big ears just outside the village stockades. One got out of our way on to a comparatively level spot, and then stood and roared at us. Elsewhere they make clear off at sight of man.

"The first village we came to on the banks of the lake had a grove of palm-oil and other trees around it. This palm tree was not the dwarf species seen on Lake Nyassa. A cluster of the fruit passed the door of my hut which required two men to carry it. The fruit seemed quite as large as those on the west coast. Most of the natives live on two islands, where they cultivate the soil, rear goats, and catch fish. The lake is not large—from fifteen to twenty miles broad, and from thirty to forty long. It is the receptacle of four considerable streams, and sends out an arm two miles broad to the N.N.W., it is said to Tanganyika, and it may be a branch of that lake. One of the streams, the Lonzua, drives a smooth body of water into the lake fifty yards broad and ten fathoms deep, bearing on its surface duck-weed and grassy islands. I could see the mouths of other streams, but got near enough to measure the Lofu only; and at a ford fifty miles from the confluence it was one hundred yards wide and waist-deep in the dry season.

"We remained six weeks on the shores of the lake, trying to pick up some flesh and strength. A party of Arabs came into Ulungu after us in search of ivory, and hearing that an Englishman had preceded them, naturally inquired where I was. But our friends, the Baulungu, suspecting that mischief was meant, stoutly denied that they had ever seen anything of the sort; and then became very urgent that I should go on to one of the inhabited islands for safety. I regret that I suspected them of intending to make me a prisoner there, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes; but when the villagers who deceived the Arabs told me afterwards with an air of triumph how nicely they had managed, I saw that they had only been anxious for my safety. On three occasions the same friendly disposition was shown; and when we went round the west side of the lake in order to examine the arm or branch above referred to, the head man at the confluence of the Lofu protested so strongly against my going—the Arabs had been fighting, and I might be mistaken for an Arab, and killed—that I felt half-inclined to believe him.

"Two Arab slaves entered the village the same afternoon in search of ivory, and confirmed all he had said. We now altered our course, intending to go south about the district disturbed by the Arabs. When we had gone sixty miles we heard that the head-quarters of the Arabs were twenty-two miles farther. They had found ivory very cheap, and pushed on to the west, till attacked by a chief named Nsama, whom they beat in his own stockade. They were now at a loss which way to turn. On reaching Chitimba's village (latitude 8° 57′ 55″ south; longitude 30° 20′ east), I found them about six hundred in all; and, on presenting a letter I had from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was immediately supplied with provisions, beads, and cloth. They approved of my plan of passing to the south of Nsama's country, but advised waiting till the effects of punishment, which the Baulungu had resolved to inflict on Nsama for breach of public law, were known. It had always been understood that whoever brought goods into the country was to be protected; and two hours after my arrival at Chitimba's, the son of Kasonso, our guide, marched in with his contingent. It was anticipated that Nsama might flee; if to the north, he would leave me a free passage through his country; if to the south, I might be saved from walking into his hands. But it turned out that Nsama was anxious for peace. He had sent two men with elephants' tusks to begin a negotiation; but treachery was suspected, and they were shot down. Another effort was made with ten goats, and repulsed. This was much to the regret of the head Arabs. It was fortunate for me that the Arab goods were not all sold, for Lake Moero lay in Nsama's country, and without peace no ivory could be bought, nor could I reach the lake. The peace-making between the people and Arabs was, however, a tedious process, occupying three and a half months—drinking each other's blood. This, as I saw it west of this in 1854, is not more horrible than the thirtieth dilution of deadly night-shade or strychnine is in homœopathy. I thought that had I been an Arab I could easily swallow that, but not the next means of cementing the peace—marrying a black wife. Nsama's daughter was the bride, and she turned out very pretty. She came riding pickapack on a man's shoulders: this is the most dignified conveyance that chiefs and their families can command. She had ten maids with her, each carrying a basket of provisions, and all having the same beautiful features as herself. She was taken by the principal Arab, but soon showed that she preferred her father to her husband, for seeing preparations made to send off to purchase ivory, she suspected that her father was to be attacked, and made her escape. I then visited Nsama, and, as he objected to many people coming near him, took only three of my eight attendants. His people were very much afraid of fire-arms, and felt all my clothing to see if I had any concealed on my person. Nsama is an old man, with head and face like those sculptured on the Assyrian monuments. He had been a great conqueror in his time, and with bows and arrows was invincible. He is said to have destroyed many native traders from Tanganyika, but twenty Arab guns made him flee from his own stockade, and caused a great sensation in the country. He was much taken with my hair and woollen clothing; but his people, heedless of his scolding, so pressed upon us that we could not converse, and, after promising to send for me to talk during the night, our interview ended. He promised guides to Moero, and sent us more provisions than we could carry; but showed so much distrust that, after all, we went without his assistance.

"Nsama's people are particularly handsome. Many of the men have as beautiful heads as one could find in an assembly of Europeans. All have very fine forms, with small hands and feet. None of the west coast ugliness, from which most of our ideas of the negroes are derived, is here to be seen. No prognathous jaws nor lark-heels offended the sight. My observations deepened the impression first obtained from the remarks of Winwood Reade, that the typical negro is seen in the ancient Egyptian, and not in the ungainly forms which grow up in the unhealthy swamps of the west coast. Indeed it is probable that this upland forest region is the true home of the negro. The women excited the admiration of the Arabs. They have fine, small, well-formed features: their great defect is one of fashion, which does not extend to the next tribe; they file their teeth to points, the hussies, and that makes their smile like that of the crocodile.

"Nsama's country is called Itawa, and his principal town is in latitude 8° 55″ south, and longitude 29° 21′ east. From the large population he had under him, Itawa is in many parts well cleared of trees for cultivation, and it is lower than Ulungu, being generally about three thousand feet above the sea. Long lines of tree-covered hills, raised some six or seven hundred feet above these valleys of denudation, prevent the scenery from being monotonous. Large game is abundant. Elephants, buffaloes, and zebras grazed in large numbers on the long sloping banks of a river called Chisera, a mile and a half broad. In going north we crossed this river, or rather marsh, which is full of papyrus plants and reeds. Our ford was an elephant's path; and the roots of the papyrus, though a carpet to these animals, were sharp and sore to feet usually protected by shoes, and often made us shrink and flounder into holes chest-deep. The Chisera forms a larger marsh west of this, and it gives off its waters to the Kalongosi, a feeder of Lake Moero.

"The Arabs sent out men in all directions to purchase ivory; but their victory over Nsama had created a panic among the tribes which no verbal assurances could allay. If Nsama had been routed by twenty Arab guns no one could stand before them but Casembe; and Casembe had issued strict orders to his people not to allow the Arabs who fought Nsama to enter his country. They did not attempt to force their way, but after sending friendly messages and presents to different chiefs, when these were not cordially received, turned off in some other direction, and at last, despairing of more ivory, turned homewards. From first to last they were extremely kind to me, and showed all due respect to the sultan's letter. I am glad that I was witness to their mode of trading in ivory and slaves. It formed a complete contrast to the atrocious dealings of the Kilwa traders, who are supposed to be, but are not, the subjects of the same sultan. If one wished to depict the slave-trade in its most attractive, or rather least objectionable, form, he would accompany these gentlemen subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar. If he would describe the land traffic in its most disgusting phases, he would follow the Kilwa traders along the road to Nyassa, or the Portuguese half-castes from Tette to the river Shire.

"Keeping to the north of Nsama altogether, and moving westwards, our small party reached the north end of Moero on the 8th of November last. There the lake is a goodly piece of water twelve or more miles broad, and flanked on the east and west by ranges of lofty tree-covered mountains. The range on the west is the highest, and is part of the country called Rua-Moero; it gives off a river at its northwest end called Lualaba, and receives the river Kalongosi (pronounced by the Arabs Karungwesi) on the east near its middle, and the rivers Luapula and Rovukwe at its southern extremity.

"The point of most interest in Lake Moero is that it forms one of a chain of lakes, connected by a river some five hundred miles in length. First of all the Chambeze rises in the country of Mambwe, N.E. of Molemba. It then flows southwest and west till it reaches lat. 11° S., and long. 29° E., where it forms Lake Bemba or Bangweolo; emerging thence it assumes the new name Luapula, and comes down here to fall into Moero. On going out of this lake it is known by the name Lualaba, as it flows N.W. in Rua to form another lake with many islands called Urenge or Ulenge. Beyond this, information is not positive as to whether it enters Tanganyika or another lake beyond that. When I crossed the Chambeze, the similarity of names led me to imagine that this was a branch of the Zambesi. The natives said 'No. This goes southwest, and forms a very large water there.' But I had become prepossessed with the idea that Lake Liemba was that Bemba of which I had heard in 1863, and we had been so starved in the south that I gladly set my face north. The river-like prolongation of Liemba might go to Moero, and where I could not follow the arm of Liemba. Then I worked my way to this lake. Since coming to Casembe's the testimony of natives and Arabs has been so united and consistent that I am but ten days from Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, that I cannot doubt its accuracy. I am so tired of exploration without a word from home or anywhere else for two years, that I must go to Ujiji on Tanganyika for letters before doing anything else. The banks and country adjacent to Lake Bangweolo are reported to be now very muddy and very unhealthy. I have no medicine. The inhabitants suffer greatly from swelled thyroid gland or Derbyshire neck and elephantiasis, and this is the rainy season and very unsafe for me.

"When at the lower end of Moero we were so near Casembe that it was thought well to ascertain the length of the lake, and see Casembe too. We came up between the double range that flanks the east of the lake; but mountains and plains are so covered with well-grown forest that we could seldom see it. We reached Casembe's town on the 28th November. It stands near the north end of the Lakelet Mofwe; this is from one to three miles broad, and some six or seven long: it is full of sedgy islands, and abounds in fish. The country is quite level, but fifteen or twenty miles west of Mofwe we see a long range of the mountains of Rua. Between this range and Mofwe the Luapula flows past into Moero, the lake called Moero okata = the great Moero, being about fifty miles long. The town of Casembe covers a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being dotted over that space. Some have square enclosures of reeds, but no attempt has been made at arrangement: it might be called a rural village rather than a town. No estimate could be formed by counting the huts, they were so irregularly planted, and hidden by cassava; but my impression from other collections of huts was that the population was under a thousand souls. The court or compound of Casembe—some would call it a palace—is a square enclosure of three hundred yards by two hundred yards. It is surrounded by a hedge of high reeds. Inside, where Casembe honored me with a grand reception, stands a gigantic hut for Casembe, and a score of small huts for domestics. The queen's hut stands behind that of the chief, with a number of small huts also. Most of the enclosed space is covered with a plantation of cassava, *Curcus purgaris,* and cotton. Casembe sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins. He was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs and head were covered with sleeves, leggings and cap made of various colored beads in neat patterns: a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. Each of his head men came forward, shaded by a huge, ill-made umbrella, and followed by his dependents, made obeisance to Casembe, and sat down on his right and left: various bands of musicians did the same. When called upon I rose and bowed, and an old counsellor, with his ears cropped, gave the chief as full an account as he had been able to gather during our stay of the English in general, and my antecedents in particular. My having passed through Lunda to the west of Casembe, and visited chiefs of whom he scarcely knew anything, excited most attention. He then assured me that I was welcome to his country, to go where I liked, and do what I chose. We then went (two boys carrying his train behind him) to an inner apartment, where the articles of my present were exhibited in detail. He had examined them privately before, and we knew that he was satisfied. They consisted of eight yards of orange-colored serge, a large striped tablecloth; another large cloth made at Manchester in imitation of west coast native manufacture, which never fails to excite the admiration of Arabs and natives, and a large richly gilded comb for the back hair, such as ladies wore fifty years ago: this was given to me by a friend at Liverpool, and as Casembe and Nsama's people cultivate the hair into large knobs behind, I was sure that this article would tickle the fancy. Casembe expressed himself pleased, and again bade me welcome.

"I had another interview, and tried to dissuade him from selling his people as slaves. He listened a while, then broke off into a tirade on the greatness of his country, his power and dominion, which Mohamad bin Saleh, who has been here for ten years, turned into ridicule, and made the audience laugh by telling how other Lunda chiefs had given me oxen and sheep, while Casembe had only a poor little goat and some fish to bestow. He insisted also that there were but two sovereigns in the world, the Sultan of Zanzibar and Victoria. When we went on a third occasion to bid Casembe farewell, he was much less distant, and gave me the impression that I could soon become friends with him; but he has an ungainly look, and an outward squint in each eye. A number of human skulls adorned the entrance to his courtyard; and great numbers of his principal men having their ears cropped, and some with their hands lopped off, showed his barbarous way of making his ministers attentive and honest. I could not avoid indulging a prejudice against him.

"The Portuguese visited Casembe long ago; but as each new Casembe builds a new town, it is not easy to fix on the exact spot to which strangers came. The last seven Casembes have had their towns within seven miles of the present one. Dr. Lacerda, Governor of Tette, on the Zambesi, was the only visitor of scientific attainments, and he died at the rivulet called Chungu, three or four miles from this. The spot is called Nshinda, or Inchinda, which the Portuguese wrote Lucenda, or Ucenda. The latitude given is nearly fifty miles wrong, but the natives say that he lived only ten days after his arrival, and if, as is probable, his mind was clouded with fever when he last observed, those who have experienced what that is will readily excuse any mistake he may have made. His object was to accomplish a much-desired project of the Portuguese to have an overland communication between their eastern and western possessions. This was never made by any of the Portuguese nation; but two black traders succeeded partially with a part of the distance, crossing once from Cassange, in Angola, to Tette on the Zambesi, and returning with a letter from the Governor of Mosambique. It is remarkable that this journey, which was less by a thousand miles than from sea to sea and back again, should have forever quenched all white Portuguese aspirations for an overland route.

"The different Casembes visited by the Portuguese seem to have varied much in character and otherwise. Pereira, the first visitor, said (I quote from memory) that Casembe had twenty thousand trained soldiers, watered his streets daily, and sacrificed twenty human victims every day. I could hear nothing of human sacrifices now, and it is questionable if the present Casembe could bring a thousand stragglers into the field. When he usurped power five years ago, his country was densely peopled; but he was so severe in his punishments—cropping the ears, lopping off the hands, and other mutilations, selling the children, for very slight offences, that his subjects gradually dispersed themselves in the neighboring countries beyond his power. This is the common mode by which tyranny is cured in parts like these, where fugitives are never returned. The present Casembe is very poor. When he had people who killed elephants he was too stingy to share the profits of the sale of the ivory with his subordinates. The elephant hunters have either left him or neglect hunting, so he has now no tusks to sell to the Arab traders who come from Tanganyika. Major Monteiro, the third Portuguese who visited Casembe, appears to have been badly treated by this man's predecessor, and no other of his nation has ventured so far since. They do not lose much by remaining away, for a little ivory and slaves are all that Casembe ever can have to sell. About a month to the west of this the people of Katanga smelt copper-ore (malachite) into large bars shaped like the capital letter I. They may be met with of from fifty pounds to one hundred pounds weight all over the country, and the inhabitants draw the copper into wire for armlets and leglets. Gold is also found at Katanga, and specimens were lately sent to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

"As we come down from the watershed towards Tanganyika we enter an area of the earth's surface still disturbed by internal igneous action. A hot fountain in the country of Nsama is often used to boil cassava and maize. Earthquakes are by no means rare. We experienced the shock of one while at Chitimba's village, and they extend as far as Casembe's. I felt as if afloat, and as huts would not fall there was no sense of danger; some of them that happened at night set the fowls a cackling. The most remarkable effect of this one was that it changed the rates of the chronometers; no rain fell after it. No one had access to the chronometers but myself, and, as I had never heard of this effect before, I may mention that one which lost with great regularity $1^{s}\cdot5$ daily, lost 15^{s}; another, whose rate since leaving the coast was 15^{s}, lost 40^{s}; and a third, which gained 6^{s} daily, stopped altogether. Some of Nsama's people ascribed the earthquakes to the hot fountain, because it showed unusual commotion on these occasions; another hot fountain exists nearer Tanganyika than Nsama's, and we passed one on the shores of Moero.

"We could not understand why the natives called Moero much larger than Tanganyika till we saw both. The greater lake lies in a comparatively narrow trough, with high land on each side, which is always visible; but when we look at Moero, to the south of the mountains of Rua, on the west, we have nothing but an apparently boundless sea horizon. The Luapula and Rovukwe form a marsh at the southern extremity, and Casembe dissuaded me from entering it, but sent a man to guide me to different points of Moero farther down. From the heights at which the southern portions were seen, it must be from forty to sixty miles broad. From the south end of the mountains of Rua (9° 4′ south lat.) it is thirty-three miles broad. No native ever attempts to cross it even there. Its fisheries are of great value to the inhabitants, and the produce is carried to great distances.

"Among the vegetable products of this region, that which interested me most was a sort of potato. It does not belong to the solanaceous, but to the papilionaceous or pea family, and its flowers have a delightful fragrance. It is easily propagated by small cuttings of the root or stalk. The tuber is oblong, like our kidney potato, and when boiled tastes exactly like our common potato. When unripe it has a slight degree of bitterness, and it is believed to be wholesome; a piece of the root eaten raw is a good remedy in nausea. It is met with on the uplands alone, and seems incapable of bearing much heat, though I kept some of the roots without earth in a box, which was carried in the sun almost daily for six months, without destroying their vegetative power.

"It is remarkable that in all the central regions of Africa visited, the cotton is that known as the Pernambuco variety. It has a long strong staple, seeds clustered together, and adherent to each other. The bushes, eight or ten feet high, have woody stems, and the people make strong striped black and white shawls of the cotton.

"It was pleasant to meet the palm-oil palm (*Elais Guineaensis*) at Casembe's, which is over three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The oil is sold cheap, but no tradition exists of its introduction into the country.

"I send no sketch of the country, because I have not yet passed over a sufficient surface to give a connected view of the whole watershed of this region, and I regret that I cannot recommend any of the published maps I have seen as giving even a tolerable idea of the country. One bold constructor of maps has tacked on two hundred miles to the northwest end of Lake Nyassa, a feat which no traveller has ever ventured to imitate. Another has placed a river in the same quarter, running three thousand or four thousand feet up hill, and named it the 'NEW ZAMBESI,' because, I suppose, the old Zambesi runs down hill. I have walked over both these mental abortions, and did not know that I was walking on water till I saw them in the maps."

The letter breaks of here abruptly. In reading it how we are tempted to lament the dispensation which called him from earth before he had been allowed to present to the world from his own pen the connected story of this great expedition.

After spending a month in his town the doctor said good-bye to Casembe, and set out on the 22d of December, in company with Mohamad bin Saleh, for Ujiji. Making several days journey from Casembe, the party halted at a little village called Kabukwa, on a parallel with a large island in the lake called Kirwa. It was the last day of the year, and the great man looked wearily before him, oppressed with the uncertainty of his living to read the letters he hoped to find at Ujiji; he was sick too. His only food for some time had been coarsely ground sorghum meal. How natural it was for him to make this little note in his journal:

"Mohamad presented a meal of finely ground porridge, and a fowl, and I immediately felt the difference, though I was not grumbling at my coarse dishes."

A FOREST GRAVE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1868.

"Only Water"—Native Indifference—Charms of Moero—Lake Scenery—Indifference of Arabs—Covetousness—The Only Lesson Learned—Kabwabwati—Dreadful March—Evils of being with Arabs—Livingstone's Influence—Thieving Slaves—A Dead Halt—Long Delay—Yankees of Africa—Duplicity of Mohamad—Desertion of Followers—Livingstone's Charity—Questionable Charity—Justice as well as Mercy—Arab Trouble-makers—Mohammedanism Not Taught—Not Adapted to Elevate Heathen—Christianity a Missionary Creed—Powerlessness of Ceremonies—Power of the Word—Africans Curious and Cautious—They Need the Gospel—Obligation of Christians—Dulness of Kabwabwati—Livingstone turns South—Arrives at Casembe's—Cordial Reception—Pleasing Recollections—Deliverances—Leopard Hunt—*A Discovery—Cropped-Eared Pest*—Casembe's Kindness—Mohamad Bogharib—Starting for Lake Bemba—Discovery of the Great Lake—Description of it—Lake Surroundings—Wanyamwezi—Northward Again—Commotions—War—Delays—Reach Kabwabwati—Abominations of Slave-Trade—Battle—Evils in Camp—Wanyamwezi Women During a Battle—Weariness—Christmas, January 31st, 1868.

THERE was compensation in the lake for all the weariness and the want. It was only water; the native tribes and trading Arabs alike pronounced it so. And there was water everywhere. They never thought of the *beauty* of its broad surface mirrowing the lofty mountains, which seemed to look down with so much pride on their nestling; and they never thought of the *grandeur*, when their eyes rested on the mighty waters rushing away through the deep rent in the mountains on the north, gathering new strength and impetuosity in the rocky chasm, leaping and roaring in the wildness and gladness of their release; and they never cared where the waters came from, and thought no more of the river which flowed into the lake on the south than of any other river. All of these things engaged the thought of Livingstone, and wove themselves in a resistless spell about him. His journal, in its brevity, only hints of the delight with which he strolled along the shores of Moero. In the freedom of conversation with Mr. Stanley years after, he dwelt with enthusiasm on its charming scenery, and we will see by-and-by, how important a place its waters held in his theory of the hidden fountains, which the curious world has been seeking during so many thousand years. Standing on the north in the clearest day, with a strong glass, he says he could not see its southern shore; but it was narrower, and the eye could wander between the lofty ranges on the east and west, resting, as it pleased, on the lake. The ranges which confine it are only twelve or fourteen miles apart at the more northern portion, diverging as they extend southward, to embrace a broad valley across which various streamlets and rivers winding slowly bring their offerings as to a queen. Along the shores, between the mountain and the water, the humidity has encouraged the ginger and ferns to marvellous profusion, and splendid tropical forests cloth the valley, and lend their canopy of shade to herds of sporting zebras, groups of drowsy elephants, and monstrous buffaloes, and in their deeper gloom conceal the lion's lair, and the stealthy leopard, waiting to surprise his prey. It is strange that such a spot could never tempt the Arab from his bloody path to gaze a while, and if he came there, it is wonderful that the tuition of the scene could not kindle loftier thoughts than his dull brooding on unholy wealth. It is saddest of all to think upon, that in the fall of man, his soul was so enslaved of selfishness, that all the charms of nature and the grace of God cannot call away his greedy thought from gain. The tribes dwelling about the shores of the lake had become thoroughly infected by the Arab spirit, and would lie or steal, or fight for the most trifling chance to fleece a traveller. The doctor had a bit of experience with them in crossing the Kalongosi river, which forms the northern boundary of Casembe's country; the people of the village on its bank were at first the impersonations of loyalty, and protested that they could not convey any of the party out of the country for fear of displeasing the chief; but their scruples yielded readily, when a fee was suggested, and from absolute refusal to carry him over, the patriots almost came to blows in competition for the doubtful service. The foreign influence which had been brought to bear on these unhappy people had not given them loftier thoughts; if they were not entirely absorbed, still in eating and drinking it was hardly better to be imitating only that meanest possible trait of a higher manhood which was displayed in the covetousness of the Arab traders.

Between the lake and the village of Muabo, which is distinguished by the strikingly euphonious name Kabwabwati, there was an extensive plain which the rains had flooded, and there was no avoiding it. The mud was generally ankle-deep, and for four long hours the sick and hungry man dragged along this dreadful path, whose horrors were varied only by the occasional accident of stepping into the deep track of the elephant. But when the Luao was reached the wading became more serious, and for a full quarter of a mile the water flowed quite waist-deep. This stream, like many of those of Africa, imparts wonderful fertility to its border lands by its regular overflows; but the people must accept the benefits they receive as the price of health and comfort. The inhabitants seemed exceedingly suspicious of the travellers, and often closed the gates of their stockades on their approach. On some accounts it may have seemed a providential thing that Livingstone had fallen into the company of Arab traders: it seemed to be a protection to him. But we can not suppress our regret that he could not have continued entirely separated from them that his life might have stood out before the people among whom he passed in unclouded contrast with that unprincipled class. It was hardly to be expected of the ignorant natives that they would distinguish nicely between the character of men travelling as companions, or be very much impressed with the professions of generosity and love of Dr. Livingstone, while by his side sat men who acknowledged no creed but self-interest, and were held in dread and detestation. It is a striking evidence of the singular capacity of Livingstone for his chosen work, that at so great a disadvantage he still succeeded in winning the confidence and friendship of so many of the rude residents of these distrustful villages. It was only by the most constant vigilance that he could do it. The slaves of Mohamad were continually stealing something from the patches by the way, which, though of trifling value, must be returned.

Kabwabwati was reached on the 16th of January, in the midst of the rainy season. The plain which he had already crossed was hardly a specimen of the condition of vast tracts of country between Kabwabwati and Ujiji at such a season, and he soon learned that an inevitable delay confronted him.

The town in which he had this gloomy prospect presented an unusually motley appearance, and cherished ills of darker shade than belong to a purely African village. Indeed, it was only where the native African had been corrupted by unprincipled agents of the outside world that Dr. Livingstone experienced much difficulty, except such as was inseparable from his manner of life and his purposes. This place was a principal depot in the Arab trade. One of old Mohamad's sons lived there, and his subjects made a great demonstration on the approach of the old man. Besides the Arabs, there were present in the town a number of Wanyamwezi, those "born traders of central Africa," who are described so ably by Mr. Stanley as the "Yankees of Africa," the invariable attendants of Arab expeditions. These, added to the natives of the town, made a population as unpromising as could be desired. The universal testimony was, however, that it was impossible to reach the Tanganyika during the rainy season. The low lands were all flooded and in many places would be found deeper than a man's head. If the doctor had only known this while at Casembe's he might have remained there, which would have been infinitely preferable if he must be delayed; but he had hastened from them, and turned his back on the Lake Bangweolo in his eagerness to reach Ujiji. And it was exceeding unpleasant to know that he had been deceived into this mistake by Mohamad. Those who are peculiarly sincere themselves are more easily the victims of insincerity. The most generous are often the readiest prey of the selfish. Much as Dr. Livingstone had travelled, and skilful as he may have been in analyzing human nature, his own actions always displayed the frank, almost childlike, beauty of simplicity and confidence. So far was he from meriting suspicion, he could suspect no one.

The old man who had welcomed him so cordially at Casembe's, and who professed great pleasure in the hope of having his company to Ujiji, who seemed to postpone his own departure in regard for the wishes of Livingstone, had really been a prisoner at large in the town many years, and had only seized the occasion presented by the coming of an Englishman to secure his release.

This his Arab shrewdness found means to accomplish. The chieftain had been brought somehow to associate his prisoner with the visitor, and to understand that his release would be a special favor to Livingstone. The deception which he had practised might have found some justification in the judgment of charity on the ground of his being so weary of his long imprisonment, even though it had occasioned such inconvenience and loss of time to his deliverer; but the unqualified depravity of his character was exhibited in the secret influence he exerted on the minds of the few followers of the man to whom he owed his liberty. The doctor was wholly unconscious of this until he had been nearly three months at Kabwabwati. He then determined to return southward to Casembe, and go on if possible to Lake Bemba before going to Ujiji. To his utter astonishment his men refused to go; even Susi and Chuma, as he afterward told Mr. Stanley, deserted him for a time. It then appeared that the Arab had been improving those months to sow discontent in the minds of these faithful men, that he might join them to himself.

Dr. Livingstone was very generous in his judgment on the conduct of his men. "They were tired," he said; two long years they had been following him about the land; they were not interested in the great problem which summoned all his energies; they knew nothing of the heavenly inspiration which moved him to sacrifice himself for the well-being of that heathen world: it was a beautiful generosity: it was like the man. But it strains our charity considerably to sign his moderate sentence upon Mohamad. Men are to be pitied for their wickedness, but the totalness of depravity cannot be its apology. It is not easily decided precisely where human judgment may become severe, but it may be questioned whether the highest good of the guilty himself is not sacrificed sometimes to the joy the Christian has in tenderness and charity. Nothing is more fascinating in human character than the capacity which God's Spirit gives to rise above resentment. We love to contemplate the marvellous grace of God; we can gaze upon it without comprehending it and be glad, but the majesty of his justice is there as well; in our weakness we cannot fully harmonize these attributes. The brow of justice seems harsh; we cannot comprehend its completeness now, and therefore we cannot realize its beauty; and because we cannot, we shrink from it. It may be that decided and severe condemnation of a transgressor is not so inconsistent with the proper Christian spirit as we sometimes think it is.

Whatever we decide about it, the mischievous Mohamads will go on making trouble for everybody in Africa, until the nobler influences of a truer civilization than that they so poorly represent, at second hand, have raised the victims of their unscrupulous cupidity above a price that they can offer, and they are compelled to retire before the growing brightness of a light they have not sought to kindle with their Koran, and could not if they would. They have extended their influence over vast extents of African territory, and have preserved everywhere their distinctive customs, dress and religion. The Koran is their oracle; out of its pages they draw all their decisions, from the most trivial to the gravest. But they have not seemed concerned to diffuse their religion among the natives of the country, and old Mohamad bin Saleh, who with all his villany was a devout Mohammedan and quite intelligent, assured Dr. Livingstone that no attempt had ever been made to proselytize the Africans. The Koran is never translated; the Arabs never feel themselves called on to propagate their doctrines: they are only traders. It is idle, therefore, for any traveller, even one so honorably associated with African exploration as Captain Burton, to intimate that they would be better missionaries for Africa than Christians, only because their Koran would not bring them in conflict with the prevailing polygamous custom of the country. The religion which accommodates itself to the prejudices of a people will not more easily obtain authority over them.

The absolute antagonism of Christianity for every unholy disposition of man, bringing it face to face with all his prejudices, has been a conspicuous element of its power. Such is human nature, that the most radical measures are the most effectual in their reformations; and the remarkable indifference of the African to the creed of the Arab Mohammedan, while he is always curious about Christianity, is an illustration, at hand, of the folly of the idea of modifying the requirements of the gospel to suit the particular conditions of particular communities, that the people may be brought gradually to the absolute excellence of the divine law. It is the very genius of the gospel that men be convicted of sin, by the dreadful contrast of themselves with God, while the marvellous purity of his law is flashed upon their depravity.

But whatever the possibilities might be, the indifference of the followers of Islam seals the utter worthlessness of Mohammedanism as an agency of civilization, even to say nothing of saving men. It is indispensable that the missionary have it in his heart to win men to his creed or his purposes. Christianity is more intensely concerned about that than the religions of the heathen, because the conviction of its absolute and universal importance to mankind is inseparable from it. Wherever there is a Christian he feels that every other man ought to be one, and, as between heaven and hell, seeks to have them so.

It is naturally supposed by many that the African is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of formula and ceremonies, but the experience of the Mohammedans, whose forms and ceremonies, displayed in indifference, have been unheeded, and the experience of the Roman Catholics, whose wonderful zeal has been insufficient to awaken an interest in their pageantry and their mummeries, contradict the supposition. Ignorant as they may be, Dr. Livingstone's experience was, that the Africans always wanted to know what they were about. It was the mistake of Mohammedan and Catholic that both carried a sealed book in their hand, and the power of Christianity was manifestly to a great extent in its open *Bible.* Wherever that wonderful book, or any part of it, is given them, or its teachings are read to them in their own language, the deepest interest is awakened. And even when their ungodly passions arise in rebellion against it, it is the theme of their conversation. God hasten the day when his word may be in the mother tongue of all those tribes, and his mighty power be seen in their holy living and felt in their peaceful hearts. Oh, how they need it!—oppressed with all superstitions, imprisoned in ignorance and despised by men!

Naturally enough, their superstition is always most active about the grave. Death is full of terrors to them. They have many foolish ideas about the connection of most trifling matters with the dreaded approach of the destroyer. How precious will be esteemed the truth, which sets them free from oppressive customs and kindles a fire on their hearthstones from which all hideous imaginations shall shrink abashed! And let Christians remember that they cannot delegate the redemption of Africa from its degradation to others; no human system is equal to the work, and no other creed can inspire its adherents for it. Dr. Livingstone felt this more and more as he penetrated its mysterious wilds farther and farther, and gained deeper insight into the character of the people there.

But the reader will be impatient of this delay at Kabwabwati, as the doctor himself was. Let him reflect that while we have detained him a few minutes with our reflections, the great traveller waited long months in that heathen town, with no other diversion than could be found in the dull monotony of providing for daily food, and cherishing, with sick heart, the deferred hope of reaching Ujiji and *letters* sometime or other.

Mohamad resisted with innumerable arguments his proposition to go south; and not satisfied with encouraging his own men to desert him, detained some of Casembe's men who had come on business to the town. Thus annoyed and outraged by one professing friendship, deprived of his followers, another man might have surrendered his purpose. Livingstone was not the man to be forced into measures so easily, and accordingly he set off with five of his attendants, who were finally moved to repent of their disloyalty.

With great difficulty he retraced his steps toward Casembe's. The rivers were all in flood, and every day saw the little party every now and then almost waist-deep in water, beneath which black tenacious mud seemed to grasp their feet at every step with malicious eagerness. Sometimes the flood swept about them chest-deep, and all articles were of necessity carried on the head; and to add to the discomforts of their march, the broad belts of tangled tropical vegetation, which flanked most of the streams, often entangled them. We can readily believe that such a journey could only be performed willingly under the inspiration of the loftiest consecration. The mere novelty of the scenes could not compensate for such sufferings as were endured. A man for that might say truly, "When I see Bemba I will see only water; and I will not ford a flood to find a fountain."

At length the journey was accomplished, and the sorrows of the way, when they were past, were not so dreadful, and pleasant memories of little oddities and kindnesses of the people were brighter in the retrospect. One time he had been separated from his party and thoroughly bewildered in the tall tangled grass; but though he could not find the old friends he found new ones at the neat little village of a woman named Nyinakasanga (or Mother Kasanga), who was kind as she should be with such a name, and made the stranger welcome until his party found him. Another time a generous matron spread for him a generous banquet, and her dignified husband, when he knew what his spouse had done, signified his approval of her act by saying to the stranger in the heartiest manner, "That is your village: always go that way and eat my provisions."

Once he was sitting by the path, when some wood-cutters came along; noticing that they turned out of it, he signaled them not to be at that inconvenience, but they insisted, as it would be very impolite in them to allow their shadows to fall on the stranger.

While on the way he made a notable discovery which some may consider important. It had, he declares, never occurred to him that there could ever be any possibility of turning the fashionable hole through the cartilage of the nose to any account better than that of holding some ornament, and it may be safely assumed that no lady in the land who has supported an analogous fashion since she was a child would ever dream that the rude African would be first to find out that this perforation might be utilized as a needle-holder; but so it is. Upon the registered observation of a distinguished traveller, we say it, and we hope it may be considered generous in us, to congratulate our few advocates of ear-boring, that they may at least have the glory of seizing on a valuable suggestion, though it may seem *far-fetched.* But more than all, as he looked back on the dreary journey, there had been many ills endured; but he remembered that there lay everywhere concealed in those forests creatures of ferocious passions, and swimming in those rivers were monstrous enemies of man. God had not only inclined the hearts of rude men kindly toward him, but kept him from wild beasts. This deliverance was more notable because the floods having forced these monsters from their jungles, they were more numerous and ravenous than usual on the higher land. Many villages had been broken up by them. There were a great many leopards infesting some of the districts which he had crossed. These cruel blood-thirsty animals lurk about the paths, hidden by the tall waving grass, and spring on unsuspecting men, and many a victim never returns to tell the story of his encounter. Farther south, in Caffre Land, leopard hunting ranks high in the list of wild and perilous delights. A body of men take a position near some opening in the forest, where the undergrowth is small or scarce; others with packs of dogs begin the hunt at a distance, and approach through the forest, very much after our western plan of driving for deer. The tremendous baying of dogs and yelling of men is the first intimation the waiting horsemen have that a leopard has been found; riders and horses are equally impatient as the baying and yelling draw nearer and nearer. And when the bounding object of their quest enters the glade, away they fly in swift pursuit; the dismayed animal finding new foes, strains every muscle, his splendid robe glistening in the sunshine, and his eyes flashing like fire, while the well-trained steeds, rejoicing in the chase, bear their shouting riders in advance of the baying pack. And it is an odd chance the leopard has of life, if a practised Caffre lifts his spear. But there is not much time for review in a busy life, and Dr. Livingstone had already lost so much time that he was more eager than ever to press forward with his work.

Casembe received him very graciously, very much to the chagrin of a certain cropped-eared babbler, who had exerted all his abilities, with the persistency of an attorney, to make a "case" out of the "English coming a second time."

The chief received his plans for visiting Lake Bemba very kindly, and offered no objections; but he could not understand any more than his subjects why on earth the Englishman should go so far only to see water, when there was enough so much nearer. But as far as he was able, he seemed willing to further the desires of his visitor. With all his cruelty he had a vein of manly generosity in him, and improved greatly on acquaintance. True, he could not rise above the superstition which he obeyed in taking a man's head off of whom he might dream several times, and he was unscrupulous about the execution of witches; but there were other decisions of his which indicated that, outside of the influence of his superstitions, he could apply sound reasoning in dispensing justice.

We will not weary the reader with the recital of the trifling incidents of camping and village receptions, which were only such as his own imagination may now suggest. Dr. Livingstone left Casembe's on the 11th of June, after having suffered another delay of more than a month by the dilatoriness of that worthy gentleman. Marching almost due south a little more than a month, he was rewarded at length, on the 18th of July, 1868, by the discovery of one of the largest lakes of central Africa. He had not travelled much more than one hundred miles from Casembe, no more than an average of three miles a day; and besides the tediousness of the journey, had endured many hardships and faced many dangers; but as it had been so many times before, the joy of realizing his hope made him forget the weariness and the perils he had endured. Over a large part of the country he had found scattered villages of Wanyamwezi, who, acknowledging the authority of the sultan at Zanzibar, were very respectful and helpful. They have settled in the country only as traders, and though they frequently render great service by beating back the Mazitu, who find such easy prey in the aborigines, they are viewed with jealous eye by both the Balonda and the Baitawa. These tribes look with fear and envy on their growing power, and not unfrequently these foreign settlers are obliged to turn their weapons on them in self-defence. One of the pleasantest of the Wanyamwezi head men was Kombo Kombo, whose stockade was on the bank of the Chiberase river. The doctor came there in the midst of a general jollification, and was most bountifully supplied with pombe and food, and when he expressed his regret that his goods were all gone and he had nothing to pay with, his generous host assured him that he expected nothing, he was "a child of the sultan and ought to furnish all the doctor needed."

Copper and the iron ore so often mentioned were seen at different places; and the doctor speaks of crossing grassy plains and ranges of splendid hills; there were neat little gardens frequently seen, surrounded by high hedges, and one day his attention was drawn to a solitary forest-grave, a little rounded mound, strewn over with flowers, and a number of large blue beads; and there was a path which showed there were those who loved the spot. How naturally his thoughts flew away across the broad wilderness, and rivers, and valleys, to the grave under the great baobab tree, where he had laid the body of his own "Mary." And it was not strange either, that he thought of his own death, and it was like him to say, just what he did say: "This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow-room: but I have nothing to do but wait till He, who is over all, decides where I have to lay me down and die." There were some scenes of this journey which had stamped themselves on his memory among the things never to be forgotten, ever burning memories which every day impelled him to greater exertion and more earnest prayers in behalf of Africa. Never had he been more affected by the horrors of the slave-trade. In one party he says:

"Six men slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea 'of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them.' Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words 'to haunt and kill by spirit power;' then it was, 'Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you.' Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressor there was a power; there be higher than they."

It is indeed, as Mr. Waller says, "extraordinary to notice the total absence of all pride and enthusiasm" with which Dr. Livingstone records the discovery of the great lake, for a sight of which he had travelled so far and endured so much. He simply writes: "On the 18th I walked a little way out (from the village of Mapuni) and saw the shores of the lake for the first time; thankful that I had come safely hither."

He found the people about the lake very kind, and although he was forced to tell them that his goods were all done, they did not hesitate to supply his wants. The chief, Mapuni, showed him all the respect he could have shown had he been loaded with presents, and readily furnished a guide for exploring the lake. A great many Babisa were found residing about the lake, having made their homes among the native tribes.

On the 19th the doctor came to the village of Masantu, who lives on the shore of the lake, and having secured a canoe, with no little trouble, however, he was enabled to visit several of the islands. The water of the lake was of a deep sea-green color, nowhere exhibiting the dark blue of Nyassa. It was much to be regretted that he could make no measurements of its depth, but he had been compelled to leave his line where one of his men forsook him just after leaving Kabwabwati. The waves on the lake ran high, and when strong winds are blowing it would be quite hazardous to venture on its surface with a canoe. It was ascertained to receive the waters of the Chambeze on the east, and find its outlet through the Luapula into Moero. By the best estimates which he could make, the doctor decided that Bangweolo must be about one hundred and fifty miles long by about eighty miles broad. The country immediately around the lake he reports to be "flat, and very much denuded of trees except the motsikiri or mosikisi, which has fine dark, dense foliage, and is spared for its shade, and the fatty oil yielded by its seeds." Many people were seen boiling great pots of this oil, which is greatly valued by them. There was not much of novelty in the home scenes about the lake: "fishing, weaving nets, beating bark for cloth, nursing babies, and smoking tobacco, is all the story."

Having spent already more time than he had given himself at the lake, he started north again on the 30th. He was particularly anxious to rejoin Mohamad Bogharib, with whose trading party he had come down from Casembe's, in the hope that the movements of that party might furnish him an escort north again. But when he reached the village of Kombo Kombo he found serious difficulties surrounding him, and the

Arabs themselves greatly perplexed. The whole country was in confusion. Casembe and Chikumbi had joined their forces against the Arabs, and the Wanyamwezi, whom they classed as Arabs; and these foreigners were arranging to quit the country. It was clear that in this disturbed state of affairs so small a party as Dr. Livingstone's could not hope to pass through the country, and he could only wait until all went. While they were waiting, Bin Omar, a Suaheli, came from the Chambeze, and the two traders united their forces and began their retreat northward, in company with about four hundred Wanyamwezi. And with this party Dr. Livingstone's destiny was cast for the time, and with them he reached Kabwabwati on 22d October. He had spent many years in Africa, but never had endured in six months so many annoyances, or faced so many dangers. In compensation for these perils and troubles he had succeeded in forming the connecting link between his central and more southern travels by mingling again with the subjects of Matiamvo, whom we remember as the paramount chief of the Balonda, and he had satisfied himself about the continuity of the chain of waters from the Losanzwe range, which forms the watershed south of Lake Tanganyika, extending southwestward, first, with the Chambeze into Lake Bangweolo, thence northward in the Luapula (which he named Webb's river for his old friend in England), on into the Lake Moero, and away northward in the Lualofu again; thus fixing, as he fondly believed, the sources from which he would ultimately be able to descend into the great mysterious Nile, victorious over all its windings. We cannot imagine, therefore, that he regretted the journey, even at so great a cost of time and comfort and absolute vitality. But his trials were not ended at Kabwabwati. The men, with whom the gradual loss of his own followers and the expenditure of all his goods had finally left him an involuntary associate, were far from being such specimens of humanity as he would have selected. They were *specimen* Arab traders, investing their cloth and beads in ivory and slaves. Trading when they could, seizing what they dared, and fighting when they must. Dreadfully religious, but seeming to find nothing in their creed but covetousness, and making their confessions only at the bar of self-interest. Life with them was giving the great champion of Africa's oppressed millions an insight into the trade which he so despised, which he could never have had without that dreadful experience; and if the kindness which he received personally at the hands of some of those engaged in it moved him to gentler judgment of the men, the horrors of their traffic, revealed every day more clearly, only intensified his abhorrence of it, and aroused him to more unrelenting denunciations of everything which encouraged it. He saw it in its degrading influence on the minds of its victims; he saw it encouraging the most unnatural cruelties where tenderness and love should have been implanted; he saw it confirming the most oppressive superstitions and the most barbarous customs; he saw it cultivating the meanest selfishness, and filling the minds of the people with suspicions; he saw it fomenting dissensions and creating wars; he saw it, not content with the restrictions of its own mock legitimacy, rising at times with unpardonable barbarity and desolating whole districts under color of some pretended loss. Most gladly would he have gone on, and escaped the dreadful spectacle which sickened his soul continually, but he must inevitably have fallen a victim to the justly incensed tribes who assembled from all quarters to avenge themselves on the traders.

He found himself in the midst of a regular war, without being in the least responsible for it, and being utterly unable to exert any influence for peace; the people had received so many provocations, and endured so many wrongs, even according to the low standards of justice which the traders themselves had set up, that the Arabs and all their dependents were thoroughly hated, and some recent barbarities of the parties sent out by Mohamad Bogharib had been the fatal spark which set the whole country ablaze. The doctor describes some of the scenes of this war quite vividly:

"On the 23d of November," he says, "we were assailed by a crowd of Imbozhwa on three sides; we had no stockade, but the men built one as fast as the enemy allowed, cutting down trees, and carrying them to the line of defence, while others kept the assailants at bay with their guns. Had it not been for the crowd of Wanyamwezi we had, who shot vigorously with their arrows, and occasionally chased the Imbozhwa, we should have been routed.'

He himself did not go near the fighting, but remained in his house. Among the strangest features of the scene was the part taken by the women. "They could be seen," continues the doctor, "everywhere moving up and down the village with sieves as if winnowing; and singing songs, and lullilooing to encourage their husbands and friends who were fighting. Each had in her hand a branch of Ficus indica, which they waved constantly as a charm. Though the Imbozhwa continued this assault from early morning until 1 P. M. they only killed two men with their arrows, and themselves lost ten."

But the witness could not withhold his praises for their bravery, and mentions with special admiration the care with which they looked after their fallen comrades. When one fell, two or three would immediately seize him and carry him away from the field, though pursued by great crowds of the Wanyamwezi with spears and fired at by the Suaheli. "Victoria-cross fellows, truly, many of them were!" exclaims the enthusiastic Englishman. The most gallant of them wore bunches of the tails of animals and medicine charms tied to their waists. They would come sidling and ambling up near the unfinished stockade and shoot their arrows high up in the air to fall among the Wanyamwezi, then picking up such arrows as they saw on the field run off and return with the same prancing gait. They seemed to think that this peculiar gait saved them from the balls, and the air of confidence with which they lowered their heads when they heard the whizzing to allow the balls to pass was a picture for an artist.

It was quite evident to Livingstone that the Suaheli Arabs were quite taken aback by the attitude of the natives; they expected them to flee as soon as they heard a gun fired in anger, but instead of this they were very nearly being cut off, and should have been but for our Wanyamwezi allies. It was admitted to be very fortunate that the attacking party had no success in trying to get Mpweto and Karembwe to join them, or it would have been more serious still.

Early on the 24th the assailants approached again, and called on Mohamad to come out of his stockade if he were a man who could fight, but the fence was finished, and no one seemed willing to obey the taunting call. The doctor was glad that he had nothing to do with it, but felt very thankful that he had been detained, and had not, with his few attendants, fallen into the hands of the justly infuriated Babemba. The attack was renewed, and some went out to them, fighting till noon: when a man was killed and not carried off, the Wanyamwezi brought his head and put it on a pole on the stockade—six heads were thus placed. A fine young man was caught and brought in by the Wanyamwezi: one stabbed him behind, another cut his forehead with an axe. Livingstone called in vain to them not to kill him. As a last appeal, the poor fellow cried piteously to the crowd surrounding him, "Don't kill me! and I will take you to where the women are." "You lie," said his enemies, "you intend to take us where we may be shot by your friends," and they killed him. The doctor protested loudly against the cruelty and wickedness of the act, but his voice was powerless against the rage of the Wanyamwezi.

He felt that the war lay at the door of Mohamad Bogharib, and he did not hesitate to tell him that he considered him entirely in fault, and did all he could to move him to conciliatory measures. But an Arab trader only makes admission of wrong when it cannot be possibly avoided, and particularly is it difficult to persuade one to such measures as call for the relinquishing aught of their gains. Dreadful as were the open hostilities which he was compelled to witness, there were things occurring every day—in the natural every-day life of the strange company, ordinary occurrences in the trader's camp—which harrowed his soul more severely than the violence of war, that he could think of as extraordinary while the others were the common inevitable horrors of the inhuman business.

But "at last he made a start for Ujiji with the Arabs on the 11th of December—Mohamad and his friends, a gang of Wanyamwezi, and long lines of slaves bound together by their heavy *yokes*. Some were burdened with ivory, others with copper and food for the journey, while hope and fear and misery and villany could be read off on the various countenances as they passed in a long line out of the country, like a huge serpent dragging its accursed folds away from the victim it has paralyzed with its fangs."

It required only a short march to bring them to the Lokinda, which was crossed on the 12th, though Chisabi, who was in authority east of the Lokinda, had not joined the rest of the Babemba in their war on the Arabs. It seemed unsafe for the doctor to go on alone, and he endured the delays and mortifications of this strange company as patiently as possible. Every day brought its fresh grievances to the traders in the escape of their slaves. The prettier women were peculiarly successful in making their escape. They knew well how to move the hearts of their masters by their charms, and no sooner was the yoke lifted in answer to their entreaties and promises, than they bounded away like frightened roes through the tall grass and were lost to view.

Christmas came again, and still he had not seen Ujiji or letters from the far away friends who had been so long mourning him as dead. He slaughtered a favorite goat to make a Christmas dinner for his little party, which had now resumed its old appearance by the repentance of all the men who had been tempted from their duty by the old prisoner of Casembe. A few days more and he was spending the last day of 1868 on the bank of the Lofuko, close by the great Lake Tanganyika, surrounded by lovely scenery and filled with gratitude for the deliverances of the year, and the important discoveries which he had been allowed to make.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UJIJI.

Severe Illness—Thoughts and Memories—Some Good in All—Mohamad Bogharib's Kindness—Dr. Livingstone too Ill to Walk—Sufferings in being Carried—Arrival at Ujiji—Hardships Endured—Disappointment—Goods Stolen—Ujiji—Products of the District—Market-Place—Wajiji's Salutations—Head Ornamentation—Formal Introductions—Tattooing—A Representative Wajiji—Ornaments—Superstition—Superstitious Customs—Refusal to Carry Letters—A Den of Thieves—Thani bin Suellim—Manyuema Country—Religiously Villanous?—Bambarre—Expert Hunters—The Great Chief—The Covenant of Peace—How Arabs keep Covenants—Mockery of Superstition—"Liliputian Monsters"—A Pygmean Battle—Amazed at Guns—An Elephant Hunt—Unsatisfactory.

THE catalogue of sufferings in 1868 was finished by a dreadful wetting in the last day, and 1869 found Dr. Livingstone very ill, and facing the Lofuko, thirty yards wide and waist-deep. The experience of delays was too fresh in his mind to allow him to run the risk of seeing this stream rise suddenly out of its banks and spread across the plains, an impassable barrier in his way to Tanganyika, and he resolved to cross immediately. Across the river his strength failed more rapidly; the additional exposure only abetted the disease which had seized him, and he soon sank down with pneumonia. The fever raged, and his mind, no longer clear and free, became the scene of confused thoughts and memories, flitting and flowing vividly and rapidly. The trees about him seemed to be covered with human faces; sometimes the far away land surrounded him with familiar scenes; his old friends came about him and his children, and the sad, sweet, prophetic lines were on his lips:

"I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say;
And be often very near you,
When you think I'm far away."

Another time he seemed to see a grave, and he thought himself dead without having reached Ujiji, without having seen the long wished-for letters from his dear native land. His sufferings during this illness were very great, and probably left him an easier prey for the final sickness. God mercifully moved the heart of Mohamad Bogharib to special kindness. In the most vicious there are traces of the purity which reigned in man before the fall had darkened and defiled the glorious empire; hints of former virtue that relieve the deepening degeneracy of the soul, and contest the supremacy of evil, like the glimmer, which lingers in the gathering darkness when the sun is far away and his pencilings are so light that we do not call them rays, relieves the night and contests the supremacy of gloom. It is the redemption of our experience among men from the shadow of their deformities, that it is veined, however faintly, with kindnesses and loves. And it should awaken emotions of gratitude, that God allows in the hearts of men some remnants of the light and goodness which they have forfeited, to mitigate the sorrows of their depravity. It is very pleasing to think of the tenderness and kindness which Livingstone received at the hand of a man, about whose heart scenes of unrivalled cruelty had been moulding an adamantine casing during so many years. Mohamad Bogharib was a specimen Arab trader. He was thoroughly bent on gain; he was overbearing and cruel. The doctor had seen much in him to condemn, very little to admire; but he had himself been shown very marked and persevering kindness by him. During more than a year he had furnished and cooked his food. Though involved in wars, he had never once forgotten the wants of his destitute fellow-traveller; and had been most assiduous in his attentions. And now, when at last he was prostrated, he had him borne forward by his followers. It was the first time in his life that Dr. Livingstone had needed to be carried on his journey, and he did not hesitate to record the kindness of Mohamad and his gratitude. But though all care was used to secure his comfort, the doctor describes this journey, on to the lake, as one of great suffering. In his extreme illness, to be carried at all must have been painful; but to be carried across a broken country, lying in a sort of cot resting on the shoulders of four men, whose feet were wounded constantly by sharp thorns and bruised by the rough ground, up hill and down, jolted from side to side, under a vertical sun, which blistered his skin wherever it became exposed, with only a bunch of leaves to shelter his aching head and his face from the powerful rays, was indescribably painful. And all this time with only such medical attention as Mohamad could render, and no food except a little gruel. Thus battling with a dreadful disease, sometimes for days so extremely ill that he could not be moved, then rallying and relapsing, it was full six weeks before he reached the Tanganyika at the confluence of the Lofuko. There he obtained canoes, and after two weeks sailing, landed at Ujiji on the 14th of March, 1869. He had been poorly able to note the incidents of the journey; much of the time he had been hardly conscious; his whole anxiety had been to reach Ujiji, where, besides his letters, he expected to find a fresh supply of medicines, and such other of the essentials to the comfort of an Englishman as he stood most in need of.

We can hardly imagine a more dispiriting condition than that in which this great man arrived at Ujiji. Three years and a half before, he had left Zanzibar, well provided with attendants and stores; the attendants had melted away until only a little handful of men followed him. His goods had been wasted and stolen. He had been subjected to indescribable perplexities and sorrows in regions swarming with slave-traders, and at the hands of people who had learned only extortion and deception from the Arabs. He had found his way hedged by the bitterness which Arab provocations had engendered in the native mind against all foreigners. He had been unavoidably associated with a class of men whose lives were most repulsive to him, and had been sickened at heart by the barbarities of the unholiest wars. Through it all, he had suffered for food and endured constant exposure, traversing on foot broad plains, climbing rugged mountains, fording broad rivers and inundated swamps; his clothes and shoes were tattered; disease had come on him and found him without a single remedy, with only his overtaxed energies and impaired constitution to match against it, and the odds of continued exposure and necessary exertion. He was in the extremity of emaciation and destitution. We have followed him along the western wilds and seen him fall prostrated on the bed of the generous Englishman of Loanda; we have seen him battling with the embarrassments of the Portuguese communities along the Zambesi and the Shire. But even his life, so full of trial and suffering, had received a deeper shade during these years. And Ujiji had not half the consolations to offer him that he had dreamed of. It disappointed him; it had neither letters nor medicine for him. The unfaithful agents to whose care his goods had been committed had performed his service with the true spirit of his class, had plundered the packages and left a remnant to their owner. The medicines, wine and cheese had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days travel east of Ujiji, and the way blocked up by a Mazitu war. A few articles, however—coffee, tea, a little sugar, and some good flannel underclothing—contributed very much to his comfort. Of eighty pieces of cloth, sixty-two pieces had been stolen, each measuring twenty-four yards, and similar freedom with his beads had been indulged in.

The prominence which Ujiji has assumed in connection with Dr. Livingstone's later years will justify us in more extensive inquiries about it.

The name Ujiji, like many of the names which we are in danger of limiting improperly to a single village, when reading books of African travel, distinguishes a district bordering on the great Lake Tanganyika. A "district of surpassing beauty and fertility," according to Stanley. "The most productive province in this section of the country," according to Burton; where vegetables which must be cultivated elsewhere seemed to flourish spontaneously. The earlier Arab settlers planted rice along the shores of the lake and had abundant harvests. Sorghum, manioc, ground-nuts, beans, egg-plant, sweet potatoes, yams, cucumbers, and artichokes, are all in the list of creature comforts which are to be found in Ujiji. Sugar canes, tobacco and cotton are conspicuous articles of merchandise. The plantain and Guinea palm flourish like aborigines in the fertile soil and the humid atmosphere of the district; and all the trees and vines of the forests exhibit wonderful luxuriance. The forests are thronging with wild beasts; and the villanous monkeys find special delight in most informal raids on the gardens of their more serious neighbors. Locusts abound in great numbers and their flight resembles a dark storm cloud.

The human inhabitants who assert the claim of their nativity in this splendid district, the Wajiji, are the peers of any tribe in the land in those customs and characteristics which belong to Africa. But thirty-five years ago Arab traders, who had already established markets at Unyanyembe, penetrated their country and were eager to appropriate the advantages which were so apparent to be realized by establishing a market on the shores of the beautiful inland sea; and from that time their country had become more and more a common ground for all the surrounding tribes, tempted by the clothes and beads of the Arabs. And the great market-place of their chief town is a grand centre for many thousand square miles. The traveller may see there "the agricultural and pastoral Wajiji themselves, with their store of grain, their flocks and herds; salt merchants from Uvinza; ivory merchants from Uvira and Usowa; canoe makers from Ugomo and Uvundi; and peddlers from Zanzibar; the representatives of a dozen different tribes engaged in noisy chaffer and barter." The streets of this strange town invite him to an exhibition of as various customs and tempers, and the huts cover scenes in home life that represent an area of many, many miles. The salutations of a people are among the more conspicuous formalities, and the Wajiji are not behind the foremost in fastidious observance of the formalities of their society. It is a question whether a fashionable lady of our country would survive the sight, if she should unexpectedly behold a Ujiji belle making her bow to a gentleman on the street. It is a liberal bow, an ardent, enthusiastic recognition; there is no mistaking it, no danger that the gallant will pass by anxiously querying whether his lady noticed him. We are at a loss to describe this bow. Imagine yourself a young Wajiji gentleman, arrayed in your best robe of bark cloth, or your best lion skin, loitering down the avenues of that tropical city, a tall black Venus approaching you in the distance; as she draws nearer, you gaze with delight on the shining blackness, and wonder that such grace is allowed to mortals. If you are a fortune hunter your eye catches with covetous eagerness the splendid bands of brass which she displays as carelessly as ever a fairer lady displayed her dainty hand with bejewelled fingers, and her exquisite arm with glittering bracelet. If only beauty charms you, you will dwell on the wonderful chiselling of the lady's features, that splendid nose, so broadly and strongly planted, the generous lips, and the cheeks adorned with wonderful designs, wrought in the black waxy surface with the sharp point of a knife. But, whoever you are, and however you are affected by the lady's presence, when you have well confronted her it will be almost killing, to behold that personification of African decorum suddenly pause, and, bending forward, place her hand upon her feet, or, if a more familiar friend, to have the punctilious lady turn suddenly a broadside upon you, and clapping her hands furiously, break forth with the sonorous salutation, "Wake, wake, waky, waky; huh, huh," and if you should be a real Wajiji man you would reply by clapping your hands in turn, and catching up the lady's words, you would repeat them with answering earnestness. But we are not to imagine that the customs of this society provide for such impertinent recognitions as are inflicted on people sometimes in nearer climes. Wajiji gentlemen would as soon think of abandoning their splendid valley as surrendering the tedious ceremony of introduction, which is on this wise: a mutual acquaintance, with profound respect, introduces one gentleman to another; the two advance with inimitable gravity, and grasping each other by the elbows, begin to rub each other's arms vigorously, all the while repeating those familiar words "Wake, wake, waky, waky," never failing to punctuate their sentences with the significant grunts, "huh, huh," in token of the absolute satisfaction they have in the privilege of knowing each other.

We are fully mindful that the elaborate disposition of nature's cranial covering is not confined to Africa, but we have found it a matter of quite as much importance there as here, and one involving marvels of design and workmanship, before which reams of twisted "papers" and tons of curling irons might well despair. In Wajiji, now and then, there may be seen a pate bare as an egg-shell—it is only fashion though; more frequently the hair is left in "diagonal and horizontal lines or in combs, ridges, tufts, stripes, with dainty frontal curls like beau-catchers; sometimes there are left only narrow bands across the front; sometimes the lightest and most fantastic lines of wool are to be seen wrapping the crown, and if not dazzling, at least confounding the unaccustomed gaze.

With such an elaborate crown it is natural to expect marvellous attendant charms. Most eccentric fancies will be surprised by the designs described about the bodies, arms, and legs. Tattooing is in perfection among the Wajiji, as among most of the tribes in the lake region; and though the operation must be painful indeed, it is precisely what the people would part with last of all. How frequently do we find human beings clinging most fondly to the most unreasonable customs at the sacrifice of true comfort! There is not any conceivable tyranny so unrelenting and severe as that of fashion. "You will find on a representative person of the Wajiji an unconscionable mystery of wheels and lines. About each breast there is a wheel, and one encircling the navel; wavy lines are tattoed on the arms, and the immovable bracelets about the wrist; wavy lines extend across the chest, and longer lines, with perplexing meanderings, extend from shoulders to hips, crossing on the abdomen; while all over that rotundity there are most unmeaning blotches. It is wonderful how crazy vanity may become; it is almost as profligate of its ingenuity in Africa as in America. But the Wajiji are not satisfied with the inseparable decorations of their tattooing; their vanity knows no restraint except poverty. How natural that is! we can hardly realize that so familiar a speech applies so far from home, but it does: we cannot deny it. Sometimes "a top of the fashion" lady may be seen with thirty or forty necklaces of beads about her sable neck, and numerous bracelets of beads, and belts of beads twined about the waist, and depending in back and front from the neck; besides the beads, charms innumerable, of ivory, hippopotamus teeth, and boar's tusks. And well these fine ladies understand the art of arranging the dyed robes of sheepskin so as to conceal as little as possible the mysteries of their toilets. These people are skilful manufacturers of cotton cloth, and are better supplied with that commodity, of which only a small quantity suffices in completing the most satisfactory "make up" of man or woman; for what is the use of making one's self so pretty if he covers all the beauty with cloth?

The superstition of the Wajiji and the neighboring tribes is perhaps more decided than in many of the tribes which have become known to us. In one of their villages Mr. Stanley saw an idol, the tutelar deity; it was the image of a human head and shoulders, carved in wood, painted, the face white, and staring black eyes. Before this image he noticed men and women as they past bowing profoundly, as the Catholics do when they pass the image of the Virgin. Innumerable customs of respect and precaution grow out of their superstitions which are seen cropping out daily. But we may detain the reader too long with the natives, who are really little more conspicuous than the people of many other tribes, in the village Ujiji, as Dr. Livingstone found it.

Among the foreigners, the doctor was more immediately associated with the Arabs, and their agents. They were the resident representatives of the outside world. The more prominent of them seemed kind, after their ideas of kindness; but either by their dishonesty or their unpardonably bad management he suffered distressing inconveniences and losses, and in the one matter of most vital importance they failed him entirely. For long years he had been as dead to his friends; the world had mourned his loss, only the more sanguine of the people cherishing the hope of yet hearing of him as alive. And now that he was at a point in regular intercourse with the coast his heart bounded with delight in the hope of sending letters away which would inform his friends and family of his existence, his successes and his hopes. For days and weeks he labored over these precious pages, but to his great sorrow he found that the Arabs refused to send them, fearing, as he guessed, that he might complain in them to the Zanzibar authorities of their conduct among the tribes west of the lake; and when at last he committed them to unwilling hands it turned out that he might as well have consigned them to the flames; for the word of such men is nothing when they think their gains are involved: those letters never saw the light. After months of experience among them Dr. Livingstone was constrained to pronounce Ujiji a den of the worst slave-traders, compared with whom those he had been with in Urungu and Itawa were gentlemen. They were the rivals of the Portuguese in cruelty and meanness. "Their business," he says, "was not a trade but a system of consecutive murders; they go to plunder and kidnap, every trading trip is a foray." They were continually concocting some villanous invasion of the tribes unprovided with guns.

Prominent among the representatives of this nefarious class was the very man of all on whom he had been instructed to depend, viz., Thani bin Suellim. This man had been a slave, and had from that degradation risen to freedom and influence; his countenance told unmistakably the meanness of his spirit; he had a "disagreeable squint of the right eye, protruding teeth, averted lips, and the light mixed-breed color; he was a type of the vicious African." The doctor had anxiously awaited his coming from Unyanyembe, whence he arrived on the 20th of May, bringing with him two light boxes, for which he demanded fourteen fathoms of cloth, although the carriage had been prepaid at Zanzibar; and not satisfied with this extortion and additional presents, succeeded in stealing more, and in a short time sent a demand for coffee: when this was declined he found a bitter revenge in sending round a warning to all the Ujijians against their carrying letters for the traveller to the coast.

Livingstone felt very anxious, as his strength returned, to explore the lake thoroughly, particularly was he eager to trace its northward course and examine the reported outlet in that direction; but his supplies were so reduced by the plundering of those who had been their custodians, and it was so manifest that the Arabs and their associates at Ujiji were bent on fleecing him entirely, that he was compelled to give up the undertaking for the time. But, in the face of all the disappointments and vexations and more serious discouragements, his purpose remained firm: he would not relinquish his work. And early in July we find him with his back upon Ujiji, and his face to the northwest, bound for the Manyuema country.

The Manyuema had been exempt from the forays of the Arabs, and he had reason to hope that they would be found friendly. A great chief was reported as living far away there on a great river, and it was exhilarating to think of reaching a people uncontaminated by the evil influences which had preceded him so generally, in all the regions through which he had been travelling. There lay before him a vast region which had never been penetrated even by the trader, a region, as we shall find, inhabited by a people whose customs had never been modified by foreign influences, a people as unlike the tribes nearer the coast as their country was wilder and stranger than those sections where the emissaries of a semi-civilization had recorded their presence. But it was inexpedient for even so bold a man to set out on such a journey attended only by the five or six young men who remained to him of his old escort; and reluctant as he was to depend on such an agency, he was obliged to embrace the opportunity which arose of continuing his labors under the protection of Mohamad Bogharib, who had arranged to make his first journey into the country within a short time.

Securing canoes at Ujiji, he went along the eastern side of the lake to the mouth of Kabogo river, just under the shadow of the lofty mountain which lends its name to the stream. From this point he was pulled across the lake and joined Mohamad on Kasenge islet. Kasanga, the chief of this island, had gone to fight the Goma. After a few days delay, during which a relative of Kasanga was engaged to act as guide, and various arrangements perfected, the whole party embarked from Kasenge and slept that night, the 2d of August, on the mainland in a copse of hooked thorn. Though his health was much improved, the doctor was still very weak, and even the short march of three and a half miles along the lake the next day fatigued him greatly.

The Arabs had begun their journey in all solemnity; it is marvellous how religiously a villanous work may be prosecuted. Mohamad had killed a lamb in sacrifice to Hadrajee, and said his prayers most devoutly, and they were fully under way. Marching away from Tanganyika, they crossed first the Loyumba, a river flowing into the lake, then across several of its tributaries, on across a hilly region, between ranges of mountains, to the Lobumba, which under a succession of names flows with tortuous course into the Lualaba, far off in the northwest, beyond Bambarre. The special localities could not be fixed exactly, because of the unaccountable superabundance of names. Countless small rivers crossed their path as they advanced. The whole of August and twenty days of September were occupied in reaching Bambarre, which until then had been the limit of even the Arab travels. They had crossed many beautiful valleys and splendid forests of majestic trees, and had seen such specimens of cassava as they had hardly dreamed of before, and penetrated quite into the heart of a country until very recently associated in the minds of traders with all that is dreadful and perilous.

The forests had supplied abundance of meat all the way, and Mohamad generously divided, as of old, with his companion. The warlike natives all along betrayed by their curiosity their ignorance of such strangers as they saw traversing their fields and valleys. The paths along which they walked had the appearance of having been used for ages, and many of the gigantic trees rivalled in magnitude those monsters of the west which the doctor had declared, years before, that he would put against a dozen floods. The Arabs had shown themselves expert hunters, and over and over they provided for the doctor the choicest parts of the lordly elephants which seemed waiting on every side the hunter's aim. It is hardly possible for one inexperienced in African travel to realize the wildness and the hardship, the charm and weariness of such a journey. From the 3d of August to the 21st of September they had travelled only about one hundred and forty miles. But the doctor's strength had increased as he advanced, and he found himself much more vigorous when he arrived at Bambarre than he had been for a long time.

They were now quite in the heart of Manyuema, among a people farther removed from civilization than any he had visited, compared with whom indeed all the tribes which he had visited formerly might be called civilized—thorough savages, on whom not one ray or remote reflection of Christianity had ever fallen —a people of whom strange stories had been told, whose name inspired the more ignorant invaders with terror.

The great chief, Moenekuss, whom they had expected to find at Bambarre, had been called away by the messenger who accepts no denial, and his two sons were found in his place. These men were named Moenembagg and Moenemgoi; they exercised a joint authority. The elder was the wiser and the chief spokesman in important matters, but Moeyemgoi seemed to be the chief centre of authority. The power which had distinguished Moenekuss far and near seemed not to have descended to his sons, but they imitated him as nearly as they could in his deportment toward strangers.

It was quite manifest that these brothers looked on the party with considerable suspicion, and to assure them, Mohamad resorted to the singular ceremony, widely prevalent among savage tribes, known as mixing blood. In this ceremony a small incision was made in the forearm of each person, from which blood was taken, and mixed, in the midst of declarations of undying friendship. Moenembagg said, "Your people must not steal, we never do." "No stealing of fowls or men," said Moenemgoi. "Catch the thief and bring him to me; one who steals a person is a pig," said Mohamad, and so the compact was made. But it could hardly be in the power of a few words or drops of blood to compose the anxieties of a people so ignorant and isolated, in the presence of those who seemed to them to have dropped among them from some other world. And the bearing of the Arab party, nowhere distinguished for any special regard for their covenants, was not calculated to increase the confidence which would at best have been slowly formed. The slaves among them very soon began their light-fingered attentions to the property of their neighbors, and themselves, in turn, became more and more the victims of a terror, far worse than apprehensions of losing a fowl or cloth; they heard much of the man-eating propensities of the Manyuema. According to his custom, Dr. Livingstone had a house put up for himself at Bambarre. The native huts, though built square, were very low, with very low doorways, but, unlike many of the tribes nearer the coast, the men assume the labor of erecting these homes, and the chief labor of the fields; expecting their women to do their part in keeping them supplied with water and fuel. Among these rude barbarians, now and then there appeared nobler specimens, whose minds seemed engaged with graver problems than the questions of present comfort which seemed to absorb their fellows.

Two fine young men came to visit the doctor, and after various questions about his country, asked him whether people died there, and where they went after death. "Who kills them?" they asked, and "Have you no charm against death?" Who knows how many minds there are in untutored darkness, brooding over the mystery of the grave, and wondering whether there be really no brighter light beyond it than they have, minds waiting for the story which so many, in the brightness of its light, despise? It was sorrowful, indeed, to see the timid de pendence of these poor creatures on their charms, which possessing no power to help, are furnished by their credulity, with dreadful power to disappoint them. It is so everywhere in some degree: men by their confidence create destroyers of agencies most impotent—for that is a destroyer which disappoints us in the hour of trial. Dr. Livingstone found a large beetle hanging before an idol in a house of a deserted and burned village. The guardian remained amidst the ruins which it could not prevent, like a mocker of man's foolish faith.

Among the unfamiliar customs of these isolated people, there was one rite which seemed to link them with other lands and ages. Circumcision was found to be commonly observed. It is performed on the young, and unlike other African tribes who have it, the Manyuema speak of it openly, and attend it with great formalities and feasting. Was there a time far in the past, when these people, so benighted now, held intercourse with the chosen race? Is this singular rite a single hint of privileges enjoyed long, long ago? Is it the last trace of a knowledge forfeited by some enormity of guilt? How is it that this particular rite is observed and honored in the very heart of African heathendom?

Another familiar sight was afforded the doctor in Bambarre, which he did not need to wonder about a moment—a sight which long ago had been stereotyped before him, by the most pointed lesson: those dreadful "Liliputian monsters," a regiment of soldier ants, marched deliberately into his quarters one morning, without warning or invitation, and took up their quarters. The doctor submitted meekly, but another day there came a detachment of Sirufu, known as driver ants, and laid siege to the party so snugly housed. A pitched battle ensued, which left the drivers in possession; just like it is among men—nation succeeds nation. But these domineering little rascals are often paid for their barbarities: there is always an eater for an eater; the white ants are a delicacy much in esteem among the people, who watch their time and build shelters over the huge abodes of their game, just when they are about sending forth their winged colonies. The unsuspecting colony, bidding farewell to the home of their youth, spread their wings, and mounting suddenly in the air, strike against the roof and tumble down in confusion on the ground, their loosely hooked wings all detached from their fat bodies. The reader will remember how artfully their wings are linked to them. Once on the ground the cunning men sweep them up in baskets, and bear them away to their huts in epicurean delight. The country all about Bambarre was alive with splendid game, and there were ample opportunities during the days of rest to astonish the natives, by the display of the marvellous powers of ball and powder. The natives were amazed by the guns. Their own poisoned arrows were weapons not to be despised, but the sight of guns, the loud report, the crushing force of the ball, the flashing of the powder, were to them the climax of the mysterious and awful. The huge animals, however, of the forest, though as much terrified, were in their deeper ignorance not more respectful than they should be, even though guns were about; the hunter in an African forest can never be too much impressed with the importance of constant vigilance.

It is no uncommon thing for the unwary or the inexperienced to find themselves suddenly charged by the infuriated monsters which they have ventured to insult too audaciously. Nearer the coast, where hunters have ventured more commonly, we have read of a party, who, taking with them a few natives, marched into the forests to "bag an elephant or two." The natives, arrayed, to their delight, in old shirts, were sent ahead equipped with muskets, to find the game; hardly had they disappeared, when the reports of their guns quite near at hand were quickly followed by a tremendous crashing of trees and brushwood and the dreadful, unmistakable trumpet-like screaming, and back the men came followed by three or four huge elephants in furious pursuit. The fleet limbs of the men were of poor avail; the monsters dashed over them in a moment, knocking them right and left as they passed, and went rushing away into the deeper forests. Elephants are elephants everywhere, and are the victims of skill and caution more than of the fierce courage which in our fancies we sometimes dream of matching against wild beasts. The Manyuema greatly admired the ease with which the strangers made themselves master of these great prizes. But such employment, though it entertained the natives, poorly repaid the toil and expense at which Mohamad had come to their country, while they exhibited such unwillingness to trade. He had heard that the Manyuema were anxious for slaves, and had brought great numbers, but found that the reports had been unfounded; and the conduct of a trader, named Dugumbe Hassani, who only a short time before had come this far and indulged in great barbarities, under pretence of buying ivory, had excited a prejudice against the Arab guide, which threatened constantly to break out in open revenge. Dr. Livingstone had no desire to sit down in Bambarre, while the Lualaba was flowing so near him. And Mohamad was restless while his slaves were eating their heads off. Both were eager for action.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MANYUEMA.

Manyuema Country—The Paramount Chief—Independent Villages—Livingstone's Object—Leaves Bambarre—Westward—Splendid Scenery—Villages—Architecture of Manyuema—Character of the People—Hidden Villages—Curiosity of Villagers—Evil Influence of Traders—Prejudices Aroused—Return to Bambarre—Ujiji Hood—*Five Hundred Guns*—Livingstone's Companion—Sets out from Bambarre Second Time—Appearance of Country—Huts in Trees—Elephant Traps—Bloody Feuds—Omnipresent Love—Newly Married Couple—Dreadful Swamps—Timely Hospitality—Promise of Letter—Hindered Again—Slave-Traders' Barbarities—Dreadful Murders—Katoma's Camp—Deserted by Followers—Three only Faithful—Singing Frog—A Nursing Fish—Musicians—Livingstone's Resolution—Chuma, Susi and Gardner—A Man Killed—Meets Mohamad Bogharib—A New Affliction—Disappointment—Return to Bambarre—Long Sickness—Manyuema Dreadful Cannibals—Bloodthirsty—Delight in Murder—*The Soko*—Soko Hunt—Soko and Leopard—Soko and Lion—"Soko is a Man"—Impatience—Despondency—Hope Revived—Men and Letter Arrive from Zanzibar—New Difficulties—Trouble with New Men—Another Start—Conscience Clear—His Plan—His Longing—A Young Soko—On New Ground—Charming Scenery—Village Happiness—Trials—The Lualaba at Last.

FEELING himself as well rested as he could hope to be, Dr. Livingstone was naturally impatient to be about the work which lay before him; but it would be an infliction of unnecessary weariness on the reader if we should lead him, step by step, with the great traveller, detaining him where the hero was detained and compelling him to traverse over and over the same ground, as the actor of the story was obliged to do. It should be borne in mind that all the incidents in these eventful years were within a circle of hardly one hundred miles diameter—a wild mountainous district, inhabited by people who acknowledged no paramount chief, hundreds of independent villages, between which no sort of sympathy or intercourse existed, where every man's hand was against his neighbor. The great object which had drawn Dr. Livingstone there was the river which flowed along, as he knew, somewhere on the western border of this country, and it was necessary to pass through these wilds in order that he might continue his explorations of that river, which he had already traced from its source near Lake Liemba through the Bangweolo and Lake Moero, and which he hoped to demonstrate to be the real Nile. Such was the goal toward which he was straining every nerve, for which he was enduring all things.

His first journey through the country was a short detour from Bambarre, made in November, 1870. Attended by his own men and a party of Mohamad's followers, he set out westward in hope of reaching the Lualaba and purchasing a canoe for its exploration. This short trip revealed much splendid scenery and gave him some insight into the characters and customs of the people. He describes the country as "surpassingly beautiful," and the villages perched along the crests of the lofty hills and mountains were pictures of neatness and comfort. Much forethought as well as taste had been displayed in the arrangement of these villages. The streets were generally east and west, that the warm sun-rays might stream down them with unbroken power, licking up quickly the moisture. The dwellings were generally in a line, and at each end of the street there were public meeting-houses. The houses were square, with low roofs, most artfully thatched with a leaf resembling the banana, probably a species of the euphorbia. Within these humble abodes were clean and comfortable and testified to the attentions of industrious housewives. And what was a very pleasing feature of them they had never known the presence of the abominable bugs, which are to be found only where the filthy slaves of the Arabs have been. In each of these homes the eye is arrested by numbers of earthen pots hung by neat cord-swinging tressels to the ceiling, and large quantities of firewood neatly arranged by the provident matrons.

The tops of the lofty hills and mountain crests were adorned with magnificent palm forests waving gracefully in every breeze, and saluting each other across intervening forests of gigantic trees, about which most vigorous climbing vines twine themselves, reaching from branch to branch and dropping here and there in graceful festoons and forming fantastic arches everywhere, beneath which various wild fruit trees grew, feasting with their wealth multitudes of monkeys and birds. The country was charming, but every day revealed darker shades in the characters of the people; deeper degradation had never confronted Dr. Livingstone, though no man had seen so much of Africa as he. Every village seemed to be estranged from all the rest by some deadly feud, and every man needed to protect his life.

Their characters abounded in strange contradictions; conspicuously honest and sincere, they were absolutely distrustful; with unquestionable kindness they joined horrid bloodthirstiness. This indeed seemed to be their one great blemish; industrious, temperate, handsome, honest and cleanly, they found delight in killing; and though the charitable traveller was slow to believe the reports which were floating about on every breath of their cannibal propensities, he was destined soon to give up all doubt of it. The pretty villages, so full of golden sunshine, so comfortable and neat, were all entirely isolated; there was no communication between them; the man from one who ventured to another forfeited his head without judge or jury. Many of these villages were almost entirely concealed; so thoroughly had the work been done that a traveller ignorant of the country might easily pass within a few yards of them without being aware of their proximity.

The most serious annoyance experienced in those parts which had been exempt from the presence of traders was in the curiosity of the people, who were entirely unrestrained by any sense of propriety; they were the most impertinent gazers the doctor had ever seen, and though considerably inured to the ordeal of free inspection which every stranger must submit to in African villages, he was intolerably bored by the unceasing stare of men and women, who did not hesitate to push down the door of his hut to indulge their curiosity. But when he came into the districts which had been visited by Dugumbe Hassani's bands there was graver trouble. This man had ventured as far as Bambarre, as we have seen, and gathered immense quantities of ivory just before Livingstone and Mohamad Bogharib came into the country; he was the first of the traders, and though he had penetrated only so short a distance his brutal conduct had enraged the whole population, and they would extend no hospitality nor listen to offers of trade, but insisted on the strangers going away.

No violence, however, was offered, and great caution seemed to be exercised by the head men of the villages to avoid any collision with the travellers. They were in great terror of guns, and seemed to feel that their lives only were sought and that all the questions about ivory were only a blind used to secure an advantage of them. During this journey the doctor came within ten miles of the confluence of the Luama and the Lualaba, but it was impossible to find any one who would sell him a canoe, or any other attentions which might induce them to remain in the country.

He returned to Bambarre on the 19th, and found that while he was away a large herd of Ujijians had come there eager for the ivory, rumors of which had already spread through the country and produced great excitement. Thus in the very initiation of this new expedition he found himself again surrounded by the disadvantages which would inevitably result from the presence of the most vicious characters the world can produce. Mohamad, though a trader buying ivory and slaves, belonged to a better class of men, and while, if circumstances had permitted, Dr. Livingstone would have preferred other company, he was kind, and too respectful of the views and interests of his companion to indulge in such a line of policy as would seriously incommode him if it could be easily avoided, and withal conducted his business with more of the spirit of the traders who had escorted the doctor through the country of Nsama. The Ujiji company had five hundred guns, and were anxious to have Mohamad accompany them; he declined doing so and waited for Dr. Livingstone's return. When they were together again, Livingstone tried hard to get his friend to abandon the slaving part of his business, but it was no easy matter to work so great a change in the views and conduct of one so long accustomed to the finding of his revenues in that unholy traffic; though it cannot be doubted that he learned moderation, and caught something of the spirit of kindness which pervaded all the actions of the Christian.

It was the day after Christmas before our party started the second time from Bambarre. They then took a more northern direction, almost at right-angles with the late route of the doctor, and crossed the Luama near the village of Monangoi, and on fifty or sixty miles north across a succession of forests. In many places the forests had been cleared away and gigantic grasses had usurped the clearances; as they advanced large trees were now and then passed, in whose branches many parrots had made their nests, and sometimes far away from the ground they saw huts of men lodged on the huge limbs of these lonely sentinels like watch-towers, or places of refuge for their builders from the wrath of their enemies. The villagers they met were civil, but rushed about them like noisy children, and many of Mohamad's followers, unused to the ways of such wild men, were terrified, and expected every moment to be killed and eaten. The people were generally models of symmetry, and their art had done but little to conceal their fine proportions beside their necklaces and copper rings on wrists and ankles. Their skill was confined to the arrangement of the hair, which the women seemed to have special pleasure in weaving into basket-form behind. The men, though masters with the spear and the bow, had resorted, like many other tribes, to traps for the commonplace work of securing game. Huge elephant traps were seen in many places, not unlike those described as in use in the south.

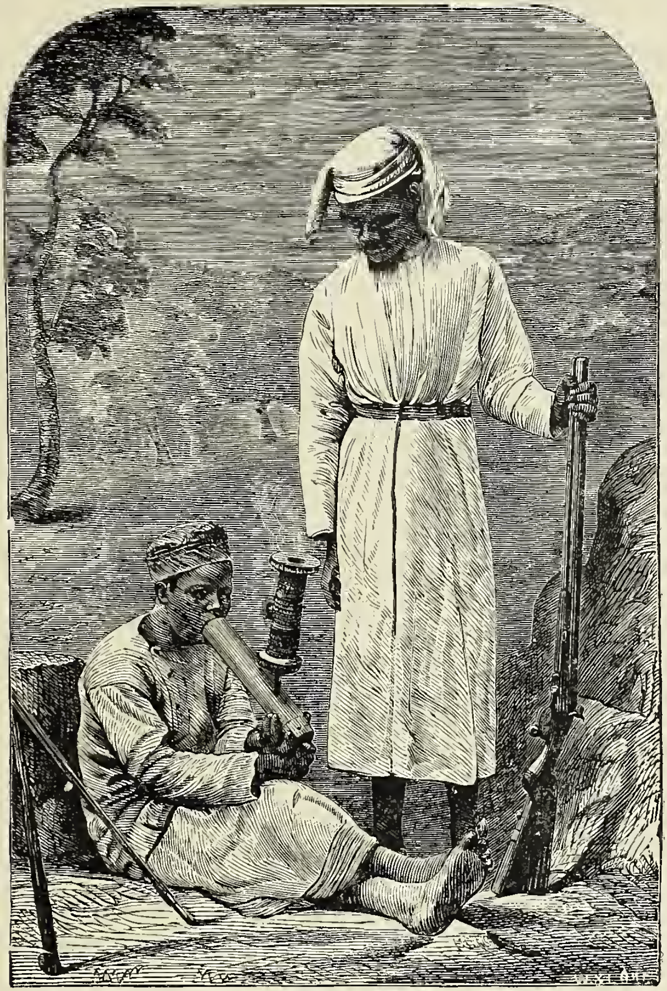
The country was teeming with people and multitudes of hidden villages, which were approached along the beds of rivulets that no foot-mark might betray them to an enemy. No higher law than force had been dreamed of; the idea of confederation had never penetrated their gloom; as many independent states as there were villages crowded that small area, and blood that cried for vengeance seemed to divide and isolate them all. The men were always around, and rushed about them continually, bearing heavy wooden shields. But tenderer passions existed too; children played as innocently as anywhere, and love, omnipresent love, for God is love, shed a light which, though it could not overpower the darkness of the deep depravity, did soften the gloom a little. In one place they saw a newly-married couple standing by the way, their arms around each other lovingly, and nobody mocked them for their love as more enlightened people might have done.

The marching was very difficult; the tall grass and dense vegetation, even when the rains suspended, in turn impeded their progress and drenched them with their dripping leaves.

Dr. Livingstone soon found his strength failing again, and became the prey of a most trying disease; besides frequent fevers he was attacked with severe choleraic purging. He had no medicine; Mohamad had opium, but that had no effect. Some relief was found in boiling the water which he used, but he struggled on in great weakness. Mohamad, too, suffered. The incessant wetting brought on rheumatism, and the whole party complained. As they advanced northward the vegetation became more and more luxuriant—the whole country was smothered with it; "an indescribable jungle of grass, which only elephants could break through," received them whenever they descended from the rounded hills. Passing through these jungles the feet were constantly entangled among the reeds, while the face and eyes were lashed by the leaves. One of these valleys had been taken possession of by the Muabe palm; the doctor says, "The leaf-stalks of these palms were as thick and strong as a man's arm, and full twenty feet long. Many of these had fallen off and blocked up all passage except one path made and mixed up by the feet of buffaloes and elephants." "In places like this," he continues, "the leg would frequently sink into the holes made by elephants' feet up to the thighs." Three long hours the party toiled through this dreary swamp. Across a stream in this valley they found a natural bridge of matted vegetation strong enough to bear a man's weight, and conspicuous in the texture of it were many sacred lilies. Worn out entirely by these dreadful jungles they stopped one day by a village surrounded by gardens of maize, bananas, groundnuts, and cassava. The doctor had fallen behind the main body of Mohamad's men, and was almost fainting. The little village looked like a paradise; he longed to rest, but the villagers "did not want" him. A woman came forward—a woman with leprous hand—and tendered him her hut; it was a nice clean one, and he entered it just in time to escape a very heavy rain. His hostess quickly prepared him food, and brought it to him and kindly pressed him to eat. "You are weak only from hunger," she said; "this will strengthen you." He could not tell that he feared the leprosy, and took the food and put it out of her sight. It will be a long time we think before a human being travels beyond the range of human kindness. There can hardly be a land where human hearts fail utterly to answer the touch of God's benevolence in deeds of love, and it seems to be woman's office to preserve longest and truest those primeval impulses which redeem our fallen state from absolute sorrow, and to catch most readily the tenderer inspirations of nature, which restrain our evil passions like the will of Deity. Livingstone would not have been himself if he had failed to bless the motherly heart which opened so promptly to his distress. And we will be less than men, if the veins of goodness that we find in barbarians are lost sight of in our abhorrence of their crimes; less than Christians if the degradation of a people, whose characters retain even the faintest hints of a claim to a common brotherhood with us, moves us not to compassion; and infidels if we despair of witnessing the power of the Cross to elevate any people in whose breasts there are the feeblest responses to the mandates of benevolence.

The prejudices of the villagers, which were now becoming so annoying again, were owing to the fact that they were coming on the track of the herd of Ujijians who were mentioned as passing Bambarre some time before. The traders had become the one sorrow of Dr. Livingstone's life, as they were the great curse of the natives.

Having followed the Chimunemune hills westward, and made a circuit of the bolder Bininango hills in the neighborhood of the river Lira, and finding himself disappointed greatly in his hopes of reaching the Lualaba in that direction, he turned south again with Mohamad and came down seven days' march to Mamohela, where Katomba had his camp, while his emissàries scoured the country in search of ivory. It was now five months since Livingstone reached Bambarre, and already the whole country of Manyuema was swarming with Arab traders and their slave bands, who had rushed like vultures to the carcass on the wonderful reports which had reached them. Already his work seemed to be threatened with inevitable failure; the atrocities of the bands of slave soldiers and servants, to whom the Arabs committed the work of collecting their booty, had so enraged the Manyuema that it was at the risk of a man's life to attempt the shortest journey except with a strong force of armed men. And while he could not separate himself from



CHUMAH AND SUSI.

them, it was very manifest that the traders were unwilling to have one whom they considered a spy taking notes of their actions. Every day there came fresh reports of murders; now twenty killed, another day forty, and again ten, on most trifling pretences. In the midst of it all his own followers, the Johanna men, all but three, forsook him; and of his old company only Chuma, Susi and Gardner remained to him.

While he had remained at the camp of Katomba, trying to regain his strength, Mohamad had gone away after ivory, and he was left with his own little band; these were now only three, but with them we find this wonderful man, the last of June, 1870, again setting his face northwest, when he was really hardly able to walk. We hardly know which to admire most, the courage and perseverance of the explorer, or the faithfulness of those three young men, who, resisting all the temptations of gain, offered by association with the Arabs, and facing all the perils of the enraged people who they were now convinced were really man-eaters, marched bravely with him.

This was only a short journey. The people were civil for fear, and frequently offered food, though they did not hesitate to say that they only allowed the stranger to live because they feared the guns. As an illustration of the dreadful outrages which they were suffering, Livingstone passed through eleven villages burned about one string of beads. Beside the evils invariably attending the forays of these traders, the peculiar condition of the Manyuema gave rise to innumerable barbarities which would not have occurred in other countries. We have remarked the singular isolation of the villages, and the bitter feuds existing between them; the foolish head men of these villages took advantage of the presence of these marauders and often hired bands of them, by gifts of goats and ivory, to destroy the village of their enemies; so that they were in their blindness paying for the very desolations which so incensed them, paying the Arabs to do that which they hated them so bitterly for.

Surrounded by such gigantic evils an ordinary man would have hardly been able to think of the rivulets, and plants, and insects, and animals, or notice the little peculiarities; but this man had an eye for everything, and it was not in the power of anything which left him life to prevent him throwing light for the world on all that he was permitted to see. In the midst of a drenching rain, thoroughly perplexed and broken down, he sat and watched the antics of a tiny frog which leaped on a grassy leaf in front of him, and sang for him a very sweet tune, as clearly and loudly as a bird could have done; and all his fatigue could not repress the interest he felt in the ludicrous problem which occurred to him: "How can so much music come out of so small a musician?"

Another singular creature came under his notice—a large fish, which astonished him with loud cries, and more still by the exhibition of breasts full of milk with which she nourished her young; and lengthening the list of wonders, an elephant with three tusks, one of which was planted firmly on his proboscis. But he was not only dependent on these lower orders for something to break the force of the trials which oppressed him—the people soon learned to distinguish him from those with whom he was associated, and seemed glad to please him from other reasons than fear. At one village he was entertained by musicians who brought their "calabashes, having holes in them, flute fashion," and displayed before him their attainments in drum-beating and grotesque acting. But he could not lose sight of the perilous life he was leading. One night, not far from his sleeping-place, some one entered a camp of sleeping Arabs and pinned one of their number to the ground with a spear.

We can see, perhaps, more clearly than he saw it, that it was a kind providence which brought him into the path of Mohamad before he had advanced many days. From these men, who had been a considerable distance north, he learned that the Lualaba could not be seen in that direction. He would be obliged to turn southwest again to reach it. He knew very well that he could not possibly go far that way, under the circumstances, with so few followers, and himself dreadfully afflicted with ulcerated feet. This trouble was one which he had never experienced before, and threatened to become one of the severest trials of his life. There was no alternative, and thoroughly baffled for the time he turned sadly back and with great difficulty reached Bambarre again.

He was now utterly helpless; the sores on his feet had become irritable, eating ulcers; "if the foot was put on the ground there was immediately a discharge of bloody ichor, and the same discharge occurred every night, attended with great pain. This dreadful affliction is common in all the slave-camps, and the cries of the sufferer are a nightly sound." Entirely deprived of medicine he was dependent on such remedies as could be furnished by Mohamad, who continued a steadfast friend. Eighty days he was confined to his hut not able to take a step, and months after his sores began healing he was still obliged to remain in Bambarre. But he was not idle: the time was improved in picking up knowledge of the customs of the people and the face of the country, which, while not so satisfactory to him, was some compensation for the long confinement.

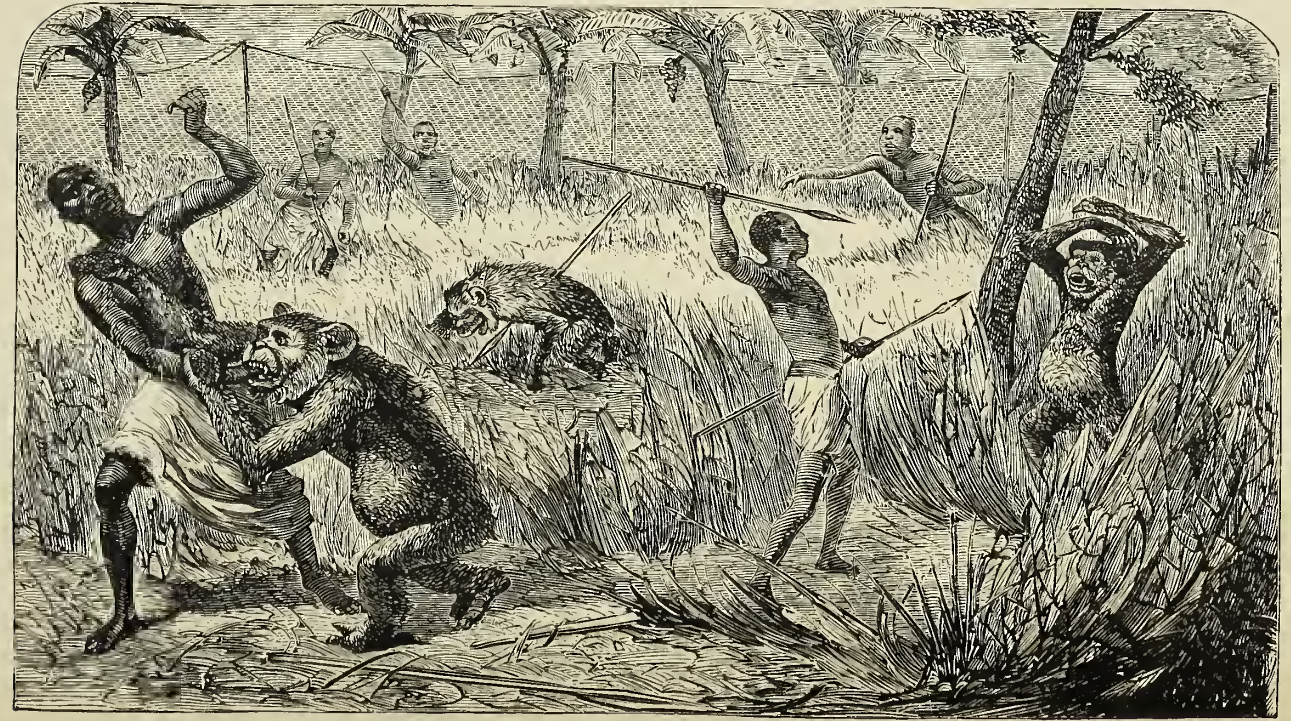
There could be no longer any doubt about the variety of the stories, concerning the cannibal propensities of the people of Manyuema; instance after instance came to his ears, and over and over for himself he saw unmistakable evidences of their barbarity. The people of other districts seemed only to eat those men taken in battle, and the idea of revenge seemed to be prominent in their minds in doing so, but in Bambarre it was clearly the depravity of taste: the people were eager for human flesh, and Mohamad was obliged to threaten them with wholesale slaughter to prevent their digging up the dead bodies of his men who died. They themselves have no graves: their dead are eaten. The skull only of the great chief Moenekuss was preserved; his body was eaten and even the flesh from the skull, which had been carefully scraped. These horrid creatures, horrid in this single disgusting appetite, would assemble in crowds about the village where an execution was to take place, like ravenous wolves. He had found rumors all through the south of a dreadful tribe of man-eaters in the northwest, and had counted them fables; but here he was in the midst of that very tribe, talking with them, receiving kindnesses at their hands, really admiring them on some accounts, struck with their beauty and symmetry, and often touched with little exhibitions of tenderness displayed by them. He could hardly believe his own senses. It seemed so unreasonable that people with so many attractive traits should be the most barbarous of all men; but they did not try to conceal their craving for human bodies, and were unquestionably the most bloodthirsty people he had ever seen; other men would kill in war or in anger, these would kill for pleasure. A group may be seen: one steps forward and puts a scarlet feather on the ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair; the man who accepts this challenge must kill a man, to be entitled to wear the scarlet feather. There is another custom which forbids any one to wear the skin of the muskcat unless he has murdered somebody. It was very clear that they would take great pleasure in killing every one of the strangers, if the guns were not in the way. And it is hardly wonderful that such a disposition existed toward the large body of their visitors. Dr. Livingstone had tried vainly to check the cruelties of the traders, and various reports, which reached him from time to time, convinced him that some of them were beginning to see the wisdom of his advice. The Manyuema were not long in finding out that guns did not always kill, and with every discovery of that sort their own weapons rose in their appreciation, and they frequently ventured to join battle, sometimes with considerable loss to the traders. This added to the fact that their murderous policy really failed to procure for them the coveted ivory, it was earnestly hoped would produce a change in the conduct of the traders. This was not realized, however, while it was in Dr. Livingstone's power to profit by it.

Next, probably, to the people themselves, the most interesting object which came under the notice of Livingstone at this time was an animal resembling the gorilla. These strange creatures find their choice haunts in the tall strong grass, which we have mentioned as usurping so promptly every square foot of ground reclaimed from the forests. They often go erect, with their hands resting on the head, as if to steady them as they walk; and a more unattractive specimen of animal life cannot be found. The doctor was firmly convinced that one of these individuals would do admirably standing for a picture of the devil. He is described as having the most disgusting bestiality of appearance. Livingstone, speaking of him, says: "His light yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers; his 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 by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented 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 missed in his attempt to stab a soko: 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 Bambarre.

"The soko is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes, that no one can stalk him in front without being seen, hence, when shot, it is always in the back; when surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back too. Otherwise he is not a very formidable beast: he is nothing, as compared in power of damaging his assailant, to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. 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. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko, and seized; he roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall. One of these animals is not unfrequently known to kill leopards, by seizing both paws and biting them off so as to disable them; he then goes up into a tree and groans over his wounds, and sometimes recovers, while the leopard dies. At other times he pays for life of the leopard with his own. He finds a rougher customer in the lion; this powerful animal is more than a match for even the cunning of the soko, and often not only kills him but tears off his limbs in his fury.

"The sokos have some singular customs, and are the objects of singular superstitions; they collect together and make a drumming noise—some say with hollow trees—and then burst forth into loud yells. He seems not to be particularly dangerous, and manifests no disposition to molest unarmed men or women. If he is wounded, he is satisfied with simply biting off the fingers of his assailant, and spitting them out; he then slaps the cheeks of his victim, and biting a few times without breaking the skin; he then draws out the spear, and stuffs leaves into the wound to staunch the blood. They eat no flesh, but are very fond of bananas. The Manyuema hold them in much respect, and say of them, 'Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him;' they believe that the dead who escape being eaten rise as sokos. But notwithstanding their respect for them, they devour their flesh most ravenously, and account it a great luxury. The sokos are quite social; they live in communities of about ten, each having his own female; an intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another over a grassy space; he then gives it to the mother."

While Dr. Livingstone was lying at Bambarre, reports were constantly coming of the progress of the traders through the country; and it was an aggravation of his sufferings to know that while he, by the unfaithfulness of his own servants and the bad conduct of the traders, was bound almost hand and foot, these traders were already scattered along the banks of the great river. It seemed hard that they who had at heart only the meanest objects, and found their delight, more than anything else, in murder and plunder, went so freely where they pleased; while he, longing to solve the great problem of so many centuries, and filled with love for these poor degraded beings, could only sit and wait as patiently as possible. He could not be



MANYUEMA HUNTERS KILLING SOKOS (from a sketch, by Dr. Livingstone).

satisfied to abandon his undertaking. He felt confident that he held the key to the great mystery: how could he go back before he had unlocked it? And yet he knew very well that the longer he was delayed the more difficult it would be to accomplish his object. He had left Ujiji elated with the thought of being beyond the range of the miserable slaves; he had been overtaken and passed by them, and grieved to feel that science and civilization must be kicked about in their nobler mission by such embodiments of meanest selfishness. But it had been so, and will be so until science and civilization are championed as they should be by their friends; until the hand of power sweeps the unhappy continent of the vicious representatives of the slave-trade. As the days and weeks passed, he found less and less satisfaction in recording the various bits of information which floated to him. He had written to Dr. Kirk, and received no reply. Sometimes he felt that he would be obliged to give up, but it was like giving up life; he was willing to lay his life down, if he could only secure success. At last there came news of men and means being on the way to him. He became more hopeful then. His interest revived in everything; the customs of the people were an entertainment again. With the hope of being soon on the path again, he heard with great pleasure the experience of Moenemokata, who had seen more of the Africans than most of the Arabs. It was the testimony of this man, "that if a man would only go with a good-natured civil tongue, he could pass through the worst tribes unharmed," and the Manyueman need not be an exception. He did not need to be told this, but he was glad to hear it as the experience of others.

At last, early in February, 1871, his men arrived. It was cheering to his weary heart that there were those anxious to aid him. He now found that one great difficulty which had been in the way of sending him assistance had been the dreadful ravages of cholera along the coast and at Zanzibar. This dreadful disease had followed the trading paths into the interior, where it became a dreadful scourge and swept away thousands of people.

The hopes which had revived at the coming of men were sadly disappointed in those who presented themselves. There were only ten, all of them slaves of the Banians, who are subjects of the British crown; but they came with a lie in their mouths. They swore that they had been instructed not to go with the doctor, but to compel him to return to Zanzibar. And but for the fear of pistol-shot and the interference of Mohamad Bogharib, they would have succeeded in their nefarious scheme. After a great deal of worrying, the 16th of February saw this singularly patient and persevering man again on the road. The villagers, as we have said, had already observed the difference between Dr. Livingstone and the other strangers, and they were particularly gratified and as much astonished that he always dealt so fairly with them, and they were really much more obliging than he had any hope of finding them. It was the same beautiful and luxuriant country which he had traversed before, and the same neat, secluded villages. His heart was very much drawn out to the people. He sought to do them good; there is an accent of sadness about it, but it breathes a spirit so exalted that we feel like inserting a paragraph here, which refers particularly to the feelings with which he had prosecuted his work.

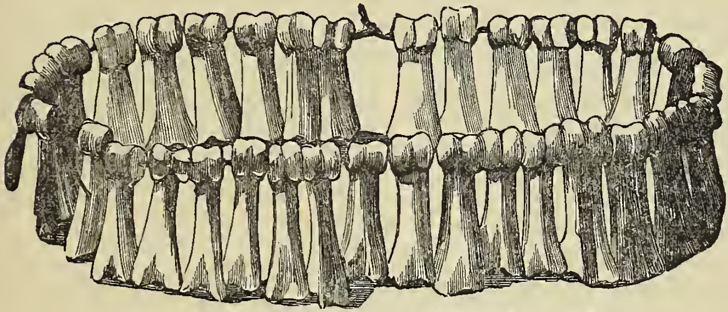
"In this journey," he writes, "I have endeavored to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Mine has been a calm, hopeful endeavor to do the work that has been given me to do, whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other. I had a strong presentiment during the first three years that I should never live through the enterprise, but it weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me, spell-bound me, I may say, for if I could bring to light anything to confirm the sacred oracles, I should not grudge one whit all the labor expended. I have to go down the Central Lualaba or Webb's Lake river, then up the Western or Young's Lake river to Katanga head-waters, and then retire. I pray that it may be to my native land."

As he extended his acquaintance with the Manyuema, he felt more and more that their great want was national life. The isolation of their little village communities was an unmitigated evil. The Arabs whom he met as he journeyed all seemed anxious to appear kind, and added to his store such little comforts as they had. Out of the supplies which he had received, Livingstone carefully refunded all that he had received from them during the days of his dependence. Katomba presented him with a young soko, which had been caught when its mother was killed. The account the doctor gives of this little creature, written while she was in their company, is exceedingly interesting. He says:

"She sits eighteen inches high, has fine long black hair all over, which was pretty so long as it was kept in order by her dam. She is the least mischievous of all the monkey tribe I have seen, and seems to know that in me she has a friend, and sits quietly on the mat beside me. In walking, the first thing observed is that she does not tread on the palms of her hands, but on the backs of the second line of bones of the hands: in doing this the nails do not touch the ground, nor do the knuckles; she uses the arms thus supported crutch-fashion, and hitches herself along between them; occasionally one hand is put down before the other, and alternates with the feet, or she walks upright and holds up a hand to any one to carry her. If refused, she turns her face down, and makes grimaces of the most bitter human weeping, wringing her hands, and sometimes adding a fourth hand or foot to make the appeal more touching. Grass or leaves she draws around her to make a nest, and resents any one meddling with her property. She is a most friendly little beast, and came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelling my clothes and holding out her hand to be shaken. When she was bound, she began to untie the cord with fingers and thumbs in quite a systematic way, and on being interfered with by a man, looked daggers, and screaming tried to beat him with her hands. She was afraid of his stick and faced him, putting her back to me as a friend. She holds out her hand for people to take her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, and wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and wipes her face with a leaf, as naturally as one of us can with a handkerchief."

He left Mamohela on the 1st of March, his party swelled somewhat by the addition of seven of the Arab's people going on to buy ivory. He was on new territory: his former trips had not extended farther west than Mamohela; now he was destined to reach the Lualaba. They advanced between ranges of mountains, crossing innumerable rivulets. The people were generally kind, and felt themselves fully remunerated by a few strings of beads, which Livingstone always gave as an acknowledgment, although nothing was asked. Many of the villages which he passed were unusually pretty, standing on slopes, the neat huts facing the bright sunny street. In front of the doors little verandahs were often made, and here at dawn the family gathers round a fire, and, while enjoying the heat needed in the cold that always accompanies the first darting of the light or sun's rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air, and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various shaped leaves of the forest all around their village and near their nestlings are bespangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle; the kids gambol and leap on the backs of their dams quietly chewing the cud; other goats make believe fighting. Thrifty wives often bake their new clay pots in a fire, made by lighting a heap of grass roots: the next morning they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this morning scene of peaceful enjoyment is indescribable. Infancy gilds the fairy picture with its own lines, and it is probably never forgotten, for the young, taken up from slavers, and treated with all philanthropic missionary care and kindness, still revert to the period of infancy as the finest and fairest they have known. They would go back to freedom and enjoyment as fast as would our own sons of the soil, and be heedless to the charms of hard work and no play, which our benevolence so readily recognizes as best for them. The terror of the Arabs had reached some of these villages, and the people fled when they heard that strangers were approaching, supposing it to be an Arab party. The farther he went the more horrible stories of blood met him. Hassani was waging most malicious war everywhere he went; he declared that he did not begin hostilities, but falsehood seems to be the peculiar accomplishment of the whole race. But there was trouble also in his own little camp. His Banian slaves were bad enough alone, but they were worse after associating with the Arab slaves who had joined the party. Their rebellion began to show itself: they became very insubordinate, and began their efforts of compulsion, which they would not hesitate to accomplish by any possible agency.

Thus surrounded by difficulties, Livingstone reached Nyangwe, on the banks of the Lualaba, the 30th of March, 1871, and found it a mighty river, full three thousand yards broad, and always deep, and embracing many large islands. Its deep banks were also very steep. He had reached the river: we will see now whether he realized the hopes which had sustained him in all his wearying journeys.



NECKLACE MADE OF HUMAN FINGER BONES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOUR MONTHS AT NYANGWE.

The Lualaba—Abed and Hassani—The Temper of the Traders—Livingstone's Situation—The Difficulty—Writing Materials—Nyangwe Market-Women—Old and Young—The Market Scenes—Eagerness for Barter—Independence of Women—Ten Human Skulls—Cannibalism—Difficulty of getting a Canoe—Ivory—The Bakuss—A Characteristic Manœuvre—Bakuss' Opinion of Guns—Arabs' Idea of Business—A Fiendish Plot—Dugumbe—No Assistance—Wonderful Underground Houses—The People of Rua—"Heartbrokenness"—Disappointed Utterly—Beautiful Picture Blighted—Dreadful Slaughter—Three Hundred and Forty Dead—Superwickedness—Too Much to Bear—Resolved to Return—Importuned by the Natives—Determined—Providence in the Disappointment—Providence in all Things—Precious Interests—A Despatch—James Gordon Bennett, Jr.—Henry M. Stanley.

THE great river which he had sought so long and so resolutely was rolling at his feet. It was a noble river, worthy of being thought of as the near relative of any water on earth. The sight of it had cost great sacrifice and suffering. Dr. Livingstone stood willing to venture far more than he had endured in finding out the secrets it might be able to disclose. But there were before him on those steep banks men who had no sympathy with his enterprise, who could see in him only the representative of a nation whose unrelenting frown rested on their barbarities; and at the hands of these men he could hope for little that might in any way facilitate his work. At their hands, in fact, we shall see that he met the resistance which at last compelled him to go away from the river, to him so full of promise, to relinquish what to him seemed like positive success, when a few more vigorous strokes might have brought to him its sweet realization.

The Arab traders who were found established at Nyangwe on Dr. Livingstone's arrival, Abed and Hassani, were men notorious for their barbarities. They were associated with Dugumbe, who was himself absent. Notwithstanding professions of friendly feeling and promises of coöperation, it was soon very evident that these men were determined to compel the Englishman to go out of the country. They did not dare to attempt this by any violent measures, but they could poison the minds of the natives against him, could misrepresent him, could tamper with his Banian slave followers, could prevent his getting a canoe, could surround him with such scenes of cruelty as would sicken his soul. All of these things they could do, all of them they did. It is not ungenerous to say that they did them all deliberately, designedly, because they did not want the restraint of an Englishman's presence in their horrid business. They were generous with their gifts, because they wanted to be thought kind. They knew what to give and what to withhold; they would give something to make a good impression, they would be unable to do other things, and see to it underhandedly that they were done by nobody, that they might be rid of the man. They had numbers and goods, and they would by all means possible get the confidence or excite the fears of the people, and they could turn either the confidence or the fear to the same account. They were determined that Dr. Livingstone should get no canoe, while they promised to get him one almost every day, managing thus to hold their victim in agonizing alternations of hope and despondency nearly four months. We need not ask now, surely, why Livingstone was so dependent: we know that he had *only three men* on whom he could depend; he had some means, but money could do nothing unless he could procure men. Four men could not start alone through such a country under such circumstances. He had been able sometimes to get escorts from traders, and he trusted that he would succeed. He could have gone on if no Arabs had been in the country. Then, with the support of Susi and Chuma, he could have controlled his ten Banian men, but he could do nothing with them while Hassani was at hand with his hordes, offering them protection in all their unfaithfulness, and offering a premium for their desertion. We will not detain the reader with the promises and disappointments which were the matters of really most consequence to Dr. Livingstone every day, but take advantage of the information which was treasured for us during these months by the traveller.

It was not the smallest of the deprivations, we may remark, which Dr. Livingstone had now to contend with, that his paper and ink were both exhausted. The world owes him a debt of gratitude that he did not allow this to hinder him in the record which he had so conscientiously made of what he saw and did. An engraving faithfully representing a portion of his journal written under these disadvantages will convey a better idea of the shifts by which he mastered them than any words of ours. An old newspaper, made into the shape of a copy book, and ink made from the juice of some native berries, were his substitutes for nicer materials. With these he preserved for us the scenes and incidents of many months.

Probably the most interesting feature of the village of Nyangwe was its market. The market is a great institution in Manyuema. At Nyangwe the market was held every fourth day. The vendors of the various commodities were chiefly women, and such women as did full credit to the market-women of the world. The great numbers assembled inspire all with confidence, and they stand firmly by the rules of justice. This assembly is the principal pleasure of all classes; all love to trade in the market; if a man proposes to buy a chicken, the owner tells him "Come to the market." There were all sorts of articles to be had: cloth, fowls, fish, earthen vessels, cassava, palm oil, salt, pepper, anything to be had in the country was to be had there. And the business was carried on with the sprightly energy which always attends a crowd and competition. The women seemed to be fully in their element: they would haggle and joke with equal readiness. Many of them were old and careworn, others young and beautiful—it is so in all markets; the old were thoughtful and anxious-looking, the young were thoughtless and sportive—it is so with old and young people elsewhere; the old women carried a weight of memories, the young women were carried by hope toward a future of promise—it is always so with age and youth. But old and young understood their business. A few men are mingled with these busy mothers and wives, selling their iron-ware, grass cloth and pigs. When the market is fairly opened it is a busy scene, and the description which Dr. Livingstone gives of it is too good to be lost: "Every one is there in dead earnest; little time is lost in friendly greetings. Vendors of fish run about with little potsherds full of snails or small fishes, or young *clarias capensis*—smoke-dried, and spitted on twigs—or other relishes, to exchange for cassava roots, dried after being steeped about three days in water; potatoes, vegetables, or grain, bananas, flour, palm oil, fowls, salt, pepper, all are bartered back and forth in the same manner. Each individually is intensely anxious to trade; those who have other articles are particularly eager to barter them for relishes, and are positive in their assertions of the goodness or badness of each article as market people seem to be in conscience bound to do everywhere. The sweat may be seen standing in great beads on their faces. Cocks, hanging with their heads down across the shoulders, contribute their bravest crowing, and pigs squeal their loudest. Iron knobs, drawn out at each end to show the goodness of the metal, are exchanged for cloth of the Mnabe palm. They have a large funnel of basket-work below the vessel holding the wares, and slip the goods down if they are not to be seen. They deal fairly, and when differences arose they were easily settled by the men interfering or pointing to me: they appeal to each other, and have a strong sense of natural justice. With so much food changing hands amongst the three thousand attendants much benefit is derived; some come from twenty to twenty-five miles. The men flaunt about in gaudy-colored lambas of many folded kilts—the women work hardest—the potters slap and ring their earthenware all around, to show that there is not a single flaw in them. I bought two finely shaped earthen bottles of porous earthenware, to hold a gallon each, for one string of beads; the women carry huge loads of them in their funnels above the baskets, strapped to the shoulders and forehead, and their hands are full besides; the roundness of the vessels is wonderful, seeing no machine is used: no slaves could be induced to carry half as much as they do willingly. It is a scene of the finest natural acting imaginable. The eagerness with which all sorts of assertions are made—the eager earnestness with which apparently all creation, above, around, and beneath, is called on to attest the truth of what they allege—and then the intense surprise and withering scorn cast on those who despise their goods: but they show no concern when the buyers turn up their noses at them. Little girls run about selling cups of water for a few small fishes to the half-exhausted wordy combatants. To me it was an amusing scene. I could not understand the words that flowed off their glib tongues, but the gestures were too expressive to need interpretation." One man, a stranger in the market, was noticed, who had ten human jawbones hung by a string over his shoulder, and he seemed almost boastful of having killed and eaten the original owners of them, and exhibited with his knife his method of dissecting men with a painful coolness, and only laughed with the rest when Dr. Livingstone expressed his disgust.

Sometimes parties belonging to Dugumbe's horde tried to deal in the market in a lordly way, as inferior men are wont to do when they imagine themselves surrounded by weaker ones. But there can hardly be found a class of people on earth who are readier to assert their rights against domineering assumptions than those very modest individuals who rejoice in being known as market women. When those impertinent fellows came about with their "I will buy that," and "These are mine, nobody must touch that but me," and the like, the women quickly taught them that they could monopolize nothing, but deal fairly like other people.

The doctor had ample opportunity to observe the people of the district, and the more he saw of them the more he was perplexed by the strange contradictions their characters revealed. Cannibals they certainly were, thinking no more of the life of a man than the blossom of a flower; as ready to kill a man as to kill a pig; yet honest, fine-looking, sometimes really beautiful!

Every day their country was becoming more and more the scene of confusion and bloodshed. Villages were being burned and people massacred continually. They seemed to distinguish him from the Arabs and their underlings, but he knew that there could be no reliance placed in them, for contrasting with their honesty in dealing was absolute untruthfulness in other matters. They had no conscience against framing any sort of lie by which they might get the pleasure of spilling blood.

As time passed, the hopes of getting a canoe or men were no nearer realization. The traders themselves, seizing on his idea, had fallen on the plan of proceeding in canoes. Reports came of immense quantities of ivory in possession of the Babisa, living farther down the river. Katomba's people had been there and were returning with immense quantities. They reported that the whole country was full of it; the door-posts and house pillars were made of it. They had found the people peaceable, and had gone in and come away without a single disturbance. They had traded copper rings for the ivory, two rings for a tusk, which they had found the most acceptable currency there as among the Manyuema. This country was bordering on the several great rivers which flowed into the Lualaba from the west. Hearing these wonderful reports only whetted the eagerness of Hassani and Abed. They picked up all the canoes to be had for themselves; partly by becoming *blood-relations* with the natives, by the blood-letting ceremony; partly by helping them to kill each other, partly by intimidating them, and partly by turning their prejudice against the white man, who was represented as wanting no ivory or slaves, but only canoes that he might kill Manyuema. Livingstone was obliged to stand quietly and see canoe after canoe go off down the noble river which he was so anxious to explore. Once he was confident that his desire was realized; he felt as if he had the precious canoe. Abed seemed to become possessed of a more generous spirit, and although he was anxious to be off to the ivory land would not go until he thought he had sealed a bargain for a canoe for the doctor. But he was a little too eager, and a Manyuema man, who it turned out had an old grudge against another head man which he wanted to avenge, came over the river and said that he had one hollowed out, and he wanted goats and beads to hire people to drag it down to the water. Abed advanced five goats, a thousand cowries, and many beads. But it turned out that the man had no canoe, but was only seeking to draw the traders into a difficulty with his enemy and so get his revenge, for he knew that a difficulty occurring, the man's village would be burned and many of his people killed by the Arabs. His plan for bringing about this was to have Abed and the doctor send men to see the canoe, who would of course carry their guns. The canoe being the property of the other, while they would know that Abed had paid for it, he was shrewd enough to see that there would be very probably a fight before the parties separated, and however it turned out he would have his revenge. This sort of thing was one of the gravest difficulties which was to be contended with in Manyuema. Abed was gone when this trick was found out, and Livingstone declined to be led into the trap.

While the doctor was yet waiting, some of Abed's people returned laden with tusks which they had purchased. The traders, although they were unwilling to confess it, were coming to see that the counsel of Livingstone was wiser than they had thought. They had sacrificed all the prospects which were presented by the Manyuema country by their desperate policy ; they had closed district after district against themselves, and they had begun to see that even African savages could be influenced more easily by justice and humanity than by plunder and murder. How blessed a thing for Africa it would have been if the lesson had been learned more thoroughly and generally ! How blessed a thing, if they had been good enough to sacrifice their passions to their interest ! The returning parties had much to say about a country called *Kuss*, which lay at the confluence of the Lomame which joins the Lualaba, probably a hundred miles below Nyangwe. The Bakuss are Manyuema, but were distinguished by some peculiarities from their more southern countrymen. It was reported that the Bakuss were civil to strangers, but that they had refused a passage into the country. In order to impress them with their power, the effect of a musket shot on a goat was shown them. They looked on with amazement, thought it supernatural, looked up at the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm that could draw lightning down. When it was afterwards attempted to force a path, they darted aside on seeing the Wanyamwezi's followers putting the arrows into the bowstrings, but stood in mute amazement looking at the guns, which mowed them down in large numbers. They thought that muskets were the insignia of chieftainship. Their chiefs all go with a long straight staff of rattan, having a quantity of black medicine smeared on each end, and no weapons in their hands. They imagined that the guns were carried as insignia of the same kind; some, jeering, called them big tobacco-pipes, and seemed to have no fear on seeing a gun levelled at them.

They used large and very long spears very expertly in the long grass and forest of their country, and were terrible fellows among themselves, and when they become acquainted with fire-arms will be terrible to the strangers who now murder them. The Bakuss cultivate more than the southern Manyuema, especially pennisetum and dura, or *holcus sorghum;* common coffee is abundant in their district, and they use it highly scented with vanilla, which must be fertilized by insects. This beverage is usually handed round in cups after meals. Among their other luxuries, pineapples were quite abundant. Their country was much more open than the more southern districts, and was found literally swarming with people. There, too, the market was the great institution. In some things they might be an example to their neighbors; in their personal cleanliness, for instance, which is made obligatory by a law requiring them to bathe regularly twice every day; and there is another custom by which all illicit intercourse is severely punished. The offender in this must see his whole family sold into slavery. The women, who form there, as everywhere, an indispensable element of social life, are distinguished by rather small compressed heads, but their pleasant countenances and their bright wide-awake eyes are evidences enough of their intelligence.

But, more than all to the Arabs and their avaricious hordes, the land was full of people and ivory, and let the people be friendly or unfriendly, good or bad, beautiful or ugly, it was all one to them: there was a chance for slaves and ivory; slaves and ivory meant a thriving business. As for Dr. Livingstone, he saw no hope of getting on; he was clearly considered in the way by the traders, and his ten Banian men were certainly not to be trusted. Abed overheard them one day plotting for his destruction. The horrible plan which they arranged was, if compelled to go on, to watch their chance, and the first difficulty which arose with the Manyuema they would fire off their guns and run away, and as the doctor was weak and could not run as fast as they he would be left to perish. The tones in which this fiendish plot came to the ears of Abed convinced him that for Dr. Livingstone to go with them would be certain death at the hands of the cannibals. Notwithstanding the fact that Abed in common with Hassani and others had been by their policy a great hindrance to him, Dr. Livingstone had no doubt that in a matter of this sort he was a sincere friend, and could not doubt his statement or the wisdom of his caution.

Thus worried beyond measure by these slaves, and baffled utterly in his work, the doctor, sick at heart and in body, had only one hope left. Dugumbe, who had not yet arrived, was expected daily; he was bringing his whole family, and proposed fixing his head-quarters in the country and establishing a mart and lines of carriers between his district and Ujiji. The single hope was that this man, who was highest in authority among the traders of the section, might assist him.

He at length arrived, and Dr. Livingstone offered him $2000 for ten men to replace the Banian slaves, and added to this offer the proposition to give him all the goods he had at Ujiji besides. Dugumbe said that he would consult his associates and decide what could be done. Besides going down to Lomame the doctor was very anxious to explore Rua, the great district adjoining Manyuema on the other side of the Lualaba. This great district was distinguished particularly by a wonderful system of underground dwellings, resembling immense caves, which had existed from remote ages. Nothing in all Africa surpasses in magnitude and marvellous structure these wonderful dwellings. Many of them were reported to be so large that entire tribes could take refuge in them. The people all spoke of them as having been built by God and not by man. These vast subterranean structures were said to be entered generally by small unpretending openings, but to spread out suddenly into enormous halls and corridors, wonderfully arranged and many miles in extent; some were said to possess different entrances, forty or fifty and sometimes even a greater number of miles apart. The dwellers in these caverns were a warlike race, but, like all the inner tribes of Africa, provided only with their bows and spears, were easy victims of those bloody hordes which came on them armed with *guns*. They were a bright, intelligent people, and the slaves had sought many pretexts for quarrels with them that they might have excuse for making war, which always means with the Arabs making as many slaves as possible.

Dr. Livingstone had seen many of the unfortunate victims of these cruel invasions in the great slave-gangs at different times during his later travels, and among all those whose wrongs had called forth his sympathies none had awakened a deeper interest. They are a bold, free and freedom-loving race, rude and wild, but lovers of their homes, and of natures keenly sensitive to the degradation of the galling yoke of bondage. Among them he had seen first the disease, strangest and saddest of all, which affected him more deeply than any of the various forms of suffering which he had seen in all his wanderings. This disease was broken-heartedness. He saw it first after the brother of Syde bin Habib was killed in Rua, and Syde vowing vengeance had entered the country waging dreadful war. A large number of captives were taken and brought away in chains; many of the poor creatures died in a few days after passing the boundary of their own country. They exhibited no signs of illness, but only deep sadness, and would place their hands over their hearts, saying, "All the pain is here," and sink down by the way and expire. The children would for a time keep up with wonderful endurance, but when it happened that the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of the small drums fell on their ears in passing the villages, memories of home would rush on them, and then they would cry and sob until the "broken-heart" came and they too sank rapidly. The heart of the man so long accustomed to enter into the sorrows of the degraded, and to search for every noble quality which they might possess, could not but feel an uncommon interest in the Ba Rua; and the explorer of the wonderful continent, to whom the world was looking for the fullest information about all of its mysteries, was naturally anxious to see for himself those wonderful abodes, which seemed to tell of an age of power surpassing all in the records of the world, and of an ancient race who must have rivalled the fabled giants in greatness.

But nothing came of Dugumbe's conference with his friends, and the man who had braved so much and staked all he possessed on this noble effort was thoroughly foiled. And it needed only the horrible transactions about to burst on him to drive him back to Ujiji, destitute, disappointed and sick.

A man named Manilla, one of the slaves employed in collecting ivory for the Arabs, had been carrying things with rather a high hand of late. Among other things, he had formed a sort of alliance with a Kimburu, the chief of the neighborhood, by "mixing blood" with him, and Kimburu had given him three slaves, and he in turn had sacked ten villages of their enemies in token of friendship. This action of Manilla and Kimburu had excited the jealousy of the Dugumbe's men, and they commenced a wholesale destruction of Kimburu's villages and slaughter of his people, under pretence of punishing Manilla, but really with no other object than to impress on the people of the whole country that they must make friends with them alone, and not with Manilla or any one else.

Dr. Livingstone first heard the firing on the other side of the Lualaba; he knew well what it meant, and with a sad heart he walked toward the market, where he was accustomed to find his only relief from the oppressive intercourse with the people, whose every word and act gave him pain. But he little dreamed what a spectacle was awaiting him; little did he expect to see this place which had been his refuge for months the scene of the most dreadful crime he had ever witnessed. He had often beguiled weary hours watching the eager activity of these women; had enjoyed their innocent jokes, had been intensely amused by their various performances, and deeply interested in their exhibitions of various tempers, and had found room for much serious reflection on the phases of character among the untaught, and probably devised many a plan for the elevation of Africa, with the great text-book of African character and African need lying open before him. The place had been put among the pleasantest scenes and experiences of his travels, and shelved in memory for the illustration of the bright side of African life which he longed to show his countrymen and the world. He did not dream that this scene was so soon to be crimsoned with the blood of innocent beings; that this pleasant memory was to receive the blackest inscription possible for human depravity to indite. He never penned a sadder record than we find under this memorable date.

He tells us that it was a hot, sultry day, and when he went into the market he saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. He was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of his men did, for bringing weapons into the slaughter-market, but attributing it to their ignorance, and it being very hot, he was walking away to go out of the market, when he saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before he had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off: in going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank, the current would have aided them, and though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land: as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish.

Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with hands and arms: three canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together, and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head; he had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning. By-and-by all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one. One woman refused to be taken on board, thinking that she was to be made a slave; she preferred the chance of life by swimming, to the lot of a slave. The Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between three hundred and thirty and four hundred souls. The shooting-party near the canoes were so reckless, they killed two of their own people;

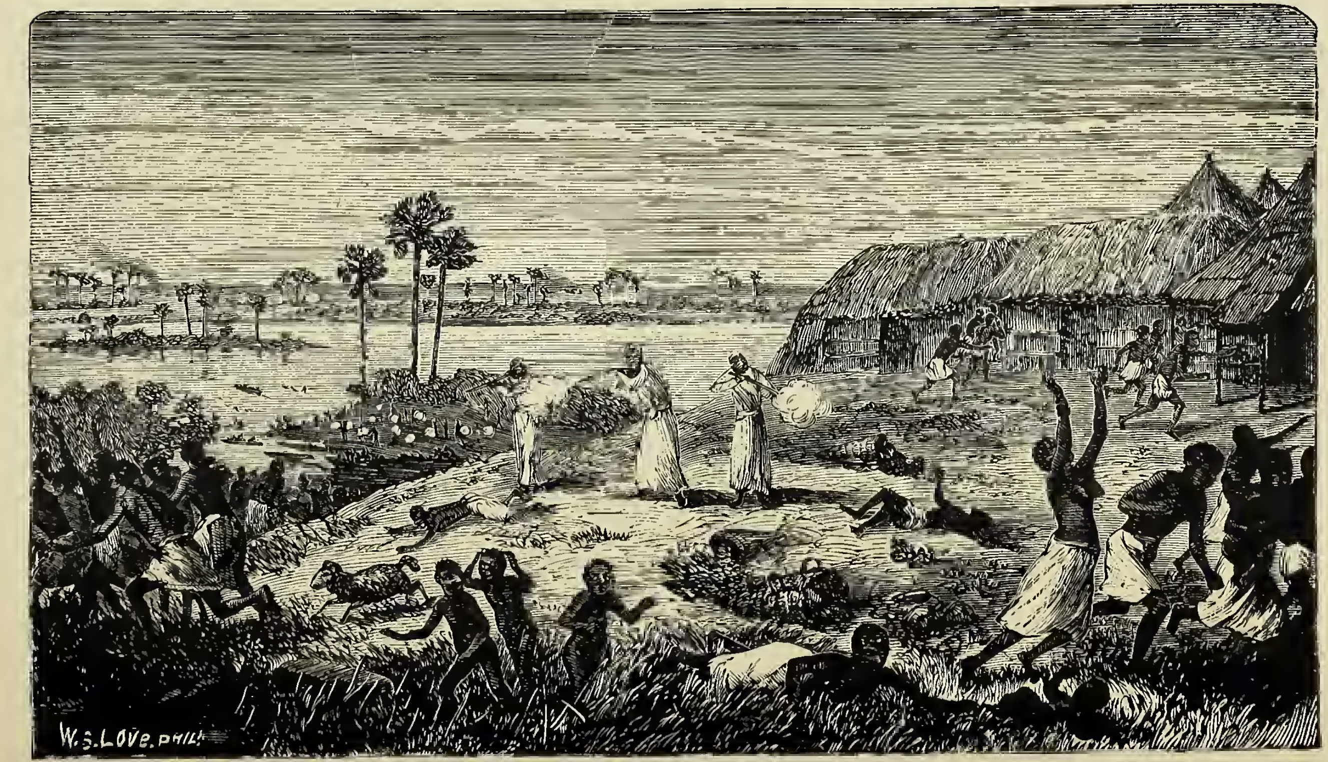
and a Wanyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more.

Dr. Livingstone's first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against his getting into a blood-feud, and he was thankful afterwards that he took the advice. Two wretched Moslems asserted "that the firing was done by the people of the English;" the doctor asked one of them why he lied so, but he could utter no excuse: no other falsehood came to his aid, he could only stand abashed, and so telling him not to tell palpable falsehoods, Dr. Livingstone left him gaping.

After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. Loud wails could be heard on the left bank, over those who were there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of Lualaba. No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; no wonder it gave the sorrowful witness the impression of being in hell. All the slaves in the camp rushed at the fugitives on land, and plundered them: women were for hours collecting and carrying loads of what had been thrown down in terror.

Some escaped to Dr. Livingstone and were protected: Dugumbe saved twenty-one, and of his own accord liberated them; they were brought to the doctor, and remained over night near his house. One woman of the saved had a musket-ball through the thigh, another in the arm. The doctor sent men with his flag to save some, for without a flag they too might have been victims, for Tagamoio's people were shooting right and left like fiends. Twelve villages were burning the next morning. The question was asked of Dugumbe and others, "Now for what is all this murder?" All blamed Manilla as its cause, and in one sense he was the cause; but the wish to make an impression in the country as to the importance and greatness of the new comers was the most potent motive. It was terrible to contemplate the murdering of so many. It was enough to make a man sick at heart. Who could accompany the people of Dugumbe and Tagamoio to Lomame and be free from blood-guiltiness?

It was proposed to Dugumbe to catch the murderers, and


W. S. LOVE. PHIL.

THE MASSACRE OF THE MANYUEMA WOMEN AT NYANGWE.

hang them up in the market-place, as a protest against the bloody deeds before the Manyuema. If, as he and others declared, the massacre was committed by Manilla's people, he would have consented; but it was done by Tagamoio's people, and others of this party, headed by Dugumbe. This slaughter was peculiarly atrocious, inasmuch as it was well understood, that by a sacred custom women coming to or from market have never been known to be molested: even when two districts are engaged in actual hostilities, "the women," say they, "pass among us to market unmolested," nor has one ever been known to be plundered by the men. But these Moslems were inferior to the Manyuema in sense of justice and right. The people under Hassani began the superwickedness of capture and pillage of all indiscriminately. Dugumbe promised to send over men to order Tagamoio's men to cease firing and burning villages; they remained over among the ruins, feasting on goats and fowls all night, and next day (16th) continued their infamous work till twenty-seven villages were destroyed.

Livingstone, by his personal efforts, restored upwards of thirty of the rescued to their friends: Dugumbe seemed to act in good faith, and kept none of them; it was his own free will that guided him. Women were delivered to their husbands, and about thirty-three canoes left in the creek were kept for the owners.

While the shooting was still going on on the other side, and many captives being caught, Tagamoio's people began to cross over in canoes, beating their drums, firing their guns, and shouting, as if to say, "See the conquering heroes come;" they are answered by the women of Dugumbe's camp lullilooing, and friends then fire off their guns in joy.

This horrible massacre was more than he could endure. He never could have consented to go a mile farther with the murderers. He had mastered his own feelings for years, had endured to be dependent on men whose presence was a continual sorrow, had endured witnessing all the horrors of the slave-trade in its most extravagant proportions and its most abominable forms, all in the interest of science and humanity; to endure this longer was to him worse than death, worse than failure, worse than all other ills combined. He could not go on without them, because he would be in the power of ten men, unprincipled every way, who had determined on his death if he should attempt to compel them to go. He could not take only Susi, Chuma, and Gardner, and go. They loved him, were true to him, would die for him, but they would certainly be called on to do it, and it would be all that they could do. There was one thing only: he would return immediately to Ujiji and seek to fit himself up again with a better escort.

When Dugumbe's party saw that he was determined to go back they offered many things, but he took only a little gunpowder. They made presents of beads, but he insisted on returning their value in cloth; he felt that all they had was the price of blood. Dugumbe himself seemed very friendly and sent beads and cowries for purchasing food on the journey, also two very fine large Manyuema swords, and two equally fine spears.

The poor sufferers, who had survived the dreadful war which had been made on them, had found out fully that the white man had a heart for them, and thronged him, begging him to stay. Yes, those poor degraded people, so bloodthirsty themselves, cannibals, surrounded the one man in all that company in whom dwelt the spirit of Christ, and begged him to stay with them and help them find new homes. Oh, who shall distrust the power of Christian kindness to control the most unbridled passions? What power on earth can take hold so strongly on the hearts of men as the grace of God? But it was impossible; the decision was taken; he would go immediately. It was hard, but his faith accepted it. He had experienced too frequently, too *steadily* in his life, the goodness of God to doubt that even this sorest of all his disappointments was ordered graciously. Only very lately he had seen that hand. The very thing which he had most desired for two months, if he had obtained, would have been his destruction: he had wanted a canoe; only recently news had come that a party of the traders who had gone down the river farther than the others, came suddenly to tremendous falls, and several of the foremost canoes were swept away. God had kept him back from that peril: it was only one of many deliverances wrought against his own blind will. He would trust God. And we shall soon see how graciously God was drawing him back to Ujiji. We know that all civilized nations had shared the anxiety to know whether he was living or dead: if living, where; if dead, where he died and how? We know that he had with him the records of a number of years, covering many of the most important discoveries ever made in Africa, containing many things of infinite consequence in connection with the great work of African evangelization, and of immense importance in the interests of science. We know that anxious, loving hearts in England, behind the great eager public, were almost breaking with desire to know whether he was living or dead. There were reasons why he should not die in the forests of Manyuema. A noble, generous man, consecrated to the interests of humanity, may propose greater sacrifice of himself than God is pleased to have him make. Many a man would die in a cause whose life may be of more consequence than the cause itself. God may judge in such matters; he may save a man at the sacrifice of that man's dearest enterprises, and do graciously in it. We venture to believe that this was done in bringing Dr. Livingstone back to Ujiji just when he was brought back. His desire was to explore the Lualaba, hoping to find it connected with the Nile.

But he would have been exposing all the information which he had gained to eternal oblivion, had he gone on. If he had died, all was lost—all his toil and sacrifice, all the interest of the world in his expedition. We ought to thank God for bringing him out of the danger. And we can see the providence in it more clearly than he saw it, when he turned his back on the great river. We remember that just about the time that Dr. Livingstone arrived at Bambarre, there was a young man, a total stranger to him, one who would never have been thought of as conceiving such an enterprise, purposing in his heart the relief of the great traveller. Almost the very day that he entered this wild country there flashed across the continent from Paris to Madrid the few simple words which inaugurated the expedition which God meant should relieve the suspense of the nations, save the information which was of such vast importance to the cause of Christ and humanity, and cheer the weary toiler with assurances of his care and the appreciation of mankind. That young man was James Gordon Bennett, Jr.; those simple words were, "Come to Paris on important business."

The man who received them was Henry M. Stanley. The two men met in a bed-room, early in the morning. They had never met before; God had moved the heart of one, and chosen the other. Many "Livingstone search expeditions" had failed: God never fails. The men may neither of them have thought of God in the matter, but God thought of Livingstone. We do not believe that the men whom he selected for the purposes of his providence were only absorbed by ends of personal gain or emolument. The world is hardly generous in its habit of finding lower motives for the actors in the nobler dramas of life, when lofty motives might as easily be assigned them. Mr. Bennett was the proprietor of a great journal. The proprietor of a great journal may be impelled to the very acts which conduce to its greater prosperity by holier impulses than can arise out of considerations of wealth or popularity. We love to believe that Mr. Bennett is such a man. We prefer to see in his purpose to send assistance to Dr. Livingstone an exhibition of benevolence which dignifies humanity, and the impulses of a soul awake to influences higher than earth. Mr. Bennett may not have realized it fully, or he may have, but he was obeying God. Mr. Stanley was a "Flying Journalist;" but God saw in him the elements of the hero demanded by so great an occasion. We do not believe that he does himself justice in insinuating that he went to Africa only as he would have gone anywhere else, under orders from his employer. Such a spirit of obedience and faithfulness under an engagement is commendable; but we prefer to recognize in Mr. Stanley a spirit which lifts him above the common level of ordinary business honesty. He manifested an enthusiasm in this undertaking which betrayed a greatness of soul which he has preferred to conceal, that his employer might have the more honor. He may not have essayed this expedition at the suggestions of his own benevolence, he probably could not have done so; but when he saw that he might do it, his heart bounded to the work. We believe he went forth from Paris under a higher commission than that of Mr. Bennett. There was needed money, and there was needed a man; God knew where to find both, and he did find them, just when he saw that one of his noblest servants was approaching an extremity. There is something very solemn and precious about this remarkable expedition. God knew exactly when the extremity would be. While he allowed Dr. Livingstone to go on wandering about in Manyuema, he allowed Mr. Stanley to travel leisurely toward the continent of Africa. And when the hour came, the hour of crushing disappointment, and Dr. Livingstone turned toward Ujiji, sick at heart, utterly perplexed, the deliverer, an utter stranger, of another nation than he, was easy marching-distance of the divinely appointed rendezvous. These two men—one a man broken down in health, bearing on his shoulders the weight of many years of severe hardships, and on his heart a heavier weight of anxieties and sympathy for the degraded, the other a young man borne up by the elasticity of youth, and lifeful in the freshness of his noble work—will be approaching each other, with what adventures we shall see hereafter.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DELIVERANCE.

Mr. Stanley at Zanzibar—Selecting Followers—African Currency—Curiosity Unsatisfied—"Speke's Faithfuls"—Bagamoyo—The Mrima—The Frontier of Barbarism—The Baloch—The Wamrima—The Half-Caste Arab—Reception at Bagamoyo—The Jesuit Mission—Mr. Stanley's House—Great Preparations—Mr. Stanley and others—The Route Selected—On the March—First Hunt—The Wakwere—The Wadoe—Beautiful Scenery—"Envious Evil"—The Waseguhha—Handsome Savage—The Wagogo—Death and Marriage—Penalties of Murder and Theft—News of Dr. Livingstone—A Difficulty—Murder Attempted—Providence.

Mr. Stanley landed at Zanzibar on the 6th of January, 1871, under commission from Mr. James Gordon Bennett of New York—with full liberty, unlimited as to expenses, with his orders condensed into the shortest possible sentence—"Find Livingstone." His duty was very clearly set forth, and he was there to do it. He brought with him to Zanzibar Wm. Lawrence Farquhar, who had attracted his attention as first mate on the vessel in which he had sailed from Bombay; and Selim, a Christian Arab boy of Jerusalem, who had been employed as interpreter. About this little nucleus, Mr. Stanley began immediately forming his army for the arduous enterprise before him. The selection of a force of attendants is probably the most important part of the preparation for such an expedition. Besides followers, however, it was necessary to collect great quantities of such African currency as we have now become tolerably familiar with.

The presence of an American in Zanzibar, fitting out so costly an expedition, heading for central Africa, created quite a sensation, and became the engrossing topic of conversation in all circles. The interest was all the more intense, because this stranger seemed so very reticent about his purposes and plans. He allowed no one to know more than was written on his card—

"Henry M. Stanley," "New York Herald." People high and low were gazing in perplexity at that bit of card-board when Mr. Stanley embarked his expedition for the African coast, on the 5th of February.

A white man named Shaw had been employed at Zanzibar, and six of the men who had gained considerable reputation before, as "Speke's Faithfuls;" these six men were named respectively, Bombay, Uledi, Ulimengo, Baruti, Ambari, and Mabruki, who had obtained the distinction "bull-headed," from Captain Burton. With his escort thus perfected, two horses, two donkeys, and almost a boat-load of "money," Mr. Stanley entered the harbor of Bagamoyo, early in February, 1871.

"Bagamoyo is a small port on the Mrima; this narrow strip of land has attracted the gaze of the civilized world, because of its conspicuous connection with the slave-trade; within the coast limits of this small district are to be found the ports through which by far the greater number of human beings bought or captured or kidnapped in the interior are shipped abroad. There are Mombasah, Bueni, Saadani, Whinde, Bagamoyo, Kaole, Kenduchi, Dar Salaam, Mbuamaji, and Kilwa, with their records of violence, just as they have been seen by so many thousands of helpless victims of 'man's inhumanity to man,' gazing the last time toward their homes."

The traveller, who approaches this famous coast from the sea, is constrained to gaze with peculiar interest on the scene which lies before him. "On one side," writes Mr. Burton, "lies the Indian ocean, illimitable toward the east, dimpled with its 'anerithmon gelasma,' and broken westward by a thin line of foam, creaming upon the whitest and finest of sand, the detritus of coralline and madrepore. It dents the coast deeply, forming bays, bayous, lagoons, and backwaters, where, after breaking their force upon bars and black ledges of sand and rock, upon diabolitos or sun-stained masses of a coarse conglomerate, and upon strong wiers planted in crescent shape, the waters lie at rest in the arms of the land like sheets of oil. The points and islets formed by these sea-streams are almost flush with the briny surface, yet they are overgrown with a profuse vegetation, the result of tropical suns and copious showers, which supply the wants of rich soil. The banks of the backwaters are lined with forests of white and red mangrove. When the tide is out the cone-shaped root-work supporting each tree rises naked from the deep sea-ooze; parasitical oysters cluster over the trunks at water level, and between the adults rise slender young shoots, tipped with bunches of brilliant green. The pure white sand is bound together by a kind of convolvulus, whose large fleshy leaves and lilac-colored flowers creep along the loose soil, where, raised high above the ocean level, the coast is a wall of verdure. Plots of bald old trees, bent by the regular breezes, betray the positions of settlements, which, generally sheltered from sight, besprinkle the coast in a long straggling line like the suburbs of a populous city. Thirteen of these settlements were counted in a space of three miles. Here and there the monotony of green is relieved by dwarf earth-cliffs and scaurs of rufous hue. And behind the foreground of alluvial plain, at a distance varying from three to five miles, rises a blue line of higher level conspicuous even from Zanzibar island—the frontier of the wild men. In the narrow strip between this frontier of absolute barbarism and the coast, the region we have described, where the semi-civilization has its foothold, the principal part of the population are soldiers, who call themselves Baloch. Many of them were born in Arabia, where they were fakirs, sailors, porters, and day-laborers, barbers, date-gleaners, beggars, and thieves. They are a turbulent braggadocio set: as young men, with no loftier ambition than may be gratified in smoking, chatting, and idle controversy; as old men they are silly, babbling patriarchs with white beards, telling wondrous stories of former times and distant places. Young or old, they are notorious liars and vagabonds. Next to these in dignity are the Wamrima, whose highest aspiration is the privilege of idleness and luxury, which comes easily to them by unscrupulous exactions from travellers and traders, and the labor of the slaves who cultivate their fields. Mingling with the soldiers and Wamrima are numerous representatives of the inland tribes in various capacities. The half-caste Arab, too, is a conspicuous character in the motley society of Mrima. A degraded licentious class, loving the freedom from restraint, which is the license of barbarism, and wearing with boastful pride the insignia of his Arabic origin, chafing under the contempt in which his black skin is held, and pampering the lusts of his black blood. Among such people the European or American must not expect to find any appreciation of his earnest ideas of life. It is only natural that the days should be passed in drumming, dancing, and drinking, gossip, squabble, and intrigue. Bagamoyo is a representative town of Mrima, and when Mr. Stanley landed there, it was amidst such people, and surrounded by such scenes. And the dignitary on whom it devolved to welcome him as one great man welcomes another was no less a personage than the Jemedar (commander we would say) of the soldiers stationed there. This gentleman came forward adorned with a long trailing turban, to shake the stranger's hand, and assisted in the debarkation of the expedition. But at Bagamoyo Mr. Stanley found also cordial welcome at the hands of the members of the Jesuit mission, established at that place under Father Superior Horner, who offered him their hospitality, which was as genial and lavish as could have been expected in the most enlightened city on earth; and while he felt unwilling to give up his independence, so far as to take up his abode there, he enjoyed exceedingly such visits as he paid the "fathers." "The mission," says he, "forms quite a village of itself, numbering some fifteen or sixteen houses. There are ten padres engaged in the establishment and as many sisters. They have over two hundred pupils, boys and girls, in their care, and all of them seemed to be making good progress." How much happier would have been all eastern Africa to-day, if these earnest men and their predecessors had only pursued the wiser course of making the absolute conversion of men their primary aim and the ground-work of the reformation they sought to effect.

Immediately on landing, Mr. Stanley selected himself a house in the outskirts of the village, and set about completing his arrangements for his march to Ujiji. And such a task! The parties through whom he was obliged to operate, in order to secure carriers at Bagamoyo, were dilatory and extortionate, and it was only after a great deal of annoyance and delay, a young man, who announced himself as Soor Hadji Palloo, made his appearance, and informed Mr. Stanley that he had been requested to serve him, by Tarya Topan, a wealthy merchant of Zanzibar. By the coöperation of this man, the goods were finally all on the way to Unyanyembe. It had not been thought wise for a large number of people, with so much property, to set out in a single company. They had, therefore, been separated into five distinct caravans, starting at different times, so as to put some days between them, Mr. Stanley himself bringing up the rear of the last caravan, which moved away from Bagamoyo on the 21st of March, exactly seventy-three days after he had landed on the coast.

The expedition could hardly have been more thoroughly organized or furnished. There were in all "three white men, twenty-three soldiers, four supernumeraries, four chiefs, and one hundred and fifty-three pagazis, twenty-seven donkeys, and one cart; conveying cloth, beads, and wire, boat-fixings, tents, cooking utensils, and dishes; medicine, powder, small shot, musket balls, and metallic cartridges, instruments and small necessaries, such as soap, sugar, tea, coffee, Liebig's extract of meat, pemmican, candles, etc., making in all one hundred and fifty-three loads. The weapons of defence which the expedition possessed consisted of one double-barrel breech-loading gun, smooth bore; one American Winchester rifle, or sixteen-shooter; one Henry rifle, also a sixteen-shooter; two Starr's breech-loaders, one Jocelyn breech-loader, one elephant rifle, carrying balls eight to the pound; two breech-loading revolvers, twenty-four muskets (flint locks), six six-barrelled pistols, one battle-axe, two swords, two daggers (Persian Kummers), purchased by Mr. Stanley at Shiraz, one boar shear, two American axes, four pounds each, twenty-four hatchets, and twenty-four butcher knives. Nothing had been stinted, everything was provided. Nothing had been done hurriedly, yet everything had been purchased, manufactured, collected, and compounded with the utmost despatch, consistent with efficiency and means." The success or failure depended, under God, on the one man who rode behind the last caravan, "the vanguard, the thinker, the will of the expedition."

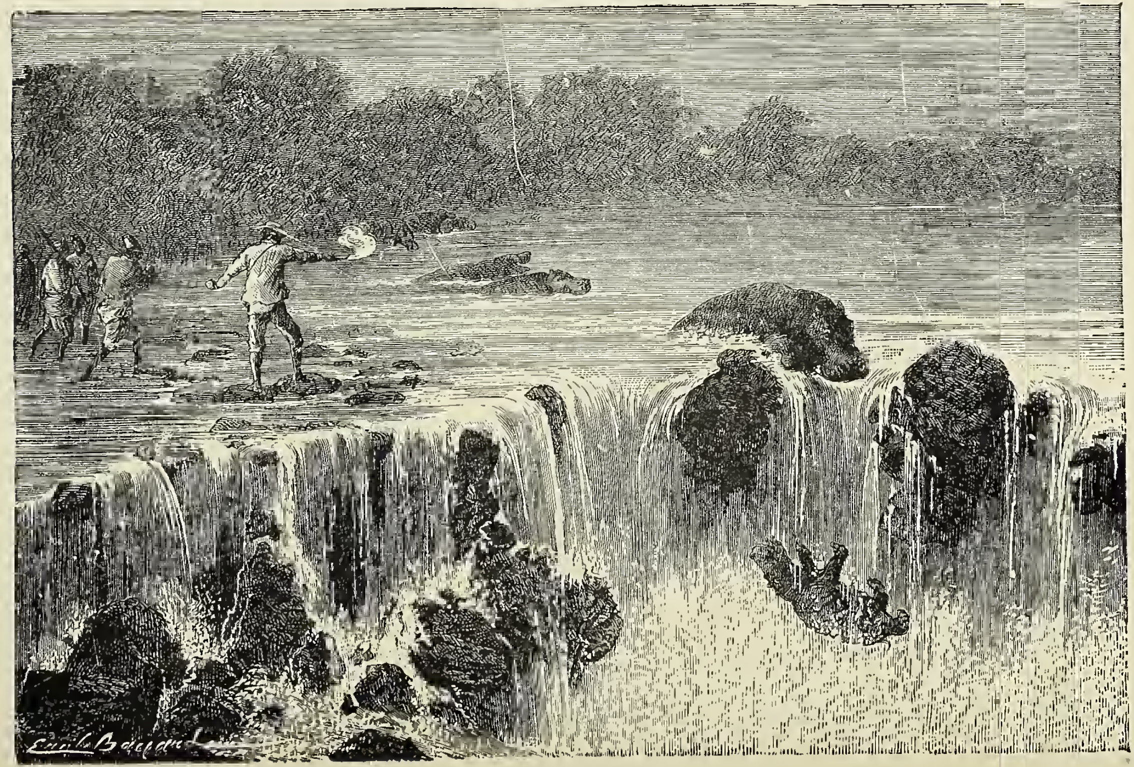
We cannot record in detail the adventures of Mr. Stanley or the incidents of his journey to Ujiji. The reader who has not had occasion to notice carefully the routes of the different travellers whose names are associated with the Lake Tanganyika, may need to be cautioned against the mistake of confounding Mr. Stanley's route with those of his predecessors. He did not adopt the path of Burton and Speke, afterwards traversed by Speke and Grant. Although the general features of the country between Zanzibar and Ujiji were already comparatively well known, Mr. Stanley cannot be thought of as simply marching along a highway; and while, being sent on a special errand, he had not the liberty of turning aside for the purpose of making discoveries, he deserves an honorable place among those who have rendered valuable service in unveiling the mysteries of Africa.

He was in Africa to find Dr. Livingstone, and the faithfulness with which he resisted the temptation to select a route which might draw to himself the attention of geographers proves how wisely Mr. Bennett had selected, in looking for a man to be intrusted with so sacred a mission. Ujiji was, of course, the point toward which he directed his steps, not that he expected to find the object of his search there, but because he had reason to hope that there he might find some clue to his whereabouts. The contract with Soor Hadji Palloo provided for the transportation of the expedition to Unyanyembe, which we will remember is within twelve or thirteen days march of Ujiji. "There were three routes from Bagamoyo to Unyanyembe, either of which might have been taken; two of them had already been described minutely by Messrs. Burton, Speke, and Grant; the other, more northern and direct, was said to lead through northern Uzaramo, Ukwere, Ukami, Udoe, Useguhha or Usegura, Usagara, Ugogo, and Unyanzi;" this route was adopted by Mr. Stanley. The distance from Bagamoyo to Unyanyembe, according to Mr. Stanley, is by direct measurement about three hundred and sixty miles, nearly six degrees of longitude, but "the sinuosity of the path taken by caravans, which in Africa follows the easier, less dangerous, and more available courses, extends the distance to be traversed to over five hundred miles."

Mr. Stanley set out on this long journey full of enthusiasm, which communicated itself to the whole party; and it was no wonder that the residents of Bagamoyo looked on with curious admiration as the long line filed away up the "narrow lane, across which the mimosa boughs wove a royal arch in seeming consciousness. The soldiers sang, the carriers shouted, and the kirangozi fluttered the beautiful American flag as proudly as he could have done if he had understood the significance of those stars and stripes." Mr. Stanley was not a youth, but his heart bounded with youthful joy, and he lifted up his face toward the pure glowing sky and cried, "God be thanked!"

"The road was only a foot path," winding across the surface of splendid soil, between gardens and fields, where abundance of grain and vegetables rewarded the heedless labor of the Wasawahili. These dwellers between the semi-civilization of the coast and the absolute darkness of the interior are some of them a little better dressed, and make a little more respectable appearance than those farther west. But the blood of the barbarian is there, and the caravan had not proceeded many miles before Mr. Stanley was surrounded by astonished crowds of men and women who were absolutely innocent of clothing, all gazing on the "Basungu" (white man), laughing and pointing their fingers like children at the various objects which seemed to them the strangest.

At the Kingani the gallant leader of the expedition had his initiatory lesson shooting African game. This turbid stream is famous for its hippopotami. It is just such a stream as these huge creatures have special delight in. Its banks supported the famous jungles of giant reeds and matted climbers, overshadowed by enormous forest trees, and threaded by creeks and boggy sluices, and all across its bed huge masses of rock broke the force of the current and formed eddies, counter-currents and an infinite succession of shallows and deep places. While his party were being conveyed across by the canoe men, Stanley set about testing the accuracy and force of his guns. His Winchester rifle amounted to nothing; one old fellow was tapped close to the right ear, and only turned around as if to inquire into the needless waste of powder and ball. This old gentleman received the messenger from the smooth bore very differently; bellowing with pain, and trembling in the agonies of death he reeled a moment and fell down dead. The piteous groans of the amphibious monster touched a tender place of Mr. Stanley's heart, and he turned away from the cruel sport.



HUNTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

The caravan had in the meantime crossed safely, men, bales, donkeys and baggage, and the long line moved off over a much more beautiful district than had yet been seen; first splendid park-like lands, next through a grove of young ebony trees, where guinea fowls and hartbeests were seen; then winding about with all the characteristic eccentric curves of a goat path, up and down a succession of land waves, crested by the dark green foliage of the mango, and the scantier and lighter-colored leaves of the enormous calabash. The depressions were filled with jungle, while here and there were open glades, shadowed even during noon by their groves of towering trees. As the strange cavalcade passed along, every living thing seemed to be in consternation, "flocks of green pigeons, jays, ibis, turtle-doves, golden pheasants, quails and moor-hens, with crows and hawks, flew away in terror, while here and there a solitary pelican was seen bearing off from the doubtful scenes on stately wing, and beautiful pairs of antelopes dashed away like fairies, and grave-looking monkeys with their bullet heads, white breasts and long tails were hopping out of reach like Australian kangaroos."

Four miles from the river a halt was ordered at Kikoka, which is on the western border of Mrima. This frontier city was only a collection of straw huts erected in utter indifference of architectural style, surrounded by a pitiable apology for fields. The people were indolent idlers who had settled there from Mrima and Zanzibar. The next stage brought the expedition to Rosako, the frontier village of Ukwere, perched on a little hillock surrounded by an impenetrable jungle of thorny acacia.

Mr. Stanley was now fairly in the midst of African scenes. The wilderness was broken only by the little villages which every now and then appeared peeping through the crevices of their wonderful fortresses of acacia, and the people were fully up to the average in genuine African characteristics. And thenceforward the journey was the monotonous succession of delays, extortions, short marches, fevers, losses and anxieties which distinguish all such expeditions. The Wakwere were not strong enough to be bold, but they were mean enough to be annoying, and sustained their reputation for dishonesty with evident pleasure. And they supported their claims to African nativity by as varied devices and as characteristic developments as any tribe could boast of. The belles of the district, as is the wont and undisputed right of their sex, were conspicuous by a fondness for delight in brass wire wound in strands about the wrists and ankles, and the various styles their insipid heads exhibited and lengthy necklaces dangling about their black and shining bodies, while their poor lords were obliged to be contented with dingy torn clouts and split ears.

Crossing the Ungerengeri, a beautiful river with a broad fertile valley, on the western border of Ukwere, and passing through the narrow belt of country which is all that is left to the warlike remnants of the once powerful Wakami tribe, the young traveller entered the territory of the Wadoe, a people full of traditions, who have always defended themselves bravely against the encroachments of neighbors and the invasions of marauders. They are described as nobler looking than the Wakwere or Wakami, with a lighter shade and more intelligent cast of features. The region they inhabit might well have been guarded by them with jealous courage. Speaking of it, Mr. Stanley says: "It is in appearance amongst the most picturesque countries between the coast and Unyanyembe. Great cones shoot upward above the everlasting forests, tipped by the light fleecy clouds, through which the warm glowing sun darts its rays, bathing the whole in a quickening radiance which brings out those globes of foliage that rise in tier after tier along the hill-sides in rich and varied hues which would mock the most ambitious painter's skill." From the winding paths along the crests of ridges the traveller may look down over forest-clad slopes into the deep valleys, and across to other slopes as gayly clad, and other ridges where deep concentric folds tempt him to curious wanderings by their beauty and mystery and grandeur. But those lovely glades and queenly hills told saddest stories of cruel deeds and wrongs irreparable. It is the old story: envious evil eagerly invades with its polluting presence those sacred spots where all is loveliest; infernal malice mars with strange delight what is beautiful and pure. On man first, creation's inner court, the author of evil fixed his revengeful eye, and rested not until the cruel blight had fallen on all the beauty and purity. And human depravity, like the malice of Satan, has worn its darkest scowl amid the loveliest scenes, and dyed the records of its infamy the deepest into those pages of nature where the eye of God and the gaze of angels dwell oftenest.

Attacked by the joint forces of the Waseguhha from the west and north, and the slave-traders of Whinde and Sa'a dani from the east, the Wadoe have seen their wives and little ones carried into slavery a hundred times. And their courage has not prevented the more powerful allies from cutting away district after district from their country. Their superiority was their misfortune, the beauty and intelligence of their women tempted the lustful Arabs, and the fertility of their soil tempted their neighbors. The Arabs found it easy to find allies in these covetous neighbors for their slave-wars.

Leaving the Wadoe, Mr. Stanley journeyed on, through Useguhha, whose lords have come into their titles by their unholy alliance with the traders. Most conspicuous in this country was the stronghold of Kisabengo, which had descended to his daughter before Mr. Stanley's visit. The Waseguhha made their appearance at every village armed with muskets which had been the reward of their marauding services. With this great advantage they were easily the scourge of that part of Africa. Their country is sterile and mountainous, furnished with gloomy forests and inaccessible passes, just such a region as we would expect to foster the barbarous instincts of its rude inhabitants. Journeying through this region the traveller may congratulate himself on the strength of his escort, and he will find use for his full stock of patience and forbearance. It was pleasant to descend from these inhospitable hills into the district of Usgara, among a people reflecting in their characters, like those of Udoe, the gentler scenery which surrounds them. The Wasagara were naturally a little suspicious, as the victims of the Arabs and their associates are always, but they soon perceived that the white man was of different spirit, and then the excellences of their character were readily revealed, and they proved themselves a frank, amiable, and brave people. "The Wasagara, male and female, tattoo the forehead, bosom, and arms. Besides inserting the neck of a gourd in each ear, which carries his little store of tobacco and lime, he carries quite a number of most primitive ornaments around his neck, such as two or three snowy cowrie shells, carved pieces of wood, a small goats-horn, some medicine, consecrated by the medicine-man of the tribe, a fund of white or red beads, two or three pierced Sungomazzi egg-beads, or a string of copper, and sometimes small brass chains, which they have purchased from Arab traders."

"A youthful Wasagara," continues Mr. Stanley, "with a faint tinge of ochre embrowning the dull black hue of his face, with four or five bright copper coins ranged over his forehead, with a tiny gourd's neck in each ear, with a thousand ringlets, well greased and ornamented with bits of brass, his head well thrown back, his broad chest forward, with his muscular arms and well-proportioned limbs, represents the *beau-ideal* of a handsome young African savage."

Little better than their eastern neighbors are the Wagogo, whose territory joins that of the Wasagara on the west. It was the 25th day of May when the energetic young traveller entered the dangerous land of Ugogo. He had led his caravan two hundred and seventy-eight miles. He had passed through the territories of the Wakomi, Wakwere, Wadoe, Wasegura, Wasagara, and Wohehe. Had crossed the rivers Kingani, Ungerengere, Little Makata, Great Makata, Rudewa, and Mukondokwa. He had discovered the sources of the Kingani, the Wami, and the Mukondokwa rivers, and the Lake Ugombo. Two horses and seventeen donkeys had died; various articles had disappeared under the pressure of circumstances or somebody. Several pegazis had deserted, some had died, and Farquhar had been left behind sick. This was a new people, unlike those among whom he had been, with new perils. A sterile plateau, covered by the most clannish and covetous extortioners.

A powerful tribe, possessing remarkable physical and mental development, not unlike the familiar negro type in general appearance, the Wagogo is at the same time a tribe of proud, ferocious men, looking with covetous eye on the goods of every traveller, and ready on the slightest occasion to proceed to any lengths of violence. Among these people Mr. Stanley was subjected to the most unreasonable fines; and although he was well furnished with rifles, it was very manifest that in their own fastnesses, as they were, and swarming in such vast numbers, peace was well bought at any price. The villages were all fortresses, the whole population was habitually equipped for extremities. Speaking of his experience among them, Mr. Stanley says:

"As we passed the numerous villages and perceived the entire face of the country to be one vast grain-field, and counted the people everywhere in groups, by scores gazing on the white man, I could not wonder at their extortionate demands, for it was evident that they had only to stretch out their hands and take whatever the caravan possessed; and I began to think better of them, because, knowing well their strength, they did not use it without restraint."

The Wagogo warrior is always equipped; his weapons are a bow, a sheaf of long, murderous-looking arrows, pointed, pronged, and barbed; a couple of light, beautifully made assegois, a broad sword-looking spear, with a blade over two feet long; a battle-axe and a knob club. He carries also a shield, painted with designs in black and white; this is oval shaped, and made of the rhinoceros, elephant, or bull hide. The villages are full of these warriors. It was weary, anxious marching, through jungles of gum and thorns, over rugged hills, and across scorching plains, with such neighbors. Over and over he was saved from serious trouble by the wisdom of "Speke's faithfuls," who knew well the habits of the people. But villanous as they may be, the Wagogo believe in God or the "Sky Spirit," whom they call Mulungu, and they address prayers to him when their parents die. Mr. Stanley records a conversation which he had with a Magogo trader, which may be interesting as revealing something of the character and belief of the tribe:

S. "Who do you suppose made your parents?"

T. "Why, Mulungu, white man!"

S. "Well, who made you?"

T. "If God made my father, God made me, didn't he?"

S. "Well, that's very good. Where do you suppose your father is gone to, now that he is dead?"

T. "The dead die," said he, solemnly, "they are no more. The sultan (chief) dies; he becomes nothing; he is then no better than a dead dog, he is finished, his words are finished, there are no more words from him. It is true," he added, seeing a smile on my face, "the sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar, there!"

S. "But then he is a very great man, is he not?"

T. "While he lives, only; after death he goes into the pit, and there is no more to be said of him than of any other man."

S. "How do you bury a Mgogo?"

T. "His legs are tied together; his right arm to his body, and his left put under his head; he is then rolled on his left side in the grave. His cloth he wore during his life is spread over him; we put the earth over him, and put thorn bushes over it to prevent the hyena from getting at him. A woman is put on her left side, in a grave apart from the man."

S. "What do you do with a sultan (chief) when he is dead?"

T. "We bury him, too, of course; only he is buried in the middle of the village, and we build a house over it. Each time they kill an ox they kill it before his grave. When the old sultan dies the new one calls for an ox and kills it before his grave, calling on Mulungu to witness that he is the rightful sultan. He then distributes the meat in his father's name."

S. "Who succeeds the sultan? Is he the eldest son?"

T. "Yes, if he has a son; if childless, the great chief next to him in rank. The msagira is the next to the sultan, whose business it is to hear the cause of complaint and convey it to the sultan, who through the sultan dispenses justice. He receives the honga, carries it to the sultan, and when the sultan has taken what he wishes the rest goes to the msagira. The chiefs are called manya-para; the msagira is the chief manya-para."

S. "How do the Wagogo marry?"

T. "Oh, they buy their women."

S. "What is a woman worth?"

T. "A very poor man can buy his wife from her father for two goats."

S. "How much has the sultan got to pay?"

T. "He has got to pay about one hundred goats, or so many cows, or so many sheep and goats, to his bride's father. Of course he is a chief. The sultan would not buy a common woman. The father's consent is to be obtained, and the cattle have to be given up. It takes many days to finish the talk about it. All the family and the friends of the bride have to talk about it before she leaves her father's house."

S. "In cases of murder, what do you do to the man who kills another?"

T. "The murderer has to pay fifty cows. If he is too poor to pay, the sultan gives his permission to the murdered man's friends or relatives to kill him. If they catch him they tie him to a tree and throw spears at him, one at a time, first; they then spring on him, cut his head off, then his arms and limbs and scatter them about the country."

S. "How do you punish a thief?"

T. "If he is found stealing he is killed at once and nothing is said about it. Is he not a thief?"

S. "But suppose you do not know who the thief is?"

T. "If a man is brought before us accused of stealing we kill a chicken: if the entrails are white, he is innocent; if yellow, he is guilty."

S. "Do you believe in witchcraft?"

T. "Of course we do, and punish the man with death who bewitches cattle or stops rain."

There was very little temptation to loiter in Ugogo, and all possible expedition was used in passing through it. Mr. Stanley was exceedingly anxious to reach Unyanyembe. He had already picked up bits of information which encouraged him to hope that he might soon be able to report the success of his mission. Early in April, while on the banks of the Ungerengere, he had met one Salim bin Rasheed, who said, "I saw the musungu (white man), who came up from the Nyassa a long time ago, at Ujiji last year. He lived in the next tembe to me. He has a long white moustache and beard. He was then about going to Marungu and Uniema."

On the 18th of May Sheikh Abdullah bin Wasif had called at his camp at Mpwapwa and told him "the musungu has gone to Manyuema, a month's march from Ujiji. He has met a bad accident, having shot himself in the thigh while out hunting buffaloes. When he gets well he will return to Ujiji." Stimulated by these reports every energy was exerted, and on the thirtieth day after entering Ugogo Mr. Stanley was in Unyanyembe, at the village of Kwihara.

He had been singularly successful thus far, and though he had been pretty thoroughly initiated into the vicissitudes of

African travel, and had had some severe touches of the ills which every stranger who penetrates these wilds must count on, he stood in Unyanyembe in good spirits, and sanguine of success. More than once, Providence seemed to have interposed for him; not only had he been sustained in severe illness, and saved from encounters with the natives, who so frequently seemed to be set on an attack: there had been particular personal dangers; several times his men had threatened mutiny. Once particularly, he was graciously preserved. The two white men whom he had employed had become exceedingly disagreeable; they were utterly worthless, but the presence of white faces and English-speaking tongues was a great relief in the midst of so much degradation. Mr. Stanley continued the kindest treatment; but on the morning of the 15th of May, while troubles were in full force, when these two men were invited to breakfast as usual, it was evident, from their surly greeting, that something was the matter. Stanley had overheard them a short time before in loud and angry conversation, and now their countenances and manner convinced him that their rage was against him.

"Breakfast was brought on, consisting of a roast quarter of goat, stewed liver, sweet potatoes, hot pancakes, and coffee." And turning to Shaw, Mr. Stanley requested him to carve and help Farquhar. This seemed to be the signal for a rupture, and Shaw replied, in the most insulting manner, "What dog's meat is this?"

"What do you mean?" asked Stanley. Whereupon Shaw broke out in a rage of abuse. He would hear no remonstrance, he was absolutely insensible to all reason, and persisted in his rudeness until Mr. Stanley knocked him down. When he arose he demanded a discharge from the company, and Stanley immediately ordered his things all to be put down outside of the camp, and told him to go. It would have been better if Stanley had not revoked this decision; but that very night Shaw sent in such humble messages that he was allowed to return. That little bit of clemency came near being the ruin of the expedition.

The man came back with expressions of deep repentance, assuring Stanley that he should never have occasion to find fault with him again, and was received with absolute confidence. That very night, as Mr. Stanley was about falling asleep, he heard a shot, and a bullet tore through his tent, only a few inches above his body. Snatching up his revolvers he rushed out of the tent, and asked the men around the watch-fires, "Who shot?" They had all jumped up, startled by the report.

"Who fired that gun?" "Bana Mdogo" (little master), said one of the men. This was the title by which Shaw was known. Lighting a candle, Stanley walked with it to Shaw's tent, and after calling him several times succeeded in getting a response. Faining to be half asleep, Shaw said, "Eh—eh, fire, me fire did you say? I've been asleep." But his gun was lying by him. Stanley put his hand on it, the barrel was still warm, and the mark of fresh-burnt powder was on his hand. The man then tried to excuse himself by saying that he had been dreaming, and thought that he was shooting a robber. There could be no doubt in Mr. Stanley's mind that this was a deliberate attempt to murder him. Looking back over the way he had been led, he felt constrained to thank God for his goodness; and is it not a notable coincidence that, at almost the same hour in which the Banian slaves were plotting for the destruction of Dr. Livingstone, a similar peril should have been impending the life of Mr. Stanley?—and both were spared. Surely there can be no doubt that the same watchful eye was over them both, and that the same Providence which revealed the wicked purposes of the Banians disappointed the murderous intention of the white man.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNYANYEMBE.

Traditions of Unyamwezi—The Appearance of the Country—The Soil—"Fairy Mounts"—Villages—The Wanyamwezi—Sons of Ham—Lovers of Music—Maiden Fondness for Display—Tea-Parties—Matronly Gossip—The Club-Rooms—Masculine Vanity—Home Life in Unyamwezi—The Houses—The Furniture—Dining Hall—"Sweet Earth"—Popular Prejudices—Food of Wanyamwezi—Family Affection—Woman's Rights—Love and Law—Wanyamwezi, their Prominence—Great Travellers—The "Carriers" of East Africa—Varying Character—Unyanyembe Central Province—Arab Settlement—Mr. Stanley's Reception—Sayd bin Salim—Stanley's House—Munificent Hospitality—Visitors from Tabora—Tabora Village—Arab Luxury—Prominent Arabs of Tabora—Mr. Stanley Visits Tabora—The Council of War—Mirambo—An Unhappy Alliance—Sickness—Climate of Unyanyembe—The Battle Array—Disaster and Retreat—Glad to Quit—Tables Turned—The "Flying Caravan"—A Weeping Lover—On the March Again—Mangara—Grand Reception of Chiefs—A Jolly Time—The Ammonia Bottle Uncorked—An Impression Made—Splendid Game-Park—Two Days' Hunting—Trouble in Camp—A Revolt—A Dreadful Plot—The Pledge—Mrera.

It may interest the curious to examine the evidences of the grandeur of Unyamwezi in the days that traditions tell of, when the various provinces were united under one great chieftain. But the modern traveller, intent on mysteries concealed in remoter regions, or reaching eagerly forward under the urgent pressure of some special mission, has hardly time for patient investigation of the thousand hints from which all conclusions concerning early African history must be drawn. It seems more important that the country be known as it is, before we become absorbed in inquiry about what it has been. The Unyamwezi of our time comprises a number of petty provinces, each acknowledging its own tyrant, whose authority is confined within a circumference of a few miles. The country is described as lying between the barren, red, glaring regions of Ugogo and the dark, monotonous verdure of the more western provinces, like a garden.

Lines of low conical and tabular hills wind about irregularly on the general undulation. There are no mountains. "The superjacent stratum is clay, overlying the sandstone, based upon various granites, which in some places crop out, picturesquely disposed in blocks and boulders and huge domes and lumpy masses; ironstone is met with at a depth varying from five to twelve feet, and bits of coarse ore have been found in Unyanyembe by digging not more than four feet in a chance spot. During the rains the grass conceals the soil, but in the dry seasons the land is gray, lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide streets of dark mud. Dwarfed stumps and charred 'black jacks' deform the fields, which are sometimes ditched or hedged in, whilst a thin forest of parachute-shaped thorns diversifies the waves of rolling land and earth hills, spotted with sunburnt stone. The reclaimed tracts and clearings are divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle, varying from two to twelve miles in length, and, as in other parts of Africa, the country is dotted with 'fairy mounts'—dwarf mounds—the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the debris of insect architecture. Villages, the glory of all African tribes, are seen at short intervals rising only a little above their impervious walls of lustrous green milk-bush, with its coral-shaped arms, variegating the well-hoed plains; whilst in the pasture lands herds of many-colored cattle, plump, round-barrelled and high-humped, like Indian breeds, and mingled flocks of goats and sheep, dispersed over the landscape, suggest ideas of barbarous comfort and plenty."

The proprietors of this soil are the typical race in this portion of central Africa; and their comparative industry and commercial activity have secured them a conspicuous superiority among the tribes.

They are generally splendid specimens of the genus homo, so far as physical proportions make it up; tall and manly-looking, and endowed with remarkable strength and powers of endurance. But they are genuine sons of Ham notwithstanding; the deep brown hue and negroid features are unquestionable, even if they were unsustained by the characteristic effluvium, which no ablutions can prevent, and if their cranial coverings were less conspicuous. Like all negroes they are great lovers of music, and among them there are artists who, in spite of the barbarous monotony of their strains, furnish real amusement. Many of these individuals are great improvisators, and delight to weave the latest political news or personal scandal into their merry songs.

The national love of ornament also prevails in all its extravagance. "From the hour that a maiden begins to call for mamma," says Mr. Stanley, "her ornaments are her constant solicitude. She loves to look at the pretty wristlets of red, yellow, white, and green beads which rest upon her dark skin in such contrast; she loves to twine her fingers through the lengthy necklaces of variegated beads, or to play with the bead belt that encompasses her waist; she even sets them in her hair and loves to be told that they become her (as what maiden does not?) It is a pleasure with her to possess a spiral wire cincture even though she possesses no garment to be supported by it. She awaits with impatience the day when she can be married, and have a cloth to fold around her body—until she can have authority to dispose of her fowls for the cheap tinsel sold by Arab merchants." The grave matrons, too, display dispositions quite as comprehensible to the ladies of more enlightened lands as is this craving of the maidens for wealth of ornament. Perhaps there is nothing more matronly than the propensity which has its fullest indulgence in those evening gatherings of world-wide reputation as tea-parties, and, unquestionably, the benevolent champions of female contentment will hail with delight the testimony of an eye-witness, that he had "never beheld anything so approaching to happiness and perfect contentment as the faces of the old and young women of Unyamwezi as they gathered at sunset from the various houses to sit and chat together about the events of the day or those trite subjects of universal interest in such circles. It is a scene for the artist. Each female has her short stool and her growing daughter by her side, who, while her mother chats and smokes with radiant face, employs her nimble hands in converting her parent's woolly locks into a series of plaits and ringlets. The elder females particularly, squatted in a circle, begin to recite their experiences, chattering away like swallows, or like ladies elsewhere: one tells how her cow has stopped giving milk; another how well she has sold her milk to the white man; another of what happened in the field while she was hoeing; another how her master has not yet returned from the capital, whither he has gone to sell grain." He does not say that they invade the sacredness of their neighbor's affairs, or retail magnified stories of another's peccadilloes; possibly he wrote charitably, possibly he was imperfectly informed, possibly those things were said in an undertone, and possibly slander is an accomplishment of civilization; all things are possible.

But the weaker sex cannot boast a monopoly of vanity or social gossip in Unyamwezi any more than they can elsewhere. The most elaborate impersonation of civilized foppishness, whose unctuous locks and waxened labial down have taxed the skill of masters in the tonsorial art, would grind his teeth in envy at the sight of one of those tall dusky odoriferous gallants of Unyamwezi tossing his proud head, adorned with a fringe of jetty woolly ringlets. And every village has its public room which corresponds to the popular club-rooms of nearer regions, a sort of gentlemen's "gossip institute," where "things in general" are discussed with startling acumen, as men are wont to discuss "things in general" in civilized communities. During idle times, and it is seldom there are busy times, they smoke (what would a club-room be without smoke?) and sit on their heels—they have not learned the art of putting them above their heads yet: civilization will modify their use of these members—they sit on their heels now and smoke in idle times, and discuss the same matters perhaps as have occupied their wives and daughters. While they talk one sharpens his spear-head, another makes an axe-helve, or decorates his sword. They talk politics, men would die if they didn't, and the daily news: that too is manly. But the witness does not hint that they so far forget themselves as to descant on the improprieties of Mrs. this, or Miss that, or chuckle over the misfortunes of Neighbor somebody. Civilization seems to have a monopoly of that sort of thing.

The home life of these people is to be found in the tembe. Among the poorer tribes this dwelling is only a stack of straw, but the better sort of tembe has large projecting eaves supported by uprights. "Having no limestone, the people ornament the inner and outer walls of these abodes with long lines of ovals, formed by pressing the tips of the fingers, after dipping them into ashes and water for whitewash, and into red clay or black mud for variety of color. With this primitive material they sometimes, also, attempt rude imitations of nature—of human beings and serpents. Rude carving is also attempted on the massive posts at the entrance of the villages. Within, the principal article, which by its remarkable dimensions attracts attention, is the bedstead. This essential of family life consists of peeled tree-branches, supported by forked sticks, provided with a bedding of mats and cowhide, and occupies the greater portion of the room. There is a triangle of clay cones forming a hearth; this is generally placed nearly opposite the door. Of other things, there are corn-bins, gourds, band-boxes, earthen pots, huge ladles, pipes, grass mats, grinding-stones, and hanging on a branching tree-trunk, standing in one corner, may be seen the arms of the men."

The family dining-hall, so pleasantly associated with the visions which float around the traveller, is not an institution of Unyamwezi. There is hardly a better index of social advancement than is furnished in the manner of eating. In Unyamwezi the males and females do not eat together; even the boys disdain to be seen sitting at meat with their mothers. The men generally take their food in their wanza, or "club-room." They are better satisfied if they have two meals a day, but they are frequently necessitated to be content with one, and employ the interim between meals, or between sleep and food, in chewing tobacco when they have it, and in the event of its failure resorting to clay for the necessary exercise of their jaws. For this purpose they select the clay of ant-hills, which they call "sweet earth." This clay-chewing, indeed, is a custom quite generally prevalent on both coasts of Africa. The clay quid "takes the place of the mastic of Chios, the kat of Yemen, the betel and toasted grain of India and the farther East, and the ashes of the Somali country."

As we might expect, the Wanyamwezi are not free from those prejudices in the matter of food which are so generally discovered among savages; but their prejudice has not been reduced to a system, as amongst the tribes of central Africa.

Before their closer intercourse with the Arabs they kept poultry, but like the Gallas and the Somali, who look on the fowl as a kind of vulture, they would not eat it. Even in the present day they retain their prejudice for eggs. Some will devour animals that have died of disease, and carrion, the flesh of lions and leopards, elephants and rhinoceroses, asses, wild cats and rats, beetles and white ants; while others refuse to touch mutton or clean water-fowl, declaring it is not their custom. They seldom eat meat; their ordinary diet consists of the messes common in central Africa, a sort of porridge made from flour of matama—the Holcus sorghum, or Arabic dourra. This is accompanied with leaves of the garden plants, such as the bean and cucumber, boiled and mashed up. When this humble meal is cooked the gentlemen (?) assemble around the pot and proceed to the delightful duty of cramming themselves, in which exercise the only implement employed is nature's ladle. In the season for it, these mush-fed children luxuriate on honey and sour milk, but no matter what they eat or how much, the Wanyamwezi never own repletion until they have "sat on pombe" or, in other words, until they are pretty thoroughly intoxicated.

There is very little community of interest, and apparently a great lack of family affection in these tribes. The husband when returning from the coast laden with cloth will refuse a single shukkah to his wife, and the wife succeeding to an inheritance will abandon her husband to starvation. The man takes charge of the cattle, sheep, goats, and poultry; the woman has control of the vegetables and grain. It seems a little remarkable we observe in savage life, in rude realization, so many of the pet projects of certain noisy would-be leaders of an advanced civilization. It is hardly a question whether it is progress or retrogression that must be relied on to restore the balance between the sexes and grant to woman the disenthralment in which she may call what is hers, her own. It is a pity that there are so many who are forward to set aside the assertion that dependence is the charm of woman and her title to all things. It is to be lamented that so much is said about the distinctive rights and obligations of the sexes. It ought to be remembered that the true happiness of man and woman is in their identity, and it should not be forgotten that there is nothing that hinders a coalescence of hearts more effectually than a clamorous assertion of rights. The world will rue the day which adopts a code defining the relative dignity of man and woman. Love is not unlawful, but legislation is the death of it. There are rights in love, but no knowledge of them. The spontaneity of all its offerings and concessions is their beauty and blissfulness. Distinctions patronize discord; where there are boundaries there are conflicts; there cannot be a line drawn between man and woman which does not sever the magic bond of their union. Wives and mothers and daughters and sisters cannot afford to have their guardianship transferred from love to law. The sun of human happiness will have passed its meridian, and a polished barbarism, that dotage of civilization, will be coming on, when human folly allows checks and balances to take the place of free-acting love in the relations of husband and wife. We must not forget that the peculiar glory of civilization is in that beautiful and joyous identity of the sexes which finds its prettiest type in the vine-entwined oak.

The Wanyamwezi have won for themselves quite a reputation by their commercial industry. They are the professional porters of East Africa. From days immemorial they have monopolized the carrying business. They are everything to the traveller, they take the place of camels, horses, mules, and asses. They are indispensable to the traders and travellers. They are generally found in the various coast villages waiting to be hired for long journeys. "These are the people whom we have seen among the hills of Itawa, in the forests of Lunda, on the banks of the Lualaba, in the wilds of Manyuema, on the banks of all the lakes—who are found in the mountains of Karangwah, on the plains of Uvinza, on the barren plateau of Ugogo, in the park lands of Ukonongo, in the swamps of Useguhha, in the defiles of Usegara, in the wilderness of Ubena, among the pastoral tribes of the Watuta, trudging along the banks of the Refugi, and in slave-trading Kilwa, everywhere; weighted with the bales of Zanzibar, containing cottons and domestics from Massachusetts, calicoes from England, prints from Muscat, cloths from Cutch, beads from Germany, and brass wire from Great Britain. In caravans they are docile and tractable, on trading expeditions of their own they are keen and clever; in their villages they are a merry-making set. As Ruga Ruga or forest men, the Wanyamwezi are unscrupulous and bold; in Ukonongo and Ukawendi they are hunters; in Usukuma they are drovers and iron-smelters; in Lunda they are energetic searchers for ivory; on the coast they are a wondering, awe-struck people."

These are the people in whose middle province Mr. Stanley took up his quarters the 21st of June, 1871. "Unyanyembe is the great Bandari or meeting-place of merchants, and point of departure for caravans, which thence radiate into the interior of central intertropical Africa. Here the Arab merchant from Zanzibar meets his compatriot returning from the Tanganyika lake and from Uruwwa. Northwards, well-travelled lines diverge to the Nyanza lake, and the powerful kingdoms of Karagwah, Uganda, and Unyoro; from the south, Urori and Ubena, Usanga and Usenga, send their ivory and slaves; and from the southwest, the Rukwa Water, K'hokoro, Ufipa, and Marungu must barter their valuables for cotton, wires, and beads."

"This province was colonized," according to Burton, "about 1852, when the Arabs, who had been settled some years in a district of Usukuma, having become involved in one of the native wars were compelled to change their home. Snay bin Amir and Musa Mzuri, the Indian, settled at Kazeh, then a desert; built houses, sunk wells, and converted it into a populous place."

It is well to remark, that the reader may not be confused by the names which seem to be used interchangeably with Unyanyembe, that this district is not properly a town, but a district containing a number of villages all very near each other, where the Arabs have their great tembe, surrounded by the humbler abodes of their servants and dependents, and lead lives of comfort and even splendor, and take great pride in welcoming travellers with astonishing display. When Mr. Stanley came on the ground he was received with great cordiality by Sayd bin Salim, whom favoring fortune had favored, since the time of Burton and Speke's visit, from the station of servant to wealth and prominence. Sayd bin Salim had his spacious tembe in Kwikuru, the capital village of the province.

As the visitor walked beside the governor toward Kwikuru he "received a noiseless ovation." The Wanyamwezi pagazi were out by hundreds, and the warriors of old Mkasiwa hovered about their chief; the naked, dusky children standing between their parents' legs, even infants slung over their mothers' backs, all paid the tribute due to his color in one grand concentrated stare. Having been hospitably refreshed with a breakfast which went as far as any breakfast could have done towards making him forget that he was in the wilds of Africa, and quite a conversation with the lordly Sayd, he was escorted by that dignitary to Kwihara, where his house had been provided. Gathered about the door of the tembe he found the men of his expedition. They had stacked their bales, and piled their boxes, and the members of the different caravans were using their tongues with marvellous energy, exchanging with each other the incidents of their journey.

Some delay is always expected at Unyanyembe, and porters, whether hired upon the coast or on Tanganyika lake, are accustomed to disperse there, and a fresh gang must be collected. Mr. Stanley's first duty, therefore, was to receive the reports of the leaders of his caravans, and bestow such rewards or make such payments as occasion required, and the crowd scattered and left him with his little band of special followers to take possession of his new quarters, which he declares was a "most comfortable place." There were quarters for his men and for himself; sitting-room, bed-room, bath-room, cook-house, storehouse, prison, etc., etc. He had hardly accomplished the disposition of his goods in spaces designed for them, and paid off his carriers, and begun to realize that he might under proper circumstances have an appetite, when in came several slaves in succession, "bearing trays, full of good things from the Arabs: first, an enormous dish of rice, with a bowlful of curried chicken; another with a dozen huge wheaten cakes, another with a plateful of smoking hot crullers, another with papaws, another with pomegranates and lemons; after these came men driving five fat hump-backed oxen, eight sheep, and ten goats, and another man came with a dozen chickens and a dozen fresh eggs." No wonder he was taken by storm, with such real, practical, noble courtesy, such munificent hospitality; and we are prepared to accredit his assurance, that his people were as much delighted as himself at the prodigal plenitude visible on his table, and in his yard. A slaughtered ox and a feast wound up the ceremony of settlement, and all hands turned in to sweeter rest than they had known for many days.

The next day the Arab magnates from Tabora came on a formal visit. Tabora is the place mentioned by Captain Burton as Kazeh, the first Arab settlement in Unyanyembe. It is the principal settlement in the country. "It contains," according to Mr. Stanley's estimate, "over a thousand huts and tembes, and one may safely estimate the population, Arabs, Wangwana and natives, at five thousand people." Between Tabora and Kwihara, where Mr. Stanley had his quarters, rise two rugged hill-ridges, separated from each other by a low saddle, over the top of which Tabora is always visible from Kwihara.

It is astonishing what luxury is conveyed into the heart of Africa by these Arab merchant princes. The fertile plain about their villages, kept in the highest state of cultivation, yields marvellous abundance and endless variety of vegetables, and supports vast herds of cattle, and sheep and goats innumerable; while just about the tembes the orange, lemon, papaws and mangoes may be seen thriving finely. Add to these the tea, coffee, sugar, spices, jellies, curries, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, and such fine cloths as they need for their own use, brought from the coast every year by their slaves; associate these with a wealth of Persian carpets, most luxurious bedding, complete services of silver for tea and coffee, with magnificently carved dishes of tinned copper and brass lavers; and we have a catalogue out of which our imagination produces pictures of luxury that, amid the wildness and rudeness of that barbarous land, seem more like the magician's work than tangible realities, which await the worn-out traveller across six hundred miles of plains and mountains and rivers and swamps, where a succession of naked, staring, menacing savages throng the path in wonder at a white face.

The representatives of this splendid living, who had called to pay their respects to Mr. Stanley, were the donors of the gifts which had surprised him on the day before, and had they been less prepossessing than they were, their kindness would have bound him to think them pleasant gentlemen; but they were a fine, handsome body of men. Conspicuous among them was "Sayd bin Salim, the governor of the colony, Sheikh bin Nasib, his Highness of Zanzibar's consul at Karangwa; then Kamis bin Abdullah, and young Amram bin Mussoud; handsome and courageous Soud, the son of Sayd bin Majid; then Thani bin Abdullah; next Mussoud bin Abdullah and his cousin, Abdullah bin Mussoud; then old Suliman Dowa Sayd bin Sayf and the old Hetman of Tabora—Sultan bin Ali." When all the formalities of greeting and the congratulations and protestations and invitations were over, these distinguished models of Arab etiquette departed, carrying an engagement with Mr. Stanley for his presence with them three days from date.

The kindness of these wealthy visitors had paved the way, intentionally or otherwise, for involving the Herald Expedition in a way which threatened it with great disaster. When Mr. Stanley repaired to Tabora, according to his engagement, he found himself just in time to be present at a grave council of war, in which he was invited to take a seat with Selim, his Arab interpreter, by his side.

The trouble was with a chief called Mirambo, who it seems had for several years been in a state of chronic discontent with the policies of the neighboring chiefs. Formerly a pagazi for an Arab, he had now assumed regal power, with the usual knack of unconscionable rascals who care not by what means they step into authority. When the chief of Uyoweh died, this bold man, who was at the head of a gang of robbers infesting the forests of Wilyankuru, suddenly entered Uyoweh and constituted himself lord paramount by force, and by a few feats of enterprise which he performed to the enrichment of those who recognized his authority, soon established himself firmly in his position. From this beginning he had carried destructive war over three degrees of latitude, and at length conceiving a grievance against Mkasiwa, chief of the Wanyamwezi, demanded of the Arabs that they should sustain him against their ally. This they refused to do, and Mirambo had in resentment resolved that no Arab caravan should pass through his country to Ujiji; and not satisfied with this menace of the foreigners, had now proclaimed open war on them and the Wanyamwezi together. We will not detain the reader with the proceedings of the council: it is enough that it was determined to march against this impertinent chief and annihilate him at once. And Mr. Stanley, partly because he saw no other way of reaching Ujiji and relieving Dr. Livingstone, and partly because he felt under obligation to assist those who had shown him such attentions, consented to join them in the enterprise.

In the interval of the preparations for this war, Mr. Stanley was attacked by that subtle enemy of the white man, which must be confronted in every part of Africa. The fever raged, and in the days of delirium he traversed again the varied scenes of the eventful past. He had come to Unyanyembe about the beginning of summer. It is then that the east wind, the only wind so ill that it blows nobody any good in any land, comes sweeping over the country, "refrigerated by the damp alluvial valleys of the first region, and the tree-clad peaks and swampy plains of Usagara, with a freezing cold in an atmosphere properly tepid. These unnatural combinations of extremes, causing sudden chills when the skin perspires, bring on inevitable disease. These gales are most violent in the earlier part of the season, immediately after the cessation of the rains, and as the summer advances the transition diseases disappear and the climate becomes more agreeable." Mr. Stanley arrived just in the trying period; though suffering severely, the torture was of short duration, and he tells us that on the tenth day after his first illness he was in good trim again. Then Shaw was down, next Selim, and it was the 28th of July before they were sufficiently recovered to start on such an enterprise as lay before him.

Although contemplating an engagement with Mirambo, he was so confident that the allied forces would vanquish that chief easily that he determined to go as far as his border, prepared to continue his journey to Ujiji without returning to Unyanyembe. Accordingly he left Unyanyembe on the 29th with fifty men, loaded with bales, beads and wire. At Mfuto, after a three days' march, he joined the Arab forces, having stored his goods. The army, mustering in all two thousand two hundred and fifty men, advanced upon the stronghold of the enemy. Then follows a story of failure, of retreat, of shameful cowardice on the part of those most deeply interested, and a few days later he was in Unyanyembe again, heartily disgusted with the Arab method of warfare and their ideas of duty to an ally; with the scene before him of Mirambo's army surrounding Tabora.

Feeling himself fully absolved from all obligations to his Arab neighbors, for whom he had nearly sacrificed his life and the expedition, Mr. Stanley now set about collecting a new set of carriers, determined to start for Ujiji by a route which promised freedom from the opposition of Mirambo, though much more indirect than the one he would have preferred to take. It was no easy matter to secure such a number of men as he needed under the circumstances. But the delay was unendurable, while he feared that the great and good man whom he had been sent out to find and help might be suffering at Ujiji; therefore he decided to leave the greater portion of his goods under a guard and set out with a "flying caravan" by the southern route through northern Ukonongo and Ukawendi. Conspicuous among those whom he mustered for this march were two men of giant proportions, named Asmani and Mabruki, who will play a conspicuous part as we shall see.

But gathering a force is not all of getting away from such quarters as Unyanyembe. There are always little domestic ties formed by the sable attendants of a traveller in such quarters which are not friendly to prompt departures. When on the morning of the 20th of September the caravan was mustered outside of the tembe, under flags and streamers so proudly unfurled, and all the loads were ready to be lifted, one of the principal members of the expedition was missing. Where was Bombay? Where should he be—where would one expect to find such a gallant at such a time? "Bombay was found weeping in the arms of his Delilah."

We cannot require the reader, whose real concern is to know how and when and where this expedition succeeded in bringing consolation and timely aid to Dr. Livingstone, to follow him with the details of this journey of so much interest in the life of Mr. Stanley. The days were full of petty complaints from a few grumblers, and almost every night desertions occurred. Shaw was more trouble than a dozen babies, and ultimately succeeded in provoking his employer to send him back to Unyanyembe. Day after day were the same experiences; forest after forest was passed; the villagers were all cautious; only news of war, war! filled the country. The terror of Mirambo was on the whole region. Kasegera was passed just as a welcome was being given to a party returning from the coast. The great village of Ugunda, from whose formidable stockade even the powerful Mirambo had withdrawn his forces in despair of taking it, was left behind them. On the 2d of October they entered the cultivated fields of Manyara, made conspicuous in the story by a scene such as can never fade from the memory of a man who has any eye for the ridiculous. The authorities of this village refused admission to the travellers, and declined positively to allow their people to sell them any food. On the 3d, Stanley continued to ply the chief with offered presents, having well learned already that no African chief is proof against such beautiful things as the white man can offer. When terms were made, and the precious beans and rice and matama and Indian corn began to flow into his camp, Mr. Stanley arranged to receive the chiefs. His Persian carpet and bear skin were spread out, and a bran new piece of crimson cloth covered his bed. He received the chief and his associate chieftains at the gate of his camp and escorted them with all dignity into the gaudy-looking tent, and invited them to seat themselves.

The first thing that these noble men did was to scrutinize the owner of that pavilion intently, his face, his clothes, his entire person, and thereupon burst into uncontrollable laughter, accompanied with repeated snapping of the fingers. Everything in the tent was examined with the same intent curiosity; the sixteen-shooter particularly elicited a thousand flattering observations, and the tiny revolvers seemed to them of superhuman workmanship. As they passed from object to object their enthusiasm increased, and in the wildness of their delight they seized each other's index fingers and screwed and pulled as if they would inevitably dislocate those innocent members. When the medicine chest was produced, the climax of their admiration seemed to be reached. They tasted the brandy; next came a bottle of concentrated ammonia, whose use it was explained was for snake-bites and headaches. The chief immediately complained that he had headache and must have some. Telling him to close his eyes, Mr. Stanley suddenly uncorked the bottle and presented it to his majesty's nose; the effect, he tells us, was magical: he fell back as if he was shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. The chieftains roared with laughter, and clapped their hands and pinched each other and snapped their fingers in a frenzy of merriment, while the great chief, slowly recovering himself, great tears rolling down his cheeks and his face quivering with laughter, slowly uttered the word, "Kali"—hot, strong or quick medicine. The morning passed and the visitors left delighted and fully impressed with the idea of the white man's greatness, which they expressed most vehemently, saying, "Oh, these white men know everything, the Arabs are dirt compared to them."

They had now come into the real game country of Unyamwezi. They had barely left the waving corn-fields of Manyara when they came in sight of a herd of noble zebra. As they advanced they beheld herds of buffalo, zebra, giraffe and antelope. They were on the banks of the Gombe. The whole country was one magnificent park, and it was impossible to resist the temptation to spend a few days in hunting. And when the days admonished him of the importance of continuing the journey, so thoroughly in love with the beautiful scenes and the abundance of meat had his men become that his order to march was met by open rebellion. They delegated Bombay to beg that they might stay one day longer. Bombay was well scolded for bringing such a message, after two days of rest and so much food. Bombay moved away in a manifestly sulky mood, and an expression which seemed to say, "Well, get them to move yourself, you wicked, hard man; I shall not help you." That which followed we give in Mr. Stanley's words: "Notwithstanding their unwillingness, at the sound of the horn the men turned to their bales and marched off, but in deep, sullen silence." Stanley remained behind to drive the stragglers on. In about half an hour he saw the caravan come to a dead halt, the bales thrown down and the men, engaged in angry conversation and gesticulation, standing about in groups. There was manifestly serious work on hand, and taking his double-barrel gun from Selim's shoulder he selected a dozen charges of buckshot, and slipping two of them into the barrels and adjusting his revolvers for handy work, he walked forward towards the angry men.

He noticed them seize their guns as he approached, and when within about thirty yards of the groups he discovered the heads of two men appear above an ant-hill on his left with their guns carelessly pointed toward the road. Instantly he halted, and taking deliberate aim at them, threatened to blow their heads off if they did not come forward to talk to him. These two men were the gigantic Asmani and his sworn companion Mabruki, who the reader will remember were among the men obtained at Unyanyembe. They were afraid not to obey such an order, so they came; but keeping his eye on Asmani, Stanley saw him moving his fingers to the trigger of his gun and bringing his gun to a "ready," and was obliged again to threaten him with instant death if he did not put his gun down. Asmani then came on in a sidelong way, with a smirking smile on his face and the lurid light of murder in his eye, as plainly as ever such a light shone in the eye of a villain. Meantime Mabruki sneaked to his rear, deliberately putting powder in the pan of his musket; but wheeling just in time, Mr. Stanley planted the muzzle of his own gun within two feet of the wicked rascal's face, and commanded him to drop his piece instantly. There could be no hesitation: Mabruki saw that and let it fall, and instantly went reeling back under a vigorous blow in the breast from the muzzle of that which had been levelled in his face, and left the single white man to confront Asmani again. Asmani was of a more stubborn spirit, and in the face of Stanley's gun began lifting his gun to his shoulder. It would have been his last act, but just at the moment when Stanley's finger was coming down on the trigger of his gun a form appeared behind Asmani, and a strong hand swept his gun aside with an impatient, nervous movement, and the voice of Mabruki Speke was heard in horror-stricken accents, saying, "Man, how dare you point your gun at the master!" Mabruki Speke then threw himself at the feet of his master and endeavored to kiss them, and entreated his forgiveness. "It is all over now," he said; "there will be no more quarrelling; they would all go to Tanganyika now, without any more noise and inshallah!" Said he, "We shall find the old musungu at Ujiji." Then turning to the men he said, "Men, freemen, shall we not? Shall we not go to Tanganyika without any more trouble? Tell the master with one voice."

"Ay, Wallah! ay, Wallah! bana Yango! hamuna manneno mgini"—which literally translated is, "Yes, by God! yes, by God! my master!" "There are no other words," said each man in turn. All the men were pardoned except Bombay and Ambari, who were the real leaders in the plot. They both received a sound thrashing and were clapped in chains until they learned how to ask pardon, which they were not long in doing, and the wonted freedom and peacefulness of the party was soon restored. Nothing more of unusual interest transpired until they reached the district of Mrera, fourteen days journey from Unyanyembe.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MEETING.

pproaching Each Other—The Spirit of the Man—"A Good Heart"—Adequacy of Christian Kindness—Africa for Christ—Effigies of Men—A Lesson Learned—Mistake the Man—The Ambuscade—A Third Deliverance—A Good Omen—No Vengeance—The Leopard—Weary and Indifferent—Painful Reflections—"Little Better than a Skeleton"—Dreadful Disappointment—The Good Samaritan—Mr. Stanley's Caravan—"That 23d Day of October"—Good News—A Forced March—The Tanganyika at Last—The First View of the Lake—Special Charms for Stanley—The Approach—"Good-Morning, Sir"—"Who the Mischief are You?"—The Meeting—The Conversation—The Revelation Made—"God Never Failed Him"—The Best Medicine—A Cruise on the Lake—No Outlet Found—"I Must Finish my Task."

About the time that Mr. Stanley halted his caravan in Mrera Dr. Livingstone landed on the islet Kasenge, in Lake Tanganyika. They were approaching each other. We remember how sadly the great traveller turned away his eyes from the river which he believed could in one short month guide him to the Nile. We left him arranging for his return to Ujiji, where he contemplated one of two evils, as the only thing hopeful which awaited him there: either he must gather followers from the unreliable vagabonds who might be found floating about town, or be willing to wait ten months at least until men could be sent from the coast. But he was not discouraged; the spirit of the man was indomitable, his resoluteness was astonishing. Far advanced in years, and feeling the weight of age, the victim of various diseases, surrounded by wars, with an experience of years confirming all the apprehensions of dangers and want and disappointment which could possibly arise in his thoughts, he calmly contemplated, first retracing his steps at least six hundred miles, and then a long and perilous circuitous route, for the purpose of reaching again, outside of the net of the slavers, the promising thread of discovery which he was forced for the time to relinquish. It is absolutely certain that nothing could have separated him from his task except death.

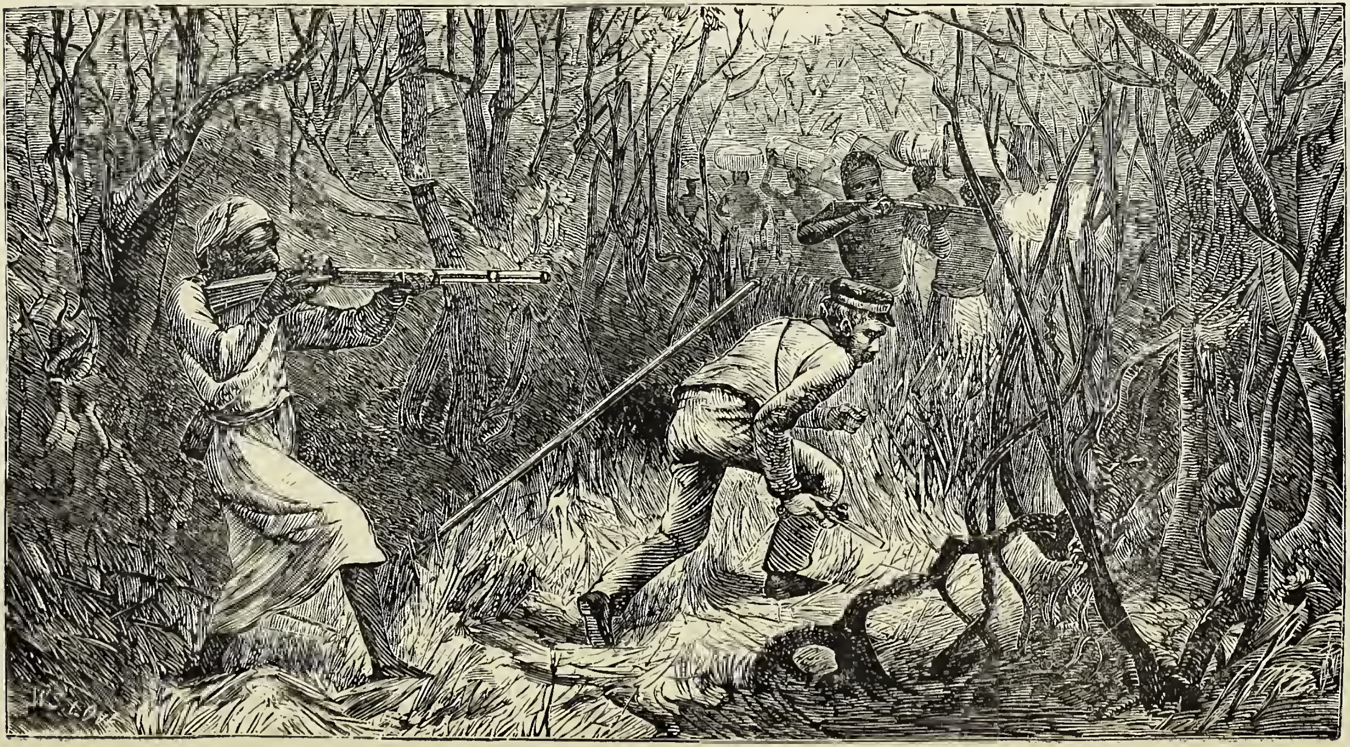
We have already become familiar with the country through which his journey to Ujiji lay. The Manyuema, who had learned the difference between the white man and the Arabs, treated him kindly; they had no quarrel with him: he had a "good heart," they said. There is marvellous power in goodness; the benevolence in human nature is the brightest reflection of Deity; Christian kindness is the truest representative of the grace of God. The lives of men acting out those generous impulses implanted by the Spirit of God are most potential rays from Calvary, penetrating the world, enlightening, cheering, and controlling human hearts. The fact of the crucifixion is the saving truth of the ages: good men are the channels of its dissemination and the agents of its power. It is not by human prowess but by human benevolence that the world is to become the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ. If the life of David Livingstone does no more, it will reassure the hearts of men in the absolute adequacy of Christian kindness to control the rudest barbarians, and make allies in noblest enterprises of the most ignorant and degraded. Perils there may be for the man who ventures on missionary work among savages, but if he be thoroughly in love with them, so sincerely and immovably consecrated to their welfare that no exhibitions of depravity can diminish his zeal, and no ingratitude paralyze his purpose, if he seek them as Christ sought the world, the love of his heart will be his palladium and his kind offices his edicts of authority. The life which is an emanation from the heart of Christ will disarm all prejudices and overcome all resistance, and lead out the latent virtues of the most ignorant and vicious, like the gentle, genial rays of the sun scatter the darkness and melt the crusts of earth and summon from its deadness a very paradise of life and beauty. Next to Jesus Christ a loveful human life is glorious. When all the story has been told, when the portrait of Livingstone stands out complete, the best thing of all that will have been said, the brightest lines on the canvas, will be the words of these poor Manyuema cannibals, "*a good man!*" We cannot think of him journeying toward Ujiji, full of sorrow and pain, while the trembling victims of Arab cruelties hung on his track, begging him to stay with them and help them, without tenderest emotion. Oh, how long shall it be before the Church of Jesus Christ extends its blessings to all the benighted of earth! Where the sun has shone, it may shine; where Christian feet have trod, they may tread; where Christian power has been recognized and felt, it may reign. Africa may be Christ's, all Christ's; the same gentle agency by which the gospel prevails in other lands is enough to make even the darkest wildernesses of that land, earliest known and last to be redeemed, blossom like a rose.

As he journeyed toward Bambarre the traveller's heart was grieved every day by the desolations which the unscrupulous invaders had made, in even so short a time. The sites of destroyed villages, panic-stricken refugees, there was nothing cheering, the deepening curse hung like a pall over all the landscapes. The hills were not inspiring as they would have been; even the splendid foliage waving everywhere, like nature's defiance of human wrath, could not seem as fresh and green as it was, to eyes saddened by such sights as it imperfectly concealed. Effigies of men were often seen: the people called them Bathata —fathers or ancients. The names of these rude pieces of handiwork were preserved, and when they were spoken of, these revered names were pronounced most carefully. These heathen teach us a lesson by their thoughtful utterances of the names of their deities. Sometimes there are offerings made to the "fathers" by the poor savages.

On this journey Dr. Livingstone was repeatedly saved from death by unmistakable providences. In his account of this he says, that one day he came to a village, ill, almost every step in pain, and was distressed to see the people all run away. There was evidently a mistake, he felt sure they could not know who he was. They would come sometimes and throw stones at his people, and tried to kill those who went for water. All night these villagers watched them. The next morning, the first thing was to send men forward to see if the way was clear. But the people would come to no terms. They knew their advantage, and the wrongs they had suffered from Bin Juma and Mohamad's men when they threw down the ivory in the forest. In passing along the narrow path, with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand, the party came to a point where an ambush had been placed, and trees cut down to obstruct them while they speared them; but for some reason it was abandoned. Nothing could be detected; but by stooping down to the earth and peering up towards the sun, a dark shade could sometimes be seen: this was an infuriated savage, and a slight rustle in the dense vegetation meant a spear. A large spear from his right lunged past the doctor, and almost grazed his back, and stuck firmly into the soil. The two men from whom it came appeared in an opening in the forest only ten yards off and bolted, one looking back over his shoulder as he ran. As they were expert with the spear it was remarkable that it missed, except that he was too sure of his aim and the good hand of God was upon Livingstone.

He was behind the main body, and all were allowed to pass till he, the leader, who was believed to be Mohamad Bogharib, or Kolokolo himself, came up to the point where they lay. A red jacket they had formerly seen the doctor wearing was proof to them that he was the same that sent Bin Juma to kill five of their men, capture eleven women and children, and twenty-five goats. Another spear was thrown at him by an unseen assailant, and it missed also, by about a foot in front. Guns were fired into the dense mass of forest, but with no effect, for nothing could be seen; they heard the men jeering and denouncing them close by: two of their party were slain, still no one could be seen.

Coming to a part of the forest cleared for cultivation Dr. Livingstone noticed a gigantic tree, made still taller by growing on an ant-hill twenty feet high; it had fire applied near its roots. He heard a crack, which told that the fire had done its work, but felt no alarm till he saw it come straight toward him; he ran a few paces back, and down it came to the ground one yard behind him, and, breaking into several lengths, it covered him with a cloud of dust. Had the branches not previously been rotted off he could scarcely have escaped. Thus three times in one day he was delivered from impending death. When they saw this third deliverance, his attendants, who were scattered in all directions, came running back to him, calling out, "Peace! peace! you will finish all your work in spite of these people,



THE MANYUEMA AMBUSCADE.

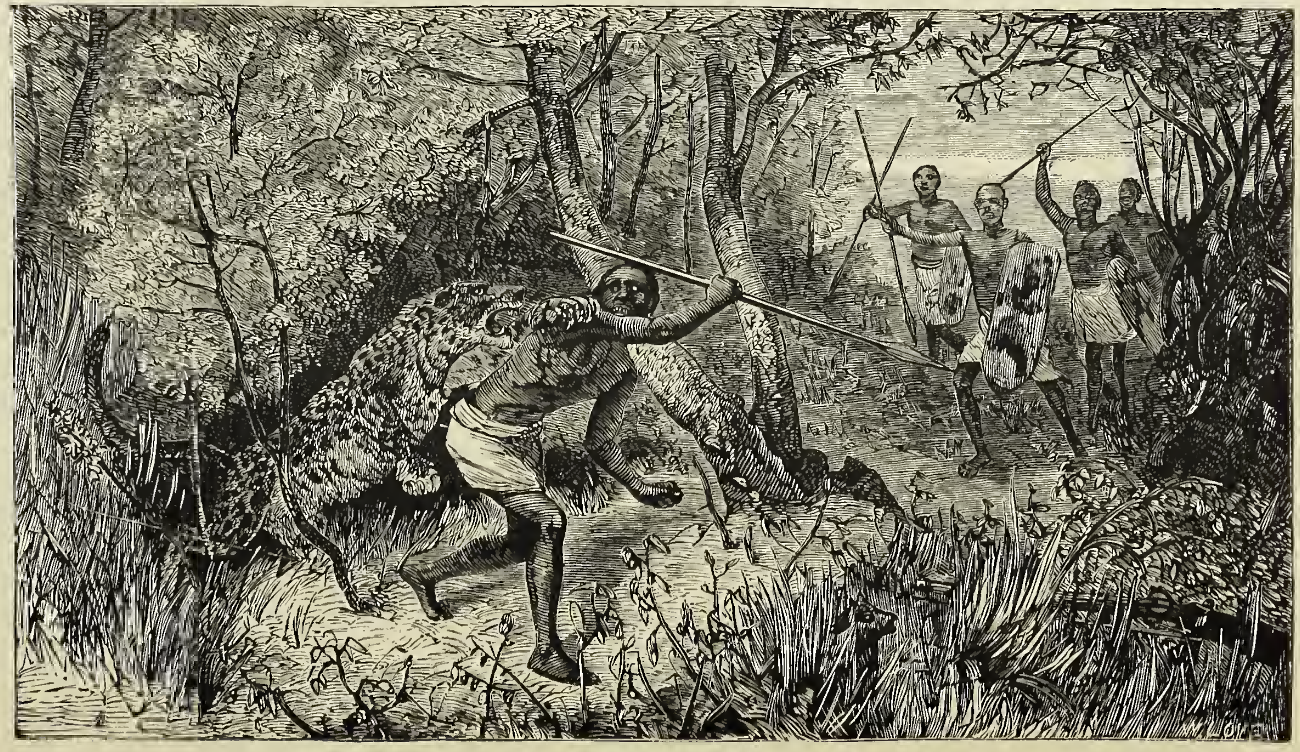
and in spite of everything." Like them, Dr. Livingstone took it as an omen of good success to crown him yet, for which his faith gave thanks to the "Almighty Preserver of men."

They had five hours of running the gauntlet, waylaid by spearmen, who all felt that if they killed the doctor they would be revenging the death of relations. From each hole in the tangled mass a spear could be expected; and each moment they expected to hear the rustle which told of deadly weapons hurled at them. "I became weary," he says, "with the constant strain of danger, and, as I suppose happens with soldiers on the field of battle, not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not."

When at last they got out of the forest and crossed the Liya on to the cleared lands near the villages of Monanbundwa, and lay down to rest, they soon saw Muanampunda coming, walking up in a stately manner unarmed to meet them. He had heard the vain firing into the bush, and came to ask what was the matter. Dr. Livingstone explained the mistake that had been made by the assailants in supposing that he was Kolokolo, the deeds of whose men he knew, and then they went on to his village together.

In the evening the chief sent to say that if the doctor would give him all his people who had guns, he would call his own people together, burn off all the vegetation they could fire, and punish the offenders. This was not consistent with the feelings of Dr. Livingstone. He felt very grateful that God had delivered him, and had saved him from shedding blood when it seemed impossible to do otherwise, and, declining the offered service, he pursued his way. He was too ill to take much notice of the country, too ill, indeed, to realize the dangers surrounding him. In all his wanderings no journey had been performed with greater suffering. The country was not only the abode of wild men, but the forests and jungles through which they passed afforded hiding-places to most ferocious beasts, whose presence always calls for vigilance on the part of such individuals as invade their precincts. The leopard, whose habits have not come so conspicuously before us as many of the monsters of the land, is a serious scourge in Manyuema. One day a goat, an humble but very important member of the caravan, was surprised by the pressing attentions of a giant leopard. He was a terrible animal; he seized the poor goat with hungry rage, and even when a shot had broken both his forelegs the enraged beast sprang on a man and bit him severely. There were elephants and buffaloes and lions, and herds of more harmless animals, but the weary traveller was in no mood for adventure, and at best had no fondness for hunting. The sufferings he endured in body increased every day, and before he reached Tanganyika he felt as if he should certainly die on his feet. His appetite failed, the smallest quantities of meat caused violent diarrhœa, and his mind being sorely depressed reacted on the body. All the traders were returning successful; he only had failed, and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end toward which he had strained. With such reflections, and a body almost worn out, he dragged himself toward the lake. At length, on the 23d of October, he landed the second time at Ujiji. All of the Arabs turned out to welcome him, but more than all was Moenyeghere abounding in cordiality. The long march was over, the exploration of Manyuema had been accomplished, the real cannibals had been seen, and the slave-trade had been investigated to his fullest satisfaction. But the hero himself had returned "little better than a skeleton." But the markets were full of all kinds of food, and with rest and food the emaciated body might soon become vigorous, and then, the plans—there is nothing like the elasticity of a strong man's spirits—he would yet see all those vast underground houses and the four ancient fountains. In the midst of these inspiring hopes there came a piece of information which seemed to blot out the picture his hope was sketching, and plunged him into the deepest perplexity. All of his plans had presupposed the possession of abundant supplies of cloth and beads which he knew had been sent to Ujiji.

Unfortunately these supplies had been intrusted to one Shereef Basha, as leader of the caravan conveying them from Zanzibar; he proved himself a consummate thief; not a thread or a bead remained for the owner of all. This was dreadful news. "Out of three thousand yards of calico and seven hundred pounds of beads not a yard of calico or a string of beads remained." The case was truly desperate; the few things which



A DANGEROUS PRIZE.

the doctor had left of his old stock could hardly suffice to buy food for himself and his few men a single month. He saw nothing but starvation or absolute dependence on the Arabs in store for him; and there was no redress. The man who had reduced him to this extremity by his outrageous dishonesty even presumed to offer his welcome with extended hand, and when his hand was refused complained of being badly treated! The destitution was almost unbearable. Where was the good Samaritan whose commission it might be to relieve him? God could have answered that question!

Mr. Stanley had left Mrera on the 17th. His caravan was the picture of confidence and contentment again, all squabbling had ceased. Bombay had forgotten his rebellion, the powerful Kirangozi was ready to embrace his captain, and Mabruki of Unyanyembe vowed he could smell the fish of Tanganyika. They had passed through the thin forests adorned with myriads of marvellous ant-hills, those wonderful specimens of engineering talent and architectural capacity, those cunningly contrived, model cities, with which the tiny denizens of African wilds astonish the traveller continually; and on across plains dotted with artificial-looking cones and flat-topped, isolated mountains, and through marshy ravines where every unlucky step insured a bath in Stygian ooze—the various scenes of southern Ukonongo. Then on through the territory so lately abandoned by the dreaded Wazavira. And on that 23d day of October, that seemed the darkest of all the days to Dr. Livingstone, he was on the banks of the "beautiful stream of Mtambo,"

> "Where the thorny brake and thicket
> Densely fill the interspace
> Of the trees, through whose thick branches
> Never sunshine lights the place"—

the abode of lions and leopards and elephants and wild boars. One of those splendid parks of the wilderness where majestic forests and jungles, and lawn-like glades, and reedy brakes and perilous chasms all unite to form that climax of wildness and beauty, "the hunter's paradise." It was just the place to arouse all the Nimrod spirit a man possesses, and the two days of rest were turned to good account by Mr. Stanley in testing the virtue of his fine rifles on the masters of the domain.

When the march was resumed they passed on through Ukawendi, amid "the ruggedest scenes." We are told that the young traveller had beheld in Africa a long and wearying way, a hunger-begetting tramp, "all country," no villages, no people, no food, only wild herds of buffaloes, and tracks of the rhinoceros. Then by the village of Nzogera, chief of the Wavinza, where food was bought and a guide obtained, and a stunning blackmail levied to spice the kindness, and introducing the white man into the ways of Uvinza. And a fair specimen it was of the experiences of the next three days spent in crossing this country: over and over were like taxes made before the travellers reached the Malagarazi, where the Wavinza put their final demands in the shape of ferriage, and Mr. Stanley was permitted to shake the dust of their country off his feet, firmly convinced that these same Wavinza were worse than the Ugogo, worse than any people, unqualifiedly bad, masters in the Satanic art of badness.

While the prominent men of the caravan were congratulating each other and their "master" on being out of Uvinza, another caravan appeared from the direction of Ujiji; this turned out a caravan of Waguhha. When they came near, Mr. Stanley asked the news, and was informed that a white man had just arrived in Ujiji from Manyuema. He was startled, and his men fully shared his astonishment, and questions and answers followed quickly.

"A white man?" they asked.

"Yes, a white man," was the reply.

"How was he dressed?"

"Like the master," said the speaker, pointing to Mr. Stanley.

"Is he young or old?"

"He is old; he has white hair on his face, and is sick."

"Where has he come from?"

"From a very far country, away beyond Uguhha, called Manyuema."

"Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?"

"Yes, we saw him about eight days ago."

"Do you think he will stop there until we see him?"

"Don't know."

"Was he ever in Ujiji before?"

"Yes, he went away a long time ago."

There could be no doubt about it: this white man just from Manyuema—old, gray, sick—must be Livingstone. The news sent the ardent blood of Mr. Stanley bounding through his veins. His men appreciated his enthusiasm more fully than we could have expected of them.

After a short march they came into the borders of Uhha. Here again they were subjected to heavy taxes, and in two days Mr. Stanley had paid over to the petty chieftains no less than two whole bales of his precious cloth, for the liberty of walking on the ground. He was tempted strongly to fight, but that would endanger the expedition; he might be killed: then who would relieve the sick man at Ujiji? That would not do; but he would be robbed of all before he reached him: then how could he help him? That must not be. He determined on making forced wilderness marches across the inhospitable country, avoiding all villages. Provisions were prepared for four days under the shadow of the chief who had taxed him. He knew that there were numbers of them ahead who would do the same thing if they saw him; they must not have that pleasure. It was better to bribe a guide than be robbed by chiefs. So he bribed a guide, and making a noiseless departure in the night from the village of the king's brother, he began a long, silent, forced march, and in three days they crossed the Mkuti, a glorious little river, whose rippling, babbling waters seemed to enjoy the joke which the white man had played on the Wahha.

The next day brought them to the brow of the hill, whence looking away westward the eager eye of enthusiastic Stanley caught the first view of Lake Tanganyika. It was nearly the same spot from which Burton obtained the view which he has so eloquently described. "Nothing, in sooth," he says, "could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the footpath zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere and marvellously fertile, shelves toward a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by breaking wavelets. Farther in front stretch the waters, expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The background in front is a high and broken wall of steel-colored mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mists, there standing sharply pencilled against the azure air; its yawning chasms marked by a deeper plum-color, fall toward dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south and opposite the long low point behind which the Malagarazi river discharges the red loam suspended in its volant stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and as the eye dilates it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking on the shore, give something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape, which like all the fairest prospects in these regions want but a little of the neatness and finish of art—mosques and kiasks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards, contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken vegetation—to rival if not excel the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The giant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful after the silent and spectral mangrove creeks of the sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, rank herbage and flats of black mire." It was such a scene as any man would consider a compensation for all the toils and vexations of the long way by which it is reached.

But there were charms in Tanganyika for Mr. Stanley which were not there for Burton. There by the side of the beautiful water was the noble old man whom he had come to Africa to find and relieve. He "descended the western slope of the mountain with the Liuche river before him, and in an hour came to the thick matete brake which grows on both banks of it; then wading through the clear stream they emerged from the brake and stood surrounded by the gardens of Ujiji, a marvel of vegetable wealth. Almost overpowered by emotion, Mr. Stanley could hardly see the graceful palms, neat plats, and small villages with frail fences of cane. He pushed along rapidly at the head of his caravan, lest the news of his coming should reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before he came in sight. Presently he reached the summit of the last of the little ridges, and the famous port of Ujiji embowered in palms lay below, not five hundred yards away." He did not think of the hundreds of miles he had marched, of the hundreds of hills he had ascended and descended, of the forests and jungles and varied plains and scorching suns. They were past; the fondest hopes were to be realized; in a few moments he should see Dr. Livingstone; the Samaritan was at hand. The perplexity of Livingstone had become extremity; God made it an opportunity. Mr. Stanley gave the command:

"Unfurl the flags and load your guns."

"Ay, Wallah, ay, Wallah, bana!" was the answering shout of the men, and quicker than we can write it the flags were unfurled and the guns ready.

"One, two, three—fire!" and a volley from nearly fifty guns roared like a salute from a battery of artillery.

"Now, Kirangozi," shouted Stanley, "hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear; and you men keep close together and keep firing until we halt in the market-place or before the white man's house; there are fish and bear and a long rest for you—*march.*"

Before they had gone a hundred yards the repeated volleys had waked Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people went rushing to meet them. Dr Livingstone also had heard those volleys. We may not know what thoughts flashed through his mind: what hopes bounded in his heart. Susi and Chuma went bounding away with the multitude—there were Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyuema and Arabs—all thronging about the caravan with their salutations—all gazing with admiration on the beautiful bindere Merikani (American flag).

Suddenly Mr. Stanley heard a voice in the crowd on his right say:

"Good-morning, sir."

Startled to hear these familiar words in such a crowd he turned quickly to find the man who uttered them. That man was right by his side, with the blackest of faces, but all animated and joyous; he was a picture for the artist as he stood there, dressed in his long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head. As Mr. Stanley gazed at this apparition, he exclaimed:

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, sir, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," came the answer, while the speaker smiled—a broad, grand, teeth-displaying smile.

"What, is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir; why I leave him just now."

Just then a second voice broke in with:

"Good-morning, sir."

"Hallo! is this another one?" said Stanley.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chuma, sir."

"What! are you Chuma, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now you, Susi," said Mr. Stanley, "run and tell the doctor I am coming."

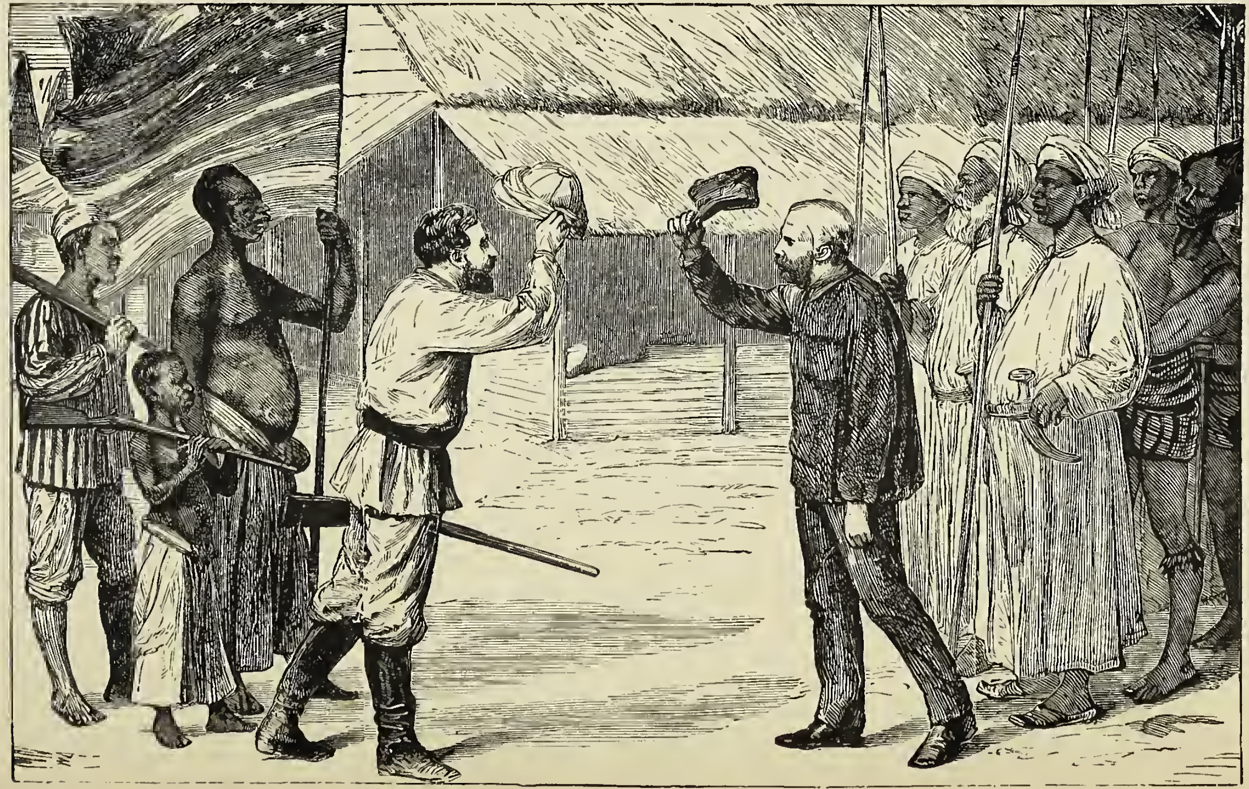
"Yes, sir," and off Susi darted like a madman with the welcome news.

Hearing the news the doctor had come out in front of his house, and stood surrounded by a number of influential Arabs awaiting the arrival.

Very soon Mr. Stanley came near enough to see him; there he stood, an old man indeed, with gray hair and beard. As he approached at the head of his caravan he took off his hat, his men halted. Mr. Stanley walked forward and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, with a kindly smile, lifting his cap slightly.



STANLEY MEETING LIVINGSTONE.

Both the men then replaced their hats and grasped hands. There were few words.

"I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you."

"I feel very thankful that I am here to welcome you."

The introduction was finished, the acquaintance was formed; and the old man introduced his new friend to the Arab dignitaries by name, and led the way to the broad verandah of his house. They were soon seated—the two men—side by side, with their backs to the wall of the house, engaged in earnest conversation; and it was not long before Mr. Stanley found himself enacting the part of a regular periodical. Referring to this conversation, the doctor says:

"The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend; the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me, in voting £1000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema."

We cannot follow the conversation. The man who was telling the news was accustomed to that sort of thing, and the listener heard with unspeakable delight. It was like coming back to earth from the grave.

After a while the Arabs left, and very soon there came back very nice, savory dishes from their majestics, and a royal dinner was spread; but the dinner did not interrupt the conversation—eating and talking, and talking and eating, the time passed rapidly away. It was late before the gentlemen parted—Mr. Stanley to review his success in joyous dreams, and Dr. Livingstone to read his letters. Up to that time Mr. Stanley had withholden the nature of his mission. The next morning, when they met, he opened the conversation by saying:

"Now, doctor, you are probably wondering why I came here."

"It is true," said the doctor, "I have been wondering. I thought you, at first, to be an emissary of the French Government in the place of Lieutenant Le Saint, who died a few miles above Gondokoro. I heard you had boats, plenty of men and stores, and I really believed you were some French officer until I saw the American flag; and to tell the truth, I was rather glad it was so, because I could not have talked to him in French, and if he did not know English, we would have been a pretty pair of white men in Ujiji. I did not like to ask you yesterday, because it was none of my business."

"Well," said Stanley, laughing, "for your sake I am glad that I am an American and not a Frenchman, and that we can understand each other perfectly without an interpreter. I see the Arabs are wondering that you, an Englishman, and I, an American, can understand each other. We must take care not to tell them that the English and Americans have fought, and that there are 'Alabama' claims left unsettled, and that we have such persons as Fenians in America, who hate you. But seriously, doctor—now don't be frightened when I tell you that I have come after—*you.*"

"After me?"

"Yes."

"How?"

Then followed the recital of the interest which Mr. Bennett had felt in the great traveller, of his calling Mr. Stanley to him, his liberality in fitting out the expedition, of his commission—"Find Livingstone."

We already know the destitution to which Dr. Livingstone had been reduced, and the dreadful anxieties which were weighing on his mind and heart. Words could hardly express the gratitude he felt for this unexpected and unprecedented kindness. More than all, he saw the hand of his God in the deliverance which had come so opportunely. God had never failed him. It seemed like a pledge of success in his cherished enterprise. It renewed his courage and strength. Some men would have thought of home, would have gone home. He did not recognize this as a call home, but as a renewal of his commission in Africa, and he received it with the deepest thankfulness.

The days passed pleasantly. The good cheer and the good food provided by Mr. Stanley acted like a charm on the sick man, and soon he was himself again. Then came a short cruise on the lake, a charming excursion in the estimation of the old traveller who had been so long plodding about the country on foot. Gliding along on the silvery surface, surrounded by splendid scenery, hardly seemed to him like exploring. The principal object, however, was to settle the question of a northern outlet. It had been a favorite theory, that there was probably a connecting link between the Tanganyika and the Albert N'Yanza of Baker. If this was correct, it was very important that it be known to be so; if it was not correct, the world was equally anxious to know it. Like many a pet theory, this one vanished when the touchstone of actual observation was applied. The rivers all were found flowing into Tanganyika. Nothing was found out which afforded any satisfaction so far as the possible importance of this great inland sea in connection with the wonderful river of Egypt. The travellers had the pleasure of following the coast around for many miles, diving in and out of innumerable rivers and creeks, sailing under the shadow of towering cliffs and by beautiful banks stretching away in lawn-like beauty. Several times they were in danger of being forced to defend themselves with their guns against presumptuous savages. They both enjoyed it exceedingly. To Dr. Livingstone it was a grand picnic. When they returned to Ujiji Dr. Livingstone began the preparation of letters to be committed to the hands of Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Stanley took fever—one was quite as natural as the other. Christmas came, and it was resolved to observe the day with the time-honored custom of a feast. What a contrast was promised to many of the Christmas days which the doctor could remember! There were fat broad-tail sheep, goats, zogga and pombe, eggs, fresh milk, plantains, sengwe, fine corn flour, fish, onions, sweet potatoes. But alas! Ferajji spoiled the roast, and the custard was burned.

Dr. Livingstone had decided to accompany Mr. Stanley as far as Unyanyembe, where he hoped he would find goods, and where he proposed to remain until reliable men could be sent him from Zanzibar, with whom to renew his efforts to solve the Nile problem. To all of Mr. Stanley's arguments about going home he replied: "No. I should like to see my family very much indeed; my children's letters affect me intensely; but I must not go home; I must finish my task."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A JOURNEY AND A DELAY.

From Ujiji to Unyanyembe—Livingstone a Companion—Route Adopted—Forest Entertainment—Methods of Hunting—Makombwe Hunting Hippopotamus—Baker's Rhinoceros Hunt—Wild Race—"A Horse! a Horse!"—Sword wins the Day—Stanley as Hunter—Tent-Life—Arrive at Kwihara—Home-Life—Busy Preparations—Livingstone Abundantly Provided for—Farewell of Wanyamwezi—A Wild Dance—The Farewell Song—The Parting—Bagamoyo Again—The English Expedition—Oswald Livingstone—Caravan Sent Back—The Mission Completed—England, Livingstone, Stanley, the World—Comfort in Disappointment—Livingstone in Unyanyembe—His Occupation—His Modesty—His Zeal for Missions—The Country Inviting—A Robinson Crusoe Life—The Mothers of the Country—The Call to Missionaries—"Advice to Missionaries"—"No Jugglery or Sleight-of-hand"—Livingstone's Interest General—Grasp and Minuteness—Suspense Ended—Stanley in England—The Queen's Acknowledgment.

THE journey from Ujiji to Unyanyembe occupied nearly seven weeks. Much of the country traversed passed under our eye as we traced Mr. Stanley's march to the lake. Those splendid park lands which so charmed him then were the same matchless theatres for wild adventure, and his spirit, doubly buoyant in the joy of his success, revelled peculiarly in the wealth of incident which each day afforded. And the old traveller, whose heart had become very tender toward the young man whose noble mission had revived his hope and "put new life" into his feeble frame, enjoyed the enthusiasm which reminded him of the years long ago when he travelled with his friend Oswell, and witnessed the delight of Gordon Cumming in his wonderful engagements with the monsters of the forest. Dr. Livingstone had already endeared himself to his companion by the exhibition of many lovely traits; his kindness and gentleness were always conspicuous, and the interest which he manifested in the successes or failures of the young Nimrod, the zest with which he participated in all the adventures of the journey—which to him must have been commonplace—gave him a warmer place still in the big American heart. The travellers had wisely avoided the troublesome Wahha and Wavinza by making the earlier part of their journey along the lake; they were not therefore harassed by those extortions which so frequently spoil the pleasantest experiences of such a march. The personal followers of Livingstone and Stanley—indeed, their entire caravan—shared the good humor of their masters. There were adventures with lions and elephants and rhinoceroses and hippopotami and leopards, and buffaloes, zebras and giraffes and elands passed in constant review. And beautiful strange birds and comical monkeys had their part in the programme with which the wonderful country entertained its visitors. Sometimes these actors produced most moving impressions on their audience. Mr. Stanley had opportunities of testing the strength of his nerves face to face with various members of the troupe; and often he needed the timely comfort which his experienced friend could give, and the hints which thirty years in Africa could suggest were of greatest service. We have become tolerably familiar with most of these animals, and have learned reasonably well how to rank them; but the different methods of hunting which obtain in different sections of Africa affect considerably the hunter's selection of his game; and the different methods pursued by civilized and savage hunters make a great difference in the peril or sport attending the chase of different animals. The great unwieldy hippopotamus, for instance, to an American or Englishman, armed with his powerful rifle, loaded with hardened balls, is often dull work, little better as sport than shooting an ox at home. But there are hippopotamus hunters in Africa who, according to Dr. Livingstone's ideas of such matters, make the bravest work of it that he ever witnessed. These hunters, who are distinguished for their wonderful courage far and wide, are called Makombwe. When they go forth to their gallant sport each canoe is manned by two men; they are long, light craft, scarcely half an inch in thickness, about eighteen inches beam, and from eighteen to twenty feet long. They are formed for speed, and shaped somewhat like our racing boats. Each man uses a broad, short paddle, and as they guide the canoe slowly down stream to a sleeping hippopotamus not a single ripple is raised on the smooth water; they look as if holding in their breath, and communicate by signs only. As they come near the prey the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands erect, motionless, and eager, with the long-handled weapon poised at arm's length above his head, till coming close to the beast he plunges it with all his might in towards the heart. During this exciting feat he has to keep his balance exactly. His neighbor in the stern at once backs his paddle, the harpooner sits down, seizes his paddle, and backs too to escape: the animal, surprised and wounded, seldom returns the attack at this stage of the hunt. The next stage, however, is full of danger.

The barbed blade of the harpoon is secured by a long and very strong rope wound round the handle: it is intended to come out of its socket, and while the iron head is firmly fixed in the animal's body the rope unwinds and the handle floats on the surface. The hunter next goes to the handle and hauls on the rope till he knows that he is right over the beast: when he feels the line suddenly slacken he is prepared to deliver another harpoon the instant that hippo.'s enormous jaws appear with a terrible grunt above the water. The backing by the paddles is again repeated, but hippo. often assaults the canoe, crunches it with his great jaws as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus, or shivers it with a kick by his hind foot. Deprived of their canoe the gallant comrades instantly dive and swim to the shore under water: they say that the infuriated beast looks for them on the surface, and being below they escape his sight. When caught by many harpoons the crews of several canoes seize the handles and drag him hither and thither till, weakened by loss of blood, he succumbs.

The rhinoceros is hardly a more interesting game than the hippopotamus in the regions where travellers are denied the privilege of carrying horses by the fatal tsetse. It is formidable anywhere of course, but it is questionable whether the bravest hunter enjoys any part of an engagement with a really dangerous animal so much as the chase. There cannot be very much enjoyment in standing with a rifle in hand and killing an elephant, or lion, or rhinoceros, while the victim is in repose; and there is no special valor about it. But we can understand the enthusiasm with which a man narrates such hunting adventures as Baker and Oswell or Cumming had. A horse puts life into the sports of the tropics. We remember a scene which Baker describes in his "Nile," that represents the perfection of rhinoceros hunting, and the distinguished traveller describes the chase with an enthusiasm quite worthy of his theme. It was in Abyssinia. He had left his camp in company with a party of aggageers, those expert sword-hunters, whose wonderful dexterity we have mentioned before, and after spending most of the day in collecting gum was returning, when at a most unexpected moment he discovered a fine brace of rhinoceroses asleep beneath a thick mass of bushes; handing his reins to a follower he walked quietly to within about thirty yards of his game; but before he could take aim they both sprang suddenly to their feet with astonishing agility, and the next instant one of them charged straight at him. The ball of his rifle only served to turn the assailant, and the two animals went thundering off together; and away went the aggageers in pursuit. Mr. Baker himself, springing into his saddle, joined the chase, which we will allow him to tell in his own words:

"The ground was awkward for riding at full speed, as it was an open forest of mimosas, which though wide apart were very difficult to avoid owing to the low crowns of spreading branches; these, being armed with fishhook thorns, would have been serious on a collision. I kept the party in view until in about a mile we arrived upon open ground. Here I again applied the spurs, and by degrees I crept up, always gaining, until at length I joined the aggageers. Here was a sight to drive a hunter wild! The two rhinoceroses were running neck and neck like a pair of horses in harness, but bounding along at a tremendous speed within ten yards of the leading Hamran. This was Taher Sherrif, who, with his sword drawn and his long hair flying wildly behind him, urged his horse forward in the race, amidst a cloud of dust raised by the two huge but active beasts, that tried every sinew of the horses. Roder Sherrif, with the withered arm, was second; with the reins hung over the hawk-like claw which was all that remained of a hand, but with his naked sword grasped in the right, he kept close to his brother, ready to second his blow. Abou Do was third; his hair flying in the wind, his heels dashing against the flanks of his horse, to which he shouted in his excitement to urge him to the front, while he leaned forward with his long sword, in the wild energy of the moment, as though hoping to reach the game against all possibility. Now for the spurs! And as these, vigorously applied, screwed an extra stride out of Tetel, I soon found myself in the ruck of men, horses, and drawn swords. There were seven of us, and passing Abou Do, whose face wore an expression of agony at finding that his horse was failing, I quickly obtained a place between the two brothers, Taher and Roder Sherrif. There had been a jealousy between the two parties of aggageers and each was striving to outdo the other; thus Abou Do was driven to madness at the superiority of Taher's horse, while the latter, who was the renowned hunter of the tribe, was determined that his sword should be the first to taste blood. I tried to pass the rhinoceros on my left, so as to fire close into the shoulder my remaining barrel with my right hand, but it was impossible to overtake the animals and they bounded along with undiminished speed. With the greatest exertion of men and horses we could only retain our position within three or four yards of their tails, just out of reach of the swords. The only chance in the race was to hold the pace until the rhinoceroses should begin to flag. The horses were pressed to the uttermost, but we had already run about two miles and the game showed no signs of giving in. On they flew: sometimes over open ground, or through low brush, which tried the horses severely; then through strips of open forest, until at length the party began to tail off and only a select few kept their places. We arrived at the summit of a ridge from which the ground sloped in a gentle inclination for about a mile towards the river; at the foot of this incline was a thick, thorny, nabbuk jungle, for which impenetrable covert the rhinoceroses pressed at their utmost speed. Never was there better ground for the finish of a race; the earth was sandy but firm, and as we saw the winning-post in the jungle that must terminate the hunt, we redoubled our exertions to close with the unflagging game. Sulieman's horse gave in. We had been for twenty minutes at a killing pace. Tetel, although not a fast horse, was good for a distance, and he now proved his power of endurance, as I was riding at least two stone heavier than any of the party. Only seven remained; and we swept down the incline, Taher Sherrif still leading and Abou Do the last! His horse was done but not the rider, for springing to the ground while at full speed, sword in hand, he forsook his tired horse and preferred his own legs; he ran like an antelope for the first hundred yards. I thought he would really pass us and win the honor of the first blow. It was of no use, the pace was too severe, and although running wonderfully he was obliged to give way to the horses. Only three now followed the rhinoceroses—Taher Sherrif, his brother Roder and myself. I had been obliged to give the second place to Roder, as he was a mere monkey in weight, but I was a close third. The excitement was intense. We neared the jungle and the rhinoceroses began to show signs of flagging as the dust puffed up before their nostrils, and with noses close to the ground they snorted as they still galloped on. Oh, for a fresh horse! 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' We were within two hundred yards of the jungle, but the horses were all done. Tetel reeled as I urged him forward; Roder pushed ahead. We were close to the dense thorns and the rhinoceroses broke into a trot; they were done! One moment more and the sword flashed in the sunshine as the rearmost rhinoceros disappeared in the thick screen of thorns with a gash about a foot long upon his hindquarters. Taher Sherrif shook his bloody sword in triumph above his head, but the rhinoceros was gone. We were fairly beaten, regularly outpaced; but I believe another two hundred yards would have given us the victory. 'Bravo! Taher!' I shouted. He had ridden splendidly, and his blow had been marvellously delivered at an extremely long reach, as he was nearly out of his saddle when he sprang forward to enable the blade to attain a cut at the last moment."

Mr. Stanley was not encouraged to put very much confidence in the wonderful stories of tropical hunters by his own experience. He was more fortunate in his assaults on the beautiful zebras and hartbeests and giraffes than on lions, elephants, and the rhinoceros. He seemed formed for managing men rather than killing beasts; he was more of a general than a butcher, and lost nothing on that account in the estimation of Dr. Livingstone. There is a sort of exhilaration felt in reading the narratives of bold encounters of men with the ferocious monsters of these wild regions, but the man himself does not appear nobler or more lovely in our eyes because he "bags three lions in one day," or sends a bullet crashing through the skull of an elephant just in time to save himself from a dreadful death beneath the monster's feet. Livingstone was no hunter, but his name will be a magic word in our homes, arousing us to noble action and lofty courage when all the catalogue of dashing sportsmen are forgotten. It is a relief in the midst of the wildness to think of the quiet home-like conversations which beguiled the evenings in the camp of these two men. One of them better informed about the dark continent of Africa than any other living man, and accustomed to grave reflection on all that he saw there: the other fresh from travelling the world over, with the careful eye and retentive memory which distinguish men whose business it is to keep the world informed about itself. Sometimes there were hard, trying experiences too. Mr. Stanley suffered frequently with fever; once or twice they lacked bread and wearied of wild meat. And so with varying experiences they pursued their march, helping each other with kind words and deeds, until they came among the welcome scenes of Unyanyembe.

It was on the 18th of February, the fifty-third day from Ujiji, that they entered the valley of Kwihara, with flags unfurled and guns firing triumphantly. And it was a proud moment for the young leader of the Herald expedition when he welcomed Dr. Livingstone to his house. Since the day that he parted with the Arabs, sick and almost weary of his life, strengthened only by the inspiration of his mission, he had travelled more than twelve hundred miles, and just one hundred and thirty-one days had elapsed; but what vicissitudes were crowded in those days, and how had he been favored by the Providence that ruleth over all!

Some of Dr. Livingstone's own stores were in waiting for him at Unyanyembe, and large quantities which had been left there by Mr. Stanley. It was indeed an abundant reward for all the toil to see the happy face of the great traveller. The house was a palace compared with the hut in which he was living at Ujiji. The storerooms were full of the good things of this life, besides cloth, beads, wire and the thousand and one impedimenta and paraphernalia of travel with which Mr. Stanley had laden one hundred and fifty men at Bagamoyo. There were seventy-four loads of miscellaneous things, and the most valuable of these were to be turned over to Dr. Livingstone. What a change, what a deliverance, what a godsend to that weary, anxious heart was the realization of this assistance? Now he could think of the Nile again; he could plan his route; he could form all his plans; he could write his letters to his friends in England telling them what he proposed to do, for the means were in his hand. He was not a beggar; he was independent once more.

Mr. Stanley's mission was now accomplished, and his duty called him homeward. The noble man who had sent him forth so benevolently was waiting for a report; the world was waiting to be relieved of its suspense about Livingstone. The goods, boxes and bales were overhauled. They had not been inviolate entirely; of course the thieves had levied their tax; some of the choicest articles were missing. The notorious white ants too—those astonishing little sawyers of Africa—had been at work; they had destroyed a number of the gun-stocks. Probably the most welcome articles in the whole lot which had been sent him were four flannel shirts from his daughter, and two pairs of splendid walking-shoes which had been very thoughtfully provided by his "friend Waller." Mr. Stanley placed at his disposal abundance of beads and cloth and wire, etc., etc. So far the traveller was fixed; there was one thing remaining—men, such men as could not be obtained in Unyanyembe. All the wealth of the world could avail him nothing without men. He needed at least fifty men to carry this great pocket-book and provision basket, and these men should be well armed. Mr. Stanley undertook to send these men so equipped from Zanzibar.

The doctor had finished his letters, and all things were ready for the departure. Besides the letters, he had carefully packed his journals of the past years in a box "sealed with five seals; the impression on them those of an American gold coin, an anna, half anna, and cake of paint with royal arms—positively not to be opened." The Arabs had made their farewell calls, and at night the native followers of Singiri gathered about the tembe to give the American a farewell dance. He says, "It was a wild scene. Four drums were on duty, and the weird circle was formed about the men whose office it was to make the furious music. Bombay, as ever comical, never so much at home as when in the dance of the Mrima, had his head adorned with his master's water-bucket." Chowperch, another of Stanley's followers, joined the circle with a goatskin wrapped about his head, and brandished an axe wildly as he moved among the throng; Barako flourishing a spear; Mabruki, the "bull-headed," entered into the spirit of the occasion with the tread of an elephant; Ulimengo too was conspicuous, with a gun, looking as ferocious as possible; two others of the caravan were before the drummers, back to back, ambitiously shaking their heels at the stars; while Asami, the embodiment of giant strength, a towering Titon, dealt desperate blows on the inoffensive air with the butt end of his gun, and to finish the scene, Mr. Stanley himself sprang into the circle and performed the "light fantastic toe" to the intense delight of his braves. When the warlike music ended, a second scene was produced. The Choragus dropt on his knees and dipped his head two or three times in au excavation in the ground, and the choir, also on their knees, repeated in dolorous tones the last words of a slow and solemn refrain:

Choragus.—Oh-oh-oh! the white man is going home!
Choir.—Oh-oh-oh! going home!
Going home, oh-oh-oh!

Choragus.—To the happy islands on the sea,
Where the beads are plenty, oh-oh-oh!
Choir.—Oh-oh-oh! where the beads are plenty,
Oh-oh-oh!

Choragus.—While Singiri has kept us, oh, very long
From our homes, very long, oh-oh-oh!
Choir.—From our homes, oh-oh-oh!
Oh-oh-oh!

Choragus.—And we have had no food for very long—
We are half-starved, oh, for so long,
Bana Singiri!
Choir.—For so very long, oh-oh-oh!
Bana Singiri, Singiri!
Singiri! oh, Singiri!

Choragus.—Mirambo has gone to war
To fight against the Arabs:
The Arabs and Wanguana
Have gone to fight Mirambo!
Choir.—Oh-oh-oh! to fight Mirambo!
Oh, Mirambo! Mirambo!
Oh, to fight Mirambo!

Choragus.—But the white man will make us glad;
He is going home! For he is going home,
And he will make us glad! Sh-sh-sh!
Choir.—The white man will make us glad, sh-sh-sh!
Sh——sh-h-h——sh-sh-h-h-h-h!
Um-m—mu—um-m-m—sh!

Thus ended the singular farewell of the Wanyamwezi. There was only one more day. On the morning of the 14th of March the Herald expedition set out on its return to Zanzibar. The final farewell was taken, and Dr. Livingstone returned to the house that seemed now desolate indeed, while his friend and helper marched away.

To reach Zanzibar, secure followers for Dr. Livingstone and sail for England, was the work of about two months and a half. He met at Bagamoyo an English expedition, commanded by Lieutenant Henn, with whom was a son of Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Oswald Livingstone. These gentlemen being assured of the relief of the doctor, abandoned their enterprise. Mr. Oswald Livingstone at first entertained the purpose of accepting the charge of the caravan to be sent back by Mr. Stanley, but afterward declined. A joyous greeting awaited Mr. Stanley in Zanzibar, and before many days he had the pleasure of seeing fifty-seven men and boys in marching trim; conspicuous among them were the men who had attended Mr. Stanley himself. They had become very much attached to the doctor and were ready enough to return to him.

The parting address of Mr. Stanley to this little army illustrates happily the successful method of dealing with a class of men of infinite importance to the traveller. When they were about to depart, Mr. Stanley, standing before them, said:

"Men, you are now about to return to Unyanyembe, to the 'great master.' You know him; you know he is a good man and has a kind heart. He is different from me; he will not treat you as I have done. But you know I have rewarded you all—how I have made you all rich in cloth and money. You know how when you behaved yourselves well I was your friend. I gave you plenty to eat and plenty to wear. When you were sick I looked after you. If I was so good to you, the great master will be much more so. He has a pleasant voice and speaks kind. When did you ever see him lift his hand against an offender? When you were wicked he did not speak to you in anger: he spoke to you in tones of sorrow. Now will you promise me that you will follow him—do what he tells you, obey him in all things and not desert him?"

"We will! we will, my master!" the men all cried fervently. Then came the hand-shaking, and the caravan was on its way to Unyanyembe. And Mr. Stanley stood watching the great, lazy dhow, sailing slowly across the channel. He had finished his work. Mr. Bennett had said: "The old man may be in want; take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course you will act on your own plans, and do what you think best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE." He had found Livingstone; found him in want; had helped him. When he reached Africa he had found one relief expedition there. Others had failed—this one failed. When he came back he found another starting in—it was no longer needed. It had been reserved for an individual American to fit out the successful expedition, and another individual American to lead it to the deliverance of an Englishman. Private enterprise had stepped forward, unsolicited, and relieved the suspense of the reading world. And now the case stood thus: The distinguished traveller, provided with every comfort, was sitting at Unyanyembe, drawing his charts and arranging his notes for that which he trusted would be the crowning journey of his life. A strong and faithful caravan was on its way to serve him; every man hired for two full years. These facts were given to the world in hundreds of newspapers, and flashing on all the wires. The hero of the enterprise which had been rewarded with these splendid results was waiting on the island of Zanzibar for a ship, thinking with joy and gratitude of the work he had been able to do, and just beginning to find out what an ungracious reward a jealous government and an incredulous world were proposing for him.

It was a great comfort to him that, however the English geographers and the public generally might regard the matter, that he carried in his mind and heart unquestionable assurances of the appreciation of Dr. Livingstone, and he knew well that he had in his possession documents which would convince even theoretical geographers that he had finished his work in a manner becoming a man.

The home-life at Unyanyembe was undisturbed by the ridicule with which the reports of Mr. Stanley's success had been received, and he knew it. The picture of the old, self-forgetting, persevering, noble man in the tembe of Kwihara, comfortable and hopeful, was enough. We have seen enough of that Unyanyembe home, of the contents of its storeroom, the cows, fowls, sheep, and the faithful servants, to enable us to understand how pleasantly a man with habits or fancies suited to the latitude may spend a few months quite pleasantly, particularly when he has so recently obtained release from four or five years of unparalleled fatigues, deprivations and harassments.

There was not much in the life of Dr. Livingstone during those months calling for our notice now. Such observations of the country and people as we find in his journal have been forestalled by the travellers whom we have found preceding him there. Much of his time was employed in calculations, which would be found very unsatisfactory to the general reader. Then there were days in which he occupied himself with grouping various reports which he had gathered concerning the country into which he proposed to go—reports which he did not live to confirm. None of them were satisfactory to him; it required the clearest and most indisputable evidence to satisfy him on any point of importance or general interest. He surveyed perhaps more of the great water-shed of the continent than any other traveller, yet he says frankly:

"In reference to this Nile source I have been kept in perpetual doubt and perplexity. I know too much to be positive. Great Lualaba, or Lualubba, as Manyuema say, may turn out to be the Congo and Nile, a shorter river after all. The fountains flowing north and south seem in favor of its being the Nile. Great westing is in favor of the Congo. It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker."

There were questions, however, about which he was more decided. He had studied the country, its seasons, climate, soil, vegetation, its birds, animals, and general marketable produce very thoroughly. And he had studied the people; he knew the evils which oppressed them, and the possibilities which were undeveloped in their rude characters. About these things he could speak positively. And his mind was continually dwelling on whatever seemed encouraging to those enterprises which looked to the moral elevation of the people. He had been compelled to surrender his long-cherished scheme of himself establishing a great central mission in the country. The providence which he believed was guiding him had assigned him another task, but it was his delight to mark the way for his brethren whom he hoped would follow him. His mind was much on this matter, and it is certainly most encouraging to those who have shared with him the Christ-like solicitude for the conversion of Africa to Christ that all his trying experiences had not diminished either his zeal or hopefulness in that great work. We know that his are not the words of a novice, an unwise enthusiast, but of a deliberate, well-informed and sincere man. He was anxious that there might be no diminution of missionary effort in Africa, and such notes as the following will be helpful and inspiring to those who feel this great work laid on their hearts:

"Many parts of this interior land present most inviting prospects for well-sustained efforts of private benevolence: Karagne, for instance, with its intelligent friendly chief Rumainyika (Speke's Rumanika), and Bouganda, with its teeming population, rain, and friendly chief, who could easily be swayed by an energetic, prudent missionary. The evangelist must not depend on foreign support other than an occasional supply of beads and calico; coffee is indigenous, and so is sugar-cane. When detained by ulcerated feet in Manyuema, I made sugar by pounding the cane in the common wooden mortar of the country, squeezing out the juice very hard and boiling it till thick; the defect it had was a latent acidity, for which I had no lime, and it soon all fermented. I saw sugar afterwards at Ujiji made in the same way, and that kept for months. Wheat and rice are cultivated by the Arabs in all this upland region; the only thing a missionary needs in order to secure an abundant supply is to follow the Arab advice as to the proper season for sowing. Pomegranates, guavas, lemons and oranges are abundant in Unyanyembe; mangoes flourish, and grape-vines are beginning to be cultivated; papaws grow everywhere. Onions, radishes, pumpkins and watermelons prosper, and so would most European vegetables, if the proper seasons were selected for planting, and the most important point attended to in bringing the seeds. These must never be soldered in tins or put in close boxes; a process of sweating takes place when they are confined, as in a box or hold of the ship, and the power of vegetating is destroyed; but garden seeds put up in common brown paper, and hung in the cabin on the voyage, and not exposed to the direct rays of the sun afterwards, I have found to be as good as in England.

"True," he continues, "it would be a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, but with abundant materials for surrounding one's self with comforts, and improving the improvable among the natives. Clothing would require but small expense; four suits of tweed served me comfortably for five years (!) Woollen clothing is best; if all wool it wears long and prevents chills. The temperature here in the beginning of winter ranges from 62° to 75° Fahr. In summer it seldom goes above 80°, as the country generally is from three to four thousand feet above the sea."

As for the people inhabiting this central region, although he saw them under the vitiating influence of the slave-trade, he has recorded his conviction that there is nothing in their customs or characters which ought to discourage missionary effort.

It has been supposed on the testimony of other travellers that these tribes are greatly wanting in natural affection, and that even mothers are accustomed to sell their children. The doctor refers to this statement as follows:

"Speke at Kasenge islet inadvertently made a general statement thus: 'The mothers of these savage people have infinitely less affection than many savage beasts of my acquaintance. I have seen a mother bear, galled by frequent shots, obstinately meet her death by repeatedly returning under fire whilst endeavoring to rescue her young from the grasp of intruding men. But here, for a simple loin-cloth or two, human mothers eagerly exchanged their little offspring, delivering them into perpetual bondage to my Beluch soldiers.'—*Speke*, pp. 234, 235. For the sake of the little story of 'a bear mother,' Speke made a general assertion on a very small and exceptional foundation. Frequent inquiries among the most intelligent and far-travelled Arabs failed to find confirmation of this child-selling, except in the very rare case of a child cutting the upper front teeth before the under, and because this child is believed to be 'moiko' (*unlucky*), and certain to bring death into the family. It is called an Arab child, and sold to the first Arab, or even left at his door. This is the only case the Arabs know of child-selling. Speke had only two Beluch soldiers with him, and the idea that they loaded themselves with infants at once stamps the tale as fabulous. He may have seen one sold, an extremely rare and exceptional case; but the inferences drawn are just like that of the Frenchman who thought the English so partial to suicide in November, that they might be seen suspended from trees in the common highways.

"In crossing Tanganyika three several times I was detained at the islet Kasenge about ten weeks in all. On each occasion Arab traders were present, all eager to buy slaves, but none were offered, and they assured me that they had never seen the habit alleged to exist by Speke, though they had heard of the 'unlucky' cases referred to. Every one has known of poor little foundlings in England, but our mothers are not credited with less affection than she-bears."

He had studied the customs and dispositions of the people as a Christian teacher, in the interest of Christianity, with special reference to the mission work, and he writes: "I would say to missionaries, Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leaving the coast and devoting yourself heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find with some drawbacks and wickednesses a very great deal to admire and love. Many statements about them require confirmation. You will never see women selling their infants; Arabs never did, nor have I. An assertion of this kind was made by mistake." In this connection we feel assured that many of our readers will be pleased to have the privilege of reading for themselves Dr. Livingstone's "Advice to Missionaries," and it is due to him that on such a subject he be heard in his own words. It is as follows:

"No great difficulty would be encountered in establishing a Christian mission a hundred miles or so from the east coast. The permission of the Sultan of Zanzibar would be necessary, because all the tribes of any intelligence claim relationship, or have relations with him; the Banyamwezi even call themselves his subjects, and so do others. His permission would be readily granted, if respectfully applied for through the English consul. The Suaheli, with their present apathy on religious matters, would be no obstacle. Care to speak politely, and to show kindness to them, would not be lost labor in the general effect of the mission on the country, but all discussion on the belief of the Moslems should be avoided; they know little about it. Emigrants from Muscat, Persia, and India, who at present possess neither influence nor wealth, would eagerly seize any formal or offensive denial of the authority of their prophet to fan their own bigotry, and arouse that of the Suaheli. A few now assume an air of superiority in matters of worship, and would fain take the place of Mullams or doctors of the law, by giving authoritative dicta as to the times of prayer; positions to be observed; lucky and unlucky days; using cabalistic signs; telling fortunes; finding from the Koran when an attack may be made on any enemy, etc.; but this is done only in the field with trading parties. At Zanzibar the regular Mullams supersede them.

"No objection would be made to teaching the natives of the country to read their own languages in the Roman character. No Arab has ever attempted to teach them the Arabic-Koran; they are called *guma*, hard, or difficult as to religion. This is not wonderful, since the Koran is never translated, and a very extraordinary desire for knowledge would be required to sustain a man in committing to memory pages and chapters of, to him, unmeaning gibberish. One only of all the native chiefs, Monyumgo, has sent his children to Zanzibar to be taught to read and write the Koran; and he is said to possess an unusual admiration of such civilization as he has seen among the Arabs. To the natives, the chief attention of the mission should be directed. It would not be desirable, or advisable, to refuse explanation to others; but I have avoided giving offence to intelligent Arabs, who have pressed me, asking if I believed in Mohammed, by saying, 'No, I do not: I am a child of Jesus bin Miriam,' avoiding anything offensive in my tone, and often adding that Mohammed found their forefathers bowing down to trees and stones, and did good to them by forbidding idolatry, and teaching the worship of the only One God. This, they all know, and it pleases them to have it recognized.

"It might be good policy to hire a respectable Arab to engage free porters, and conduct the mission to the country chosen, and obtain permission from the chief to build temporary houses. If this Arab were well paid, it might pave the way for employing others to bring supplies of goods and stores not produced in the country, as tea, coffee, and sugar. The first porters had better all go back, save a couple or so, who have behaved especially well. Trust to the people among whom you live for general services, as bringing wood, water, cultivation, reaping, smith's work, carpenter's work, pottery, baskets, etc. Educated free blacks from a distance are to be avoided: they are expensive, and are too much of gentlemen for your work. You may in a few months raise natives who will teach reading to others better than they can, and teach you also much that the liberated never know. A cloth and some beads occasionally will satisfy them, while neither the food, the wages, nor the work will please those who, being brought from a distance, naturally consider themselves missionaries. Slaves also have undergone a process which has spoiled them for life; though liberated young, everything of childhood and opening life possesses an indescribable charm. It is so with our own offspring, and nothing effaces the fairy scenes then printed on the memory. Some of my liberados eagerly bought green calabashes and tasteless squash, with fine fat beef, because this trash was their early food; and an ounce of meat never entered their mouths. It seems indispensable that each mission should raise its own native agency. A couple of Europeans beginning, and carrying on a mission without a staff of foreign attendants, implies coarse country fare, it is true, but this would be nothing to those who, at home, amuse themselves with fastings, vigils, etc. A great deal of power is thus lost in the church. Fastings and vigils, without a special object in view, are time run to waste. They are made to minister to a sort of self-gratification, instead of being turned to account for the good of others. They are like groaning in sickness. Some people amuse themselves when ill with continuous moaning. The forty days of Lent might be annually spent in visiting adjacent tribes, and bearing unavoidable hunger and thirst with a good grace. Considering the greatness of the object to be attained, men might go without sugar, coffee, tea, etc. I went from September, 1866, to December, 1868, without either. A trader, at Casembe's, gave me a dish cooked with honey, and it nauseated from its horrible sweetness, but at one hundred miles inland, supplies could be easily obtained.

"The expenses need not be large. Intelligent Arabs inform me that, in going from Zanzibar to Casembe's, only three thousand dollars' worth are required by a trader, say between six hundred pounds or seven hundred pounds, and he may be away three or more years; paying his way, giving presents to the chiefs, and filling two hundred or three hundred mouths. He has paid for, say fifty muskets, ammunition, flints, and may return with four thousand pounds of ivory, and a number of slaves for sale; all at an outlay of six hundred pounds or seven hundred pounds. With the experience I have gained now, I could do all I shall do in this expedition for a like sum, or at least for one thousand pounds less than it will actually cost me."

But he cautions all who propose to seek the elevation of the Africans that it can only be accomplished by real, consistent, benevolent, intelligent, and patient *work*. No jugglery or sleight-of-hand, as was recommended to Napoleon III., would have any effect in the civilization of the Africans; they have too much good sense for that. Nothing brings them to place thorough confidence in Europeans but a long course of well-doing. They believe readily in the supernatural as effecting any new process or feat of skill, for it is part of their original faith to ascribe everything above human agency to unseen spirits. Goodness or unselfishness impresses their minds more than any kind of skill or power. They say, "You have different hearts from ours; all black men's hearts are bad, but yours are good." The prayer to Jesus for a new heart and right spirit at once commends itself as appropriate. Music has great influence on those who have musical ears, and often leads to conversion. But there must be careful instruction and consistent living. Particularly must there be a clear and striking contrast in these respects between the Christian missionary and the Arab, whose name has become a synonyme for selfishness and deceit.

We cannot contemplate the noble heart which seems to open before us as we read these pages, recalling as we read them the consecrated life which underscores every word, emphasizing their truthfulness and importance, without a conscious reverence for the noble, devoted man, who with so much toil and self-denial comes before us with wise and earnest counsel. And may God grant that this noble life may dwell in the minds of men, an undying testimony and appeal, until all Africa is radiant with the light of the knowledge of God.

But there were lighter matters woven into the life at Unyanyembe, relieving these more serious thoughts as they relieved the wearying calculations and perplexing guesses. Now and then the dulness was broken by fragments of information from various parts of the country. Sometimes the incidents of the household afforded a brief entertainment. Nothing escaped his notice. In his journal for these months we find a most remarkable range of subjects, while his mind was absorbed by the great questions which come prominently before us in reading his life. He had infinite delight in the sports of the birds about his door; the peculiarities of the tiniest insects, the sports of children with their diminutive bows and arrows, the frivolities of his servants, their petty jealousies and ambitions, the most trivial matters of trade, the little incidents and remarks among the Arabs with whom he exchanged visits, were all noticed. One day he tells how he settled a quarrel between his two women cooks; another time of the loss of a favorite cow; somewhere else of bringing about a marriage for Susi. Then he is absorbed in the raid some tiny sparrows were making on a spider's web; a thousand things of the sort sharing his attention with the gravest problems.

No man comes more readily before us than himself when we read his own thoughts most casually expressed as follows:

"All the great among men have been remarkable at once for the grasp and minuteness of their knowledge. Great astronomers seem to know every iota of the Knowable. The great

Duke, when at the head of armies, could give all the particulars to be observed in a cavalry charge, and took care to have food ready for all his troops. Men think that greatness consists in lofty indifference to all trivial things. The Grand Llama, sitting in immovable contemplation of nothing, is a good example of what a human mind would regard as majesty; but the Gospels reveal Jesus, the manifestation of the blessed God over all, as minute in his care of all. He exercises a vigilance more constant, complete, and comprehensive, every hour and every minute, over each of his people, than their utmost self-love could ever attain. His tender love is more exquisite than a mother's heart can feel."

But however he might engage himself, freely as he might allow his thoughts to roam and soar, there was one consuming anxiety—*the men*. He counted the days. Over and over in his journal there are found calculations of the time when they might be expected.

"At last this trying suspense was put an end to by the arrival of a troop of fifty-seven men and boys, made up of porters hired by Mr. Stanley on the coast, and some more Nassick pupils sent from Bombay to join Lieut. Dawson. We find the names of John and Jacob Wainwright amongst the latter on Mr. Stanley's list.

" Before we incorporate these new recruits on the muster-roll of Dr. Livingstone's servants, it seems right to point to five names which alone represented at this time the list of his original followers; these were Susi, Chuma, and Amoda, who joined him in 1864 on the Zambesi—that is, eight years previously—and Mabruki and Gardner, Nassick boys hired in 1866. We shall see that the new-comers by degrees became accustomed to the hardships of travel, and shared with the old servants all the danger of the last heroic march home. Nor must we forget that it was to the intelligence and superior education of Jacob Wainwright (whom we now meet with for the first time) that we are indebted for the earliest account of the eventful eighteen months during which he was attached to the party.

"And now all is pounding, packing, bargaining, weighing, and disputing amongst the porters. Amidst the inseparable difficulties of an African start one thankful heart gathers comfort and courage."

The men arrived on the 14th of August. Mr. Stanley was already in England. The precious, cheering letters had gladdened the hearts of loving children and kind friends. The sealed box had been faithfully delivered; and the man who brought them was receiving the kindest acknowledgments of his success from the personal friends of Dr. Livingstone and the British Government.

Conspicuous among these acknowledgments was a very beautiful token from the noble Queen, who had always, we remember, taken the deepest interest in the heroic traveller.

The expressions of royal appreciation, so gracefully embodied in the following note, is a fitting seal of the chapters which will leave us free to follow Dr. Livingstone back into the continent which justly claims the privilege of pillowing his dying head upon its breast.

"FOREIGN OFFICE, *August* 27.

"SIR:—I have great satisfaction in conveying to you, by command of the Queen, her Majesty's high appreciation of the prudence and zeal which you have displayed in opening a communication with Dr. Livingstone, and relieving her Majesty from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller.

"The Queen desires me to express her thanks for the service you have thus rendered, together with her Majesty's congratulations on your having so successfully carried on the mission which you fearlessly undertook. Her Majesty also desires me to request your acceptance of the Memorial which accompanies this letter. I am, sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"GRANVILLE."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

The Plans of Livingstone—Route Proposed—The March Begun—Livingstone's Carefulness of Observation—A Reliable Observer—Indifference of Livingstone to Danger—A Charmed Life—Better Judges—A Midnight Encounter—The Old Disease—The Shores of Tanganyika—Cotton Cultivated—Hunting a Business—Ominous Silence—Lake Liemba—The Slave Trade—Zombe—Beneficent Disappointments—Donkeys and the Tsetse—The Kalongosi—Nsama and Casembe—Flood and Flowers—Beautiful Emblems—A Flooded Country—Great Hardships—Fording Rivers—Livingstone Carried by his Men—Island Villages—The Last Birthday—Resolution—Sufferings and Longings—Six Feet Rain-Fall!—Fishes—Sinking Rapidly—Utterly Exhausted—Kindness of Muanazawamba—The Last Written Words—Carried on a Kitanda—The Last Mile—The Last Words—Death.

We are not left in any uncertainty about the plans of Dr. Livingstone when he set out on the last journey of his life, or the hopes which inspired him; and we can hardly find in the history of human effort a grander instance of courage and perseverance than is exhibited in the deliberate and joyous undertaking, when we remember that the route marked out for himself by this great man was perhaps as extensive as all his journeys since he entered Africa in 1866.

"It is all but certain," he writes, "that four full-grown gushing fountains rise on the watershed eight days south of Katanga, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river; and two rivers thus formed flow north to Egypt, the other two south to Inner Ethiopia; that is, Lufira or Bartle Frere's river, flows into Kamolondo, and that into Webb's Lualaba, the main line of drainage. Another, on the north side of the sources, Sir Paraffin Young's Lualaba, flows through Lake Lincoln, otherwise named Chibungo and Lomame, and that too into Webb's Lualaba. Then Liambai Fountain, Palmerston's, forms the Upper Zambesi; and the Lunga (Lunga), Oswell's Fountain, is the Kafue; both flowing into Inner

Ethiopia. It may be that these are not the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva, in Saïs, in Egypt; but they are worth discovery, as in the last hundred of the seven hundred miles of the water-shed, from which nearly all the Nile springs do unquestionably arise.

"I propose to go from Unyanyembe to Fipa; then round the south end of Tanganyika, Tambete, or Mbete; then across the Chambeze, and round south of Lake Bangweolo, and due west to the ancient fountains; leaving the underground excavations till after visiting Katanga. This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of his stout-hearted servants, an honor to my children, and, perhaps, to my country and race."

Some one will enter into his labors, and the honor which his unequalled self-denial and wonderful devotion to science and humanity entitled him to desire; but no man will prove himself a stouter-hearted servant of God; no man can leave a richer legacy to his children, his country, and his race, than is bequeathed in the memory of him who crowns a life of useful toil by a consecrated death.

There was no time lost in completing the arrangements at Unyanyembe, when the caravan was once at the disposal of the earnest man already so weary of delay. And no day of his life was brighter to him than the 25th of August, whose evening shadows hung about his camp—an hour's march from Kwihara.

The earlier part of the journey lay along almost the same route as that traversed by Mr. Stanley first, and afterward by himself and Mr. Stanley, between Ujiji and Unyanyembe. The journal of the days is valuable to persons contemplating travels in the country, but possess very little of interest to the general reader. It was the custom of Dr. Livingstone to record with singular care and minuteness the most trivial variations in the soil and general appearance of the regions which he traversed. He could not have been more particular in these matters had he been making a guide book, or charged with a survey for a railroad. He was equally particular in the mention each day of the little comforts and discomforts of travel. If his leaders had occasion to chastise a mischievous boy, it entered the journal; if a man unluckily was taxed with storage for an insect in the aqueous chamber of his eye, it interested him. We have not space for these things, and the reader would be impatient of being kept back from the graver matters before us should we require him to be so much interested in sixty or seventy men of whom he knows nothing. The capacity of observing these trivialties was a distinguishing trait, however, in the character of Dr. Livingstone. It was the same element of character which constituted him infinitely the superior of ordinary travellers; that made his observations so reliable in matters of science.

The days were to Dr. Livingstone days of toil. He was no longer young, and the wildness of Africa was no longer novel to him. Those wonderful forests and charming hills which engaged the eye of Mr. Stanley like the shifting scenes of a grand panorama, were all familiar scenes to the man who had been walking up and down in the land during thirty years. Even that wonderful "paradise of hunters," where the young leader of the Herald expedition rejoiced in his first engagements with the monsters of the wilderness, possessed nothing new or awe-inspiring. It is almost incredible that a man should become so thoroughly indifferent to the proximity of the most ferocious and dangerous wild beasts as was Dr. Livingstone. We remember the views which he expressed in earlier years about the lion. He never changed them; and he seems to have become so accustomed to, not the lion only, but all his forest rivals, that he could hardly give them mention. Indeed, we cannot help feeling sometimes, as his men felt and said so frequently in substance, that he carried a "charmed life," and lived in constant exposure to savage men and beasts in the serenity of an almost conscious immortality. But the traveller who thinks that the indifference of Livingstone to the monsters that hold an unscrupulous sway in the wilds of Africa proves that they may be despised with impunity is mistaken. We must not forget that explorers travel generally with extensive caravans—little armies. The adventurers who attempt a less imposing and dismaying invasion of those wilds are, perhaps, the safer interpreters of the lion's roar, the "shriek" of the elephant, the quick "whiff" of the rhinoceros, and the stealthy step of the leopard. It matters little to the unlucky man who finds himself oddly matched in close encounter with one of these, that the animal may possess only ferocity instead of true courage. The case is desperate all the same. The leopard was never thought of as distinguished by lofty courage; but a caravan can hardly pass through his native jungles without carrying away a man or two less than it brought. One of the fiercest scenes portrayed in books of travel is in the account of a midnight battle of a distinguished traveller with one of these unmanly creatures. Separated from his party, and sadly bewildered, the traveller was vainly endeavoring to regain the path from which he had unconsciously turned. The shadows had closed about him, and the night, with all its most discordant sounds, prevailed. Suddenly, while he listened intently, fearing that a step might bring him across the path of some prowling monster, he heard a foot-fall, light and cautious, and a hoarse breathing. He had hardly time to grasp his weapon when the leopard sprang on him. The struggle was for life on the hunter's part, for blood on the part of his assailant. When it ended it was a doubtful choice between the prostrate forms of the man and beast for the living one; and years afterward the man's memory reverted to that midnight encounter as the climax of all his perils. It seems to be true, however, that travellers through the countries infested by ravenous beasts need not come into collision with them. It is generally possible to travel in such company, and encamp in such a manner, as to insure protection from assaults. If Dr. Livingstone had been a hunter, and had sought the intimacies which have furnished the startling narratives that fill the books of other men, he might have thought of these wilds as they do. As it was, he passed through the "paradise of hunters" without a word about the "splendid game." But there is mention in his journal of an enemy which he could not despise; which invaded with insidious malice the circle of followers, and laughed at camp-fires and walls of mud or canvas. This was the old disease of the bowels which had followed him so many years. Several days were lost at Mrera, and the men speak of few periods of even comparative health after he left that point.

On leaving Mrera, and passing the village of Simba, they reached the range of hills overlooking the Tanganyika, and turning southward, leaving his old route behind him. The land was now peculiarly rough with angular fragments of quartz. It was early in October, and in the hottest season. The doctor complained of great fatigue and inward suffering. The course lay along the range, a thousand feet above the surface of the lake, amid scraggy trees, whose scanty foliage afforded a poor protection from the scorching rays. Along the shores of the lake a great deal of cotton was under cultivation, and the people had devised methods of manufacturing it, by which they provided themselves with as much clothing as their fashions call for.

The sides of Tanganyika presented a succession of rounded bays answering to the valleys which trended down to the shore between the numerons ranges of hills. The hills were the habitat of all the distinctive animals of the continent, and the familiar traps of the natives—with whom the taking of elephants and buffaloes is more a business than a sport—were seen daily. Every day it was the same thing—laborious marches over mountains rising five hundred to seven hundred feet above the passes; often fifteen hundred feet above the lake. Ordinarily there would have been outbursts of enthusiasm, in the midst of the splendid scenery which must frequently have surrounded him; but day after day he passed in silence along those lofty crests from which he could look down on the surface of the lake, flashing like a golden mirror in the lengthening sun-rays of evening, or reflecting like burnished silver the noontime brilliancy; or away over broken ledges and majestic ranges of hills rich in geological curiosities and vegetable luxuriance; or along valleys beautiful with promises of reward to intelligent and industrious attention. It was an unusual and saddening silence, and tells unmistakably of the sufferings with which the journey was being performed.

He passed through Fipa and entered Urungu, and on around the southern end of the Lake Liemba, and came among familiar scenes again. He was here only a little more than one month's march from Ujiji, and yet from this point he had been obliged to turn across through Itawa, years before, and submit to years of hardship and dependence, all because of the slave-trade, which claims the prerogative of hindering all benevolence and blocking the way of science in Africa, only that it may curse that unhappy continent with its degrading slime.

When they reached the village of Zombe—November 11th—the doctor was reminded very forcibly of that tender providence which so frequently wrought signal deliverances for him. Only a few months earlier that town had been surrounded by the troops of a powerful chief, and recently he had been utterly routed by the brothers of Zombe, who had come to his assistance in time to prevent an alliance between the besiegers and the Arabs. Had the doctor arrived a few weeks earlier he could not have avoided falling into the hands of most overbearing men; and had he been able to do as he desired, he would have arrived earlier. So it is that men very often have occasion to praise God for disappointments. Freqnently there are hopes most fondly cherished whose realization would break our hearts or blast all our interests.

Between Zombe and the beautiful Aeesy the doctor was obliged to record the death of his donkey, which had been suffering for some time the effect of the tsetse bite. Hitherto Dr. Livingstone had always maintained, as the result of his own observations, that this animal, at all events, could be taken through districts in which horses, mules, dogs, and oxen would perish to a certainty; and with the keen perception and perseverance of one who was exploring Africa with a view to open it up for Europeans, he laid great stress on these experiments. He had been exceedingly anxious to demonstrate the possibility of carrying donkeys anywhere in Africa. How far his success or failure in doing so should affect others is a question for them to decide. The doctor himself, however, can hardly be said to have tested the matter thoroughly, as he mentions the fact that his donkey had suffered ill usage and great neglect by the men who had it in charge. The death of the donkey was a great loss to him.

Passing the village of Kampomba, his old friend, and that of Kasonso's successor, they turned westward, across the various tributaries of the Kisi, until they reached the Kalongosi, at the confluence of the Luena. Northward, on their right hand, as they advanced, was Itawa, the country of Nsama, now thoroughly conquered by the Arabs. Before them was the town of Casembe, who had also fallen before the Arab traders. The mountains had been left behind, and the country was level and covered with trees which had been stripped of their bark.

The Kalongosi was sixty or eighty yards wide and four yards deep. The rains were now fully set in, and the daily experience was becoming one of distressing exposure, while the health of Dr. Livingstone was gradually declining. The ravages of the Arabs in Nsama's and Casembe's countries had made the people of the villages timid and suspicious. Where they were bold enough to remain in their homes, they were distrustful and ungenerous.

After crossing the Kalongosi they turned southward, a little east of south. As they came nearer Lake Bangweolo there was a manifest alteration in the face of the country. It had been exceedingly unpleasant travelling across the numerous feeders of the great rivers flowing westward; but it was now becoming one continual plunge in and out of morass and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deeper currents. It was impossible that such exposure should not be attended with very serious results to a man so reduced in health and affected chronically with dysenteric symptoms. It only astonishes us that he should have endured it so long. The few villages were in terror and closed their gates: the fate of Casembe was too fresh in their minds to admit of their entertaining armed strangers.

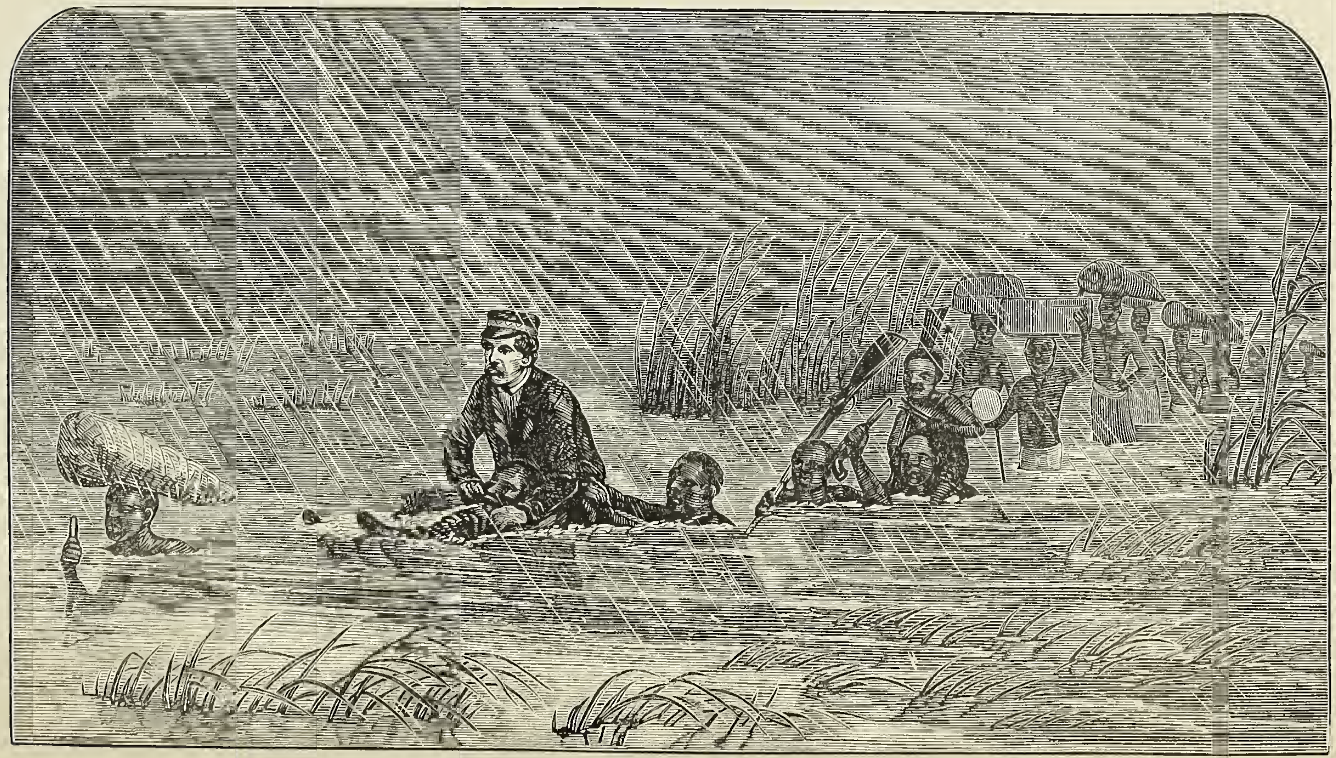
There were many plots of cassava, maize, millet, dura, groundnuts, voandzeia, in the forest, all surrounded with strong high hedges skilfully built, and manured with wood-ashes. There were also many flowers: marigolds, a white jonquil-looking flower without smell, many orchids, white, yellow and pink Asclepias, with bunches of French white flowers, clematis—*Methonica gloriosa*, gladiolus, and blue and deep purple polygalas, grasses with white starry seed-vessels, and spikelets of brownish red and yellow. Besides these there were beautiful blue flowering bulbs, and new flowers of pretty delicate form and but little scent. To this list may be added balsams, compositæ of blood-red color and of purple; other flowers of liver color, bright canary yellow, pink orchids on spikes thickly covered all round, and of three inches in length; spiderworts of fine blue or yellow or even pink. Different colored asclepedials; beautiful yellow and red umbelliferous flowering plants; dill and wild parsnips; pretty flowery aloes, yellow and red, in one whorl of blossoms; peas, and many other flowering plants which he did not know.

It is very beautiful to think of the sufferer amid such annoyances, and exposed to such hardships, noticing these delicate features of nature with so much care and pleasure. These beautiful flowers were like the stars which be-gem the darkness to remind us that darkness is not absolute; or like the little deeds of kindness, or the little happinesses, which come to us in the midst of periods of disappointment and protracted sorrow, to silence our murmurings and prevent our despair. Living things instinctively drew back from the borders of the flooded country; flowers bloomed down to the edge of the waters, and bloomed as beautifully on every spot of exposed ground as they could have done if there had been no floods surrounding them. We cannot think of anything else which so happily represents the mercies of God.

Many of the rivers had to be forded; and though it would seem a difficult task for one entirely unencumbered to get through, his men nobly carried him. The timidity and unfriendliness of the people greatly aggravated their condition. They could get no reliable guide or correct information; and the weather was such that no observations could be made on which they could depend in shaping their course.

To be thus marching blindly, scantily provided with food, absolutely ill much of the time, would seem to be enough to break the stoutest spirit, yet this wonderful man never once looked back—not one word of irresolution—but on, on, clinging with incomprehensible pertinacity to his aim, he pressed forward. The memorandum of one day's experience will illustrate this dreadful march:

"*January* 24.—Went on east and northeast to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went one and



"THE MAIN STREAM CAME UP TO SUSI'S MOUTH."

three-quarters hour's journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least three hundred yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of one hundred yards. One part was neck-deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' foot-prints one hour and a half, then came on one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist-deep, bridge covered and broken down. Carrying me across one of the broad, deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least two thousand feet broad, or more than three hundred yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's foot-print, he required two to lift him, so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist-deep. Others went on, and bent down the grass, to insure some footing on the side of the elephants' path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall, stout, Arab-looking man, then Amoda, then Chanda, then Wade Sale, and each time I was lifted off bodily, and put on another pair of stout, willing shoulders, and fifty yards put them out of breath: no wonder! It was sore on the women folk of our party. It took us full an hour and a half for all to cross over, and several came over turn to help me and their friends. The water was cold, and so was the wind, but no leeches plagued us. We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. After 4 P. M. it came on a pouring cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions, as there have been changes of population. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather, truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges."

The streams were so numerous that even Dr. Livingstone himself was perplexed. The people had been unable to find names for them, and the catalogue which we could glean from the doctor's journal would take the premium as a punitive excise for first-class convicts. Much of the country was of course utterly desolate. No human being could live in the midst of such floods; all was water, water; no land; a wilderness of water; the antipode; the scorching wilderness of sand, where poor Chobo wandered.

The floods gave the sites of the little villages that were seen the appearance of islands, and the doctor seems to have had the impression that they were really in the shallow portions of the lake. Much of the time the entire party had to be transported from place to place in the small, unsafe canoes of fishermen. The old disorder recurred more frequently and violently, and most solemn and anxious reflections forced themselves on the sufferer. We see them in such words as the following, which were found entered in his pocket-book: "If the good Lord gives me favor and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and trouble; this trip has made my hair all gray." Only one hope seemed to be left them; the water on the plain was deeper and deeper. The Lofu had been crossed and the Chambeze was before them—beyond, the island-home of Matipa. After inexpressible hardships and perplexities, that place was reached on the 2d of March. There was no memory or tradition of any European having been there before. The difficulties inseparable from the locality were increased now by the perfidy of Mapida, who under most flattering pretences was soon found to be acting the villain. The promised canoes did not come. The days passed, and the 19*th of March.* The last birthday came in the midst of the greatest trials; on that day Dr. Livingstone wrote the characteristic lines: "Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for preserving me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? so many obstacles have arisen! Let not Satan prevail over me, O my Lord Jesus." Verily, he knew in whom he had believed; God was there: an omnipresent God!

At length the canoes were obtained; only when the chief and his people had received a hint that the peaceable man might become dangerous. And on the little islet Luangwa, surrounded by that wilderness of water, the brave man wrote again in his journal: "Nothing earthly shall make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward." At length the Chambeze was behind them, with its rushing flood—but all was flood still. They left Kabinga's with their baggage in canoes and the men wading beside them, whilst the doctor himself was pulled along in a canoe nearer the lake in deeper water. Pitiless rains from above conspired with the floods around them. There was no escape; no respite. The heavy exertions, coupled with constant exposure, extreme anxiety and annoyance, inseparable from the care of so large a party in such a realm of water, brought on another severe attack. The 10th of April he writes: "I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely ever since the 31st of March last: an artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength;" then he exclaims: "Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over-power to finish my work!"

It is almost incredible that this man should still insist on tottering along—hours at a time. But even the most powerful will must fail some time to sustain a human body, and at last Dr. Livingstone was obliged to submit to the kindness of his men who were so eager to carry him, as they saw how rapidly his strength was failing. At Chinama they were on the right bank of the Lolotikila—the 13th of April. The dry season was now coming on; the sky was clearing and the southeast wind was beginning to blow. The rain-fall was estimated at seventy-three inches—six feet!—much the heaviest ever known in that latitude. The doctor was able then with the stump of a pencil to enter a rather more extensive sketch of the country than usual; of it he says: "One sees interminable grassy prairies with lines of trees, occupying quarters of miles in breadth, and with these give way to bouga or prairie again. The bouga is flooded annually, but its vegetation consists of dry-land grasses. Other bouga extend out from the lake up to forty miles, and are known by aquatic vegetation, such as lotus, papyrus, arums, rushes of different species, and many kinds of purely aquatic subaqueous plants which send up their flowers only to fructify in the sun, and then sink to ripen one bunch after another. Others, with great cabbage-looking leaves, seem to remain always at the bottom. The young of fish swarm, and bob in and out from the leaves. A species of soft moss grows on most plants, and seems to be good fodder for fishes, fitted by hooked or turned-up noses to guide it into their maws.

"One species of fish has the lower jaw turned down into a hook, which enables the animal to hold its mouth close to the plant as it glides up or down, sucking in all the soft pulpy food. The superabundance of gelatinous nutriment makes these swarmers increase in bulk with extraordinary rapidity, and the food supply of the people is plenteous in consequence. The number of fish caught by weirs, baskets, and nets now, as the waters decline, is prodigious. The fish feel their element becoming insufficient for comfort, and retire from one bouga to another towards the lake; the narrower parts are duly prepared by weirs to take advantage of their necessities; the sun heat seems to oppress them and force them to flee. With the south-east aerial current comes heat and sultriness. A blanket is scarcely needed till the early hours of the morning, and here, after the turtle-doves and cocks give out their warning calls to the watchful, the fish-eagle lifts up his remarkable voice. It is pitched in a high falsetto key, very loud, and seems as if he were calling to some one in the other world. Once heard, his weird unearthly voice can never be forgotten—it sticks to one through life."

A few days more he seemed to sustain his interest in the country, but he was sinking rapidly; he became unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda. On the 21st of April he tried to ride on the remaining donkey, "but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground utterly exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol, and picked up his cap which had dropped off, while Chuma threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the doctor said, 'Chuma, I have lost so much blood there is no more strength left in my legs: you must carry me.' He was then assisted gently to his shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady himself, was borne back to the village and placed in the hut he had so recently left. It was necessary to let the chief Muanazawamba know what had happened, and for this purpose Dr. Livingstone despatched a messenger. He was directed to ask him to supply a guide for the next day, as he trusted then to have recovered so far as to be able to march;

the answer was, ' Stay as long as you wish, and when you want guides to Kalunganjovu's you shall have them.' "

His servants say that instead of rallying they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long, and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveller was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under whilst the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. He was borne as tenderly as possible by his faithful men, Chuma or Susi; one remained constantly beside him. The doctor only had strength to enter the days of the month—22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th. On the 27th he "seems to have been almost dying." That day he wrote his last words; they were these:

"*Knocked up quite, and remain; recover; sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of R. Mclilamo.*"

There seems to have been an effort to get something which he trusted would restore his strength, but the "Mazitu had taken everything."

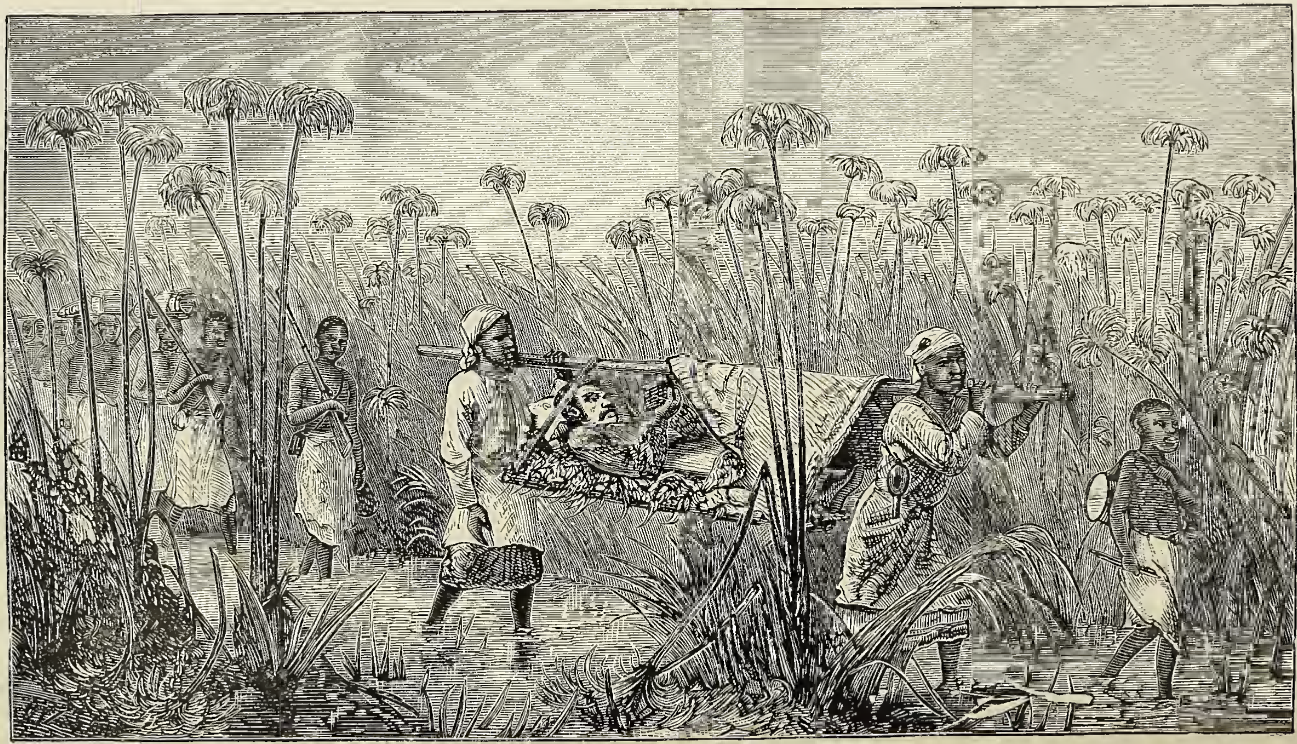
They were at the village of Kalunganjovu from the 27th to the 29th. He was a generous-hearted man, and manifested much real sympathy for the sufferer, and went himself to superintend the passage of the stream. When they were ready to set out Susi went into the hut of Dr. Livingstone, but the doctor was unable to walk to the door. His men removed one side of the frail abode, and placing the kitanda by the side of his bed, lifted him gently to it, and raising the burden to their shoulders marched out of the village.

"Their course was in the direction of the stream, and they followed it till they came to a reach where the current was uninterrupted by the numerous little islands which stood partly in the river and partly in the flood on the upper waters. Kalunganjovu was seated on a knoll, and actively superintended the embarkation, whilst Dr. Livingstone told his bearers to take him to a tree at a little distance off, that he might rest in the shade till most of the men were on the other side. A good deal of care was required, for the river, by no means a large one in ordinary times, spread its waters in all directions, so that a false step, or a stumble in any unseen hole, would have drenched the invalid and the bed also on which he was carried.

"The passage occupied some time, and then came the difficult task of conveying the doctor across, for the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitanda to be deposited in the bottom of either of them. Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitanda, they laid it in the bottom of the strongest canoe, and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chuma, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back; in this way he was deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across the Mulilamo by Chowpere, Susi, Farijala, and Chuma. The same precautions were used on the other side: the kitanda was brought close to the canoe, so as to prevent any unnecessary pain in disembarking.

"Susi now hurried on ahead to reach Chitambo's village, and superintend the building of another house. For the first mile or two they had to carry the doctor through swamps and plashes, glad to reach something like a dry plain at last.

"It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chuma, one of his bearers on these the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and on stooping down he found him unable to



THE LAST MILE OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitanda, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance farther on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately, for once not a drop was to be procured. Hastening on for fear of getting too far separated from the party in advance, to their great comfort they now saw Farijala approaching with some which Susi had thoughtfully sent off from Chitambo's village.

"Still wending their way on, it seemed as if they would not complete their task, for again at a clearing the sick man entreated them to place him on the ground, and to let him stay where he was. Fortunately at this moment some of the outlying huts of the village came into sight, and they tried to rally him by telling him that he would quickly be in the house that the others had gone on to build, but they were obliged as it was to allow him to remain for an hour in the native gardens outside the town.

"On reaching their companions it was found that the work was not quite finished, and it became necessary therefore to lay him under the broad eaves of a native hut till things were ready.

"Chitambo's village at this time was almost empty. When the crops are growing it is the custom to erect little temporary houses in the fields, and the inhabitants, leaving their more substantial huts, pass the time in watching their crops, which are scarcely more safe by day than by night; thus it was that the men found plenty of room and shelter ready to their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay whose praises had reached them in previous years, and in silent wonder they stood round him resting on their bows. Slight drizzling showers were falling, and as soon as possible his house was made ready and banked round with earth.

"Inside it, the bed was raised from the floor by sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut: in the bay itself bales and boxes were deposited, one of the latter doing duty for a table, on which the medicine chest and sundry other things were placed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, whilst the boy Majwara slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night.

"On the 30th of April, 1873, Chitambo came early to pay a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the doctor's presence, but he was obliged to send him away, telling him to come again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him, and he was not again disturbed. In the afternoon he asked Susi to bring his watch to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his hand, that it might lie in the palm whilst he slowly turned the key.

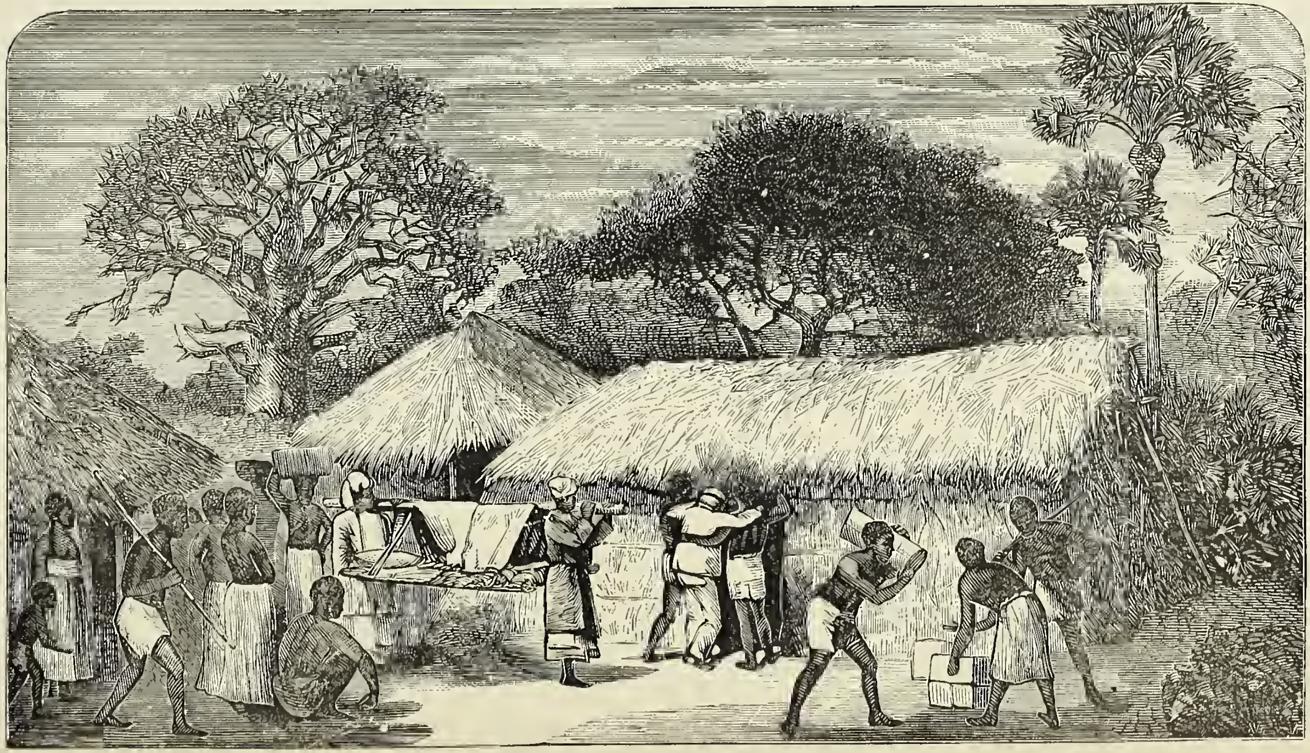
"So the hours stole on till nightfall. The men silently took to their huts, whilst others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 P. M. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, 'Are our men making that noise?' 'No,' replied Susi; 'I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields.' A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering, 'Is this the Luapula?' Susi told him they were in Chitambo's village, near the Mulilamo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, 'Sikun'gapi kuenda Luapula?' (How many days is it to the Luapula?)

"'Na zani zikutatu, Bwana' (I think it is three days, master), replied Susi.

"A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, 'Oh dear, dear!' and then dozed off again.

"It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, 'Bwana wants you, Susi.' On reaching the bed the doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine-chest and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour 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.

"It must have been about 4 A. M. when Susi heard Majwara's



EVENING—ILALA (April 29, 1873).

step once more. 'Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowpere, Matthew, and Muanyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time: the men drew nearer.

"A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the 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, 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 some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead.

"His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up and laid him at full length on the bed, then carefully covering him they went out into the damp night air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and the morning of the 4th of May dawned on the scene."

There were no parting words. There were thoughts. God only knows them. Alone, on his knees, in the heart of Africa, the brave, good man died. His life had been a sacrifice; his death was a supplication. He did not give up his work; he resigned it to God.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BURIAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Acknowledgment—Anxieties of the Men—The Council—Chuma and Susi—Chitambo's Kindness—Native Honors to the Dead—Hut where the Body was Prepared—The Materials for Preparing the Body—A Special Mourner—The Embalmment—The Inscription—Preparation for Departing—Promises of Chitambo—Route of Boys—Severe Trials—The Luapula—Crossing—An Old Servant—An Accident—Native Surgery—"An Unfortunate Affair"—The Fight—The Results—The Excuse—Objection to Flags—The Kalongosi—In the Old Path—The Lake—New Scenes—Easier Route to Unyanyembe—The News Received—Resolution of the Men—Justifiable Deception—A Dreadful Snake—Arrival at Bagamoio—The Precious Freight—The Kilwa—Reception in England—Identification—Burial.

THE curtain falls; the drama of a wonderful life is closed. The work is ended; the hero died at his post. It remains only for us to see how faithfully his followers cared for his remains, and how well and bravely they won for themselves the gratitude and applause of the civilized world. It has been necessary to introduce the account of the leaders of the caravan in the homeward march so closely, that it is due the Rev. Horace Waller, the distinguished editor of the "Last Journals," and also Mr. John Murray, of London, the publisher, to accredit them with it. We feel that the readers of this book will appreciate having this narrative as fully as possible, and we feel confident also that the gentlemen named will appreciate our motives in using these few pages of their work.

It was not without some alarm that the men realized their more immediate difficulties: none could see better than they what complications might arise in an hour.

They knew the superstitious horror connected with the dead to be prevalent in the tribes around them, for the departed spirits of men are universally believed to have vengeance and mischief at heart as their ruling idea in the land beyond the grave. All rites turn on this belief. The religion of the African is a weary attempt to propitiate those who show themselves to be still able to haunt and destroy, as war comes or an accident happens.

On this account it is not to be wondered at that chief and people make common cause against those who wander through their territory, and have the misfortune to lose one of their party by death. Who is to tell the consequences? Such occurrences are looked on as most serious offences, and the men regarded their position with no small apprehension.

Calling the whole party together, Susi and Chuma placed the state of affairs before them, and asked what should be done. They received a reply from those whom Mr. Stanley had engaged for Dr. Livingstone, which was hearty and unanimous. "You," said they, "are old men in travelling and in hardships; you must act as our chiefs, and we will promise to obey whatever you order us to do." From this moment we may look on Susi and Chuma as the captains of the caravan. To their knowledge of the country, of the tribes through which they were to pass, but, above all, to the sense of discipline and cohesion which was maintained throughout, their safe return to Zanzibar at the head of their men must, under God's good guidance, be mainly attributed.

All agreed that Chitambo ought to be kept in ignorance of Dr. Livingstone's decease, or otherwise a fine so heavy would be inflicted upon them as compensation for damage done that their means would be crippled, and they could hardly expect to pay their way to the coast. It was decided that, come what might, the body *must be borne to Zanzibar*. It was also arranged to take it secretly, if possible, to a hut at some distance off, where the necessary preparations could be carried out, and for this purpose some men were now despatched with axes to cut wood, whilst others went to collect grass. Chuma set off to see Chitambo, and said that they wanted to build a place outside the village, if he would allow it, for they did not like living amongst the huts. His consent was willingly given.

Later on in the day two of the men went to the people to buy food, and divulged the secret: the chief was at once informed of what had happened, and started for the spot on which the new buildings were being set up. Appealing to Chuma, he said, "Why did you not tell me the truth? I know that your master died last night. You were afraid to let me know, but do not fear any longer. I, too, have travelled, and more than once have been to Bwani (the coast), before the country on the road was destroyed by the Mazitu. I know that you have no bad motives in coming to our land, and death often happens to travellers in their journeys." Reassured by this speech, they told him of their intention to prepare the body and to take it with them. He, however, said it would be far better to bury it there, for they were undertaking an impossible task; but they held to their resolution. The corpse was conveyed to the new hut the same day on the kitanda, carefully covered with cloth and a blanket.

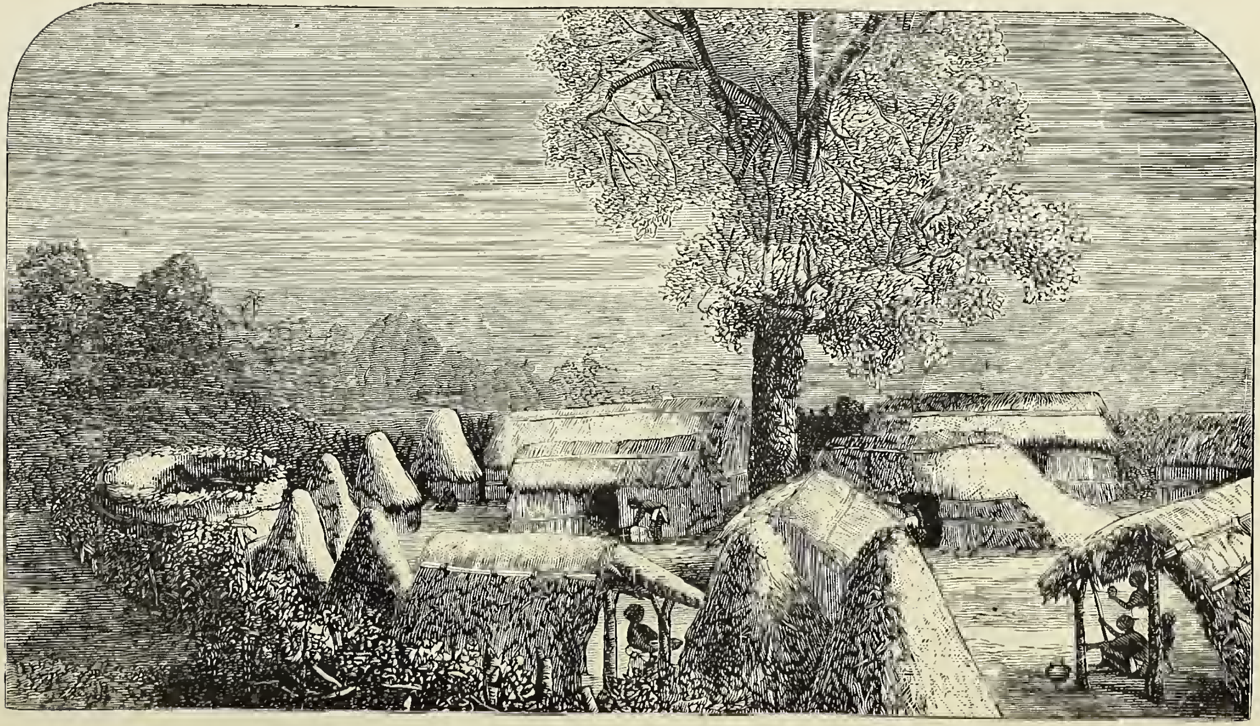
The next morning Susi paid a visit to Chitambo, making him a handsome present and receiving in return a kind welcome. Following out his suggestion, it was agreed that all honors should be shown to the dead, and the customary mourning was arranged forthwith.

At the proper time, Chitambo, leading his people and accompanied by his wives, came to the new settlement. He was clad in a broad red cloth, which covered the shoulders, whilst the wrapping of native cotton cloth, worn round the waist, fell as low as his ankles. All carried bows, arrows, and spears, but no guns were seen. Two drummers joined in the loud wailing lamentation, which so indelibly impresses itself on the memories of people who have heard it in the East, whilst the band of servants fired volley after volley in the air, according to the strict rule of Portuguese and Arabs on such occasions.

As yet nothing had been done to the corpse.

A separate hut was now built, about ninety feet from the principal one. It was constructed in such a manner that it should be open to the air at the top, and sufficiently strong to defy the attempts of any wild beast to break through it. Firmly driven boughs and saplings were planted side by side and bound together, so as to make a regular stockade. Close to this building the men constructed their huts, and, finally, the whole settlement had another high stockade carried completely around it.

Arrangements were made the same day to treat the corpse on the following morning. One of the men, Safene, whilst in



TEMPORARY VILLAGE IN WHICH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BODY WAS PREPARED.

Kalunganjovu's district, bought a large quantity of salt: this was purchased of him for sixteen strings of beads; there was besides some brandy in the doctor's stores, and with these few materials they hoped to succeed in their object.

Farijala was appointed to the necessary task. He had picked up some knowledge of the method pursued in making post-mortem examinations whilst a servant to a doctor at Zanzibar, and, at his request, Carras, one of the Nassick boys, was told off to assist him. Previous to this, however, early on the 3d of May, a special mourner arrived. He came with the anklets which are worn on these occasions, composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels, fitted with rattling pebbles, and in a low monotonous chant sang, whilst he danced, as follows:

Lelo kwa Engerese,
Muana sisi oa konda:
Tu kamb' tamb' Engerese.

Which translated is—

To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours:
Come round to see the Englishman.

His task over, the mourner and his son, who accompanied him in the ceremony, retired with a suitable present of beads.

The emaciated remains of the deceased traveller were soon afterwards taken to the place prepared. Over the heads of Farijala and Carras—Susi, Chuma, and Muanyasere held a thick blanket as a kind of screen, under which the men performed their duties. Tofike and John Wainwright were present. Jacob Wainwright had been asked to bring his prayer book with him, and stood apart against the wall of the enclosure.

In reading about the lingering sufferings of Dr. Livingstone as described by himself, and subsequently by these faithful fellows, one is quite prepared to understand their explanation, and to see why it was possible to defer these operations so long after death: they say that his frame was little more than skin and bone. Through an incision carefully made, the viscera were removed, and a quantity of salt was placed in the trunk. All noticed one very significant circumstance in the autopsy. A clot of coagulated blood, as large as a man's hand, lay in the left side; whilst Farijala pointed to the state of the lungs, which they describe as dried up, and covered with black and white patches.

The heart, with the other parts removed, were placed in a tin box, which had formerly contained flour, and decently and reverently buried in a hole dug some four feet deep on the spot where they stood. Jacob was then asked to read the burial service, which he did in the presence of all. The body was left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it, beyond placing some brandy in the mouth and some on the hair; nor can one imagine for an instant that any other process would have been available either for Europeans or natives, considering the rude appliances at their disposal. The men kept watch day and night to see that no harm came to their sacred charge. Their huts surrounded the building, and had force been used to enter its strongly-barred door, the whole camp would have turned out in a moment. Once a day the position of the body was changed, but at no other time was any one allowed to approach it.

No molestation of any kind took place during the fourteen days' exposure. At the end of this period preparations were made for retracing their steps. The corpse, by this time tolerably dried, was wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package. The next thing was to plan something in which to carry it, and, in the absence of planking or tools, an admirable substitute was found by stripping from a Myonga tree enough of the bark in one piece to form a cylinder, and in it their master was laid. Over this case a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the whole package was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men.

Jacob Wainwright was asked to carve an inscription on the large Mvula tree which stands by the place where the body rested, stating the name of Dr. Livingstone and the date of his death, and, before leaving, the men gave strict injunctions to Chitambo to keep the grass cleared away, so as to save it from the bush fires which annually sweep over the country and destroy so many trees. Besides this, they erected close to the spot two high thick posts, with an equally strong cross-piece, like a lintel and door-posts in form, which they painted thoroughly with the tar that was intended for the boat; this sign they think will remain for a long time from the solidity of the timber. Before parting with Chitambo, they gave him a large tin biscuit-box and some newspapers, which would serve as evidence to all future travellers that a white man had been at his village.

The chief promised to do all he could to keep both the tree and the timber sign-posts from being touched, but added, that he hoped the English would not be long in coming to see him, because there was always the risk of an invasion of Mazitu, when he would have to fly, and the tree might be cut down for a canoe by some one, and then all trace would be lost. All was now ready for starting, and the homeward march was begun. But the first day's journey showed them that some additional precautions were necessary to enable the bearers of the mournful burden to keep to their task, and they sent back to Chitambo's for the cask of tar they had deposited with him, and gave a thick coating to the canvas outside. This answered all purposes; they left the remainder at the next village, with orders to send it back to head-quarters, and then continued their course through Ilala, led by their guides in the direction of the Luapula.

A moment's inspection of the map will explain the line of country to be traversed. Susi and Chuma had travelled with Dr. Livingstone in the neighborhood of the northwest shores of Bangweolo in previous years. The last fatal road from the north might be struck by a march in a due northeast direction, if they could but hold out so far without any serious misfortune; but in order to do this they must first strike northwards so as to reach the Luapula, and then crossing it at some part not necessarily far from its exit from the lake, they could at once lay their course for the south end of Tanganyika.

There were, however, serious indications amongst them. First one and then the other dropped out of the file, and by the time they reached a town belonging to Chitambo's brother—and on the third day only since they set out—half their number were *hors de combat.* It was impossible to go on. A few hours more and all seemed affected. The symptoms were intense pain in the limbs and face, great prostration, and, in the bad cases, inability to move. The men attributed it to the continual wading through water before the doctor's death. They think that illness had been waiting for some further slight provocation, and that the previous day's tramp, which was almost entirely through plashy Bougas or swamps, turned the scale against them.

Susi was suffering very much. The disease settled in one leg, and then quickly shifted to the other. Songolo nearly died. Kaniki and Bahati, two of the women, expired in a few days, and all looked at its worst. It took them a good month to rally sufficiently to resume their journey.

Fortunately in this interval the rains entirely ceased, and the natives day by day brought an abundance of food to the sick men. From them they heard that the districts they were now in were notoriously unhealthy, and that many an Arab had fallen out from the caravan march to leave his bones in these wastes. One day five of the party made an excursion to the westward, and on their return reported a large deep river flowing into the Luapula on the left bank. Unfortunately no notice was taken of its name, for it would be of considerable geographical interest.

At last they were ready to start again, and came to one of the border villages in Ilala the same night, but the next day several fell ill for the second time, Susi being quite unable to move.

Muanamazungu, at whose place these relapses occurred, was fully aware of everything that had taken place at Chitambo's, and showed the men the greatest kindness. Not a day passed without his bringing them some present or other, but there was a great disinclination amongst the people to listen to any details connected with Dr. Livingstone's death. Some return for their kindness was made by Farijala shooting three buffaloes near the town: meat and good-will go together all over Africa, and the liberal sportsman scores points at many a turn. A cow was purchased here for some brass bracelets and calico, and on the twentieth day all were sufficiently strong on their legs to push forwards.

The broad waters of the long-looked-for Luapula soon came in sight. Putting themselves under a guide, they were conducted to the village of Chisalamalama, who willingly offered them canoes for the passage across the next day.

The report that the men give of this mighty river makes us instinctively bend our eyes on the dark burden laid in the canoe. How ardently would he have scanned it whose body thus passes across these waters, and whose spirit, in its last hours' sojourn in this world, wandered in thought and imagination to its stream!

It would seem that the Luapula at this point is double the width of the Zambesi at Shupanga. This gives a breadth of fully four miles. A man could not be seen on the opposite bank: trees looked small: a gun could be heard, but no shouting would ever reach a person across the river—such is the description given by men who were well able to compare the Luapula with the Zambesi. Taking to the canoes, they were able to use the "m'phondo," or punting pole, for a distance through reeds, then came clear deep water for some four hundred yards, again a broad reedy expanse, followed by another deep part, succeeded in turn by another current not so broad as those previously paddled across, and then, as on the starting side, gradually shoaling water, abounding in reeds. Two islands lay just above the crossing-place. Using pole and paddle alternately, the passage took them fully two hours across this enormous torrent, which carries off the waters of Bangweolo towards the north.

A sad mishap befell the donkey the first night of camping beyond the Luapula, and this faithful and sorely-tried servant was doomed to end his career at this spot.

According to custom, a special stable was built for him close to the men. In the middle of the night a great disturbance, coupled with the shouting of Amoda, aroused the camp. The men rushed out and found the stable broken down and the donkey gone. Snatching some logs, they set fire to the grass, as it was pitch dark, and by the light saw a lion close to the body of the poor animal, which was quite dead. Those who had caught up their guns on the first alarm fired a volley, and the lion made off. It was evident that the donkey had been seized by the nose and instantly killed. At daylight the spoor showed that the guns had taken effect. The lion's blood lay in a broad track (for he was apparently injured in the back, and could only drag himself along); but the footprints of a second lion were too plain to make it advisable to track him far in the thick cover he had reached, and so the search was abandoned. The body of the donkey was left behind, but two canoes remained near the village, and it is most probable that it went to make a feast at Chisalamalama's.

Travelling through incessant swamp and water, they were fain to make their next stopping-place in a spot where an enormous ant-hill spread itself out—a small island in the waters. A fire was lit, and by employing hoes, most of them dug something like a form to sleep in on the hard earth. Thankful to leave such a place, they passed Kawingu and came to N'Kossu's. The people were called Kawende; they formerly owned many cattle, but were now reduced. They had been put under the harrow by the Wanyamwezi, and there were very few herds remaining. A present was made of a cow; but it seems that the rule, "first catch your hare," was in full force in N'Kossu's pastures: the few animals were exceeding wild, and a hunt was set on foot to obtain the present. In this hunt one of our party unfortunately shot a villager, and broke the poor fellow's thigh. Although it was clearly an accident, such things do not readily settle themselves down on such an assumption in Africa. The chief, however, behaved well. He told the men that a fine would have to be paid on the return of the wounded man's father, and it had better be handed to him; for by the law the blame would fall on him as the entertainer of the man who had brought about the injury. He admitted that he had ordered all his people to stand clear of the spot where the disaster occurred, but he supposed that in this instance his orders had not been heard. They had not sufficient goods in any case to respond to the demand; and there was only one thing left—the leg must be *mended*. The process adopted to set the broken limb is a sample of native surgery which must not be passed over.

First of all a hole was dug, say two feet deep and four in length, in such a manner that the patient could sit in it with his legs out before him. A large leaf was then bound round the fractured thigh, and earth thrown in, so that the patient was buried up to the chest. The next act was to cover the earth which lay over the man's legs with a thick layer of mud; then plenty of sticks and grass were collected, and a fire lit on top just over the fracture. To prevent the smoke smothering the sufferer, they held a broad mat as a screen before his face, and the operation went on. After some time the heat reached the limbs under-ground. Bellowing with fear and covered with perspiration, the man implored them to let him out. When the authorities concluded he had been under treatment a sufficient time, they quickly burrowed down and lifted him out. He was now held perfectly fast, whilst two strong men stretched the wounded limb with all their might. Splints duly prepared were afterwards bound around it; but we are left to hope only that the poor man was restored the use of his limb. The villagers told Chuma that after the Wanyamwezi engagements they constantly treated the bad gunshot wounds in this way with perfect success.

Leaving this village, the men made for the territory of the Wa Ussi. Here they met with a surly welcome, and were told that they must pass on. There is no doubt that the intelligence that they were carrying their master had something to do with it, for the news seemed to spread with the greatest rapidity in every direction.

They were now approaching Chawende's town, parallel to the north shore of the lake, and at no great distance from it, on the bank of the Liposhosi river.

Approaching Chawende's, according to native etiquette, Amoda and Sabouri went on in front to inform the chief and ask leave to enter the town. As they did not come back, Muanyasere and Chuma set off after them to ascertain the reason of the delay. No better success seemed to attend this second venture, so shouldering their burdens, all went forward in the track of the four messengers.

In the mean time, Chuma and Muanyasere met Amoda and Sabouri coming back towards them with five men. They reported that they had entered the town, but found it a very large stockaded place; moreover, two other villages of equal size were close to it. Much pombe-drinking was going on. On approaching the chief, Amoda had rested his gun against the principal hut innocently enough. Chawende's son, drunk and quarrelsome, made this a cause of offence, and swaggering up, he insolently asked them how they dared to do such a thing. Chawende interfered, and for the moment prevented further difficulty; in fact, he himself seems to have been inclined to grant the favor which was asked: however, there was danger brewing, and the men retired.

When the main body met them returning, tired with their fruitless errand, a consultation took place. Wood there was none. To scatter about and find materials with which to build shelter for the night, would only offer a great temptation to these drunken excited people to plunder the baggage. It was resolved to make for the town.

When they reached the gate of the stockade they were flatly refused admittance, those inside telling them to go down to the river and camp on the bank. They replied that this was impossible: that they were tired, it was very late, and nothing could be found there to give them shelter. Meeting with no different answer, Safene said, "Why stand talking to them? let us get in somehow or other;" and, suiting the action to the word, they pushed the men back who stood in the gateway. Safene got through, and Muanyasere climbed over the top of the stockade, followed by Chuma, who instantly opened the gate wide and let his companions through. Hostilities might still have been averted had better counsel prevailed.

The men began to look about for huts in which to deposit their things, when the same drunken fellow drew a bow and fired at Muanyasere. The man called out to the others to seize him, which was done in an instant. A loud cry now burst forth that the chief's son was in danger, and one of the people, hurling a spear, wounded Sabouri slightly in the thigh: this was the signal for a general scrimmage.

Chawende's men fled from the town; the drums beat the assembly in all directions, and an immense number flocked to the spot from the two neighboring villages, armed with their bows, arrows, and spears. An assault instantly began from the outside. N'chise was shot with an arrow in the shoulder through the palisade, and N'taru in the finger. Things were becoming desperate for the caravan, so, putting the body of Dr. Livingstone and all their goods and chattels in one hut, the men charged out of the town, and fired on the assailants, killing two and wounding several others. Fearing that they would only gather together in the other remaining villages and renew the attack at night, the men carried these quickly one by one and subsequently burnt six others which were built on the same side of the river, then crossing over, they fired on the canoes which were speeding towards the deep water of Bangweolo, through the channel of the Liposhosi, with disastrous results to the fugitive people.

Returning to the town, all was made safe for the night. By the fortunes of war, sheep, goats, fowls, and an immense quantity of food fell into their hands; and they remained for a week to recruit. Once or twice they found men approaching at night to throw fire on the roofs of the huts from outside, but with this exception they were not interfered with. On the last day but one a man approached and called to them at the top of his voice not to set fire to the chief's town (it was his that they occupied); for the bad son had brought all this upon them; he added that the old man had been overruled, and they were sorry enough for his bad conduct.

With the account given of this occurrence before us, we cannot but lament the loss of life and the whole circumstances of the fight. Whilst on the one hand we may imagine that the loss of a cool, conciliatory, brave leader was here felt in a grave degree, we must also see that it was known far and wide that this very loss was now a great weakness to his followers. There is no surer signs of mischief in Africa than these trumpery charges of bewitching houses by placing things on them: some such overstrained accusation is generally set in the front rank when other difficulties are to come: drunkenness is pretty much the same thing in all parts of the world, and gathers misery around it as easily in an African village as in an English city. Had the cortege submitted to extortion and insult, they felt that their night by the river would have been a precarious one—even if they had been in a humor to sleep in a swamp when a town was at hand. These things gave occasion to them to resort to force. The desperate nature of their whole enterprise in starting for Zanzibar perhaps had accumulated its own stock of determination, and now it found vent under evil provocation. If there is room for any other feeling than regret, it lies in the fact that, on mature consideration and in sober moments, the people who suffered cast the real blame on the right shoulders.

For the next three days after leaving Chawende's they were still in the same inundated fringe of bouga which surrounds the lake, and on each occasion had to camp at nightfall wherever a resting-place could be found in the jungle, reaching Chama's village on the fourth day. A delay of forty-eight hours was necessary, as Susi's wife fell ill; and for the next few marches she was carried in a kitanda. They met an Unyamwesi man here, who had come from Kumbakumba's town in the Wa Ussi district. He related to them how on two occasions the Wanyamwesi had tried to carry Chawende's town by assault, but had been repulsed both times. But with the strong footing these invaders have in the country, armed as they are with the much-dreaded guns, it can only be a matter of time before the whole rule, such as it is, passes into their hands.

A few days brought them near to Chiwaie's town, which they describe as a very strong place, fortified with a stockade and ditch. Shortly before reaching it, some villagers tried to pick a quarrel with them for carrying flags. It was their invariable custom to make the drummer-boy, Majwara, march at their head, whilst the Union Jack and the red colors of Zanzibar were carried in a foremost place in the line. Fortunately a chief of some importance came up and stopped the discussion, or there might have been more mischief, for the men were in no temper to lower their flag, knowing their own strength pretty well by this time. Making their settlement close to Chiwaie's, they met with much kindness, and were visited by crowds of the inhabitants.

Three days' journey brought them to Chiwaie's uncle's village; sleeping two nights in the jungle they made Chungu's, and in another day's march found themselves, to their great delight, at Kapesha's.

They saw at this place a large quantity of iron and copper wire being made by a party of Wanyamwesi. The process is described as follows: A heavy piece of iron, with a funnel-shaped hole in it, is firmly fixed in the fork of a tree. A fine rod is then thrust into it, and a line attached to the first few inches which can be coaxed through. A number of men haul on this line, singing and dancing in tune, and thus it is drawn through the first drill; it is subsequently passed through others to render it still finer, and excellent wire is the result. Leaving Kapesha, they went through many of the villages already enumerated in Dr. Livingstone's diary. Chama's people came to see them as they passed by him, and after some mutterings and growlings Casongo gave them leave to buy food at his town. Reaching Chama's head-quarters they camped outside, and received a civil message, telling them to convey his orders to the people on the banks of the Kalongosi that the travellers must be ferried safely across. They found great fear and misery prevailing in the neighborhood from the constant raids made by Kumbakumba's men.

Leaving the Kalongosi behind them they made for M'sama's son's town, meeting four men on the way who were going from Kumbakumba to Chama to beat up recruits for an attack on the Katanga people. The request was sure to be met with alarm and refusal, but it served very well to act the part taken by the wolf in the fable. A grievance would immediately be made of it, and Chama "eaten up" in due course for daring to gainsay the stronger man. Such is too frequently the course of native oppression. At last Kumbakumba's town came in sight. Already the large district of Itawa had tacitly allowed itself to be put under the harrow by this ruffianly Zanzibar Arab. Black-mail is levied in all directions, and the petty chiefs, although really under tribute to Nsama, are sagacious enough to keep in with the powers that be.

The talk was still about the break-up of Casembe's power; but by far the most interesting news that reached them was that a party of Englishmen, headed by Dr. Livingstone's son, on their way to relieve his father, had been seen at Bagamoio some months previously.

The chief showed them every kindness during their five days' rest, and was most anxious that no mishap should by any chance occur to their principal charge.

Marching was now much easier, and the men quickly found they had crossed the watershed. The Lofu ran in front of them on its way to Tanganyika. The Kalongosi, we have seen, flows to Lake Moero in the opposite direction. More to their purpose it was perhaps to find the terror of Kumbakumba dying away as they travelled in a northeasterly direction, and came amongst the Mwambi. As yet no invasion had taken place. A young chief, Chungu, did all he could for them; for, when the doctor explored these regions before, Chungu had been much impressed with him, and now, throwing off all the native superstition, he looked on the arrival of the dead body as a cause of real sorrow.

Asoumani had some luck in hunting, and a fine buffalo was killed near the town. According to native game-laws (which in some respects are exceedingly strict in Africa), Chungu had a right to a fore-leg—had it been an elephant the tusk next the ground would have been his, past all doubt—in this instance, however, the men sent in a plea that theirs was no ordinary case, and that hunger had laws of its own; they begged to be allowed to keep the whole carcass, and Chungu not only listened to their story, but willingly waived his claim to the chief's share.

It is to be hoped that these sons of Tafuna, the head and father of the Amambwi a lungu, may hold their own. They seem a superior race, and this man is described as a worthy leader. His brothers, Kasonso, Chitimbwa, Sombe, and their sister, Mombo, are all notorious for their reverence for Tafuna. In their villages an abundance of colored home-spun cloth speaks for their industry; whilst from the number of dogs and elephant-spears no further testimony is needed to show that the character they bear as great hunters is well deserved.

The steep descent to the lake now lay before them, and they came to Kasakalawe's. Here it was that the doctor had passed weary months of illness on his first approach to Tanganyika in previous years. The village contained but few of its old inhabitants, but those few received them hospitably enough and mourned the loss of him who had been so well appreciated when alive. So they journeyed on day by day till the southern end of the lake was rounded.

The previous experience of the difficult route along the heights bordering on Tanganyika made them determine to give the lake a wide berth this time, and for this purpose they held well to the eastward, passing a number of small deserted villages, in one of which they camped nearly every night. It was necessary to go through the Fipa country, but they learned from one man and another that the chief, Kafoofi, was very anxious that the body should not be brought near to his town—indeed, a guide was purposely thrown in their way who led them past it by a considerable detour.

This road across the plain seems incomparably the best. No difficulty whatever was experienced, and one cannot but lament the toil and weariness which Dr. Livingstone endured whilst holding a course close to Tanganyika, although we must bear in mind that by no other means at the time could he complete his survey of this great inland sea, or acquaint us with its harbors, its bays, and the rivers which find their way into it on the east.

The chief feature after leaving this point was a three days' march over Lambalamfipa, an abrupt mountain range, which crosses the country east and west, and attains, it would seem, an altitude of some four thousand feet. Looking down on the plain from its highest passes a vast lake appears to stretch away in front towards the north, but on descending this resolves itself into a glittering plain, for the most part covered with saline incrustations. The path lay directly across this. The difficulties they anticipated had no real existence, for small villages were found, and water was not scarce, although brackish. The first demand for toll was made near here, but the head man allowed them to pass for fourteen strings of beads. Susi says that this plain was literally swarming with herds of game of all kinds: giraffe and zebra were particularly abundant, and lions revelled in the splendid quarters. The settlements they came to belonged chiefly to elephant hunters, and the skill of Farijala and Muanyasere brought plenty of beef into camp.

As they approached the Likwa, a long string of men was seen on the opposite side filing down to the water, and being uncertain of their intentions, precautions were quickly taken to insure the safety of the baggage. Dividing themselves into three parties, the first detachment went across to meet the strangers, carrying the Arab flag in front. Chuma headed another band at a little distance in the rear of these, whilst Susi and a few more crouched in the jungle, with the body concealed in a roughly-made hut. Their fears, however, were needless: it turned out to be a caravan bound for Fipa to hunt elephants and buy ivory and slaves. The new arrivals told them that they had come straight through Unyanyembe from Bagamoio, on the coast, and that the doctor's death had already been reported there by natives of Fipa.

With no small satisfaction the men learned from the outward-bound caravan that the previous story was a true one, and they were assured that Dr. Livingstone's son with two Englishmen and a quantity of goods had already reached Unyanyembe.

The country here showed all the appearance of a salt-pan; indeed a quantity of very good salt was collected by one of the men, who thought he could turn an honest bunch of beads with it at Unyanyembe.

When they arrived at Baula, Jacob Wainwright, the scribe of the party, was commissioned to write an account of the distressing circumstances of the doctor's death, and Chuma, taking three men with him, pressed on to deliver it to the English party in person. The rest of the cortege followed them through the jungle to Chilunda's village.

The Manyara river was crossed on its way to Tanganyika before they got to Chikooloo. Leaving this village behind them, they advanced to the Ugunda district, now ruled by Kalimangombi, the son of Mbereke, the former chief, and so on to Kasekera, which, it will be remembered, is not far from Unyanyembe.

When Chuma reached the Arab settlement, Lieutenant Cameron was quickly put in possession of the main facts of Dr. Livingstone's death by reading Jacob's letter, and Chuma was questioned concerning it in the presence of Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy. It was a disappointment to find that the reported arrival of Mr. Oswell Livingstone was entirely erroneous; but Lieutenant Cameron showed the way-worn men every kindness. Chuma rested one day before setting out to relieve his comrades, to whom he had arranged to make his way as soon as possible. Lieutenant Cameron expressed a fear that it would not be safe for him to carry the cloth he was willing to furnish them with if he had not a stronger convoy, as he himself had suffered too sorely from terrified bearers on his way thither; but the young fellows were pretty well acquainted with native marauders by this time, and set off without apprehension.

And now the greater part of their task is over. The weather-beaten company wind their way into the well-known settlement of Kwihara. A host of Arabs and their attendant slaves meet them as they sorrowfully conveyed their charge to the same tembe in which the "weary waiting" was endured before, and then they submitted to the systematic questioning which the native traveller is so well able to sustain.

Mirambo's war dragged on its length, and matters had changed very little since they were there before, either for better or for worse. They found the English officers extremely short of goods; but Lieutenant Cameron, no doubt with the object of his expedition full in view, very properly felt it a first duty to relieve the wants of the party that had performed this herculean feat of bringing the body of the traveller he had been sent to relieve, together with every article belonging to him at the time of his death, as far as this main road to the coast.

Serious doubts were entertained by Lieutenant Cameron whether the risk of taking the body of Dr. Livingstone through the Ugogo country ought to be run. It very naturally occurred to him that Dr. Livingstone might have felt a wish during life to be buried in the same land in which the remains of his wife lay, for it will be remembered that the grave of Mrs. Livingstone is at Shupanga, on the Zambesi. All this was put before the men, but they steadily adhered to their first conviction—that it was right at all risks to attempt to bear their master home, and they were no longer urged to bury him at Kwihara.

By making a ten days' detour at "Jua Singa," and travelling by a path well known to one of their party through the jungle of Poli ya vengi, they hoped to avoid the Wagogo and keep out of harm's way, and to be able to make the cloth hold out with which they were supplied.

Making an early start, the body was carried to Kasekera by Susi's party, where, from an evident disinclination to receive it into the village, an encampment was made outside. A consultation now became necessary. There was no disguising the fact that if they kept along the main road intelligence would precede them concerning that in which they were engaged, stirring up certain hostility and jeopardizing the most precious charge they had. A plan was quickly hit upon. Unobserved, the men removed the corpse of the deceased explorer from the package in which it had hitherto been conveyed, and buried the bark case in the hut in the thicket around the village in which they had placed it. The object now was to throw the villagers off their guard, by making believe that they had relinquished the attempt to carry the body to Zanzibar. They feigned that they had abandoned their task, having changed their minds, and that it must be sent back to Unyanyembe to be buried there. In the mean time the corpse of necessity had to be concealed in the smallest space possible, if they were actually to convey it secretly for the future; this was quickly managed.

Susi and Chuma went into the wood and stripped off a fresh length of bark from an N'gombe tree; in this the remains, conveniently prepared as to length, were placed, the whole being surrounded with calico in such a manner as to appear like an ordinary travelling bale, which was then deposited with the rest of the goods. They next proceeded to gather a fagot of mapira-stalks, cutting them in lengths of six feet or so, and swathing them round with cloth to imitate a dead body about to be buried. This done, a paper, folded so as to represent a letter, was duly placed in a cleft stick, according to the native letter-carrier's custom, and six trustworthy men were told off ostensibly to go with the corpse to Unyanyembe. With due solemnity the men set out; the villagers were only too thankful to see it, and no one suspected the ruse. It was near sundown. The bearers of the package held on their way, till fairly beyond all chance of detection, and then began to dispose of their load. The mapira-sticks were thrown one by one far away into the jungle, and when all were disposed of, the wrappings were cunningly got rid of in the same way. Going farther on, first one man, and then another, sprung clear from the path into the long grass, to leave no trace of footsteps, and the whole party returned by different ways to their companions, who had been anxiously awaiting them during the night. No one could detect the real nature of the ordinary-looking bale which, henceforth, was guarded with no relaxed vigilance, and eventually disclosed the bark coffin and wrappings, containing Dr. Livingstone's body, on the arrival at Bagamoio. And now, devoid of fear, the people of Kasekera asked them all to come and take up their quarters in the town; a privilege which was denied them so long as it was known that they had the remains of the dead with them.

From Kasekera we must follow Susi's troop through a not altogether eventless journey to the sea. Some days after leaving Kasekera, as they wended their way through a rocky place, a little girl in their train, named Losi, met her death in a shocking way. It appears that the poor child was carrying a water-jar on her head in the file of people, when an enormous snake dashed across the path, deliberately struck her in the thigh, and made for a hole in the jungle close at hand. This work of a moment was sufficient, for the poor girl fell mortally wounded. She was carried forward, and all means at hand were applied, but in less than ten minutes the last symptom (foaming at the mouth) set in, and she ceased to breathe.

Here is a well-authenticated instance which goes far to prove the truth of an assertion made to travellers in many parts of Africa. The natives protest that one species of snake will deliberately chase and overtake his victim with lightning speed, and so dreadfully dangerous is it, both from the activity of its poison and its vicious propensities, that it is perilous to approach its quarters. Most singular to relate, an Arab came to some of the men after their arrival at Zanzibar and told them that he had just come by the Unyanyembe road, and that, whilst passing the identical spot where this disaster occurred, one of the men was attacked by the same snake, with precisely the same results; in fact, when looking for a place in which to bury him they saw the grave of Losi, and the two lie side by side.

Natal colonists will probably recognize the Mamba in this snake; it is much to be desired that specimens should be procured for purposes of comparison. In southern Africa so great is the dread it inspires that the Caffres will break up a kraal and forsake the place if a Mamba takes up his quarters in the vicinity, and, from what we have seen above, with no undue caution.

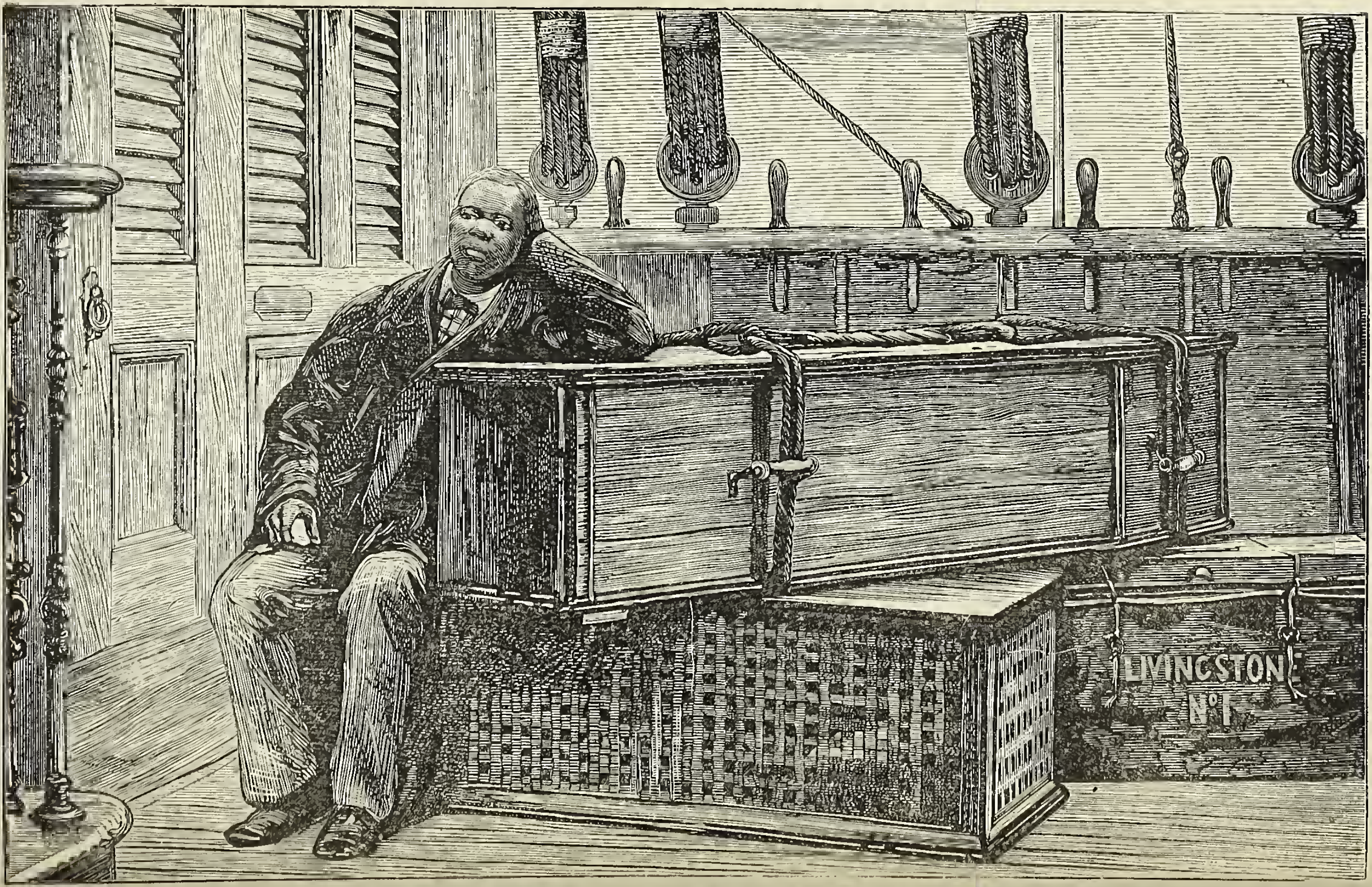
Susi, to whom this snake was known in the Shupanga tongue as "Bubu," describes it as about twelve feet long, dark in color, of a dirty blue under the belly, with red markings, like the wattles of a cock, on the head. The Arabs go so far as to say that it is known to oppose the passage of a caravan at times. Twisting its tail round a branch, it will strike one man after another in the head with fatal certainty. Their remedy is to fill a pot with boiling water, which is put on the head and carried under the tree! The snake dashes his head into this and is killed—the story is given for what it is worth.

At last the coast town of Bagamoio came in sight, and before many hours were over one of Her Majesty's cruisers conveyed the acting consul, Captain Prideaux, from Zanzibar to the spot which the cortege had reached. Arrangements were quickly made for transporting the remains of Dr. Livingstone to the island, some thirty miles distant, and then it became perhaps rather too painfully plain to the men that their task was finished.

One word on a subject which will commend itself to most before we close this long eventful history.

We saw what a train of Indian Sepoys, Johanna men, Nassick boys, and Shupanga canoe-men, accompanied Dr. Livingstone when he started from Zanzibar in 1866 to enter upon his last discoveries: of all these, five only could answer to the roll-call as they handed over the dead body of their leader to his countrymen on the shores whither they had returned, and this after eight years' desperate service.

Once more we repeat the names of these men. Susi and James Chuma have been sufficiently prominent throughout—hardly so perhaps has Amoda, their comrade ever since the Zambesi days of 1864: then we have Abram and Mabruki, each with service to show from the time he left the Nassick College with the doctor in 1865. Nor must we forget Ntoaeka and Halima, the two native girls of whom we have heard such a good character: they cast in their lot with the wanderers in Manyuema. It does seem strange to hear the men say that no sooner did they arrive at their journey's end than they were so far frowned out of notice, that not so much as a passage to the island was offered them when their burden was borne away. We must hope that it is not too late—even for the sake of consistency—to put it on record that *whoever* assisted Livingstone, whether white or black, has not been overlooked in England. Surely those with whom he spent his last years must not pass away into Africa again unrewarded, and lost to sight.


LIVINGSTONE
Nº 1

JACOB WAINWRIGHT WITH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S REMAINS AT ADEN.

A very great deal is owing to these five men, and we say it emphatically. If the world has gratified a reasonable wish in learning all that concerns the last days on earth of a truly noble countryman and his wonderful enterprise, the means of doing so could never have been placed at our disposal but for the ready willingness which made Susi and Chuma determine, if possible, to render an account to some of those whom they had known as their master's old companions. If the geographer finds before him new facts, new discoveries, new theories, as Livingstone alone could record them, it is right and proper that he should feel the part these men have played in furnishing him with such valuable matter. Nothing but such leadership and staunchness as that which organized the march home from Illala, and distinguished it throughout, could have brought Livingstone's bones to England, or his last notes and maps to the outer world. They performed their service nobly.

The mournful tidings was quickly conveyed to London, and it thrilled the world with sorrow. A few days only the unwilling hearts of friends entertained trembling hope that there might be a mistake: the confirmation was inevitable; the painful anxiety was relieved by the more painful certainty. Those who had watched with deepest interest the life of the great man could only wait with deepest sadness to welcome his lifeless body back to burial; the world could only wait for the final story, that it might embalm the complete life in its reverence and memory.

The precious freight was shipped from Zanzibar in February, in care of Mr. Arthur Young. There was the body, and with it all the books, papers, and personal effects of Dr. Livingstone. At Aden Mr. Young was joined by Mr. Thomas Livingstone, the oldest son of the missionary, a mercantile agent in Egypt, and all was reshipped in the "Malwa" for England. When the ship arrived at Southampton a deputation of the Royal Geographical Society, with a few of the personal friends of Dr. Livingstone, were awaiting it, and were conducted to the mail room, where the coffin lay in lonely state, wrapped with the flags of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, guarded by Jacob Wainwright, a faithful sentinel, who had been allowed to represent the noble men who had so bravely brought the burden out of the wilderness. The coffin was next transferred to the deck of the "Queen," in the presence of a solemn and respectful company, standing with uncovered heads; while a lady came forward and placed on the lid a beautiful wreath of flowers. From the Royal Wharf at Southampton the loving friends attended their charge to London, where it was received with sad reverence and placed in state in the hall of the Geographical Society. The identification of the body was unquestionable. We remember the mark which God had caused to be placed on the man so many years before in South Africa, before he sent him forth on his toilsome and perilous mission; by that one mark, more than all else, absolute certainty could be had. It was important that there should be no doubt in the matter, and a formal examination of the body was ordered. This examination was conducted by Sir William Fergusson and the friends of Livingstone; and we are allowed to introduce the letter in which Sir William gives his account of it. He says:

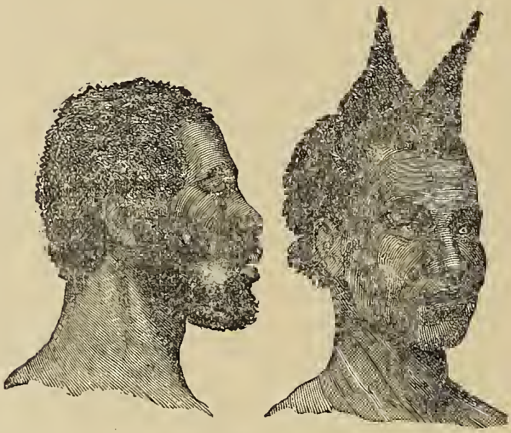
"Within the last few months many have hesitated to believe that Livingstone was dead. Above all it seemed beyond ordinary probability that his remains would have been brought from central Africa to the heart of London. That a body was on its way from this all but mythical region could hardly be doubted after the examination at Zanzibar of the remains, but many were sceptical as to this dead frame being that of Livingstone. Happily it was borne in mind by many old friends that he had one condition of body which would mark the identification of his remains even if years and years had elapsed. If it should be proved on anatomical examination the remains of an old ununited fracture in his left humerus (arm bone) could be recognized, all doubt on the subject would be settled at once and forever. It has fallen to my lot to have the honor of being selected to make the crucial examination to this end, and I have accordingly performed that duty. From what I have seen I am much impressed with the ingenious manner in which those who have contrived to secure that the body should be carried through the long distance from where Livingstone died until it could reach a place where transit was comparatively easy accomplished their task. The lower limbs were so severed from the trunk that the length of the bulk of package was reduced to a little over four feet. The soft tissues seem to have been removed to a great extent from the bones, and these latter were so disposed that by doubling and otherwise the shortening was accomplished. The abdominal viscera were absent, and so were those of the chest, including, of course, heart and lungs. There had been made a large opening in front of the abdomen, and through that the native operators had ingeniously contrived to remove the contents of the chest as well as of the abdomen. The skin over chest, sternum, and ribs had been untouched. Before these points were clearly ascertained some coarse tapes had to be loosened, which set free some rough linen material—a striped colored bit of cotton cloth, such as might have been an attractive material for the natives among whom Livingstone travelled—a coarse cotton shirt, which doubtless belonged to the traveller's scanty wardrobe, and in particular a large portion of the bark of a tree, which had formed the principal part of the package—the case thereof no doubt. The skin of the trunk, from the pelvis to the crown of the head, had been untouched. Everywhere was that shrivelling which might have been expected after salting, baking in the sun, and eleven months of time. The features of the face could not be recognized. The hair on the scalp was plentiful, and much longer than he wore it when last in England. A mustache could not be recognized, but whiskers were in abundance. The forehead was in shape such as we are familiar with from memory, and from the pictures and busts now extant. The circumference of the cranium, from the occiput to the brow, was 23⅛ inches, which was recognized by some present to be in accordance with such measurements when alive. In particular the arms attracted attention. They lay as if placed in ordinary fashion, each down by the side. The skin and tissues under were on each side shrunk almost to skeleton bulk, and at a glance to practised eyes—there were five, I may say six, professional men present—the state of the left arm was such as to convince every one present who had examined it during life that the limb was Livingstone's. Exactly in the region of the attachment of the deltoid to the humerus there were the indications of an oblique fracture. On moving the arm there were the indications of the ununited fracture. A closer investigation and dissection displayed the false joint which had long ago been so well recognized by those who had examined the arm in former days. The Rev. Dr. Moffat, and in particular Dr. Kirk, late of Zanzibar, and Dr. Loudon, of Hamilton, in Scotland, at once recognized the condition. Having myself been consulted regarding the state of the limb when Livingstone was last in London, I was convinced that the remains of the great traveller lay before us. Thousands of heads with a like large circumference might have been under similar scrutiny; the skeletons of hundreds of thousands might have been so; the humerus in each might have been perfect; if one or both had been broken during life it would have united again in such a manner that a tyro could easily have detected the peculiarity. The condition of ununited fracture in this locality is exceedingly rare. I say this from my personal professional experience, and that such a specimen should have turned up in London from the centre of Africa, excepting in the body of Dr. Livingstone, where it was known by competent authorities to have existed, is beyond human credibility. It must not be supposed by those who are not professionally acquainted with this kind of lesion—which often causes so much interest to the practical surgeon—that a fracture and new joint of the kind now referred to could have been of recent date or made for a purpose. There were in reality all the indications which the experienced pathologist recognizes as infallible, such as the attenuated condition of the two great fragments (common under such circumstances), and the semblance of a new joint, but actually there was a small fragment detached from the others which bore out Livingstone's own view that the bones had been 'crushed into splinters.' Having had ample opportunity of examining the arm during life, and conversing with Livingstone on the subject, and being one of those who entertained hopes that the last reports of Livingstone's death might, like others, prove false, I approached the examination with an anxious feeling regarding this great and most peculiar crucial test. The first glance at the left arm set my mind at rest, and that, with the further examination, made me as positive as to the identity of these remains as that there has been among us in modern times one of the greatest men of the human race—David Livingstone."

After the identification the remains were placed in a simple casket. A last resting-place had been assigned it in Westminster Abbey. On Saturday, April 18, 1874, it was borne thither amid such testimonies of profound respect as did honor to the metropolis. The name and achievements of Livingstone were a talisman which gathered within the walls of that venerable abbey a throng of mourners as unique and diverse as were ever assembled by an open grave. There were distinguished statesmen, and explorers, and missionaries, and hunters. And mingling with them the honored clergymen and laymen who had cooperated with him in establishing the Zanzibar Mission. Men of all callings and creeds, sorrowfully glad to testify their reverence for the philanthropist, the patriot and Christian. Nearest the coffin, as it was carried up the splendid aisle, were the children, Thomas S., Agnes, William Oswell, and Anna Mary Livingstone. One, bearing a familiar name, Robert, whose childish sweetness so won the heart of Sebituane, had fallen years before, under the assumed name of *Rupert*, on our own soil, and rested in an unknown soldier's grave. Next to the children were two sorrowing sisters of the explorer, and the wife of Mr. Charles Livingstone, and with them there was the white-bearded patriarch, Robert Moffat, who had given him his daughter Mary in marriage at distant Kuruman. Behind these came the Duke of Sutherland, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Lords Shaftesbury and Houghton, Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Lion Playfair, Sir H. Rawlinson, Lord Lawrence, Sir F. Buxton, the Honorable Arthur Kinnaird, and a long procession composed of the Geographical savants of Great Britain. The soft, grand, solemn strains of funeral song filled the place. The burial service was read by Dean Stanley, assisted by Canons Conway and Leighton. A wreath of flowers, with a card on which was written, "A tribute of respect and admiration from Queen Victoria," was placed on the casket, just over the simple inscription:

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
BORN AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
MARCH 19, 1813.
DIED AT ILLALA, CENTRAL AFRICA,
MAY 1, 1873.

And the body of the man who had bequeathed the world the legacy of an entire life consecrated to Christ in the midst of sufferings and sacrifices inexpressible was left in that vast mausoleum of England's most honored servants.

David Livingstone was buried. Probably he would have preferred an unmarked grave in Central Africa. His had been a loftier ambition than the distinguished general's, who plunged into the battle of the Nile, exclaiming, "A peerage, or Westminster Abbey!" Love prevailed in the counsels of his heart, and shone in all his life. He sought the Kingdom of God; like his Master, he lived for others, and died. Men honored him in his death. It is well: but better, if they allow the impress of his greatness and goodness on their souls, and are incited by his example to nobler lives.



HEADS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Discouragements—Recent Successes of Explorers—Revival of Interest—Commercial Importance—Familiar Trees of North and West Africa—Tropical Africa—General Appearance—South African Forests—Lumber Exports—Excellence of Soil—Cotton, Coffee, etc.—Mineral Resources—Gold Mines—Copper Mines—Diamond Fields—The Ivory Trade—Commerce of West Coast—The Slave-Trade—Baker's Work—Slave-Traders Classified—Slaves Classified—Sources of the Trade Classified—Total Annual Traffic in Slaves—Theories for Suppression—The Tendency of Events—Not an Abstract Question—Slavery has had its Mission—The Nations Against It—Providence in the Revolution—The Nile—Baker—Speke—Livingstone—Missions—The Former Successes—General Influence—The Prospect.

Costly indeed have been the sacrifices made for the redemption of Africa. Providence has seemed to patronize barbarism in a perpetual and fatal monopoly of the continent. The land has been thought of as a prison. Insalubrious airs infest the coasts and cataracts, obstruct the rivers—the malaria has been a wall, the rivers have been barred gates. The obstinate gloom has been called a curse, which human benevolence could not presume to change. The baffled ages have been perplexed. The task has seemed hopeless, discouragements have fostered doubts, destiny has seemed to deny the obligations of civilization, Christianity has parleyed with expediency, science has counted the costs. Over and over again the wearied energies of the world have relaxed, and the work of redeeming Africa has seemed about to be abandoned; over and over again the land which gave a birthplace to the Star of Empire, and a nursery to Israel, has seemed about to be recognized as the predestined dominion of absolute ignorance and sin. But it was impossible: light had received its commission; the world had been given to Christ. Africa could not be forgotten. Science could not abandon a continent, Christianity could not abandon one hundred million souls. Again and again the baffled nations renewed their efforts. Footholds were gained here and there. But the little settlements were like candles which men sometimes, standing in their doors, hold against the night. The rays did not reach far, they could not affect Africa materially or answer the questions that were asked about it. The hearts of men needed encouragement. The recent successes of explorers have been hailed with as much joy as wonder. A new life has been imparted to commercial, scientific, philanthropic and Christian enterprises; the representatives of these various interests have been grand, if involuntary allies, marshalled by a superior providence in the work accomplished, and the future assigns them each a task which promises rich rewards. Livingstone from the south and east, Baker and Schweinfurth from the north, and Du Chaillu from the west, have at last succeeded in letting the light in upon the heart of the continent; and revelations have been made which intensify popular interest in all that pertains to it.

It is difficult to determine the commercial importance of countries so thoroughly undeveloped and occupied by people in the rudest barbarism. The utilization of the latent forces of the continent must inevitably be the work of generations, and it must be attended with greater difficulty, because its climate, its inhabitants, and its history are alike repulsive to those races which seem to have been commissioned especially as leaders in all the industries and arts of civilization. But the world cannot afford to throw away millions of square miles of fertile soil and vast stores of mineral wealth. The interests of men will patronize Africa, its own treasures will prevent its neglect. The difficulty of access to the interior will greatly retard the measures for improvement, but the importance of the inland country may soon be felt to justify such expenditures as may remove these difficulties, and bring all parts of the continent within easy access from the sea.

The time was when the work for Africa seemed a strictly benevolent one; but the time has come when even the most powerful nations recognize its importance. As the mind wanders over this vast continent, which comes out gradually before it in tracing the steps of explorers, the old impressions about hopeless desolation vanish. The scorching sands of Sahara are thought of only as a neighboring sea, begemmed with beautiful islands, while all about, the various developments of tropical life are spread out in splendid contrast. The wonderful pasture-lands and vast forests, where enormous trees are so thickly planted and wound and interlaced by the huge creepers that not a ray of sunlight can ever penetrate them—the mountain ranges which traverse the scene, here and there rearing their perpetual snow-crown defiantly, right in the eye of the sun, as he rides the very ridge of his supremacy—a wonderful river system and beautiful lakes—may not, indeed, promise a home which should tempt Europeans or Americans away from their own lands; but they cannot fail to impress the observer with the magnitude of those latent forces with which Africa stands ready to contribute toward the accomplishment of human destiny.

The woodland features of Africa are greatly diversified, and in the sections traversed by Dr. Schweinfurth, and all along the table-lands of the west, many striking analogies have been remarked between the numerous trees of Africa and those which adorn the hills and valleys of more familiar lands. "Some of the trees at first sight have a considerable likeness to the common oak. Amongst these may be named the *Terminalia* and the butter tree. The fruit of the latter consists of a globular oily kernel, which looks something like a horse-chestnut, is as large as a good-sized apricot, and is enveloped in a green rind. From the kernels of this widely known tree an oil is expressed, which, under the name of 'butter of Gallam,' is a recognized article of commerce in Gambia."

Far-spread as are the trees which resemble the oak, those which resemble the horse-chestnut are quite as common. The plane tree may be also said to be represented equally with respect to its bark, its foliage, and the pattern of its leaves, by the *Sterculia tomentosa*, which has established itself pretty generally throughout tropical Africa. In the place of willows Africa offers the Anaphrenium; and over and over again the traveller may fancy that he sees the graceful locust tree. The Parkia is another of those imposing trees which are met with; the leaves of this are not unlike the Poincillade or Flamboyer; its flowers are a fiery red and hang in a tuft, and when they die off leave a bundle of pods a foot in length, in which seeds are found, covered with a yellow dust which the natives mix with their flour.

Many types of vegetation, however, abound, to which European and American travellers are altogether unaccustomed. And it is not only by the exuberance and dignity of their forms that these are marked, but still more by the novelty and grace with which nature seems to have invested them. No European production in any way represents the *Anonia Senegalensis,* with its large blue-green leaf, and its small fruit, with an aromatic dark-red pulp; a fruit which in a modest degree displays something of that captivating quality which has exalted its kindred plant, the Cherimoyer of Peru, to its high repute as the queen of fruits.

Much more singular is the magnificent candelabra-euphorbia, which follows the pattern of its prototype, the cactus of our own country. Next must be mentioned the varieties of fig-trees with their leathery leaves, and, associated with them, those chief characteristics of African vegetation, the combreta and the rubiaceæ; tamarinds, with their thick tubular corollas, and shrubby gardeniæ, dwarf and contorted.

In general character the flora of these northern and western districts are alike, and they boast primeval forests which rival the splendor of Brazilian nature. In contrast with this, the bush forests in the higher parts of tropical Africa, broken by the steppes, present in uniformity, perhaps, the most extensive district that could be pointed out in the whole geography of vegetation. Extending as it does from Senegal to the Zambesi, and from Abyssinia to Benguela, tropical Africa may be asserted to be without any perceptible alteration in character but that which is offered by the double aspect of steppe and bush on the one hand, and primeval forests, in the American sense, on the other. On the west and east this is illustrated by the marked difference between the table-lands and the low coast terraces; in the centre by the difference between the woods on the river banks and the low flats lying between the river courses. With the southern portion we have been made familiar in following Dr. Livingstone through his journeys. Africa is certainly not the least below the most abundant districts of even our new western world in producing timber trees. Trees and shrubs constitute quite one-fifth of its entire production, and from this vast storehouse there has been for many years but little contribution made to the commerce of the world.

But the soil which produces such marvellous forest wealth is also remarkably adapted to the most enlightened forms of agriculture. The cotton planter will find in Africa, in various sections, his favorite growing wild, and exhibiting a luxuriance and excellence of quality which will rival that grown in any land. Indian corn is also cultivated with remarkable success; also rice, manioc, and various other grains. Gum, beeswax, palm oil, India-rubber, etc., swell the list, while tobacco, coffee, indigo, sugar-cane, and all the tropical fruits grow luxuriantly.

The mineral resources are also worthy of special attention. Gold is found in various parts of the continent; the most promising of which fields are probably those near the junction of the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers. But these, as are all the regions where the world at various times has located the long-sought Ophir, are entirely undeveloped, and there is certainly no contradiction yet furnished of the reported wealth of Africa in this glittering treasure. Coal, iron, and copper, all have their place. Iron is manufactured quite extensively in many districts, and we have seen the whole lake country covered with the rude forges of the natives. The most notorious copper mines are those of Hofrat-el-Nahaho, which are said to be situated on the southern frontier of Darfoor, but about whose exact location there is some dispute among the doctors. The copper from these mines is brought into market, either in the shape of clumsily formed rings, full of angles, varying in weight from five to fifty pounds, or in long oval cakes of imperfect casting. Dr. Schweinfurth obtained a specimen of this copper, which he deposited in the Mineralogical Museum at Berlin. This specimen consisted of "copper-pyrite and quartz, with an earthy touch of malachite, commonly called green carbonate of copper, but containing a very small quantity of the real metal."

No systematic mining seems to be carried on in the Hofrat-el-Nahaho, and the man from whom the doctor obtained his sample said that the ore was found lying like loose rubble in the dry bed of a khor. "It may be presumed that by boring galleries, or even by hewing out quarries, a large supply of metal might be obtained without any vast expenditure of time or money, for even in the present condition of things, while the solid rock still remains intact, the yield of copper for years past has been very considerable." The Foorian copper even now takes a prominent part in the commerce of the entire Soudan; it is conveyed across Wadai to Kano in Haussa, and, according to Barth, it holds its own in the market, even against that imported from Tripoli.

But during the last few years more tempting treasures than copper or gold even have been attracting attention to Africa. The diamond fields of South Africa have created quite a sensation. These remarkable fields are situated between the 26° and 30° lat. S., and 22° and 28° E. long., on both sides of the Vaal river. All the information which has yet been given to the world respecting these fields has been of so vague a nature, and has come through such unreliable channels, that thousands who, if they had known the real truth respecting the operations there, or could have felt assured of the reliable nature of the stories which they heard, would have been long ago located and at work in that beautiful and pleasant region, are still incredulous. Yet the work goes on with increasing importance. The history of Californian and Australian mining has of course been repeated—a few have become rich, while many have been grievously disappointed. But really "great success has attended well-directed efforts, and these fields may yet prove themselves one of the most important paymasters appointed by God in Africa to reward the nations for their perseverance in their efforts to redeem it from darkness."

Whatever the future may reveal concerning the extent of the mineral resources of Africa or its agricultural importance, in its past history, if we except slaves only, ivory has been its chief export. Those vast forests are the abode of immense herds of elephants, whose tusks supply this important commodity. This trade has, however, like everything else, suffered greatly by that in slaves—everything, indeed, been second to the slave-trade, and it is only within the last few years that any portion of the continent has been allowed to demonstrate the importance of its legitimate resources. Within those few years the prosperity on the western coast has been astonishing. In 1871 the commerce of the British possessions on that coast amounted to £2,556,000, and may at the present time be estimated at £3,250,000 sterling, and this is only the slightest hint of the possibilities that are concealed there.

But whatever the possibilities may be, the world will realize little from Africa while the mumbling sons of Mohammed are allowed to desolate the fairest districts for the satisfaction of their unscrupulous cupidity. Those who have read the foregoing pages have become familiar with the workings of the slave-trade in the countries traversed by Dr. Livingstone. Above the equator, in the Nile regions, it is no better. The efforts of Sir Samuel Baker, in his recent expedition, did something toward its suppression. But his efforts, however effectual, reached only a limited portion of the evil.

Satisfied with having, to the eyes of the world at large, made a clean sweep of the waters of the Nile, Sir Samuel and his supporters did not perceive, or could not remedy, what was going on on either side of the great river-highway. To any one who should now enter the country under the impression that the slave-trade on the Upper Nile was forever abolished, and should subsequently learn, by contrast, the true condition of the lands, a scene would be presented that might well remind him of the painted villages that were exhibited to Katherine II., on her tour through Southern Russia.

The Gellahbas who, either on their own account or as representatives of others, carry on the slave-trade in this district, may be divided into three classes:

1. The petty dealers, who, with only a single ass or bullock come in January and return in March or April.

2. The agents or partners of the great slave merchants in Darfoor and Kordofan, who have settled in the Seribas, nearly always in the capacity of Fakes.

3. The colonized slave-dealers who live on their own property in the Dehms of the west.

The last of these form the only class who ever penetrate beyond the bounds of the Seriba district into the negro countries. They nearly all direct their course from the Dehms in Dar Ferteet to the territories of Mofio, the great Niam-Niam, king of the west, and are accompanied by considerable bands of armed men, whom they recruit for this purpose from the best of their slaves. Contrary to the policy of the Khartoom ivory-merchants, the Gellahbas have by degrees supplied King Mofio with such a number of firearms, that he is now said to have at his command a force of three hundred fully equipped warriors, a formidable fighting force, with which he seriously threatens any expedition of the Khartoomers that may enter his dominions. His store of slaves appears absolutely inexhaustible; year after year his territories go on yielding thousands upon thousands, which he obtains either from the slave tribes that he has subjected, or by raids organized against the surrounding nations.

The demand for slaves in the Seribas, says Sir Samuel Baker, would alone suffice to support a very flourishing trade. Numerically, the Mohammedan settlers bear a high ratio to the native population, and in some of the western territories, as amongst the Kredy, Golo, and Sehre, they are actually considerably in excess of the total number of natives, who only consist of bearers and agricultural laborers. Taken one with another, every Nubian possesses about three slaves; and thus it may easily be conceived that the computation is not too high that places the total number of private slaves in the country at between fifty thousand and sixty thousand. These private slaves are quite distinct from those that are kept in store and used as merchandise; they may be divided into four categories:

1. Boys from seven to ten years of age, who are employed to carry guns and ammunition; and every Nubian soldier possesses at least one of these juvenile armor-bearers.

2. The second class includes the greater part of the full-grown natives of the Seribas, who are porters or soldiers as occasion may require.

3. The third class of private slaves is from the women who are kept in the houses; who are either "favorites" or drudges, as the whim of their owners may determine, and at best are chattels passed from hand to hand like dollars.

4. Last are the slaves employed exclusively in husbandry.

But passing from the institution as it exists at home under the various pretences of government, let us turn our attention to those slaves who are regarded as actual merchandise, and who are dragged into bondage from the Upper Nile lands, solely for purposes of profit. In order to demonstrate how important at the present time is the part taken by the district of the Gazelle in the entire African slave-trade, I will take a brief survey of the sources which all the year round supply the endless succession of the dealers with fresh stores of living wares, and which, branching off into three great highways to the north, yield up their very life-blood to gratify the insatiable and luxurious demands of Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey. Previous travellers have estimated the total of the annual traffic in this immense region to be twenty-five thousand, but I shall show by a very summary reckoning that this is far too low a computation.

The three currents for the slave-trade in northeast Africa (a region corresponding to what may be geographically termed the "Nile district") are the natural highways of the Nile and the Red Sea, and the much frequented caravan roads that, traversing the deserts at no great distance to the west of the Nile, find their outlet either in Siout or near Cairo. As a proof of how little these roads even now are known, I may mention that when, in the summer of 1871, a caravan with two thousand slaves arrived direct from Wadai, it caused quite a sensation in the neighborhood of the pyramids of Gizeh; it was supposed to have traversed a geographical terra incognita, and it divided and dispersed itself as mysteriously as it came. It is far more difficult to place the deserts under inspection than the ocean, and this is especially the case in the vicinity of a river, where a caravan can easily supply itself with water for many days. The borders of a desert are like the coasts of an unnavigable ocean. The plan, however, of establishing a system of control along the borders of the Nile valley, corresponding to the coast-guard cruisers on our seas, has never yet been tried. Numerous sources are thus free still to pour their flood of human life across these unguarded borders. According to Dr. Schweinfurth, who writes with a perspicuity which indicates accuracy of information on this subject, the regions in which Baker put down the trade were really one of its most unimportant sources. The *Galla* countries still supply the markets of Matamma and Zeyla, and Sennear, with many thousand annually. The Berta and Dinka countries, the Agow of Abyssinia, still supply the markets of Khartoom and Djidda. And the Bongo Mittoo, and Babuckur, still supply the upper district of the Bahrel-Ghazal. But we learn that by far the most important source of the trade finding its outlet on the northeast is found in the negro countries to the south of Darfoor, whence 12,000 or 15,000 souls are annually exported, and greater numbers still are drawn from the countries belonging to the Niam-Niam king by right of conquest; and finally an important source is found in the mountains south of Kordofan, where, after his bloody conquest, Mehemet Ali, the great reformer and usurper in Egypt, allowed kidnapping to be a legitimate source for the state revenue; thus himself initiating the iniquity which has been pursued with such Satanic cruelties by his followers ever since. From these various districts the slaves are carried in caravans across the country to the different marts, and scenes of cruelty are witnessed which beggar description.

This trade is of immense importance in connection with the world's work in Africa, because everything else is involved in it. We have seen this trade baffling the noblest missionary efforts, retarding science and commerce, and entangling the feet of the bravest explorers. We feel that it is not overmuch to say, that but for the difficulties growing out of the slave-trade alone, David Livingstone would have seen before his death his cherished desire in prosperous mission stations in the heart of Africa, and that he would have settled forever the great Nile question.

Various theories are advanced for its suppression. What the true policy will be proved to be, only the future can determine. How soon any policy may be expected to bring success can hardly be surmised. The difficulty on the eastern coast may be met by the men-of-war, as it was on the west, whenever, at least, a trifling compact may be done away with, under which the Sultan of Zanzibar seems to hold the right of the trade in the Indian Ocean. That along the Red Sea, which some years ago was very considerable, has been greatly reduced; there still exists a powerful patronage for it in lords of Egypt. Sir Samuel Baker persists in his belief that the Khedive was sincere in his professions of anxiety to break the trade up, although he continually witnessed, even while under commission from this worthy, transactions which it hardly seemed could be without his knowledge and approval, and although he had hardly reached England before one of the most notorious slave-traders, whom he had held a prisoner, was liberated and appointed to positions of honor and trust, in the same department which he had occupied. He may be sincere but he is weak. "It is," writes Dr. Schweinfurth, "commonly supposed that the ruler of Egypt is a despot of purest water; this, however, is a great mistake. In many respects the Egyptian government is extremely mild; criminals, and officials who have been remiss in their duty are rarely severely punished, and the only delinquency that it will not overlook is the refusal to pay taxes; and even here matters would not be so bad, if it were not that the disorderly administration involves the officials in making encroaching demands. The viceroy has little power over the higher authorities, who manage to sneak behind the crescent of Stamboul; he is no more than a viceroy, the high-sounding Persian title of khedive which he assumes is in reality no more than a title. He can only issue his orders, and then all boats that come down the White Nile are confiscated, and in Khartoom especially, where it is good policy to make a stir in the eyes of the European residents, all kinds of repressive measures are proposed. In displaying their zeal in the cause, the authorities often commit acts of the greatest injustice, and Mohammedans sometimes find their wives and families sequestrated as slaves, merely because they happen to be black. Such proceedings afford a fine opportunity for the subordinate officials to make a harvest out of the injured people by extorting ransom-money, and by making other extortionate demands. I can myself bear witness that several of my servants were deprived of their wives and children and put into chains, and I had to write to the minister, and accompany the people to Cairo myself, before I could get justice done to them and their rights restored, and all this was only for the purpose of throwing dust in my eyes and inducing me to report upon the wonderful energy displayed by the local government in Khartoom. But meantime the caravans find their way just the same as ever through Darfoor and Kordofan to Dongola and Siout and still they are brought from

Abyssinia through Gallabat to the Red Sea, and no one sees them but the traveller. In Kordofan, where there is a resident Egyptian Governor, the trade is truly enormous, and there is now as well the slave-trade from Darfoor. Siout, the common termination of the roads, is the only place where this trade can be cut off, and that could only be effected by the heaviest sacrifices for the commerce of Egypt. The conquest of Darfoor by the Egyptians would consequently be a great step in advance." Whether officials are sincere or insincere, the continent is still being robbed of its population, and those who do not become its victims are degraded by the presence of the traffic. The whole country is paralyzed by the curse which it carries.

The apathetic Turks and Arabs recognize no evil in their trade. What if fifty thousand souls do go into bondage yearly, "who are they?" But the time has come when the vast continent can be no longer dispensed with: it must take its share in the commerce of the world, and this can never be until the slave-trade is put down entirely and forever.

It interferes with legitimate commerce, desolates the finest districts, cultivates the unholiest passions, and casts a gloomy shadow on all the land. It bars the gates against science and contests the approach of Christianity. Africa cannot rise until this evil is removed. Whatever measures are used for its suppression, the demand must be destroyed, there must be no market. Demand always creates supply: when there is no market for slaves there will be no slave-yokes. The trade is an inseparable adjunct of the institution. The great revolution which has taken place on the question of slavery seems to have a direct bearing on Africa. That question does not seem to be an abstract one. As a matter of fact, slavery is almost as old as the world in which we dwell. There is not a page of history which does not bear its traces, and not a climate nor a people in which it has not made good its hold. It has been thoroughly engrafted in Africa from the earliest times. The earliest mariners found it there, and found a system of kidnapping which extended into the heart of the country. The countries which may chance to be or to have been the possessors of slaves at any given time are not responsible for the existence of the institution. It belongs to the ages, has had its place and its mission. Africa in bondage has been employed in developing the resources of those nations which were to be most conspicuous in giving the world a freedom far grander and more precious than the freedom of the hands from fetters—a freedom of mind and soul through Jesus Christ; freedom from the oppression of superstition and the bondage of vice. We do not need to condescend to the narrow-mindedness which pronounces on all questions in the light of a single day, in order that we may recognize the hand of God in the revolution which brings the mighty influence of those very nations which attained their strength by means of slavery to bear directly against the slave-trade. The time has come for the redemption of Africa. Its service of bondage has been long and important: now there is another service for it. The enslavement of a people and their elevation are incompatible. Their elevation is ordered and their fetters must fall off. There may seem to be difficulties in the way, but God will remove them.

The noblest nations of the world have come to the front in the great work. They have put their immense moral influence against slavery. Nobody ought to hesitate to do so if the redemption of Africa calls for it. These nations have all held slaves, African slaves; they do not now speak against themselves, they speak for Africa. Egypt already feels their influence. Egypt must abandon the institution. Other nations will also abandon it. God controls the nations: they do his bidding. There will hardly be a change in the Arab trader; he will read his Koran and curse the infidel.

The work will go on—whatever stands in the way of progress must fall, whatever resists the kingdom of Christ will be swept away. Men ought to watch diligently the tide of events, they ought to study prayerfully the leadings of providence. There should be no stubborn resistance of destiny. There are very few customs of society which are founded in abstract moral questions; they generally hold with their occasion. A man has no business putting his selfishness in the way of the general welfare, neither has he a right to make the accidents of history the basis of absolute principles—the fact that an institution is sustained by the necessities of to-day and is manifestly owned of God for good, does not give it necessarily a claim to perpetual support—does not prove that there may never come a time when its overthrow will be a blessing. We repeat, there need to be no debate about slavery in itself—about the Scriptural warrant to hold property in man. The question is a practical one—can commerce, science, philanthropy, and Christianity do their work in Africa while caravans are traversing the country in every direction creating wars, spreading desolation, inculcating darkest superstitions, inflaming the vicious tendencies, dragging away hundreds of thousands in chains? Can it be? Then, is not Africa worth more to the world and of more consequence to our Lord Christ than this trade? Is it not better to set every slave free than to leave a continent in darkness and sin? The time has come, God is moving, and the work will go on; and if there are those who are touched by it who receive reluctantly the command, let them remember that it is not a compromise of principle to keep up with providence—that is the noblest manhood and the truest Christianity which subjects its theories and interests to the necessities of mankind, and the demands of Christ's kingdom.

But there are other great interests demanding our notice. The great search for the Nile sources divide our attention with the other claims of Africa: this is indeed *the geographical question of the day.* This wonderful river has engaged the curiosity of men from the earliest ages. It has been explored southerly, through thirty degrees of latitude, and if the streams which Dr. Livingstone followed with so much enthusiasm should prove to be identical with it, it will have been found to extend southerly more than forty degrees. However that may be, the solution of the problem lies now in a comparatively small area; the lakes of Baker, Speke, and Livingstone seem to hold the long-sought answer between them. Baker visited all the Abyssinian tributaries, including the great Blue Nile, which had been traced to its source by the celebrated Bruce, and discovered his Albert N'Yanza some years ago, and announced his discovery as the solution of the great problem, his theory being that the equatorial lakes Albert N'Yanza and Victoria N'Yanza of Speke supply the main stream, while the inundations are caused by the sudden rush of waters from the torrents in Abyssinia during

July, August, and September. In his latest work, "Ismailia," he gives an account of yet more thorough exploration of the main stream, in which he carried a steamer as high up as Gondokoro. As the result of this expedition he says: "I have not changed my opinions that have already been expressed in the 'Albert N'Yanza,' except that, from the native testimony, I presume there must be a channel which connects the Tanganyika with the Albert N'Yanza." This channel he thinks may easily have escaped the notice of Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley when skirting the reedy northern shores of Tanganyika lake. The Victoria N'Yanza is understood to be connected with the Albert N'Yanza by Speke's "White Nile." And around these two lakes, possibly including the Tanganyika, Sir Samuel draws his line, circumscribing the Nile basin. Dr. Livingstone held his theory, concerning the Lualaba, more modestly, and perhaps justly so. Dr. Schweinfurth, who, as well as Baker, was a cotemporary of Dr. Livingstone during those years in which he was engaged about this problem, agrees with Baker in declaring the very decided improbability of the Lualaba being at all connected with the Nile. The search has however been brought within the narrowest limit, and the glory of the great discovery lies, without a doubt, between these few men, to be borne off in part by the man who may come in between them and settle the dispute.

This wonderful river, the patron of Egypt in her days of power and splendor, may yet become the channel along which the civilization long since departed from its famous delta may penetrate the very heart of the continent. The Niger, the Nile, and the Zambesi, barred as they may be by cataracts, present no insuperable obstacles; and the interior presents a lake and river system which, with some imperfections, still offers the greatest encouragement to commerce.

But there is a question of greater importance than all else. The noblest of all the travellers, while he was journeying toward Bangweolo the last time, wrote, "The discovery of the true source of the Nile is nothing to me, except as it may be turned to the advantage of Christian missions." In all his travels he retained the spirit, the habits and aims, with which he entered his work among the Bakwains. The missionary spirit has contributed very greatly to the success of all those great enterprises which have engaged the minds of men. Christianity has been the real, though sometimes unrecognized, champion of humanity in all its experiences. A distinguished author, in connection with the suppression of the slave-trade, has ventured the assertion that "Religious institutions have effected little or nothing in the cause of humanity." Possibly he may have distinguished in his own mind between the organization, as such, and the individual representing in his life the spirit presumed to be incorporated in the organization. But the statement savors much of the disposition to detract from the glory of Christianity which inheres with human nature. This writer could surely not have been ignorant of the tremendous influence being exerted by Dr. Livingstone, at the very time of his writing, against the identical evil of which he was speaking; and he could hardly have been ignorant of the fact that the religion of Jesus Christ was the ruling power in his heart; and he ought to have known also that in coming to Africa he did the bidding of a religious institution. Indeed it may be confidently asserted that Christianity, more than anything else, is moving the mighty forces which are to deliver that long degraded land from its chains and ignorance. Where is the simple servant of science or government who has laid his life entirely and absolutely on the altar for Africa?

And Christianity will not fail to take advantage of the progress. The western and southern coasts have been the scene of very successful missionary efforts in the past; and already there are settlements being made at different points in the interior so recently explored. On the Nile there have been misfortunes, as there were on the Zambesi and the Shire, but even Sir Samuel Baker, who could not embrace the missionary work in his theories for the elevation of Africa, proclaims in his recent work the assurance that there will now be no difficulty on the Upper Nile, nothing to interfere with them. Various nations are represented in the societies which are engaged in this good work. Among them all Dr. Livingstone was pleased to say that "Americans make superior missionaries." We have indeed noble representatives there and in other lands, and their labors are richly rewarded. And we will watch eagerly the path which Dr. Livingstone has made into the heart of the darkness, and hail with joy the fires which one after one will be kindled there. The world will never be able to estimate the work of Dr. Livingstone. That work did not consist alone in traversing unknown regions: he has introduced the English name and manners to the Africans, and he has laid the African character so clearly before us, that those who are moved to labor there for Christ will have not only a guide-book to the heart of a continent, but a guide-book to the hearts of the heathen who dwell there. The difficulties have been largely removed by his powerful influence; a cordial welcome is proclaimed from the central tribes to all missionaries of the gospel. The importance of the work of Dr. Livingstone to missions can never be estimated; and already settlements are springing up in his track. Where missionaries have been able to hold their positions in Africa their work has always been encouraging; when they are in possession of healthful homes, and surrounded by tribes uncorrupted by the influences which exist about all the coast settlements, there is reason to anticipate still more encouraging returns. There can be no question about the adaptation of our religion to the wants and capacities of even the most degraded. There is no poor negro in all Africa on whose benighted soul the light of the Cross may not shine with all its quickening and transforming efficiency.

RECENT DISCOVERIES.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RECENT EXPLORERS.

Only working out Livingstone's Theories—Return of Lieutenant Cameron, R. N., to England—Grand Ovation given him—Account of his Expedition in Africa—Meets Livingstone's Body on its sad Journey Homewards—Great Discovery made by Lieutenant Cameron—Outlet to Lake Tanganyika—Attacked by Hostile Tribes—Narrow Escape—Discovery of system of Water Communication—Opening up the Continent from East to West—Wonderful Mineral Wealth—Coal and Iron Abundant—Future Development of Africa the only hope for suppressing Slave-Trade.

THE life of Livingstone would not be complete without some account of the discoveries and explorations which have been made, since his death, by such distinguished travellers as Gordon, Gessi, Lieutenant Cameron, R. N., and last, but by no means the least, the long hidden and almost despaired of hero of equatorial exploration, Stanley. The magnitude and the value of the labors of these men are not to be lightly estimated, inasmuch as they clear up and elucidate many mysteries and difficult problems, which baffled all the scientific resources and intellect of the old pioneers of African discovery, such as Captains Burton, Speke, Grant, Sir Samuel Baker, and the lamented Livingstone, although to them, and more especially to the last mentioned, they were largely indebted for valuable charts, papers, observations and other clews, without which they would never, in all human probability, have achieved their present glorious success.

In giving, therefore, in these concluding chapters, a brief but succinct account of what each of the travellers, who are at present so prominently known in connection with African explorations, has done towards contributing to geographical science, we feel we are but drawing to a more fitting close the life and labors of the great traveller, Livingstone, forasmuch as they were all only following up and working out to a more successful issue the theories and conjectures advanced by him, and which his untimely death alone prevented himself from accomplishing.

With this view we give in the present chapter a short description of the recent explorations of Lieutenant Cameron, of the British Royal Navy, who was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society of England for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Livingstone, which was at that time a matter of grave uncertainty.

Lieutenant Cameron has but recently returned to England, after an absence of about three years and a half, and the results of his observations and journeyings are held in such high estimation, that he has been everywhere received with the most enthusiastic and cordial welcome, on his safe return from a continent which has proved fatal to so many explorers. He reached Liverpool early in last April, by the British and African Steam Navigation Company's steamer "Congo," and the fact of his being on board having been telegraphed from Madeira, a public reception was accorded him in the town hall, presided over by the Mayor of Liverpool, at which a number of very distinguished and noble personages were present. After leaving Liverpool, his further progress through England to his native town was one continued ovation, the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Henry Rawlinson, President of the Royal Geographical Society, and others taking part and bearing testimony to the highly important services rendered by Lieutenant Cameron, not alone to the cause of Geography, but also to Science, Commerce and Philanthropy.

As we have already said, Lieutenant Cameron was sent out, originally, by the Royal Geographical Society, for the purpose of discovering what had become of Livingstone, a question which was at that time agitating the whole civilized world. Cameron reached the capital of Unyanzembe on this important mission, on August 5th, 1873, just in time, a day or two after his arrival, to meet the dead body of the great and good man, for whom he was in search, on its melancholy journey homewards. He sent on the remains in charge of Dillon and Murphy, and determined to set out on an independent expedition of his own, to verify and carry on, so far as lay in his power, the work so nobly begun by Livingstone.

Accordingly, he pushed on to Ujiji, leaving on September 3d, 1873, his great aim being the discovery of the outlet of Lake Tanganyika, which Livingstone had failed to find. He reached Uganda in the middle of December, but being detained there by a chief who would not let him leave until the beginning of the following month, he did not reach the boundaries of Unyambezi proper until the 5th of January, and at Uguga came on Benton's route. He found a comparatively easy route north of the Malogarazi valley, by which he succeeded in reaching Lake Tanganyika. From Ujiji, he made a very careful circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, and found no less than ninety-six rivers running into it, and only one outlet on the west side. This stream he concluded was not carried by the Zambesi into the Indian ocean, nor by the Nile into the Mediterranean sea, but by the Lualaba into the Congo, and thence into the Atlantic.

The importance of the discovery made by Lieutenant Cameron, during his circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika, cannot be overestimated. If it does not determine the exact position of the sources of the Nile, it circumscribes the basins of the Nile, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the Benuwe or Eastern Niger, within limits that can now be proximately defined.

Lake Tanganyika has been hitherto a puzzle to geographers. Burton and Speke, its discoverers, concluded that it received waters from the north, east, and south, and this has turned out to be the case. But Sir Samuel Baker's discovery of a vast lake to the northwards—the Albert Nyanza—stretching to within a short distance of Tanganyika, led to a discussion concerning the comparative level of the two lakes, and it was rather generally surmised that the Tanganyika flowed into the Lake Nyanza. Livingstone and Stanley's explorations of the mouth of the Rusisi, the northern tributary of the lake, determining that it flowed into the lake, led to a suspension of the controversy; but it was still conceived by some that in seasons of low water the Rusisi might flow into the lake, but that in times of flood the waters of Lake Tanganyika flowed into the Albert Nyanza, and, by it, into the Nile.

This view was rendered all the more plausible, as no outlet had been found to the lake. Some who, from differences of level, did not believe in its flowing into the Albert Nyanza, thought it might find its way to the Indian ocean by the Lufiji or Rufiji river; others, again, thought it might have a subterranean communication with Livingstone's Lualaba, and the Congo. Still others held by the opinion that it was an inner basin, without any outlet at all.

The discovery of the outlet by Lieutenant Cameron replaces Ptolemy's "Mountains of the Moon," where Speke originally conceived them to be, between Lakes Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza, where that gallant traveller found the Mfumbiro mountains some ten thousand feet in elevation on the east, where Livingstone found the Kabogo mountains, and where Sir Samuel Baker saw what he calls the "Blue mountains," from a stand-point on the Albert Nyanza.

It limits the basin of the Nile to this central African group to the south, to the long range of the Himada, with its snow-clad peaks and active volcanoes on the east, and to the unexplored but, in all probability, high and inhabitable regions, that lie between the Congo and the Benuwe on the west. It brings the basin of the former river into close proximity of the Indian ocean, and establishes it as the highway from the west into central Africa, and as the readiest means of traversing from ocean to ocean.

To settle this important question, Lieutenant Cameron undertook an overland journey from Lake Tanganyika to the Atlantic, which was accomplished after enduring hardship, privations, and dangers of the most severe description, and experiencing all the vicissitudes of climate. Through all, his courage never gave way; he was upheld by an indomitable pluck which carried him through every obstacle, so bent was he on accomplishing, at all risks, the great objects which had been intrusted to him. We have not the space here to give a detailed account of this memorable journey; suffice it to say, it was full of the deepest interest, and much valuable information was obtained which we shall proceed to mention. It was not wanting, either, in incident or adventure, as Lieutenant Cameron, in prosecuting his passage across the continent, several times came into collision with hostile tribes. While passing through a dense forest, on one occasion, on his way to Benguela, he was fired upon, and narrowly escaped with his life, an arrow glancing off the leather coat which he wore. As a proof of the good sense and wise discretion of this young officer, instead of resenting this unprovoked attack by ordering his men to return the fire, as would have been very natural with most men under similar circumstances, he chased the man who had shot at him on foot, and having overtaken him, gave him a sound thrashing. Soon afterwards they came up to the main body of the party who had attacked them, and after a short palaver, so succeeded in allaying their hostile feelings, that the two parties went on together, continuing their journey on very good terms. On another occasion, having had some trouble with the natives of a village, they went on to the next, where they were received in a very unfriendly manner, the men all turning out with bows and arrows and firing at them. One or two of his men being hurt, he determined on a vigorous attack on the village, which he accordingly made, but he found himself followed by four men only, the remainder having discreetly kept in the rear. Fortunately for Lieutenant Cameron and his small attacking party, the villagers, as soon as they saw him coming, fled in the opposite direction; so they captured the "town," burned all the huts they did not want and fortified it for the occupation of himself and followers, remaining there for five days, and maintaining his position against several attacks made upon it. Finding it impossible to follow the line of the Lualaba from the want of canoes, and from the hostility of a native chief, Cameron diverged from Nyangwe to the southward to the eleventh degree south latitude, and thence southwestward to the Atlantic, coming out at a point a long way south of the mouth of the Congo.

The results of his journey and of the many valuable observations taken by him may be now as briefly as possible summarized.

His circumnavigation of the great Lake Tanganyika, and his discovery of the outlet to the great river Lualaba, are matters of the greatest importance. Another very valuable point settled, according to Cameron's conclusions and numerous astronomical observations, is, that as the river Lualaba is nearly one thousand feet at Nyangwe below the level of the Nile at Lake Albert, the Lualaba (or Lomanre) cannot by any possibility be the Nile, and must be identical with the Congo river.

His discoveries also have made known to the world the existence, in the centre of the African continent, of a system of water communication between the valley which he followed and the scene of Livingstone's discoveries, which by the addition of a canal only thirty miles in length, would be complete from the Congo to Zanzibar, and a water communication capable of floating steamboats of ample capacity between the east and west coasts of Africa, with numerous navigable offsets on either side. Of course, these rivers will be broken at times by rapids, but portages may be formed for the present, and hereafter—though the time may be far distant yet—locks will be formed, so that there may be an uninterrupted steam communication from the east to the west of the African continent, by the Congo and Zambesi systems. By this means the ivory trade will be completely tapped, for by the large rivers which flow into the Congo from the north, a short distance from Nyangwe, the country of Uleja can be reached, to which traders come now three thousand miles down the Nile to trade, and from which they draw their principal supplies of ivory. Again, the offsets of the Tanganyika would also carry off a great portion of the ivory trade which is now in the hands of the Arabs trading from Zanzibar. The Zambesi also would be the medium of obtaining ivory, if the communication was formed joining it to the Congo, and so gaining access to the northern affluents. By this river, which falls into the Congo from the north, it will be possible to get close up to the sources of the Nile, the watershed between the Nile and the Congo being accessible by a very short route, instead of the long route from Alexandria, up a river which is far from healthy, and which is choked up by grass.

The river Congo has rapids at Italia, about one hundred and sixty miles above its mouth, and beyond them the only other rapids that he knew of are some small ones a short way below Nyangwe, near where his route crossed the Congo. The river Congo, he thinks, by the way, should hereafter be called after Livingstone, for after all it was really that great traveller who first discovered its sources..

In the Zambesi country there is a system of Lanstrine rivers extending for a distance, which makes the Congo one of the largest rivers in the world. Perhaps the Amazon and the Yang-tse-kiang may, in volume, be larger, but certainly the Congo is entitled to take the third place among the rivers of the world. It has navigable affluents that reach within two hundred miles north of Lake Nyassa, where at present, in memory of Livingstone, a colony has been formed. In addition to the important and valuable results of the discoveries and observations made by Lieutenant Cameron, and more intimately connected with his conclusions and theories on the water-communication system just mentioned as being in his opinion so feasible, are the wonderful reports he gives of the existence of rich mineral wealth in the countries through which he passed.

Ivory is there found in greater abundance than anywhere else. At Nyangwe, the Arabs, trading among themselves, gave thirty-five pounds of ivory for one and a half pounds of beads or five and a half pounds of cowries, and very often a whole tusk, irrespective of size, weighing from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, may be obtained in exchange for an old copper bracelet! This country of Nyangwe Lieutenant Cameron believes confidently can be reached by the Congo river, and he looks forward to the day when there will be established there a system of English trading-stations, not only for the purchase of ivory, but for the rich vegetable products of the country, which are almost beyond description. The nutmeg trees bear abundantly, and their value is unknown to the natives. There are many different kinds of cotton; and up the valley of the Congo, at a height of twenty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, the country is crowded with oil-palms, the trade in which alone, leaving the question of ivory altogether on one side, would well repay any enterprising merchant to embark in it.

Gold is found in Khangwe, as also silver, but so far only in small quantities, and Lieutenant Cameron came across what will prove a valuable deposit of tin.

But still more valuable than all this mineral wealth, especially to England, seeing that the retention of her position as one of the leading nations of the world depends so largely on her supplies of iron and coal not becoming exhausted, is the discovery reported by him that the continent of Africa, long after English coal and iron are worked out, contains sufficient of both to supply the whole world for centuries.

By means of the magnificent system of water communication proposed by Lieutenant Cameron, these boundless stores of agricultural and mineral wealth would be developed, and when their kind in other parts of the world are exhausted, Africa would provide new granaries, new coal mines, and new materials for manufacturers.

We must not omit to allude to the valuable services rendered to the science of Geography by Lieutenant Cameron. He made and brought home with him a register of observations, extending over twenty degrees of longitude, amounting on the whole to nearly five thousand in number, which will serve as a mathematical basis for all future explorers in equatorial Africa. To show the carefulness and patient exactness with which this portion of his labors had been performed, it is stated that to determine the longitude of one position, he sometimes took as many as one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty lunar observations.

The importance of the results of Lieutenant Cameron's journeyings has been esteemed of such value by the Royal Geographical Society of England, that their gold medal for the year, the highest award they could bestow, has been presented to him, and he takes rank among the most successful and distinguished of African explorers. True, that he has not done much towards solving the great problem, the mystery of the source of the Nile, but the *practical* results of his discoveries which will have such an important bearing upon Science and Commerce, and the future development of the resources of Africa, cannot be overestimated. The more so, when we bear in mind that upon the last mentioned question alone depends, in a great measure, the extinguishing of that foul blot upon the civilization of the nineteenth century, the slave trade of that continent, with all its attendant horrors.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S EXPEDITION.

Suppression of Slavery—Stupendous Obstacles overcome—Escape from Poisoning—Succeeded by Col. S. E. Gordon—Interesting Discoveries of M. Gessi.

In order to give any account of the explorations and discoveries of Messrs. Gordon and Gessi, it will be necessary to give a brief résumé of the labors and expeditions of Sir Samuel W. Baker, the immediate predecessor of Colonel S. E. Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, who, in conjunction with M. Gessi, is only carrying on the work so nobly begun by Sir Samuel.

As an African traveller, Sir Samuel Baker shares with Livingstone the homage of popular hero-worship. His dashing exploits, his genial nature, and his spirited and racy narratives have gained for him a high place in public regard, in his own country, for Englishmen are always proud of the man who does their country honor. Baker's dash is perhaps even more attractive popularly than Livingstone's heroic devotion; but we do not, for a moment, compare the results achieved by these two explorers. During more than thirty years of toil and hardship, Livingstone laboriously filled in the details of the southern portion of the map of Africa, which he found a mere skeleton, and he sacrificed his noble life in endeavoring to dispel the darkness which then enshrouded the central portion of the continent, a darkness which, thanks to his discoveries, is even now being cleared away. His unassuming simplicity, his varied intelligence, his indomitable pluck, his steady religious purpose form a combination of qualities rarely found in one man. By universal consent, Livingstone has come to be regarded as one of the most remarkable travellers of his own or of any other age.

Baker's explorations have been far less extensive than those of Livingstone, but he was the first European who ever penetrated the equatorial region from the north, or at least to get so far to the south, by way of the White Nile, as the Albert Nyanza. But the two explorers proved that the interior of Africa is of abundant fertility, and that if it could be opened up, great commercial advantages must necessarily follow. To do this successfully, and if Africa was ever to be civilized, and the African race improved and developed, it was evident that, in the first place, the infamous traffic in slavery which was the curse of that continent must be suppressed.

It was with this purpose, ostensibly so at all events, that the expedition which the Khedive of Egypt equipped and placed under the command of Sir Samuel Baker was planned. From a perusal of the exceedingly interesting narrative which Sir Samuel has written of the results of his labors, for a period of nine years, towards the accomplishment of this grand object, we are led to the conclusion that the suppression of the slave-trade was of a very secondary importance in the mind of the Egyptian government, and was only used by them as a pretext to cover what to them was of far greater value, viz., the conquest and annexation of an extensive dominion.

Whatever, however, may have been the real cause which actuated the Egyptian government in equipping the expedition and placing it under Sir Samuel Baker, the results and achievements were of the most gratifying and successful nature. He was furnished by the Khedive with a firman, giving him the most extensive powers, and a force was placed at his disposal against which no enemy that he could possibly encounter in those regions would have the slightest hope of resisting. But the natural difficulties which interposed between him and the object of his expedition were of fearful magnitude. Navigation along the White Nile was rendered almost impossible by floating islands and masses of vegetation, which made progress altogether impossible, except by the cutting of a channel! But Sir Samuel was not appalled by the difficulties of the task before him. Channels were cut, and Gondokoro ultimately reached, although the passage through those deadly malarious regions produced most serious effects upon the health of the troops and animals.

When the real work of the expedition—the putting down of the traffic in slaves—came to be done, so much time and energy had been expended in the preliminaries, as it were, that the force was greatly weakened, and the temper of the troops not improved; and the native chiefs in the neighboring countries were not inclined to the course which Sir Samuel Baker, in pursuance of his instructions, proposed to adopt. Conscious, however, of his own strength, and knowing that he was acting strictly in the line of duty, Sir Samuel was not disposed either to temporize or to waste time in, what he knew would be futile, efforts at conciliation. The consequence was that the progress of the expedition was marked by continual conflicts, the hostilities of the natives being vigorously punished with slaughter and reprisals.

One punishment in particular that he inflicted deserves mentioning as being so well deserved, and showing the peril which at all times surrounded this brave explorer. When he reached the country of Unyoro, he found that Kamrasi, who was king when he had formerly visited it, was dead, and the throne was occupied by Kabba Reja, his son, who seemed to be a compound of all that is vile in the African character. Under the pretence of hospitality, he attempted to poison Sir Samuel and his whole party, which so aroused his indignation, that in retaliation he burned Masindi, the capital, to the ground. This action, however well merited, complicated matters so that the position of Sir Samuel Baker's party became exceedingly desperate, and their only hope of safety lay in retreat. The circumstances of that retreat are among the most thrilling recorded in his narrative, and invest their escape almost with the character of a miracle. The presence of Lady Baker, who, along with her husband, seemed to possess charmed lives and to be proof against danger and hardships, gives to the whole expedition that touch of romance which makes the story so piquant and interesting.

The task which Sir Samuel Baker undertook, and to a great extent succeeded in accomplishing, was really stupendous, and the impression of its magnitude can only be realized by a perusal of the details of its performance. To have literally cut a passage for his flotilla through the marshes which mainly constitute the country between Khartoum and Gondokoro; to have conquered and annexed an immense country with a mere handful of troops; and to have organized a system of government which greatly facilitate the operations of his successor, demonstrate the possession of qualities of a very high order.

Baker cannot be said to have solved any geographical problem or settled any of the disputed points which then, as now, occupied the minds of scientific men. He was, however, satisfied, and with great reason, with the laurels he had won. First of all, he had made a grand journey into the very heart of Africa, and revealed a portion of that continent hitherto unknown to the world; and in the second place, he had laid the foundation for a great future in bringing a remote portion of the African race, hitherto excluded from the history of the world, into direct communication with the superior and more civilized races.

On April 1, 1873, the engagement entered into between the Khedive and Sir Samuel expired, and Colonel S. E. Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, was appointed his successor, to continue and carry on the work left unfinished by Sir Samuel.

Colonel Gordon, with whom was associated M. Gessi, has since that period been employed in exploring the Upper Nile region, and despatches have only very recently been received from them addressed to the President of the Royal Geographical Society of England, Sir Rutherford Alcock, giving most interesting information as to the results of their travels. Lake Albert Nyanza has been thoroughly explored by M. Gessi, who went round it in nine days, and found it to be one hundred and forty miles long by fifty wide. No river of any importance was found to enter it, all those which do being quite dry in the summer. The south end is very shallow, and much overgrown with ambatch wood. Storms on the lake were frequent and of great violence, and had not Gessi been provided with life-boats, he would have been in great danger, as no other kind of boats could have lived in such gales and seas as he had to encounter.

The river Nile, after leaving Lake Albert, splits into two branches, one which goes to Dufle and Gondokoro, and the other, the natives say, goes far inland. Gessi thinks it joins the river Jale or Bahr Djemit, and re-enters the Nile again at

Rabatchambe, near where the Bahr Zerof quits it. The river Jale is already known from Rabatchambe to its passage of parallel five degrees north, and its navigability by nuggers has been proved from Rabatchambe to Station Eliab, near parallel six degrees. Should this branch prove free from cataracts, its importance cannot be overestimated, for the navigation from Khartoum to Lake Albert would be without obstacle. A small steamer of light draught will bring the furthermost extremities of the Nile basin within three weeks of Cairo and the civilized world. We may expect from Colonel Gordon's energy and devotedness, together with the scientific knowledge and indomitable perseverance of his coadjutor, M. Gessi, a speedy solution of this interesting and valuable question.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HENRY MORLAND STANLEY.

Legacy bequeathed by Livingstone—The Work taken up by Stanley—Meeting between Stanley and Livingstone—They start on an Expedition together—Stanley leaves him to carry on the Work—The Three great Mysteries of the Past five thousand Years—Two solved by Sir Samuel Baker—The Third, the Source of the Nile, settled by Stanley—The five Letters received from him—Thrilling account of Punishment of the Bumbirehs—Naming of Beatrice Gulf—The Pale Faces of Gambaragara—His last Letter from the Heart of Africa—A Nation of Milk Misers—Paralyzed by Famine—Hopeful of Success—Determined to proceed till Mission is accomplished.

When the great traveller, Livingstone, was taken away, just as the problem of ages was on the eve of solution, when another year of bodily vigor might have brought him home triumphant, and enabled him to bind the wreath which he so passionately coveted around his brow, the prospect of the grand aim of his life ever being accomplished seemed but faint. But the men who drop thus with their work half done bequeath a great inspiration as their legacy. Successors, young and strong, have risen up to catch the torch which dropped, as it were, from dying hands, and in place of one weak solitary pioneer, struggling on with pain in a difficult track, a troop were soon pressing on in the path which he opened, and working out the plans of the great leader to a fullness of accomplishment which could never have been attained by his own individual power.

Such lives as Livingstone's are always germinant; they are the most precious seeds sown in a generation—the seeds from which the richest fruits of the future will grow.

He did more by dying *in* Africa and *for* Africa than he could possibly have accomplished had he been spared to return in triumph, and to reap the honors and rewards which would have awaited him. His death bequeathed the work of African exploration and civilization as a sacred legacy to the world; and it has breathed into his successors an energy and intensity of purpose which in the end must win the great success.

Foremost among the many gallant and distinguished men who took up the work where Livingstone left it, at his lamented death, head and shoulders above the rest of the band, is Stanley, whose memorable and romantic meeting with Livingstone in the wilds of the African continent is known wherever the English language is spoken. He has won for himself a name as a daring, resolute, enduring, and in every way masterly explorer of unknown regions.

The great problem of ages—the discovery of the fountains of the Nile—was the object of Livingstone's life; and the solution of this mystery was taken up by Stanley, and by the most recent news received from him, dating April, 1876, he has succeeded in discovering the head stream of the Nile, as we shall proceed to show in detail.

After that affecting meeting with Livingstone on October 28, 1871, when Stanley found him, just as hope and life were at their last ebb, and the recuperative power of his system fast failing, the two together, after Livingstone was refreshed in body and spirit, started on an expedition to the head of Tanganyika. Livingstone had ever set before himself as his aim the discovery of the southernmost watershed of the Nile basin, and had a strong conviction that Lake Tanganyika was connected with the Albert Nyanza. If his conjecture was true, and Tanganyika connected with the Nile system, it was clear that the southern affluents of the lake draining the watershed between it and Nyassa would be the true "*Capita Nili!*" But subsequent explorations had caused him to suspect that the lake was the headwater of the Congo, and not of the Nile. It was a sore thought for Livingstone; he had no special interest in the Congo, he had intense enthusiasm for the Nile.

Stanley urged him to give up his project and to return and recruit; but faithful unto death, the great traveller pressed on, in the vain and ever-memorable struggle, which is so pathetically recorded in previous chapters of this work, to wrest the prize he so passionately longed for out of the hand of death.

On the 14th of March Mr. Stanley left him, and has ever since been engaged in the exploration and opening up to the civilized world that most interesting portion of the African continent under the equator, lying between the great Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza.

Before we proceed to give any account of the important discoveries made by Stanley, we will very briefly recapitulate the objects and aims of all the explorations which have been going on for the last fifteen years, and then show the results and achievements of the several explorers; but principally those of Stanley up to the very latest information received.

The mysteries and problems which have remained unsolved for the past five thousand years and which have baffled hitherto all human science and intellect, have been the sources of the Nile, the causes of the annual Egyptian inundation, and the sources of supply of the never-failing and enormous stream of the river Nile, flowing as it does without a single tributary for seventeen hundred miles, through a burning desert.

To Sir Samuel Baker the world is indebted for the solution of the second of these questions, viz., the source of the annual inundation of Egypt. In his work entitled "Nile's Tributaries of Abyssinia" he gives a most thrilling account of how one night in June, 1862, while sleeping in his tent, which was pitched in the dry bed of a river, he was wakened up by his Arab servant by cries of "The river! The river!" and on hastily ascending the steep bank with his wife, taking with him all their valuables, he heard in the darkness of the night a heavy rumbling noise, which gradually as it approached nearer and nearer grew louder and louder. When morning broke, he saw what had been the dry bed of the river covered with a rushing torrent, twenty feet deep, and five hundred yards wide, rolling down, *en route* to Egypt. The flood had come down from Abyssinia, and this was the solution of the mystery of the annual life-giving overflow of the Nile. The reasons given by Sir Samuel Baker for arriving at this conclusion are so convincing and supported by so many sound and logical arguments, that there can be no doubt that he has given the true solution of the source of the inundation, and of the annual fertilizing deposit of the rich bottom lands of the Egyptian valley.

To this explorer also are we indebted for the solving of the third mystery of the lower Nile, viz., the sources of the supply of the inexhaustible stream, without any visible source of supply. Sir Samuel has settled this question, by showing that this vast and unfailing supply of water comes from the great equatorial basin of the Nile, and the heavy rains of the equatorial rainy belt of the earth, all drained into the White Nile from numberless lakes and small streams.

This equatorial rainy basin of the Nile embraces an area of at least 800,000 square miles, extending from the tenth degree of north latitude, to as far south as the fifth degree south of the line, and is filled from the river Sobat on the east, the Bahr-el-Ghazal on the west side of the main river, and those enormous reservoirs, Victoria and Albert Lakes, and their many feeders.

These two questions being thus disposed of, we shall now proceed to show what has been done towards discovering the first great problem, the source of the river Nile itself.

As we have already stated, Livingstone, during all the years that he was lost to the outside world, was firm in the belief that the Lualaba river was the main stream of the Nile, being led to this conclusion by his explorations, which, in his opinion, proved that the general drainage of the great interior basin was discharged through the Lualaba river into the Nile. Although towards the close of his eventful life, when met and re-equipped for active service by Stanley, he seemed to have a suspicion that his theory might possibly be a mistaken one, still he adhered to it, unwilling to believe that he could possibly be wrong, and he resumed his work in the endeavor to determine the destination of the Lualaba, perishing at last ere his work was accomplished, and leaving it to be settled by his successors.

We have already shown, in a preceding chapter, the result of Lieutenant Cameron's explorations, after he met the body of Livingstone, and sent it on its melancholy journey to England, viz., the discovery of the outlet of Lake Tanganyika.

Both Livingstone and Stanley had already made a partial navigation of this lake, and had come to the conclusion that the outlet was at its southern extremity. This, however, Lieutenant Cameron, who made a very careful circumnavigation of the lake, proved to be a mistake, as he discovered the outlet to be on the west side, and also, by numerous astronomical observations, that the Lualaba cannot by any possibility be the Nile, and could hardly be any other than the Congo river.

This now brings us to Stanley and his discoveries on this all important point.

In previous letters received from this intrepid traveller, dated June, 1875, he gave most interesting accounts of his exploration of that vast reservoir of the Upper Nile, Lake Victoria Nyanza, in his yacht "Lady Alice," which he thoroughly circumnavigated, and fully established as the basin into which the fountains of the Nile poured before they flowed in an unobstructed and combined stream towards the land of Egypt. The last letter received from him on that occasion was that which was stained by the blood of M. Linant de Bellefonds, whom he met at the capital of King Mtesa, on the shores of the Victoria lake.

This was a little more than a year ago, and nothing having been heard from him for so prolonged a period, the most serious misgivings as to his fate were excited, and fears expressed that upon him a fate had fallen similar to that of the unfortunate Livingstone.

Mr. Stanley was then leaving Mtesa, who had given him so friendly a reception, with the intention of joining his party, who were encamped at the southern end of the Victoria lake, and thereby completing its circumnavigation. He then intended to traverse the intervening region to the Albert lake, crossing Speke's track at right angles, to make a survey of the second great feeder of the Nile, and then boldly plunge into the unknown territory to the westward, and endeavor to establish the relationship which the vast lakes of the African equatorial zone bear to the ancient river and to each other.

The prolonged silence of Stanley, the death of M. Linant, the difficulties encountered by Colonel Gordon in reaching the northern extremity of the Albert lake, and M. Gessi having so recently explored that lake without being able to hear anything whatsoever of Stanley, were all calculated to excite grave apprehensions. But fortunately all fears as to his safety have been entirely removed by the receipt of five most interesting letters, written by Stanley himself to the *New York Herald*, under whose auspices his explorations are being carried on, giving a most thrilling account of how he has spent the intervening thirteen months. The story he tells is one of hardship, toil, great sufferings and danger, showing him to be possessed of qualities that particularly fit him for such expeditions as he is now engaged on. Endowed with indomitable courage and great endurance, he is prepared to face and overcome obstacles that would deter most men, and in many respects he differs from Livingstone, by whom the work was begun. Stanley is, in spirit, an explorer; Livingstone was a missionary. Stanley is an apostle of science, as Livingstone was an apostle of religion. When Livingstone met a savage tribe, he would make a detour, or turned back in order to prevent the necessity of either trespass or bloodshed. Stanley, on the contrary, fetches up the musket boys, and fights it out, and if finally compelled to withdraw, he comes back at another and more favorable moment, and chastises the tribe, as he did the barbarous Bumbirehs, the savage inhabitants of the lake shore and the large island that lies on the western side of the lake.

The late despatches received from him contain a narrative of his journeyings in the wild regions around Lake Victoria Nyanza, full of the most important information regarding a quarter that has been hitherto inaccessible, and respecting which nothing whatever was known. Others tried in vain to reach the Upper Nile basin, but Stanley's pluck and persistency have conquered all obstacles.

The letters cover a period extending from June, 1875, when he was last heard from, to April 26, 1876, the date of the last letter, when he was within fifteen days march of Ujiji.

The first, dated July 29, 1875, written at Mahyiga island, in Lake Victoria Nyanza, gives an account of his return voyage from the capital of the friendly King Mtesa, at the head of the Victoria Nile, to his camp at the southern end of Victoria lake, near the Shimeeyu river, at a place called Mahyiga, which he had proposed as the starting point for his next great expedition.

We cannot do better than give the story in Stanley's own graphic and deeply interesting words, as any condensation would but feebly portray the perils and hardships which he had to encounter, and which were all so bravely met and so gallantly overcome. We will commence with the first letter, in which is a very spirited account of an encounter with the treacherous Bumbirehs.

"Continuing my narrative of our journey from Uganda to Usukuma by the western shore of Lake Nyanza, I resume it from the point I left off in my last letter, viz.: the Kagera river or the Kitangule.

"We had two canoes belonging to Mtesa accompanying our boat as an escort, until the dilatory Grand Admiral Magassa should overtake us with his fleet of thirty canoes, and the day we left the Kagera river we rested at night on a smooth, sandy beach at the foot of the Usongora plateau, at a point called Kagya. The natives were friendly, and disposed to be hospitable, so that we argued well for our reception during our travels along the coast of Usongora.

"The next afternoon we camped at Makongo, and received an apparently friendly welcome by the natives, each of whom was engaged, as we landed, in the grave occupation of imbibing pombe or beer by means of long straw pipes, exactly as we take a 'sherry cobbler' or a 'mint julep' in the United States. The chief slightly reeled as he came forward to salute me, and his eyes had that uncertain gaze which seemed to hint that he saw double, or two white men when there was only one. However, he and his people were good-natured, and contented with our arrival.

"About 10 P. M., we were all awakened from sleep by a furious drumming, accompanied now and then by shrill yells. The Waganda said that this drumming and yelling was in welcome to the white stranger. I did not believe them, and therefore put my people on their guard, ordered them to load their guns and place them under their sleeping mats, and arranged all my own in a handy and safe position. Except the continued drumming and yelling, nothing occurred during the night, but at daybreak we found ourselves in presence of about five hundred warriors, armed with bow, shield and spear, who had crept quietly near the camp, and then had stood up in a semicircle, preventing all escape save by water. I was so astonished by this sudden apparition of such a large body of armed men that I could barely believe that we were still in Mtesa's territory.

"There was also something very curious in their demeanor. For there was no shouting, yelling or frantic behavior, as we had several times witnessed on the part of savages when about to commit themselves by a desperate deed. They all wore a composed though a stern and determined aspect. It was a terrible moment to us. We knew not what to make of these hundreds of armed savages, who persisted in being silent, and gave no hint as to their intentions, unless the forest of spears might be taken as a clear, unmistakable and explicit hint that their object was a bloody one. We feared to make a movement lest it might precipitate a catastrophe which might possibly be averted; so we remained a few minutes silently surveying each other.

"The silence was soon broken, however, by the appearance of the chief who had welcomed us (though he was then inebriated) the evening before. He had a long stick in his hand, which he flourished before the faces of the savages, and by this means drove them several paces backward. He then came forward, and, striking the boat, ordered us to get off, and he himself lent a hand to shove the boat into the lake.

"We were nothing loth to obey such good counsel, and soon put a distance of one hundred yards between ourselves and the hostile beach. As the Waganda were not yet out of danger, we prepared our guns to sweep the beach. So dense was the crowd of armed men near the water line that we might have taken a fearful revenge had we been so vengefully disposed, or had the necessity of saving the Waganda compelled us to fire. Happily though, our friends, not without loud remonstrance and much wordy altercation, embarked in safety, and followed us to Musira island. Here the chief came, and, learning our wants and our objects, sent off three bunches of bananas which he presented to us, and then left us to our fate.

"In the afternoon we sighted our Grand Admiral Magassa, with a large fleet of canoes, paddling slowly to a neighboring island, where he camped for the night. Desirous of quickening his movements, I sailed from Musira island for Alice island, distant thirty-five miles. The two chiefs of our escorting canoes accompanied us a mile or two, and then, alarmed by the aspect of the weather, turned back, shouting to us at the same time that as soon as the wind moderated they would follow us.

"It was near midnight when we arrived at Alice island, and by steering for a light on shore, we fortunately found a snug, well-sheltered cove. When daylight came we found ourselves at the foot of a huge beetling cliff, and discovered that we had taken shelter near a kind of penthouse formed by overhanging rocks, which were now blackened with the smoke of many fires. The natives of the island came down to visit us, holding out wisps of green grass as a sign of peace and friendliness. But though they were friendly enough, they were so extortionate in their demands that we gained nothing by their friendship, and were compelled to depart at noon, with every prospect of starvation before us, unless Bumbireh island (a large and populous island lying southwest of Alice island about twenty-five miles), to which I determined to sail, furnished us with food.

"Amid rain, thunder, lightning and a sounding surf on all sides, we dropped anchor under the lee of Pocock's island about midnight. It rained and thundered throughout the night, and we had much trouble to keep our boat afloat by constant bailing. At daybreak we hurried away from our dangerous anchorage before a steady strong breeze from the northeast, and within three hours drew near the comfortable little cove near the village of Kajuri, at the southeastern extremity of Bumbireh island. As we looked on the plenty which green slopes, garnished with large groves of bananas, and dotted with herds of fat cattle, promised, we anticipated an abundance of good food, ripe bananas, a fat goat, a large supply of milk and other things good for famishing men. But we were disappointed to hear the large number of people on the plateau above the village shouting their war cry.

"We halted at the distance of twenty yards from shore, and I observed that the wild behavior of the natives changed, as they approached nearer, to affability and friendliness. We exchanged the usual friendly greetings, and were invited to come ashore in such tones as dissipated the least suspicion from our minds. No sooner, however, had the keel of the boat grounded, than the apparently friendly natives rushed in a body and seized the boat and dragged her high and dry on land, with all on board. Twice I raised my revolvers, but the crew restrained me, saying it was premature to fight, as these people were friends, and all would be right. Accordingly I sat down in the stern sheets and waited patiently for the decisive moment. The savages fast increased in numbers, and the hubbub grew greater. Violent language and more violent action we received without comment or word on our part. Spears were held in their hands as if on the launch, arrows were drawn to the head and pointed at each of us with frenzied looks and eyes almost bursting out of their sockets. They struck the ground and the boat, stamped, foamed at the mouth, gnashed their teeth, slashed the air with their spears, but they shed no blood. The chief Shekka prevented this, reserving that pleasure, I presume, for a more opportune time, when a new excitement would be required. As we were in their power, it only remained for us to be quiet until they proceeded to acts of violence, and in the meantime endeavor to purchase peace, or at least postpone the strife.

"Shekka demanded four cloths and ten necklaces of large beads as his price for permitting us to depart in peace. They were paid to him. Having secured them, he ordered his people to seize our oars, which was done before we understood what they were about. This was the second time that Shekka had acted cunningly and treacherously, and a loud jeering laugh from his people showed him how much they appreciated his wit.

"After seizing the oars, Shekka and his people slowly went to their village to eat their noon meal, and to discuss what other measures should be adopted towards the strangers. At 3 P. M. the natives began to assemble on the ridge of a low hill about a hundred yards from the boat, and presently drums were heard beating the call to war, until within half an hour about five hundred warriors had gathered around Shekka, who was sitting down addressing his people. When he had done, about fifty rushed down and took our drum, and kindly told us to get our guns ready for fight, as they were coming presently to cut our throats.

"As soon as I saw the savages had arrived in the presence of Shekka with our drum, I shouted to my men to push the boat into the water. With one desperate effort my crew of eleven men seized the boat as if she had been a mere toy, and shot her far into the water. The impetus they had given her caused her to drag them all into deep water. In the meantime the savages, uttering a furious howl of disappointment and baffled rage, came rushing like a whirlwind towards the water's edge.

"I discharged my elephant rifle, with its two large conical balls, into their midst, and then, assisting one of the crew into the boat, told him to help his fellows in while I continued to fight. My double-barrelled shot-gun, loaded with buckshot, was next discharged with terrible effect, for, without drawing a single bow or launching a single spear, they retreated up the slope of the hill, leaving us to exert our wits to get the boat out of the cove before the enemy should decide to man their canoes.

"Twice in succession I succeeded in dropping men determined on launching the canoes, and seeing the sub-chief who had commanded the party that took the drum, I took deliberate aim with my elephant rifle at him. That bullet, as I have since been told, killed the chief and his wife and infant, who happened to be standing a few paces behind him, and the extraordinary result had more effect on the superstitious minds of the natives than all previous or subsequent shots.

"On getting out of the cove we saw two canoes loaded with men coming out in pursuit from another small cove. I permitted them to come within one hundred yards of us, and this time I used the elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men and sank the canoes.

"This decisive affair disheartened the enemy, and we were left to pursue our way unmolested, not, however, without hearing a ringing voice shouting out to us, 'Go and die in the Nyanza!'"

Favored by a breeze from the land, they hoisted sail, and by night were miles away from the inhospitable shores where they had so narrowly escaped from being massacred, and where the whole expedition were only saved from utter destruction by the stubborn valor and consummate skill as a leader displayed by Stanley.

All the following day they were out on the lake, and were hoping to reach some haven before night, but towards evening a terrible storm came on, or rather a succession of very severe storms, during which their frail canoes were in the greatest jeopardy, and death stared them in the face on every hand.

After a day and night of tossing about, and when they had begun to think that the curse of the Bumbirehs, "Go and die in the Nyanza," was about to be realized, they at last succeeded in reaching their camp at Kagehyi.

Shouts of welcome greeted them from shore, when even many miles away; but as they drew near the shouts changed to volleys of musketry and waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of glad-hearted men, for they had been fifty-seven days absent, and many a false rumor of their death, strengthened each day as their absence grew longer, was now dissipated by the appearance of the "Lady Alice," sailing joyously to the port of Kagehyi.

As the keel grounded, over fifty men bounded to the water, dragged Stanley from the boat, and danced him round camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of human forms and Saxon hurrahing. Having vented their joy, they set him down and all formed a circle, many men deep, to hear the news.

The second of Stanley's letters is written from the lake shore town of Dumo, in southwestern Uganda, and dated August 15, 1875. Stanley remained for some nine or ten days inactive, after his troublous exploration of the Nyanza and his dangerous lake journey, waiting for the arrival of the Grand Admiral Magassa with his canoes. But at last he could wait no longer, and preparations were made to march overland to Uganda, along the lake shore. Just as the expedition was ready to start, there came an embassy from Ruwoma, the king of southern Uzinza, bearing a peremptory message to the effect that he "did not want to see the white man, or any other white man, with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face and big red eyes," that the white man was not to pass through his country, and that if he did come, he, Ruwoma, would fight him. This placed Stanley in a very perplexing dilemma. He could not undertake the lake journey to Uganda, because Magassa had not proved faithful to the trust reposed in him by Mtesa; and the journey by land was now impossible, as it would have been utter folly and bad policy to force a passage through Ruwoma's country. What was to be done? Turn away from the Albert Nyanza, and direct his course for the Tanganyika, leaving the former lake to be explored by Gordon's expedition? If he did so, the question arose, who then would explore the debatable land lying between the Albert Nyanza and the Tanganyika?

The only way that Stanley could see out of his difficulty was to obtain canoes from some other point, and to determine upon the lake route to Uganda. After making the fullest inquiries respecting the maritime resources of each of the adjacent tribes and nations bordering on Speke Gulf, he at last succeeded, after a great deal of diplomatic manœuvring and delicate negotiations, in persuading Lukongeh, the amiable king of Ukerewe, to promise him fifty canoes, but only as far as Usukuma. This Stanley had to be satisfied with; but having previously made up his mind as to what he should do, on their arrival at Usukuma he forcibly seized the canoes and paddles, and although the natives at first resisted, and made preparations for attacking the party, he succeeded in safely embarking his expedition and property in the canoes, in which they arrived safely at Refuge island, half way to Uganda and two days' sail from Bumbireh. This latter place was where the savages had made the treacherous attack upon his expedition, so graphically described in his first letter.

After a few days' rest on Refuge island, they proceeded on their voyage, and remembering the bitter injuries he had received from the natives of Bumbireh, and the death by violence and starvation he and his party had so narrowly escaped, Stanley resolved, unless they would make amends for their cruelty and treachery, to make war on them and to administer such a punishment to them as would prove a salutary lesson, and teach them the duty of hospitality to travellers.

Stanley first sent a message to the natives of Bumbireh to the effect that if they would deliver their king and the two principal chiefs under him into his hands, he would make peace with them. This ultimatum was received with contempt, but by a stratagem Stanley succeeded in getting the king of Bumbireh brought to him, who was at once heavily chained. Being in want of supplies for his party, Stanley sent to Bumbireh to procure food, but the natives, in place of giving any, attacked his men, wounding eight and killing a friendly chief, which was another reason why Bumbireh should be punished.

Accordingly, next morning Stanley started off with a force of two hundred and eighty men—fifty muskets, two hundred and thirty spearsmen—in eighteen canoes, and reached the island of Bumbireh about two in the afternoon. The natives had evidently been anticipating some trouble, for as they approached they observed messengers running fast to a plantain grove that stood on a low hill commanding a clear open view of a little port at the southern end of the island, from which they concluded that the main force of the savages was hidden behind the grove.

Perceiving that they were too strong for him to attack them in the plantain grove, Stanley steered for the opposite shore, intending to disembark his force there, but as soon as the natives saw this, they rose from their coverts and ran along the hill slopes to meet Stanley, which was precisely what he wished they would do, and accordingly he ordered his force to paddle slowly so as to give them time. In half an hour the savages were all assembled on the bare slope of a hill in knots and groups, and after approaching within one hundred yards of the shore, Stanley formed his line of battle, the American and English flags waving as their ensigns. Having anchored each canoe so as to turn its broadside to the shore, he ordered a volley to be fired at one group which numbered about fifty, and the result was ten killed and thirty wounded. The savages, perceiving the danger of standing in groups, separated themselves along the lake shore, and advanced to the water's edge, slinging stones and shooting arrows. Stanley then ordered the canoes to advance within fifty yards of the shore, and to fire as if they were shooting birds. After an hour the savages saw that they could not defend themselves at the water's edge, and retreated up the hill slope, where they continued still exposed to the fire from the boats.

Another hour was passed in this manner. He then caused the canoes to come together, and told them to advance in a body to the shore as if they were about to disembark. This caused the enemy to make an effort to repulse their landing, and, accordingly, hundreds came down with their spears ready on the launch. When they were close to the water's edge the bugle sounded a halt, and another volley was fired into the dense crowd, which had such a disastrous effect on them that they retired far up the hill, and the work of punishment was consummated.

The loss of the savages was very great, as might naturally be expected, considering they were so exposed on a shore covered only with short grass. Forty-two were counted lying dead on the field, and over one hundred were seen to retire wounded, while on Stanley's side only two suffered contusion from stones slung at them. Stanley's spearsmen were very anxious that he should allow them to land and utterly destroy the Bumbirehs, but this he refused, saying that he had not come to destroy the island, but to punish them for their treachery and attempted murder of himself and party, when they had put faith in their professed friendship.

After leaving Bumbireh, the expedition landed and camped at Dumo Uganda, which is two days' march north of the Kagera river, and two days' south of the Katonga river. This camp Stanley selected for the expedition because it was intermediate, whence he could start on a northwest, west, or southwest course for the Albert Nyanza, after ascertaining from Mtesa which was best: for between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza are very powerful tribes, the Wasagara, Wa Ruanda, and Wasangora especially, who were continually at war with Mtesa.

Here he remained for some days, until he could obtain force sufficient from Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda, to pierce the hostile country through which alone he could penetrate to the Albert Nyanza, the aim of his present expedition. He himself was of opinion that unless the emperor gave him a force of fifty thousand men, it would be almost hopeless to expect that they could hold their ground long enough to enable him to set out on a two months' voyage of exploration, and find on his return the expedition still intact and safe. On representing these ideas to the emperor, he and his chiefs assured Stanley that two thousand men were amply sufficient, as Kabba Rega would not dare to lift a spear against the Waganda, because it was he (Mtesa) who had seated Kabba Rega on the throne of Kamrasi. Though not quite convinced with the assurances Mtesa gave him that there would be no trouble, Stanley entreated him no further, but accepted thankfully General Samboozi and two thousand men as escort.

The march across Uganda, west and northwest, was uninterrupted by any event to mar the secret joy Stanley felt in being once more on the move to new fields of exploration. The party made a brave show of spears and guns while marching across the easy swells of pastoral western Uganda.

Having arrived at the frontier of Unyoro, they made all warlike preparations, and on January 5 entered Kabba Rega's territory. The people fled before them, leaving their provisions in their haste behind them, of which was made free use. On the 9th they camped at the base of the tremendous mountain called Kabuga, at an altitude of 5,500 feet above the sea. East of the low ridge on which they camped, the Katonga river was rounding from the north to the east on its course toward Lake Victoria, and west of the camp the Rusango river boomed hoarse thunder from its many cataracts and falls as it rushed westward to Lake Albert. From one of the many spurs of Kabuga they obtained a passing glimpse of the king of mountains, Gambaragara, which attains an altitude of between 13,000 and 15,000 feet above the ocean.

On the summit of this high mountain Stanley came across a strange pale-faced tribe of natives, complexion almost European, a handsome race, some of the women being singularly beautiful. Their hair is kinky, but inclined to brown in color. Their features are regular, lips thin, but their noses, though well-shaped, are somewhat thick at the point. Several of their descendants are scattered throughout Unyoro, Ankori and Ruanda, and the royal family of the latter powerful country are distinguished by their pale complexions. The queen of Sasua islands, in the Victoria Nyanza, is a descendant of this tribe.

Whence came this singular people Stanley was unable to ascertain, beyond a clew which he mentions, viz., that the first king of Kisbakka, a country to the southwest, was an Arab, whose scymetar is still preserved with great reverence by the present reigning family of Kisbakka.

The mountain is an extinct volcano, and on the summit is a crystal clear lake about five hundred yards in length, from the centre of which rises a column-like rock to a great height. A rim of firm rock, like a wall, surrounds the summit, within which are several villages, where the chief of this singular tribe and his people reside.

The first king of Unyoro gave them the land around the base of Gambaragara mountain, wherein through many vicissitudes they have continued to reside for centuries. On the approach of an invading host they retreat to the summit of the mountain, the intense cold of which defies the most determined of their enemies. Two years ago Emperor Mtesa despatched his prime minister with about one hundred thousand men to Gambaragara and Usongora; but though the great general of Uganda occupied the slopes and ascended to a great height in pursuit, he was compelled by the inclement climate to descend without having captured more than a few black slaves, the pale-faced tribe having retreated to their impregnable fortress at the summit.

Africa is certainly the "haunt of light-headed fable," romance and superstition; but still there exists some modicum of truth in all the statements and revelations of the simple natives. About four years previous to this, when exploring the Tanganyika with Livingstone, they heard there existed a race of white men north of Uzigo. At that time Livingstone and Stanley smiled at the absurdity of a white people living in the heart of Africa; but here Stanley actually saw them, and discovered the truth of the report.

This discovery is of very great interest in an ethnological point of view, establishing the fact that there are as many different types of the African family in Africa as there are of the Caucasian race in Europe.

After leaving the Gambaragara mountain and its pale-faced inhabitants, Stanley penetrated through the Unyoro country to the borders of the Lake Albert, but finding it utterly impossible, through the determined opposition of the natives, to procure any canoes, he was forced to return to Uganda, to discover other routes and countries more amenable to reason and open to friendly gifts than hostile Unyoro or incorrigible Ankori.

The geographical knowledge acquired by their forcible push to the Albert Nyanza was of the highest importance, and well repaid Stanley, even though in the end he was forced to return.

The lay of the plateau separating the great reservoirs of the Nile, the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, the structure of the mountains and ridges, and the course of the watersheds, and the course of the rivers Katonga and Rusango have been revealed. The great mountain Gambaragara and its singular people have been discovered, besides a portion of a gulf of the Albert, which Stanley called, in honor of Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, Beatrice Gulf.

This gulf, almost a lake of itself, is formed by the promontory of Usongora, which runs southwest some thirty miles from a point ten geographical miles north of Unyampaka. The eastern coast of the gulf is formed by the countries of Irangara, Unyampaka, Buhuju and Mpororo, which coast line runs a nearly south-southwest course. Between Mpororo and Usongora extend the islands of the maritime State of Utumbi. West of Usongora is Ukonju, on the western coast of Lake Albert, reputed to be peopled by cannibals. North of Ukonju is the great country of Ulegga.

Coming to the eastern coast of Lake Albert we have Ruanda running from Mpororo on the east to Ukonju on the west, occupying the whole of the south and southeast coast of Lake Albert. North of Unyampaka, on the east side, is Irangara, and north of Irangara the district of Toro. Unyoro occupies the whole of the east side from the Murchison Falls of the Victoria Nile to Mpororo; for Unyampaka, Toro, Buhuju and Irangara are merely districts of Unyoro. The great promontory of Usongora, which half shuts in Beatrice Gulf, is tributary to Kabba Rega, though governed by Nyika, king of Gambaragara.

Usongora is the great salt field whence all the surrounding countries obtain their salt. It is, from all accounts, a very land of wonders, but the traveller desirous of exploring it should have a thousand Sniders to protect him, for the natives, like those of Ankori, care for nothing but milk and goatskins. Among the wonders credited to it are a mountain emitting "fire and stones," a salt lake of considerable extent, several hills of rock salt, a large plain encrusted thickly with salt and alkali, a breed of very large dogs of extraordinary ferocity, and a race of such long-legged natives that ordinary mortals regard them with surprise and awe. The Waganda, who have invaded their country for the sake of booty, ascribe a cool courage to them, against which all their numbers and well-known expertness with shield and spear were of little avail. They are, besides, extremely clannish, and allow none of their tribe to intermarry with strangers, and their diet consists solely of milk. Their sole occupation consists in watching their cows, of which they have an immense number; and it was to capture some of these herds that the Emperor of Uganda sent one hundred thousand men, under his prime minister, to Usongora. The expedition was successful, for by all accounts the Waganda returned to their country with about twenty thousand; but so dearly were they purchased with the loss of human life, that it is doubtful whether such a raid will again be attempted to Usongora.

When Stanley sent off his third letter, he was encamped on Lake Albert, in Unyampaka, situated in longitude 31 deg. 24 min. 30 sec., and latitude 25 min. The promontory of Usongora, due west, was about fifteen miles distant.

The next letter is dated March 26, 1876, from Kafurro, an Arab depot near Rumainka's capital, Karagwe, and relates the story of his final departure from Uganda. Upon arriving at Karagwe, through the kindness of the king of Karagwe, Rumainka, he was enabled to explore the frontier of Karagwe as far north as Mpororo, and south to Ugufu. The yacht "Lady Alice" was conveyed to Speke's Lake Windermere, and the sections screwed together, and after circumnavigating the lake, they entered the Kagera river, when it almost immediately flashed across Stanley's mind that he had made another grand discovery—that he had discovered, in fact, the true parent of the Victoria Nile.

A glance at Speke's map will show the reader that he calls this river the Kitangule river, and that he has two tributaries running to it, called respectively the Luchuro and the Ingezi. Speke, so wonderfully correct, with a mind which grasped geographical knowledge with great acuteness, and arranged the details with clever precision and accuracy, Stanley thinks is seriously in error in calling this noble river Kitangule. Neither Waganda nor Wanyamba know it by that name, but they all know the Kagera river, which flows near Kitangule. From its mouth to Urundi it is known by the natives on both banks as the Kagera river. The Luchuro, or rather Lukaro, means "higher up," but is no name of any river.

While exploring the Victoria lake, Stanley had ascended a few miles up the Kagera, and was even then struck with its great volume and depth, so much so as to rank it as the principal affluent of the Victoria lake. On this occasion he discovered on sounding that it was fifty-two feet deep, and fifty yards wide. Proceeding on his voyage up the river for three days, he came to another lake about nine miles in length and a mile in width, situate on the right hand of the stream. At the southern end of this lake they came to the island of Unyamubi, a mile and a half in length. Ascending the highest point on the island, the secret of the Kagera or Ingezi was revealed.

Standing in the middle of the island, he perceived it was about three miles from the coast of Karagwe and three miles from the coast of Kishakka west, so that the width of the Ingezi at this point was about six miles, and north it stretched away broader, and beyond the horizon green papyri mixed with broad gray gleams of water. He discovered, after further exploration, that the expanses of papyri floated over a depth of from nine to fourteen feet of water; that the papyri, in fact, covered a large portion of a long, shallow lake; that the river, though apparently a mere swift flowing body of water, confined apparently within proper banks by dense, tall fields of papyri, was a mere current, and that underneath the papyri it supplied a lake, varying from five to fourteen miles in width, and about eighty geographical miles in length.

On exploring the Kagera throughout its entire length (eighty miles), Stanley found that it maintains almost the same volume and almost the same width, discharging its surplus waters to the right and to the left as it flows on, feeding, by means of the underground channels, what might be called by an observer on land, seventeen separate lakes, but which are in reality one lake, connected together underneath the fields of papyri, and by lagoon-like channels meandering tortuously enough between detached fields of the most prolific reed. The open expanses of water are called by the natives so many "rwerus" or lakes;

the lagoons connecting them and the reed-covered water are known by the name of "Ingezi." What Speke has styled Lake Windermere is one of these rwerus, and is nine miles in extreme length and from one to three miles in width. By boiling point Stanley ascertained it to be at an altitude of 3,760 feet above the ocean, and about 320 feet above Lake Victoria. The extreme north point of this singular lake is north by east from Uhimba south; its extreme southern point, Karagwe, occupies the whole of its eastern side. Southwest it is bounded by Kishakka, west by Muvari, in Ruanda, northwest by Mpororo, and northeast by Ankori. At the point where Ankori faces Karagwe, the lake contracts, becomes a tumultuous, noisy river, creates whirlpools and dashes itself madly into foam and spray against opposing rocks, and finally rolls over a wall of rock ten or twelve feet deep with a tremendous uproar—for which the natives call it Morongo, or the Noisy Falls.

On returning from his voyage of exploration, he resolved on an overland journey to the hot springs of Mlagata, which have obtained such renown throughout all the neighboring countries for their healing properties. Two days' severe marching towards the north brought them to a deep wooded gorge wherein the hot springs are situated. Here they discovered a most astonishing variety of plants, herbs, trees and bushes; for here Nature was in her most prolific mood. She shot forth her products with such vigor that each plant seemed to strangle the others for lack of room. They so clambered over one another that small hills of brush were formed, the lowest in the heap stifled by the uppermost, and through the heaps thus formed tall mvules shot forth an arrow's flight into the upper air, with globes of radiant, green foliage upon their stem-like crowns.

The springs were visited at the time of Stanley's visit by numbers of diseased persons. Male and female were seen lying promiscuously in the hot pools half asleep, while their itchy and ulcerous bodies were being half cooked. The hottest issued in streams from the base of a rocky hill, and when Fahrenheit's thermometer was placed in the water, the mercury rose to 129 degrees. Four springs bubbled upward from the ground through a depth of dark, muddy sediment, and had a temperature of 110 degrees. These were the most favored by the natives, and the curative reputation of the springs was based on the properties of this water.

Stanley says he camped there for three days, and made free use of a reserved spring, but excepting unusual cleanliness, he could not conscientiously say that he enjoyed any benefit from the water.

Having thoroughly explored the valley of the river Kagera, noting and locating the minor lakes, mineral springs, and other features of the topography of this hitherto unknown region, and after completing a map of the Victoria Nyanza, which will prove one of the most important contributions ever made to geographical science, solving, as it does, one of its greatest problems, Stanley commenced his southward march to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, the place where he was so fortunate as to discover the long-lost Livingstone.

He left the capital of Karagwe with brave intentions and high aspirations. He had discovered that the Kagera river formed a great lake about eighty miles in length and from five to fourteen miles in breadth, and that at Kishakka the Kagera was still a powerful, deep-flowing river, and curious reports from natives and Arabs had created curious ideas within his mind as to the source of this noble river. Imbued with the thought that by journeying a sufficient distance along its right bank he might discover this source, he made ample preparations for the crossing of a wide wilderness, packed ten days' provisions of grain on the shoulders of each man of the expedition, and on the 27th of March, 1876, set out for the uninhabited land.

After travelling for six days he reached Ubimba, the frontier of Karagwe, where behind a ridge which extends between Ubimba and the lake, he saw the extreme south end of the lake he had so long followed, and noticed a decided change in the formation of the broad valley of the Kagera.

The mountainous ridges bounding the western shore of the Kagera, which, extending from Mpororo south, continue on a south by west course, became broken and confused in southern Kishakka, and were penetrated from the northwest by a wide valley, through which issued into the Kagera a lake-like river called Akanyaru. Southwest was seen the course of the Kagera, which, above the confluence of the Akanyaru with it, was only a swift-flowing river of no very great depth or breadth. Such a river might well be created by the drainage of Eastern Urundi and Western Ubba. His attention was drawn from the Kagera to the lake-like stream of Akanyaru, and several natives stated to him while looking toward it that it was an effluent of the Kagera, and that it emptied into the Albert Nyanza. Such an extraordinary statement as this could not be received and transmitted as a fact without being able to corroborate it on his own authority, and exploration of the mouth of the Akanyaru proved that the Akanyaru is not an effluent, but an affluent of the Kagera.

Beyond the mouth of the Akanyaru, Stanley found it was impossible for him to go, owing to the determined hostility and opposition of the natives on the right and left banks of the river. They are a long-legged race, akin to those long-legged mortals of Bumbireh to whom allusion has already been made, and like them, their aversion to strangers is excessive. They are so dreadfully afraid of losing their cattle that if one cow dies from sickness, the whole country is searched to discover the stranger who has bewitched the cow to death, for whose loss, if one is found, his life is forfeit to the purblind, small-brained natives.

Human beings frequently astonish one another in all countries by their hobbies, and by showing excessive fondness for gold, horses, dogs, cats, clothes, birds, etc., but the love which the Wasongora, Wanyankori, Wa-Ruanda, Wa-Kishakka, Wagafu, Wanyamba and Watusi exhibit for their cattle is an extreme selfish and miser-like affection. A stranger might die in any of those countries for lack of one drop of milk. Generous and sweet-tempered as Rumainka proved himself, he never offered to give Stanley even one teaspoonful of milk during the time he was with him, and had he given him a milk-can his people would have torn him limb from limb. From this excessive love for their cattle springs their hostility to strangers, and this hostility arises from a dread of evil or fear of danger. By maintaining a strict quarantine and a system of exclusiveness, they hope to ward off all evil and sudden disaster to their cattle, which are their sole means of subsistence.

His last letter is dated from Ubagwe, in western Unyamwezi, April 24, 1876, about fifteen days' journey from Ujiji, whither he had proceeded, having been forced to abandon the exploration of Lake Albert from this side of the Tanganyika. What he then proposed to do was to proceed quickly to Ujiji, explore the Tanganyika in his boat, and from Uzigo strike north to the Albert, and if that road be not open, to cross the Tanganyika and travel north by a circuitous course to effect the exploration of the Albert.

The following brief summary of the valuable information acquired by Stanley during this important exploration cannot fail to be of interest to all concerned in the matter of African discoveries.

From a ridge near Mtagata Hot Springs, having an altitude of 6,500 feet above the ocean, he obtained a view of Ufumbiro mountains, which have a height of about 12,000 feet. This group consists of two sugar loaf cones and a lumpy mass, and is situate about forty geographical miles west-northwest from Mtagata, and form a barrier at that spot between Mpororo and Ruanda.

The course of all the main ridges and valleys from Ruanda to the Victoria Nyanza appear to be south by west. From Alexandria to the Nyassa lake, the central portion of Africa appears to be formed into ridges, deep troughs or basins, or valleys, whose length is from north by east to south by west, or from northeast to southwest, and looking at the course of the Nile from Lake Albert to Alexandria, the position of Lakes Albert, Tanganyika, and Nyassa, as well as the Victoria lake, following the course of the Mokattem range of mountains through Nubia, Abyssinia, Galla, Masai and Usagara; tracing the plateau of Masai, Unyamwezi, Urori, Ubisa, south to the Bechuana country, and the reader will perceive that the general lay of almost all rivers, lakes, mountains, basins and plateaus is from northeasterly to southwesterly. On a reduced scale it is even so with all the mountain ridges and valleys between the Lakes Victoria and Albert. It seems as if the throes which Africa suffered during that grand convulsion which tore her asunder, heaved up these stupendous ridges, and sunk those capacious basins now filled with lengthy and broad expanses of crystal-clear water, were keenest and severest about these lake regions; for here the mountains are higher, the valleys deeper and narrower.

From Mtagata mountain, while looking toward the Ufumbiro cones, there were visible three lofty ridges, separated by as many broad valleys. First was the Ishango and Muvari ridge, west of the Kagera lake and valley, and west of this were two ridges, with the valley of Muvari between the two easternmost and a valley of Ruanda between the two westernmost. The two latter ridges appear to run parallel with each other from east and west of Ufumbiro mountains, and shut in the valley of the Ni-Nawarongo or Nawarongo river, which rising in Ufumbiro mountains, flows south by west between Muvari and Ruanda, and enters Akanyaru lake, thirty by twenty miles in extent. From Akanyaru lake issues Akanyaru river, between Ugufu and Kishakka, into the Kagera. The Kagera proper, coming from the southwest, also enters Akanyaru lake, but leaves the lake south of Ugufu and takes a curve northeasterly between Ugufu and Western Usui.

West of Akanyaru he could get no certain intelligence. He heard of another large lake lying west, but what connection it has with the Kagera, or whether it has any, he could not learn definitely. One said that it was an arm of Luta Nzige or Lake Albert; another declared it to be a separate lake.

The following letter from Stanley to a gentleman in this country, written in the freedom of personal friendship, details many circumstances of his exploring life, which might be considered beneath mention in a newspaper correspondence, but which are exactly the things of interest to most readers. Every one would like to know all the minutiæ of Stanley's daily life. We therefore give in his own words extracts from this pleasant missive, which bears in every line the impress of his adventurous career, and gives a plain, familiar statement of his surroundings:

Mr. Stanley writes:

"Knapehyi is a straggling village of cone huts, twenty or thirty in number, which are built somewhat in the form of a circle, hedged round by a fence of thorn twisted between upright stakes. Sketch such a village in your imagination, and let the centre of it be dotted here and there with the forms of kidlings who prank it with the vivacity of kidlings under a hot, glowing sun. Let a couple of warriors and a few round-bellied children be seen among them, and near a tall hut, which is the chief's, plant a taller tree, under whose shade sit a few elders in council with their chief. So much for the village. I am sure you will know it if you come this way. Now outside the village, yet touching the fence, begin to draw the form of a square camp, about fifty yards square, each side flanked with low, square huts, under the eaves of which place as many figures of men as you please—for we have many—and you have the camp of the Anglo-American expedition commanded by your friend and humble servant. From the centre of the camp you may see the Lake Victoria, or that portion of it I have called Speke Gulf, and twenty-five miles distant you may see table-topped Magita, the large island of Ukerave, and toward the northwest a clear horizon, with nothing between water and sky to mar its level. The surface of the lake, which approaches to within one hundred yards of the camp, is much ruffled just at present with a northwest breeze, and though the sun is glowing hot under the shade it is agreeable enough, so that nobody perspires or is troubled with the heat. You must understand that there is a vast difference between New York and Central African heat. Yours is a sweltering heat, begetting languor and thirst; ours is a dry heat, permitting activity and action without thirst or perspiration. If we exposed ourselves to the sun we would feel quite as though we were being baked.

"Come with me to my lodgings now. I lodge in a hut but little inferior in size to the chief's. In it is stored the luggage of the expedition, which fills one-half. It is about six tons in weight, and consists of cloth, beads, wire, shells, ammunition, powder barrels, portmanteaus, iron trunks, photographic apparatus, scientific instruments, pontoons, sections of boat, etc., etc. The other half of the hut is my sleeping, dining and hall room. It is as dark as pitch within, for light cannot penetrate the mud with which the wood work is liberally daubed. The floor is of dried mud, thickly covered with dust, which breeds fleas and other vermin, to be a plague to me and to my poor dogs. I have four youthful Mercuries, of ebon color, attending me, who on the march carry my personal weapons of offence.

I do not need so many servants to wait on me, but such is their pleasure. They find their reward in the liberal leavings of the table. Did they not minister to me they know they would have to subsist on their rations, and black youths have such capacity of distension in their stomachs that would shame the veriest glutton in Europe. If I have a goat killed for the European mess, half of it suffices for two days for us. When it becomes slightly tainted, my Mercuries will beg it and devour it at a single sitting. Just outside the door of my hut are about two dozen of my men, squatted in a circle and stringing beads. A necklace of beads is each man's daily sum wherewith to buy food. I have now a little over one hundred and sixty men. Imagine one hundred and sixty necklaces given for food each day for the last three months; in the aggregate, the sum amounts to 14,400 necklaces; in a year it will amount to 58,400 necklaces. A necklace of ordinary beads is cheap enough in the States, but the expense of carriage makes a necklace here equal to about twenty-five cents in value. For a necklace I can buy a chicken or a peck of sweet potatoes or half a peck of grain. I left the coast with about 40,000 yards of cloth which, in the States, would be worth about twelve and a half cents per yard, or altogether about $5,000; the expense of porterage as far as this lake makes each yard worth about fifty cents. Two yards of cloth will purchase a goat or a sheep, thirty yards will purchase an ox, fifteen yards is enough to purchase a day's rations for the entire caravan.

"These are a few of the particulars of our more domestic affairs. The expedition is now divided into eight squads of twenty men each, with an experienced man over each squad. They are all armed with Snyder's and percussion-lock muskets. A dozen or so of the most faithful have a brace of revolvers in addition to their other arms.

"We have had four battles since we left the coast. The first occurred in Iturn with a desperate set of savages, rivalling the Apaches in ferocity and determination. The battle lasted three days. I lost twenty-one men killed. Their loss was thirty-five killed and some hundred or so wounded. Twice we made a clean sweep through their country, burning and destroying everything we came across, and would have liked to exterminate the wretches had not my mission required my duty in another direction.

"On water we were as successful as on land; but, as God is my judge, I would prefer paying tribute and making these savages friends rather than enemies. But some of these people are cursed with such delirious ferocity that we are compelled to defend ourselves. They attack in such numbers and so suddenly that our repeating rifles and Snyders have to be handled with such nervous rapidity as will force them back before we are forced to death; for if we allow them to come within forty yards their spears are as fatal as bullets. Just think, I had twenty-one men killed in one day and but one wounded! The spear makes a frightful wound, while their contemptible-looking arrows are deadly weapons. I have for the sake of experiment sent an arrow almost clean through a bullock at twenty yards, and the arrow-head is so barbed and gashed that if a man is wounded a large piece of tortured flesh must be cut out ere it is extracted. We had a narrow escape lately. We were but twelve in our boat's crew, the savages several hundreds. As they came down to attack I ordered the boat to be shoved off, which was done so rapidly that with the impetus they had given it they were themselves carried into deep water, and only myself in the boat. I had to keep the beach clear of the rascals, and I emptied my elephant rifle, double-barrelled shotgun and revolvers at them, while the men swam with the boat off shore in a water infested with crocodiles. None of us, thank fortune, were injured, but each of us had some narrow escape to relate from whizzing spears and arrows.

"Speke, in 1858, came to the southwest end of Lake Victoria, and from a hill near the lake he discovered the vast body of fresh water. Having gazed his fill he returned to England and was commissioned to find its outlet. In 1861 and 1862 he marched from Zanzibar to Ugawa, when he saw the lake again At the Ripon Falls he saw the lake discharge itself into the Victoria Nile, and went home again, imagining that he had done his work. If his work was merely to find the outlet of Lake Victoria, he completed his task; but if his task was to discover the sources of the Nile, he had but begun his work. He went away without discovering the feeders of Lake Victoria, which in reality are the Nile's sources—extreme southern sources, I mean. Then Baker came to Central Africa and discovered Lake Albert. He voyaged sixty miles on the lake, and he ran home also without knowing anything of the lake's sources. Burton went to Taraganika, saw it, and returned home without knowing its extent, outlet or affluents. Livingstone came next to the chain of lakes west of Taraganika, and died nobly in harness. Well, we are sent to complete what these several travellers have begun. While they are content with having discovered lakes, I must be content with exploring these lakes and discovering their sources, and unravelling the complications of geographers at home.

"Since I left Zanzibar I have travelled seven hundred and twenty miles by land and one thousand and four miles (by computation) by water. This in six months is good work. Over one hundred positions settled by astronomical observations —for you must know that from the very day I got my commission I strenuously prepared to fit myself for geographical work, in order that I might be able to complete Speke, Burton, Baker and Livingstone's labors, which they left undone.

"It is a mighty work, but a fourth of it is already done. Until I can say I have done the half, I bid you farewell.

"H. M. STANLEY."

This letter is in some respects the most interesting of all those which the public have been so long awaiting from his pen. In it Stanley makes a more condensed and lucid statement of the result of his geographical researches than he has given elsewhere as yet. It is true, by one of those slips which are peculiarly provoking from their connection with important matters, Stanley forgets to record in the date of his letter the figures for the year—merely writing "May 19"—and it is needless to say that there are no post-office stampings in Africa to supply what is missing. The facts narrated, however, constitute the main thing.

Stanley well says that "now Speke's work is done." It will be remembered that Speke's alleged discoveries in 1858 of a great lake in Central Africa, which he conjectured to be the real source of the Nile, have been the subject of much controversy, doubt, and even of ridicule, for nearly eighteen years. Even a second visit, by which Speke saw the outlet of the lake—already named by him Victoria Nyanza—did but little to strengthen his assertions, because he had really done nothing to explore the lake, nor did he follow down the outlet in order to establish its identity with the Nile. The first of these requisites Stanley has supplied; he has thoroughly, or with sufficient thoroughness for all practical purposes, explored Victoria Nyanza, ascertained its size and its feeders. It is thus proved to be a body of water sufficient to be the fountain of the Nile, unless it be regarded rather as an enlargement of its main tributary, which comes up from some two thousand miles to the southeast. If Stanley should never more be heard from, should be pierced by those savage arrows from which his deadly "elephant rifle" has so effectually protected him hitherto, this achievement will forever rank him among the great explorers and discoverers of modern times. He proposes, however, much greater adventures and enterprises. Besides the Lake Victoria Nyanza, there are the Albert Nyanza, the Taraganika (according to the orthography of Stanley's letter to King, but usually written "Tanganyika"), and a further series of lakes to the westward, discovered, and barely discovered, by Livingstone. All of these, and their relations to each other and to the Nile, if they have any, remain to be cleared up, and Stanley is resolved to undertake the herculean work. With regard to the old and ever new question of the Nile, it may be stated that the weight of evidence is now wholly in favor of Victoria Nyanza being regarded as its main source, although something remains to be done in tracing down the stream uninterruptedly from the lake. The explorations of Albert Nyanza have confirmed this view by showing it is not so large a body of water as had been supposed, and that it has no feeders of consequence. But the whole question can never be settled till the lake region of Central Africa is thoroughly explored and mapped out. One of the concluding paragraphs in the letter seems to indicate that Stanley will protract his stay in Africa beyond the time originally intended. His theory has always been that a white man may with impunity attempt African exploration if he does not stay too long at a time in the country. For instance, he was wont to say that at the end of two years a man must go home and get revitalized. He was inclined to believe that Livingstone had much injured his powers for good work by remaining too long in Africa. Yet now he himself evidently contemplates remaining much more than two years, and doing a vast amount of work which he had not originally intended.

From his researches in that great tract of country lying between the Lakes Albert and Victoria, it is itself a country of many beautiful lakes and of lofty mountains, fertile valleys and plains, inhabited by warlike tribes of savages, through whose dominions there is no passage to the intruding stranger, except at the head of a powerful armed force.

In establishing the fact that Livingstone's interior system of lakes and rivers does not belong to the Nile basin, but is drained into the Atlantic, Stanley is of opinion that, in the Shimeeyu river, rising below the fourth degree of south latitude, after a course of over four hundred miles northward, is discharged into the Victoria lake, we have the REAL HEAD STREAM OF THE NILE.

If this were a small stream it might very properly be rejected, and the Victoria lake would be pronounced the fountain head of the Nile with the same propriety that Lake Superior is recognized as the head of the St. Lawrence river. But the Shimeeyu being a considerable stream of several hundred miles in length, at least five hundred, it must be recognized, and hence its discovery and assumption of being the head stream of the Nile belongs to Stanley.

Cut off from Livingstone's basin, the drainage of Lake Albert, with the exception of the volume from the Victoria, is comparatively limited, though it does receive the contributions of numerous torrents from the bordering range of mountains on the west, rising at several points to an altitude of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea.

About a week after Stanley had despatched his last letter from which we have quoted as above, Colonel Gordon, Sir Samuel Baker's successor, wrote from Keni, near the northern end of the Albert lake, stating that M. Gessi had made the circumnavigation of the lake in nine days, finding it to be one hundred and forty miles long by fifty broad. There was no tributary of any importance, and no harbor on the western side, which is formed by mountains descending abruptly to the river. The southern part is very shallow, and fringed with marshes and forests. Their most singular discovery, however, was that the lake had two outlets to the north, one being the White Nile, and the other the river which flowed away to the northwest. Colonel Gordon conjectured that the latter may again unite with the Nile a considerable distance to the northward. He announced that his steamer was nearly completed, and that he would soon be able to undertake a more thorough voyage of exploration.

At the date of the last letter received from Stanley—the 24th of April, 1876—he had commenced his southward march to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, the place where he had been so fortunate as to discover the long-lost Livingstone.

From this place, which he expected to reach in about fifteen days, it was his intention to move up Lake Tanganyika to its most northerly point, and from thence cross the country to the southern extremity of the Albert Nyanza. Having definitely determined the area, the length and breadth, the configuration, the coast line, the affluence and outlets of the great Victoria lake, and the character of the countries and of the numerous savage tribes on its borders, and having penetrated farther into the elevated plateau between the two great Lakes Victoria and Albert, than any preceding explorer, he has now undertaken to settle the hitherto undetermined boundaries of the basin of the Albert lake and of the lake itself. He will not only make a thorough exploration of the lofty western shore line of the lake, but will, we hope, determine the destination of the outlet of that lake recently discovered by Colonel Gordon.

The outlet found by Sir Samuel Baker is the Nile, but this one newly discovered flows westward, and whether its course is continuously westward to the Atlantic, or around into the Nile, through the Bahr-el-Ghazal, is a question still to be settled. It seems very probable that the two outlets of the Albert lake are the two arms of the Upper Nile; but the fact remains to be established.

From Ujiji, the associations connected with his old friend, Livingstone, and of his unfinished work, the solution of the problem of the destination of the great interior river, the Lualaba, which Livingstone was pursuing when overtaken by death, may influence Stanley to move westward for the purpose of once for all settling that question. It may be, however, that his own measurements of the altitude of Lake Tanganyika have already convinced him that that great interior basin does not belong to the drainage of the Nile.

Lieutenant Cameron, from his careful observations, has settled this question; but he has not, from following the stream, established the fact that the Lualaba is the Congo. This is his conclusion, from the ascertained level above the sea of the river, but it may be discharged into some interior lake that has no outlet, or it may pass into the Atlantic through a channel of its own north of the Congo.

Much yet remains unknown as to the rivers, valleys, lakes, mountains, climate and people of large sections of the great Nile basin, which embraces the Shimeeyu river, the Victoria and Albert lakes, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, with its numerous tributaries on the west side, and the Ashua, the Sobat, the Blue Nile and the Atbara or Black river on the east side. From all these sources the drainage of the Nile down to the mouth of the Atbara covers an area of some 1,200,000 square miles, a basin in extent surpassing that of the Mississippi, leaving out of the estimate the 1,600 or 1,700 miles of the rainless valley of the Egyptian river.

Next, on the east side of the Nile, between the third degree south latitude and the tenth degree north latitude, in one direction, and in the other, between the Nile and the chain of mountains which, a hundred miles or more from the coast, runs parallel with the Indian ocean, we have an unexplored region of 900 miles in length and from 400 to 500 miles wide, which is drained into the Nile.

The lakes and rivers drawn on the most recent maps are mostly conjectural, and large blanks are left to be filled by the future explorer, who, within this vast district, we have no doubt will be rewarded for his labors by the most important discoveries.

With Stanley's addition of the Shimeeyu, the Nile is now beyond all question proved to be the longest river in the world.

It drains a basin which, south of Egypt, is equal to the support of 100,000,000 of people, from its wonderful capacities in the production of cotton, rice, sugar, Indian corn, elephants and cattle, to say nothing of the inexhaustible supply of fish in the main river and its tributary lakes and streams.

The Egyptian Nile, with its amazing monuments of the oldest civilization of the human world, is, next to the Euphrates, the oldest of all the great rivers of history, while beyond Egypt, still in its primitive barbarism, but just disclosed to the outside world, the Nile is the newest of all the great rivers of the earth; and in the peculiarities of its basin, its sources, its climate, its savage tribes, its ancient monuments, its fruitful valleys and howling deserts, in its constant equatorial stream, and in its annual Egyptian inundation from Abyssinia, it is the most wonderful river of them all.

No one of the many gallant explorers who have followed in the footsteps of the veteran pioneer, Livingstone, has done more toward disclosing the interesting secrets of that mysterious land which have so long baffled the resources of science than Stanley.

He has left nothing to imagination in the valuable surveys he has made; the various routes that he sailed over the Lake Victoria Nyanza, for instance, showing how thoroughly he did his work, while a perusal of his letters show at what terrible risk.

The qualities required to pursue the service of science in the face of such obstacles as beset Stanley's path are, as we have before said, rarely met with, combined, in one man. What he achieved was won amid dangers and difficulties of no ordinary kind.

No obstacles, not even death and disease thinning the number of his faithful band of followers, seem to have dampened the ardor of his zeal, and he is even at this moment still pushing on, with unabated vigor and with his whole heart set upon the accomplishment of the object of his mission, as though it would seem he had resolved that, when his labors are over, there shall be no more mysteries in Central Africa left for any future explorer to solve.

CHAPTER XL.

THE announcement that Henry M. Stanley has, after months of painful suspense, during which the gravest fears have been entertained for his safety, achieved a splendid feat of geographical exploration, and has crossed Africa from East to West, has produced an immense sensation in this country as well as in Europe. He has succeeded in solving the great Congo problem. Where other travellers only speculated on the probable identity of the Lualaba with the Congo, Stanley has put the matter beyond all possible doubt by following the river through its course down towards the Atlantic. To his deeds of discovery on the Nyanza and Tanganyika, which we have already recounted, Stanley has, by his most recent discoveries, added a fresh and incomparable triumph which will forever link his name with the history of the continent that his irresistible zeal has done so much to open up to civilization. The discovery of the identity of the Lualaba and Congo rivers, a problem which so long vexed Livingstone and which Cameron was compelled to abandon, modifies all our conceptions of African geography, and will have most important commercial and, it may be, political results. The news of his arrival on the west coast of Africa was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm in England, which not even the horrible fascination of the war now waging in Europe could dampen. As soon as Agnes Livingstone Bruce, the daughter of Dr. Livingstone, heard the intelligence, she telegraphed from Lothian Vale, near Edinburgh, where she resides, to the New York *Herald* and London *Telegraph*, under whose auspices this latest achievement has been gained: "My heart is filled with delight and gratitude that Stanley is safe, and that he has solved the Congo problem." Should Stanley ever reach England, he will receive such a welcome as British hearts will be sure to give to one of the most successful pioneers of geographical science, and every honor that can be conferred will be showered upon him.

In our last chapter on the exploration of Stanley, at bottom of page 842, we left him at Ubagwe, in Western Unyamwezi, where he was encamped, April 24th, 1876. He then proposed to proceed with all possible despatch to Ujiji, explore the Tanganyika in his boat, and from Uzigo strike north to the Albert; and if he did not find that road open, he proposed to cross the Tanganyika and travel north by a circuitous course to effect the exploration of the Albert. In the early part of this year, three deeply interesting letters were received from him, accompanied by two maps, which illustrated the various routes and explorations he had made since the date of his last letter of April 24th, 1876.

These letters were dated from Ujiji, on the 7th, 10th, and 13th of August, 1876, respectively. After exploring the hitherto unknown region between Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza, and discovering the great river Kageera, which flows into the Victoria Nyanza from the southwest, Stanley started by a southerly route for Ujiji, the place forever memorable as being where he first met Livingstone. In the course of this journey he discovered Lake Windermere, an enlargement of the Kageera, and also another large body of water to which he gave the name of Kageera Lake.

He had intended extending his exploration of the Kageera, and its wonderful valley, but the natives of the region called the Warundi were so ferocious and so hostile, that he and his party were actually reduced to the very verge of starvation. He was, therefore, most reluctantly compelled to abandon, for a time, his efforts to reach the southern end of Lake Albert Nyanza; and pursuing his course towards Ujiji, crossed into the country of Unyamwezi. After traversing its ridge-broken expanse, and meeting with many obstacles and perilous adventures, he finally reached his destination in safety.

Here he fitted together and launched his exploring boat, Lady Alice, in which he had already rendered such good service to the cause of geographical science on Lake Victoria Nyanza, and commenced his survey of Lake Tanganyika.

Starting from Ujiji, he made a complete circumnavigation of the lake, and verified many observations of that portion which he had previously visited and explored in company with Dr. Livingstone.

Stanley, in the course of this survey, settled the question of the River Luguka, which Cameron had conjectured was the outlet of Lake Tanganyika towards the west, and into the system of lakes which form the head waters of the Lualaba, or Lomame of Livingstone. According to Stanley, Cameron was both right and wrong with regard to the character of the Luguka river. When Stanley saw it, it was only a creek, running inland through a deep depression, which extended westward for a great distance. But the lake, by constantly increasing its area and raising in level, will eventually, in Stanley's opinion, find an outlet through Luguka river.

At the northern end of the lake, Stanley discovered a spacious gulf, which he named and will be henceforward known to geographers as "Burton Gulf," after the celebrated African explorer of that name.

In his second letter of August 10th, 1876, Stanley gives some very interesting information respecting the Kageera river, which empties into Lake Victoria Nyanza on its western side. He considers this river of vast importance, as one of the principal feeders of this great lake. He compares the Shimeeyu river, which flows into the Victoria Nyanza from the vast swampy region southeast of the lake, through which our readers may remember he first approached its shores, to the river Thames in point of size, but estimates the Kageera river to be equal to the Thames and Severn rivers combined, from which some idea of its dimensions may be gained.

The purity and color of the water of Kageera, Stanley is of opinion, indicate that it rises either far to the westward of Lake Tanganyika, or that its course must be interrupted by a lake, where its waters are purified as in a great settling basin. In the existence of such a lake Stanley fully believed, and that it was one of considerable extent. He further proves that the Egyptian Nile is the issue of the united Blue and White Niles, the former flowing from the mountainous regions of Abyssinia, and the latter from the equatorial lake system. The White Nile he thinks is the issue of Lake Albert Nyanza, which derives its waters from the vast water land that immediately surrounds it. The Victoria Nile is the issue of Lake Victoria Nyanza, which is fed by numerous rivers, such as the Shimeeyu, the Duma, the Ruana. The Kageera or Lower Alexandra Nile (so named by Stanley in honor of the Princess of Wales) issues from Alexandra lake, which latter body of water is fed from sources which Stanley had not then explored.

The last letter from Stanley, dated August 13th, reported an outbreak of small-pox and fever in the district. This visitation obliged him to make preparations for an immediate departure from Ujiji. His intention then was to cross the country to Nyanza, westward of the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, and on the Lualaba river. It had been several months since this last letter reached this country, and the absence of any intelligence from Stanley, coupled with the somewhat critical condition in which he was placed when he last wrote, had caused much apprehension as to his fate. Great, therefore, was the rejoicing when, a few weeks ago, the news reached us that he had made his appearance on the west coast of Africa, after a most toilsome and dangerous journey across the continent, along the line of the Lualaba and Congo rivers. His latest letters are dated from Embowa, on the Atlantic coast, August 10th, 1877, where he arrived on August 8th, with only 115 survivors out of 350 men who left Zanzibar with him in November, 1874.

The history of this his latest triumph and successful though hazardous journey, is full of interest and excitement. Compelled to leave Ujiji, as before said, by an outbreak of small-pox and fever in the district, he and his followers pushed their way along the right bank of the Lualaba to the Nyangwe. This was the most northerly point reached by Cameron, when he attempted to solve the mystery of the Congo and its identity with the main drainage line of the Lualaba basin.

The party travelled overland through Uregga, and after an arduous march of many days through a country filled with many difficulties, being compelled to transport every pound of supplies of all kinds on the shoulders of his men, and even to carry along in a similar manner the exploring boat, the Lady Alice, in sections, Stanley at last found himself brought to a standstill, further progress being rendered utterly impracticable, owing to the extreme density of the forests. He then crossed over to the left bank, and continued his journey, passing through northeast Uskusa, but here the difficulties were scarcely less than those encountered on the other side. The jungles were still so dense and the fatigues of the march owing to the obstacles to be overcome so harassing, that it seemed impossible to break through the tremendous barrier of the forest. The horrors of his position were still further augmented by the party being opposed at every step by the hostile cannibal savages who filled the woods, and poured into the devoted little band flights of poisoned arrows, killing and wounding many of their number. Every attempt to propitiate them, or even to retaliate and drive them off, was of no avail, as the natives kept under cover. Even the famous Elephant gun, which it will be remembered Stanley found so useful as a "propitiator" in the earlier stages of his journey from Zanzibar, was now powerless.

There was no cessation of the fighting, which was kept up, day and night, any attempt at camping merely having the effect of concentrating the enemy, and of rendering their fire more deadly. The march was a succession of charges in rude skirmishing order, by an advance guard engaged in clearing the road for the main body, while a rear guard in like manner covered the retreat. In fact, the progress of the party soon became almost a hopeless task.

To increase still further his troubles and render his position more deplorable, the porters whom Stanley had engaged from Nyangwe, one hundred and forty in number, deserted in a body, being so panic-stricken by the terrors of the forest, and the fatal effects of the fighting, that they firmly believed the entire party were doomed to destruction. No sooner did the hostile savages become aware of the defection of these porters, and that the ranks of Stanley's party had been so materially thinned, than they made a grand charge upon them, expecting to completely crush them. But Stanley organized a desperate resistance, and after a severe and bloody struggle succeeded in driving them off for a short time, sufficient to allow him to adopt measures for an escape from their critical situation.

There was only one way of escape, and that was to take to the river. With the Lady Alice as a last reliance, and good canoes for the party, Stanley thought they would have a much better chance to elude their savage foes, and to make some advance toward their destination.

Although Stanley found that he had now a decided advantage, still each day's progress was but a repetition of the previous day's struggle. The fighting continued to be as desperate as ever while pushing down the river, and before many days he encountered a fresh and most formidable obstacle in finding the river interrupted by a series of great cataracts not far apart, and just north and south of the equator. In order to pass these, the expedition was compelled to cut a road through thirteen miles of dense forest, and to drag the canoes and the Lady Alice overland. This enormous labor entailed the most exhausting efforts, and the men had frequently to lay down the ax and drag-ropes, and seize their rifles to defend themselves against the furious onslaught of their savage enemy, who still relentlessly pursued them.

At last the passage of the cataract was accomplished, and the party again embarked on the river, enjoying a long breathing pause and comparative security from attack.

Notwithstanding the incessant fighting which he had to go through, Stanley still lost no opportunity of noting the interesting changes and physical characteristics of the route, so cool and self-possessed was he under difficulties which would have daunted most men. At two degrees of north latitude he notes that the course of the Lualaba swerved from its almost northerly course to the northwestward, to the westward, and then to the southwestward, developing into a broad stream, varying in width from two to ten miles, and studded with islands.

To avoid their savage enemy, who were still on their track, Stanley's little fleet passed between these islands, taking advantage of the cover.

In this way they succeeded in making a progress of many miles without being molested, but being cut off from supplies in the middle of this great river, they were threatened with starvation. For three whole days they were absolutely without food of any kind; and at last driven desperate, Stanley determined to make for the mainland, preferring to die at the hands of the enemy, if need be, rather than from hunger on the river.

By the singular good fortune which seems to have always attended him, they found a tribe of natives who were acquainted with trade, and who were willing to sell the provisions so sorely needed.

At this point the river was called "Ikuta ya Congo," and thereafter the name "Lualaba" disappeared, being replaced as the river approached the Atlantic by the name "Kwango" and "Zoure."

Rested and refreshed, Stanley pursued his journey, following the left bank of the river, but in three days after leaving the friendly village he found himself in the country of a powerful tribe whose warriors were armed with muskets, and who disputed his passage, refusing all attempts at conciliation. Here, for the first time since leaving Nyangwe, Stanley found himself opposed to an enemy of equal footing as to arms. No sooner was his approach discovered than the enemy manned fifty-four canoes and put off from the bank of the river to attack him. For twelve miles down the river the battle raged, and though the expedition came out of the conflict with comparatively small loss, considering the severity of the combat, it was an escape rather than a victory. This was the last save one of thirty-two attacks made upon Stanley's party after leaving Nyangwe.

After twice narrowly escaping drowning in the falls of the Congo, Stanley at last reached Embowa, Congo river, on the Atlantic coast, on August 8th, 1877.

The Lualaba or Congo, as it runs through the great basin which lies between 16° and 17° east longitude, has an uninterrupted course of over 700 miles, with magnificent affluents, especially on the southern side. Thence, clearing the broad belt of mountains between the great basin of the Atlantic ocean, the river descends about thirty falls and furious rapids, to the great river between the falls of Yellala and the Atlantic.

Stanley's losses, during his long and terrible journey across the continent, were fearfully severe.

He concludes his despatch thus: "I make the expedition from Boma by steamer to Calinda, and proceed thence to St. Paul de Loanda." Stanley has shown himself to be one of the most daring and intrepid of explorers. He has not only covered himself with glory, but more than justified the enterprise of the American and English newspapers under whose auspices his expedition was undertaken.

A brief description of the now famous Tanganyika Lake, around which so much interest has been centred and associated with the names of Livingstone, Stanley and Cameron, may prove of interest to our readers.

This lake was discovered by Burton in February, 1859, and forms part of that wonderful lake-system in Central Africa which has been the subject of so much discussion and so many different theories among the explorers of Africa.

The name Tanganyika means "the mixing place," being derived from *Ku-tanganya*, "to mix or shuffle." The fact that Cameron found no less than ninety-six rivers, besides torrents and springs, flowing into the portion of the lake that he surveyed, proves this name to be well deserved.

On the 18th of February, 1874, just fifteen years and five days from the time that Burton discovered it, Cameron, after a long and arduous journey, first cast his eyes on the vast Tanganyika Lake. At first he could barely realize it. Lying at the bottom of a steep descent was what seemed to him a bright blue patch about a mile long, then some trees, and beyond them a great gray expanse, having the appearance of sky with floating clouds.

"That the lake?" he exclaimed in disdain, looking at the small blue patch below him. "Nonsense!"

"It is the lake," his men persisted in saying.

It then dawned upon him that the vast gray expanse was the Tanganyika, and that which he had supposed to be cloud was the distant mountains of Ugonia; whilst the blue patch was only an inlet lighted up by a passing ray of sun.

Hurrying down the descent, and across the flat at the bottom, which was covered with cane-grass and intersected by paths, made by hippopotami, he reached the shore, and was soon pulled across in boats to Kawele, or Ujiji, as it is called, of which we have all heard and read so much in Stanley's despatches.

Here the scene was grand. To the west were the gigantic mountains of Ugoma, while on the eastern shore was a dense growth of cane-grass of a bright green. Occasional open spaces disclosed yellow sandy beaches, and bright red miniature cliffs with palm-trees and villages close to the water's edge. Numerous canoes, moving about, and gulls and darters, gave life to the scene; and distant floating islands of grass had very much the appearance of boats under sail.

The natives of Ujiji are rather a fine-looking race, but have the reputation of being a very drunken and thieving lot. They are good smiths and porters, expert fishermen and canoe-men.

Their dress usually consists of a single piece of bark cloth, with two corners tied in a knot over one shoulder, and passing under the opposite armpit. It is often dyed in stripes and spots of black and yellow, and cut to imitate the shape of a leopard's skin. It leaves one side of the body perfectly naked, and in a breeze flaps about in such a manner that it barely satisfies the commonest requirements of decency.

Their special ornaments are made of beautifully white and wonderfully polished hippopotamus ivory. In shape and size they represent the blade of a sickle, and are worn hung around the neck. They also wear a profusion of sambo, small bells, and wire bracelets. The men usually carry a spear.

Their hair is clipped and shaved into most peculiar patterns, such as spirals, zigzags, tufts left on a bare scalp, or round patches shaven in the centre of the crown of the head; and, in short, every conceivable vagary in shaving in fancy devices.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Cameron succeeded in getting boats to start on his survey of the Tanganyika Lake. Every possible excuse was made, and every obstacle thrown in the way, and it was not till a month after his arrival at Ujiji that he managed to make a start, and at last was actually "sailing away on the Tanganyika."

The beauty of the scenery along the shores he describes as grand beyond description. The vivid greens of various shades amongst the foliage of the trees, the bright red sandstone cliffs and blue water, formed a combination of color seeming gaudy in description, but which was in reality harmonious in the extreme.

Every cape they passed was supposed by the superstitious boatmen to be the abode of some devil. One, the Ras Kobojo, a kind of a double cape, was said by them to be the residence of a devil and his wife; one cape being inhabited by the male, and the other by the female devil, and therefore supposed to be doubly dangerous.

Neither the he nor the she devil were visible, but the pilots stood together in the bow of the boat to make an offering to these evil spirits. One held out a paddle, on the blade of which a few common beads had been placed, and both said together, as nearly as it can be translated, "You big man, you big devil, you great king, you take all men, you kill all men, you now let us go all right." And after a good deal of bowing and gesticulation, the beads were dropped into the water, and the dread evil spirits propitiated.

Nine days after starting they rounded Ras Kungwe, and entered on a part of the lake which had hitherto never been explored, or even been seen by any white man.

Ras Kungwe is situated near the narrowest part of the lake, here only fifteen miles across; and after rounding that point, they passed under enormous hills clothed with trees, and having crystal torrents and waterfalls dashing down their sides.

Patches of corn amongst the jungle denoted the haunts of wretched fugitives from the slave-hunters. These poor creatures were doomed to a miserable existence, owing to the few strong villages hunting down their weaker neighbors, to exchange them with traders from Ujiji for food, which they are too lazy to produce for themselves. The price of a slave was from four to six doti, or two goats.

The mountains continued to overhang the lake for some way to the south, then receding from the shore allow secondary lines of smaller grassy and woody hills to rise between them and it. Skirting along the shore, they passed close under nearly vertical cliffs of sandstone and black marble, streaked with white; and after a time a great patch of what, from the clearage, Cameron believed to be coal. From specimens obtained afterwards, it was undoubtedly a light bituminous coal; the thickness of the principal seam, which lay on the top of synclinal curves of rock, was between fifteen and eighteen feet.

At the mouth of the river Musamwira—which drains the Likwa into the Tanganyika—is a group of sandy grass-covered islands, which only a few years ago had been part of a large cultivated and inhabited plain, the stumps of trees and sites of old villages still being visible. According to the accounts given Cameron by the natives, the lake is constantly encroaching upon its shores, and increasing in size. Even at Ujiji, since Burton was there, only fifteen years before Cameron, a strip of more than six hundred yards had been washed away for a distance of three or four miles.

Running down the shore, they passed Massi Kambi, and rounded Ras Mpembe, a promontory formed of enormous masses of granite piled on each other in the wildest confusion, and looking as though some race of Titans had commenced building a breakwater.

Many islands were come across, which had been brought down by the various rivers flowing into the lake, more like those of the Mississippi than the ordinary masses of floating vegetation; and one, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, had some small trees on it.

At Ras Katanki the east and west shores of the lake close in, and this, Cameron thinks, is the narrowing of Livingstone's Lake Liemba. Here the hills overhang the lake, and navigation is rendered very dangerous, owing to the number of pinnacles and other rocks, some being only a foot or two below the surface of the water.

Passing Rhas Chaknola on April 9th, the river Chaknola was reached, and the Makakomo Islands, which, according to the guides, had been once part of the mainland, even within their own remembrance.

At Rhas Makurungwe, some remarkable masses of granite were seen, two in particular towering up above the rest to a height of seventy or eighty feet, like a pair of giant brothers; and huge blocks were strewn about in the wildest confusion. The natives here met with were clothed in skins, bark cloth, or cotton of their own manufacture, their dress being suspended round their waist by rope as thick as the little finger, bound neatly with brass wire. Their hair was anointed with oil in which red earth had been mixed, giving them the appearance of having dipped their heads in blood.

Makukira, a village on a river of the same name, which was next reached, was a large place with a ditch round it, and a stockade banked up on the outside. The chief, who received Cameron, was rather a formidable-looking personage. He was profusely greased, had a patch of lampblack on his chest and forehead, and wore a tiara of leopard-claws with the roots dyed red, and behind it a tuft of coarse whitish hair. A pair of leopard-skin aprons, a few circles of yellow grass below his knees, a ring of sofi on each ankle, and a fly-flapper with the handle covered with beads, completed his attire.

At a village further on, Mikisungi, the native process of spinning cotton was witnessed, and deserves a brief description. An old chief, named Mpara Gwina, was busy spinning with another man, while their wives and daughters sat near picking the seeds out of freshly gathered pods. The fibre was laid in heaps by the side of the chief and his friend, who, spindle in hand, were making it into yarn. The wooden spindles were about fourteen inches long, and half an inch in diameter, with a piece of curved wood as a weight, half an inch from the top, where a small wire hook was fixed. The cotton was first worked between the forefinger and thumb into a rough tape about half a yard long, and then hooked to the spindle, which was rolled along the right thigh to give it a rapid spinning motion. The yarn was held in the left hand—the spindle hanging from it—and the right forefinger and thumb were used to prevent any irregularities in the size of the thread. As soon as a length was spun, it was unhooked and wound around the spindle, and more cotton was prepared, hooked on, and spun in the same manner.

The yarn turned out by these means, though coarse, is fairly strong and wonderfully regular in size. It is afterwards wound on sticks about four feet long, used as shuttles in weaving.

The profile of the natives here was good, their noses being Roman. The heads of most of them were completely covered with pipe-stem beads, each strung on a separate tuft of hair, an arrangement which must be uncomfortable, and is not at all prepossessing, having too much the appearance of scales. Those who cannot afford beads imitate the fashion by making their wool into blobs, and greasing it until one could not detect the separate fibres.

Leaving Mikisungi on April 15th, and passing the rivers Mundewli and Muomesa, and the villages of Kasangalowa and Mambena, they began to lose sight of the land of rocks. On the outside of Polungo Island were enormous masses, scattered and piled in the most fantastic manner, vast overhanging blocks, rocking-stones, obelisks, pyramids, and every form imaginable. The whole was overgrown with trees jutting out from every crevice where soil had lodged, and from them hung creepers fifty and sixty feet long, while through this fringe could be got occasional glimpses of hollows and caves.

They had now very nearly reached the extreme southern end of the lake, which they succeeded in doing on April 18th, just one month and five days after starting from Ujiji.

On the following day they crossed the lake and began working northward, along the opposite shore, on their way back to Ujiji, which latter place they reached on May 9th.

Here he remained until May 22d before he could make a move, owing partly to sickness and partly to a protracted drunken orgie of his native followers, who celebrated their last days at Ujiji in this style. At Nyangwe, Cameron's expectations and hopes were raised to the highest pitch of being able to get boats and float down the then unknown waters of the Kongo River to the West Coast. To reach Nyangwe was a long and difficult journey, and was only accomplished after innumerable difficulties and dangers, Cameron arriving there on August 3d, 1874. Our space does not permit us to give any details of this journey, which is full of interest, but a few words regarding the country of Manyuema, through which he passed, the people of which differed so much in every respect from any that he had previously seen, may be of interest to our readers.

The streets of their village had the huts ranged sometimes parallel, and at others radiating from a large central space; their bright red walls and sloping roofs differing from any hitherto met with. In the middle of the street were palaver huts, palm-trees, and granaries.

The men wore aprons of dressed deer-skin about eight inches wide and reaching to their knees. They carried a single heavy spear, and a small knife with which to eat their food. The heads of the males were generally plastered with clay, so worked in with the hair as to form cones and plates. Between the clay patches the scalp was shaven perfectly bare.

The women had good figures, and were better-looking than any formerly met with. Their dress was particularly simple, consisting only of a cord round the waist, and two small grass cloth aprons. The front one was about the size of a half sheet of ordinary note paper, and that at the back just a trifle larger. Notwithstanding their extremely small dimensions, these aprons were often elaborately stitched and ornamented with beads and cowries; and when the women went working in the fields or fishing in the stream, they took off these gay clothes for fear of spoiling them, and replaced them with a small bunch of leaves.

Cameron's long cherished idea of tracing the Congo to its mouth had to be abandoned after all, in spite of the most persevering and energetic efforts on his part to carry it out. It was left for Stanley to solve this Congo problem, as we have shown in a previous part of this chapter.

In conclusion, we may add a few words as to the state of trade and communication in Africa, and the future of this vast continent.

Enough has been discovered and reported by explorers, Cameron and others, to prove the existence of incalculable wealth in tropical Africa, and the question now before the civilized world is, how the vast latent resources of the country can be developed, and how that blot on the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, "the cursed slave-trade," can be removed. Slaves, ivory, beeswax and India rubber, are now the only articles exported from either coast, with the exception of a small and local trade in gum-copal and grain.

Of these, slaves and ivory occupy such a very prominent position that it would be hardly worth while mentioning the other articles, were it not that the fact of there being a trade in them proves that commerce in other articles, besides ivory and slaves, might be made profitable.

Ivory is not likely to last for very long as one of the main exports from Africa; for the ruthless manner in which the elephants are destroyed has already begun to show its results. Fortunately the vegetable and mineral products of this remarkable land are equal in variety, value, and quantity to those of the most favored portions of the globe; and there will be no difficulty in finding other lucrative sources of trade which may replace that in ivory and slaves.

Among some of the products which may form valuable articles of trade, and which are abundant in different sections of the continent, may be enumerated sugar-cane, cotton, oil-palms, coffee, tobacco, castor-oil plant, nutmegs, pepper, rice, wheat, Indian corn, India rubber, copal, hemp, and beeswax. Among minerals are iron, coal, copper, gold, silver, cinnabar, and salt. The great question, as we have said, is whether the slave trade in Africa, which causes, at the lowest estimate, an annual loss of over half a million lives, according to Cameron, is to be permitted to continue.

All those who are interested in scientific research should unite in a system of systematic exploration, and as trade is opened up and advances into the interior, hand in hand with civilization, may we hope that this traffic in slaves shall be stamped out.

Opening up proper lines of communication will do much to check the traffic in human flesh, and the extension of legitimate commerce will, beyond all doubt, ultimately put an end to it altogether.

In conclusion, this grand result of Stanley's last and greatest explorations has solved two at least of the great problems which Livingstone labored and lost his life in the attempt to discover: that of the Shimeeyu river, the longest tributary of Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the true source of the Nile; and his tracing the Lualaba to the Zaire or Congo, and proving them to be one and the same river, though known to the natives by a score of different names. As we have shown, both Livingstone and Cameron attempted to trace the Lualaba to the ocean, but they both had been compelled to relinquish the attempt by impenetrable jungles and the hostility of ferocious native tribes. It was reserved to Henry M. Stanley to achieve this great success, which will have the effect of opening up that immense productive continent to the civilization and commerce of the world.

The great mass of men look only at results, and give those who succeed the credit without taking much pains to ascertain the means whereby they were accomplished. Without detracting aught from the indomitable bravery, endurance, military genius, and sound judgment, which are so conspicuous in Stanley, and which have gained for him the reputation of the greatest explorer of this or any other age, we must not forget to give credit to the means by which alone he was able to accomplish what he did. His expedition was sustained by the enterprise and liberality of the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*—the press thus achieving what kings and nations had failed to do.

Verily, the press is a power in this age of the world.

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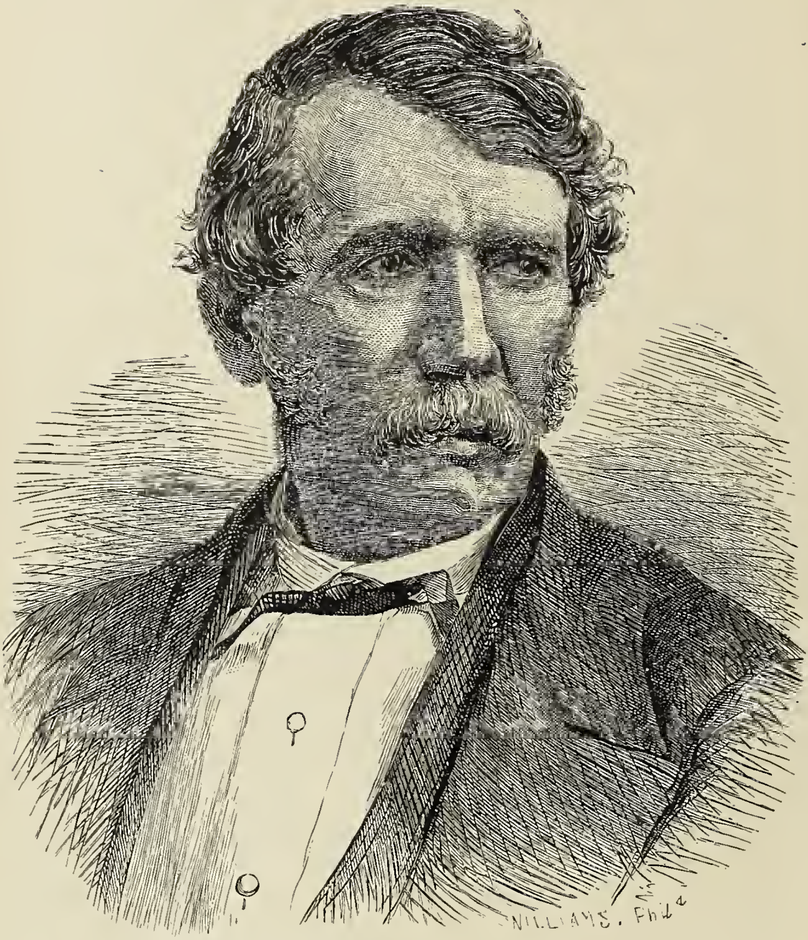
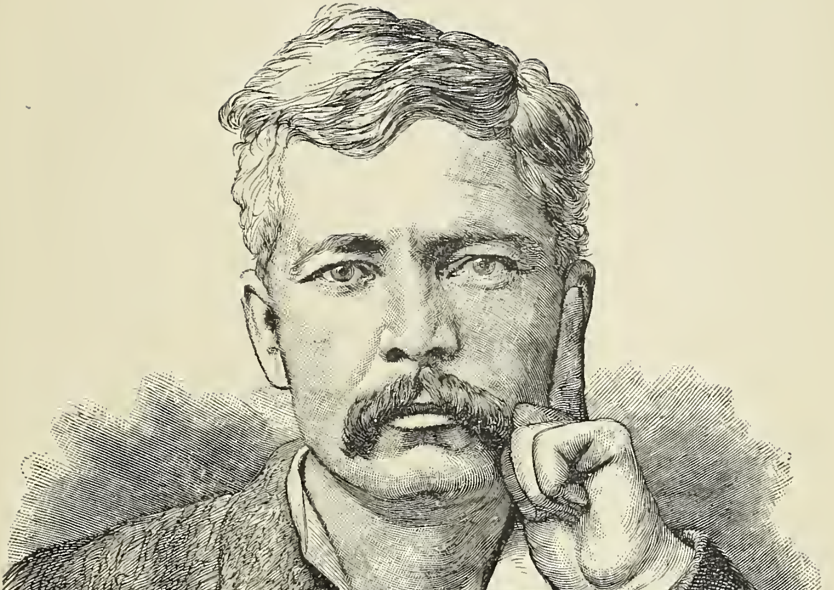

WILLIAMS. Phil^a

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.—*From a Photograph.*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